

# Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.  
One Dollar Per Year.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, MAY 31, 1889.

VOLUME 8.—NO. 18.  
Whole No. 433.

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

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

**DR. N. McCLINTON,**  
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur. Graduate of V. C. University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

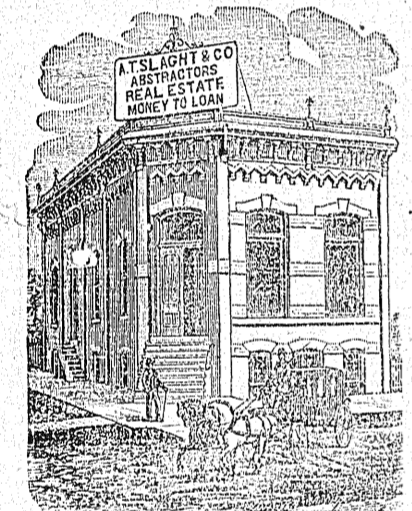
**DR. J. H. McLEAN,**  
CANCERS Cured without the knife. Tape-worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and fissures cured by a new and painless method.

**HENRY BUTLER**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and conveying a specialty. Office in the Pinney block.

**JOHN ANYON,**  
NOTARY PUBLIC. Collections promptly attended to. Prepared 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 Medler House.

CASS CITY, MICH.

## W. D. SCHOOLEY

claims for his

HARNESSES,

The best workmanship, perfect fit, elegant appearance. No 1 oak tanned leather and latest styles in trimmings.

### COLLARS.

We make a specialty of heavy draught collars, and we warrant all of our work.

A nice lot of Lap Dusters and Fly Nets at prices extremely low.

### WHIPS

In great variety, 10 cents to \$4.00. From a Cart Whip 4 feet long to a Binder Whip 11 feet long.

**CURRY COMBS,  
BRUSHES, SNAPS,  
HARNESSES AND AXLE  
OIL AND CARRIAGE  
TOP ENAMEL.**

Call and see our \$12.00 Single Harness all hand made from oak stock. The best harness in the county for the money. Repairing neatly done.

### Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizenry, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell so well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Fritz Bros.' drug store.

### Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, May, 31.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	80 @ 84
do No. 2 red.....	78 @ 80
do No. 3 red.....	75
Oats.....	25
Beans hand-picked.....	90 @ 100
do un-picked.....	75 @ 85
Rye.....	55
Barley.....	75 @ 80
Clover seed.....	800 @ 850
Peas per bushel.....	25 @ 34
Buckwheat.....	25
Butter.....	12 1/2
Eggs.....	10
Wool.....	25 @ 30

### Three Cent Column.

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

**FOR SALE**—Some farm and road horses, also a few wagons and buggies. S. R. MARKHAM, Cass City.

**MONEY TO LOAN** on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING, Cass City, Mich.

**FOR SALE**—A five year old horse, also a new top buggy, Dexter queen spring. Dr. McLEAN.

**WHITE Wyandotte Eggs** for hatching. \$1.00 for setting of 13. Inquire of RICHARD FANCHER, Cass City.

**FOR SALE**—House and lot on Main street, Cass City. Inquire of 4-19 3m B. C. WALKER.

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

All persons owing Dr. N. L. McLaughlin can settle the same by calling on me, as he has left his books in my hands. CHAS. STRIFFLER.

**LOST**—Between Kerr's and Hubbel's corners, May 26th, a child's heavy cloak. Suitable reward will be paid for its return to J. D. CROSBY.

**STRAY**—Came into enclosure on April 23d, 1889, yearling colts. Owner please call, prove property, pay charges and take them away. 4-29 4m JAS. ROSS, Sec. 5, Elkland.

**FOR SALE**—I have 150 lots for sale between Creel and Owendale, at \$25 a lot. Good title guaranteed. Address, Mrs. G. O. CROSS, Creel, Mich.

**EGGS FOR HATCHING**—THOROUGHBRED POULTRY—Wyandotte, Black Cochins, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rock and Light Brahmas. Sitting of 13 eggs, \$1.00. Two miles north and one mile west of Cass City. 3m15w A. B. DENFEE.

**FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN**—South-west quarter of south-east 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 timbered land. If you want the making of a farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. C. W. McFARLAND, At Cass City Bank.

## 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

### Our Annual ANNOUNCEMENT.

WOOL wanted at the Cass City woolen mills.

CUSTOM work in all its branches promptly attended to.

PARTIES sending wool by rail are requested to write plain their address and instructions, to avoid delay in returning.

CASH paid for goods exchanged for wool.

WEAVING and custom carding specialties.

R. A. ROBINSON & CO.

### 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.

## 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.

#### DEFORD.

Base ball is our theme. And will be till we're out of cash.

A. L. Bruce is building on and fixing up his house.

A. Mr. King is building the wall of W. H. Retherford's house. John Whale failed to connect.

The frosts last week nipped the fruit that had showed its head above the ground.

Philetus Gibbs and his wife of Troy, Oakland county, visited friends here last week.

Fred Osborne of Metamora, formerly of this place, was a caller here last week. He was surprised at the growth of the town. He bought a bear and went back to his rural hamlet.

Iva Courliss has gotten back to Oakland county.

Mrs. Bell Sharp has gone to Almont to visit her parents.

Something that we cannot understand keeps the oats looking thin and yellow. What is doing remarkably well.

The literature of the day is full of advice to wives to make home attractive for their companions but not a word to his lordship. The following from an exchange suits our ideas just to a diggit.

"The idea that a mother that has been worked and worried to death all day by the cares and annoyances of a household, perhaps with a sick child to nurse, and in feeble health at that, should have to go beyond her powers of endurance in order to make home attractive to some great lubber of a husband, with the muscle of an ox, the health of a whale and the digestion of an ostrich, is absolutely absurd and inhuman. Let him go to work and make home attractive for her."

Quilting at Clark Courliss' last week, where needle and thread flew with lightning speed, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

A few of the giddy heads gathered at Dave McCracken's on the 23d, to "circle around and swing them all."

The work on Van's house goes slow, but after planting it will commence with force.

Corn planting is all done. John McCracken finished on the 25th, and he is always the last man in the locality.

#### GAGETOWN.

Cool weather and pleasant snow-showers.

Geo. M. Campbell was in town over Sunday.

We had quite a snow storm Tuesday morning.

Mr. Quinn has commenced repairing his saw mill.

On Monday Dr. Morris raised a new barn on his farm.

H. C. LaFlamboy left for Detroit on Tuesday morning.

Miss Della Beach visited with Miss Mona Morse on Sunday.

T. C. Maynard has swapped his sorrel colt for a pair of 2-40's.

Mrs. R. S. Brown arrived home from Buffalo, N. Y., Monday.

Wm. Hawkins' oldest son, Albert, is convalescing from an attack of paralysis.

Mrs. Gifford's brothers, the Maltbys, of Bay City, were down to see her last week.

Geo. Masters has arranged for a dance in Geo. Chura's barn, to be raised on Wednesday.

Jack Frost got the start of the boys this season. It has cooked Ed. Hennessey's melon patch.

Mrs. Gifford's condition on Tuesday was not very encouraging. Her father, Mr. Maltby, of Flint, returned home on Tuesday.

The new postmaster, T. C. Comstock, has forwarded his bonds. The postoffice will be in the LaFlamboy building.

On Saturday the parishoners of the Episcopal church will fix and grade the yard of the church and erect horse sheds.

Geo. Masters has launched out into the harness business. He has a number of double and single harnesses on hand. He proposes to put billiard tables in the rear of his hardware store, while Mrs. Masters will present to the public the New Home sewing machine. She will also have on hand a supply of legal blanks etc.

On Friday morning the ten-year-old son of Levi Bogert, in returning with the cattle from the pasture, took the wrong road, and instead of going home came towards Gageton. He passed through here in hot haste with twenty-three head of stock. Squire Anyon acceded him, but could not understand him, and his peculiar deportment caused him to think that something was wrong, so he procured the assistance of Constable Blakely and they intercepted the boy about five

miles west of here. All they could understand from the boy was "going home this way." As they were returning with the boy and cattle they met his uncle, who was in search of him. The boy is half-witted, but he is a rusher to drive cattle.

#### BERNE.

Rain. Cold zephyrs. The Rev. Weiler is a visitor at the Methodist parsonage.

Ground has been broken for the new R. C. church at Berne Junction.

Quite a number of friends were visiting Jacob Becker and wife on Sunday.

Miss Lavina Hoppy, our charming milliner, reports business exceptionally good.

The Berne cornet band has been engaged to play at Gageton June 10th, at the reception of the bishops.

Gottlieb Glasser and wife have rented the harness shop lately occupied by J. Gabel, and will go to housekeeping at once, their furniture having arrived from Tawas.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Sting invited us to their handsome brick residence on Sunday last, and treated us royally, while it would hardly be fair to mention all the nice things that happened, we can safely say that their kind attention will never be forgotten.

There was considerable excitement in Berne last Saturday morning, caused by the announcement that Henry Schroeder, our planning mill man, had, in some strange manner, been drawn through the planer. A score of friends rushed to the mill to render assistance, but on arriving there, it was found that Frank Bliss, the Caseville barber, had done the planning, taking the old gent's full whiskers off, making him appear 20 years younger. The boys set them up.

Henry Schluchter, our postmaster's clerk, son and heir, is a model young man of 18 summers, whose life has been one continual ray of sunshine, and whose character has remained spotless and exemplary until Thursday last. Among other purchases a farmer had made at the store was a barrel of salt, which Henry went out to load on the wagon in his customary manner, by means of a plank from the sidewalk. The salt was scarce fall vey up when the plank broke; but without losing patience, Henry renewed the plank and commenced rolling up the second time, but just as the barrel got within two feet of the wagon box the horses got uneasy and moved forward, letting both plank and barrel to the ground with a thud that started the staves, but not the patience of the virtuous Henry, who immediately brought the barrel around for the third time, but scarcely had the third revolution been made when the heading flew out, which brought forth a flow of language something after this style: "Will Houser's pony, Ba I Axe, Jerusalem and Cass City! If this miserable affair don't bring on scarlet rash, dysentery or small pox I'll pay Dr. Doying's board for a week at the Washington house."

#### GRANT.

Another hard frost on Saturday night last. The effect of thunder storms.

Several new buildings are going up along the Centre line, but not very large ones.

Mrs. Mary Walters of Cass City made a visit to the old settlement on Saturday.

It is rumored that the fish in Pigeon river are floating down into the lake, dead.

Geo. Hopkins lost one of his oxen very suddenly, but has supplied its place with a new team.

Adam Heron fell from a fence, striking a rail, hurting himself quite badly about the breast and side.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner left home on Saturday, the 25th, for a visit in Mooretown, Sanilac county.

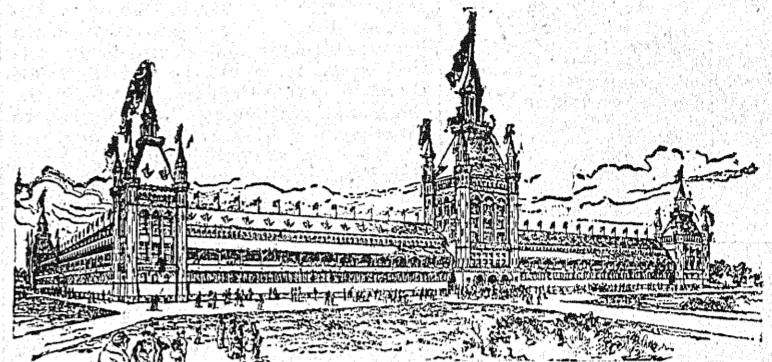
Lots of Idaho horses for sale at R. Cases'. Who wants a good horse? You can get one there, they say.

Quite a number left these parts on Sunday the 26th, for Brookfield, to hear Elder McColl preach; of what denomination he belongs we have not heard. He is from Ontario.

We noticed a man with a load of moulding sand from Brookfield, going to the Cass City foundry. He said that it was a scarce commodity in those parts. You're right, Mart.

The base ball club mustered for the first time this season in John Watter's field. The players are all young moss-backs, but they rub off the moss while playing, I tell ye. If you don't believe it, come and see them.

Thos. Walters was driving home from Cass City on Saturday last, and lost the burr to one of the axles, after running about a mile the wheel came off and let the load down, but nobody was hurt. Wm. Martin found the burr and took it back to Cass City, and that gave John Doerr a six mile walk, but that was nothing for Jack.



## COLOSSAL ENTERPRISE.

DETROIT'S INTERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION.

A Magnificent Effort in Behalf of Art, Industry, Education and Amusement.

Combining a Wealth of Wonders with a World of Pleasure and Instruction—Representing a Grand Outlay of More Than Half a Million Dollars—Special Exhibits in All Departments and Curios from Many Climes—Sept. 17 to 27 inclusive, the Ten Great Days of Display.

Memorable indeed in the history of Michigan's efforts in behalf of agriculture and its allied sciences will be the present season of 1889. For this is the year in which the great Wolverine state, with a dash of that enterprize which has made her name famous over the whole continent, will come before the agricultural community of the United States with an International Fair and Exposition PROJECT OF SUCH HERCULEAN PROPORTIONS that, with the exception of the famous Centennial of '76, it will positively surpass anything in the fair and exposition line our land has ever seen.

It is needless to speak of the generous influences which flow from such a gigantic project as that initiated at Detroit. Held at a season of the year when Nature arrays herself in her most gorgeous robes, when the harvests have all been gathered home, and when the industrious farmer is privileged to enjoy a period of well-earned rest—the fair has won a warm place in the hearts of those who esteem an attraction which combines interest with instruction, education with diversion.

MICHIGAN'S INTERNATIONAL FAIR AND EXPOSITION will lead the world for beauty and variety of display, for uniqueness of features, and for grandeur and extent of plant. The grounds, comprising seventy acres of beautiful rolling land, adjacent to the city, are already penetrated by railroad, street railway, electric road, and by steamboat from the river. The site affords a delightful view of the beautiful Detroit river, the picturesque Canadian shore, the neighboring islands, the great commerce of the inland seas; far as the eye can reach, the proximate city, stretching forth its grand arms till they lose themselves beyond the horizon; Fort Wayne, with its martial sounds of drum and fife, its blue-coated trooper moving to and fro, its frowning cannon peering from the bastioned redoubts; the immense warehouses, factories and elevators along the river front, sending up great volumes of black smoke, resounding with the din of industry, and paying noble tribute to the wealth and prosperity of the beautiful city; the inviting shores of the famous Belle Isle park, blue in the dim distance, serve to complete as charming a scene as one could hope to view in many a long day's journey.

We present to-day a cut of the main building, which, with its companion structures, is being erected at the enormous cost of TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. It is the largest building erected and used exclusively for fair purposes in the world. In form a hollow square, the inner area is devoted to a series of beautifully embowered courts, in which the visitor, leisurely pursuing the winding paths, cannot but lose himself in delight at the rare vistas offered by this one small part of Detroit's great International Fair and Exposition. Before him are luxuriant beds of foliage and flowers, whose redolent perfumes are wafted by the same breeze which bears to his ears the soothing spell of music's softest strains. At his feet, perhaps, a cooling fountain is refreshing the perfume-laden air, and, softly murmuring as it flows, invites to reverie and gentle somnolence. The hot glare of the autumn sunlight is tempered by a MAGNIFICENT CANOPY OF TRANSLUCENT GLASS, so that even upon the warmest days the whole court is the most cool and refreshing spot imaginable. The same delightful scene may likewise be viewed while strolling about the spacious galleries above, or while reclining on one's ease in the cozy smokers' alcove. A ramble about the seventy-acre grounds will at once reveal the bewildering prodigality of exhibits, the varied character of the attractions. A space fifteen acres in extent, regularly laid out in walks and drives, will be devoted to an immense display of agricultural implements, engines, wind-mills and calliopes, sheltered under commodious private structures, or under gay tents fluttering with the flags of all nations. A gigantic building, 300 feet long, will be devoted to the interests of fowls and home pets. Did you ever hear a delegation of roosters crow? Lending the choir with a hoarse guttural croak is the big Brahms, the hundreds of less favored fowls joining in the chorus, while the little bantam, high on tiptoe and fairly bursting with excitement, is doing his best to maintain his place in the race for the blue ribbon. You have heard a dog howling at the moon, or have, no doubt, HURLED A BOOTJACK AT A MIDNIGHT TOM-CAT, But a bench show canine, ambitious for the first prize, can easily outdo them all. It will be a magnificent exhibition of dogs. Here are prize animals from all parts of the country. Among the very finest in the country are the stock buildings of Detroit's great Fair and Exposition. Each over 200 feet square, the four contain stalls enough that, were they placed side by side, they would extend over two miles. A large inner court is daily crowded with a display of magnificent animals, competing for their prizes. A place of great interest to the majority of fair-goers will be the art building, a beautiful structure, 150 feet frontage, filled with

BARE ART TREASURES FROM MANY LANDS. One hundred thousand dollars are represented in the display; and here one may gain a vast amount of interesting and instructive art information in the brief visit of one afternoon.

Nor have we as yet seen the world's greatest fair and exposition in its entirety. For, while the grand display is under examination; while the machinery hall is resounding with its immense array of engines, machines and scientific models; while the floral palace is inviting thousands to come and revel in its unrivaled beauties; while the long line of agricultural and industrial halls, the displays in the palm garden, the art gallery and the regular departments are in full movement—the rare sporting events, polo, lacrosse, base ball, and a thousand contests of strength and skill are being continued each day from dawn till dark.

Reader, do you want to see the grandest fair and exposition project in the United States, under the auspices of Michigan, the famous land of lakes? Do you want to witness, in connection therewith, some of the most

STARTLING SPECIAL FEATURES ever prepared by an exposition management? Do you want to divert and instruct yourself, with the bewildering magnificence of a fair and exposition costing \$500,000, and offering in aggregate cash prizes one hundred thousand additional? If such is your ambition, but one course is to be pursued. Go to Detroit between Sept. 17th and 27th, inclusive, the ten great days of display, and witness the most magnificent and dazzling spectacle you were ever permitted to survey, the great exhibit of the Detroit International Fair and Exposition Association.

WEST GREENLEAF.

Fine weather. The law mill was grinding at Justice Jones' office this week.

Miss Sarah Gordon was the guest of her mother over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Wildman preached at the McConnell school house last Sunday evening. He intends starting a revival there in about four weeks.

CREEL.

John Robertson made a flying trip to Cass City on Saturday last.

Geo. Dice has a valuable team of oxen to dispose of at a reasonable figure.

James Wilson and Richard Hughes were in Bad Axe on business last week.

Miss Helen Coulter is again able to attend to her duties in the postoffice, after a severe attack of quinzey.

Richard Clark now sports a dandy new top buggy, which he purchased from a Flint carriage company.

Dr. Johnson of Minden City and Rev. McColl of Strathroy, Ont., expounded the gospel to a large congregation in the school house on Sunday.

John Etherinton, an old and respectable retired farmer of Grant, made a tour through here selling his liver and kidney cure, which he manufactures.

John Gillis and Joseph McKee started for northern Ontario on Thursday. The boys have secured a very profitable job with a large lumbering firm.

Alex. McKenzie of northern Michigan is again making his friends a visit, having just completed a large drive of logs for an extensive lumber firm in the north.

Bartholomew Bros. of this place have purchased the Josiah Moe farm of 80 acres, from Joseph Gage, for the sum of \$800. The boys will now indulge in another streak of clearing.

Commissioner Burress has posted notices for contracting the building of the bridge across the Pigeon River near Killkenny. Bill says this must be a No. 1 job, with good security, which will secure the same.

Several hundred persons, it is said, went over to the Case farm, Grant Centre, to see the Idaho horses on Sunday. We must say that the fourth commandment was not very well observed on that day by professors as well as non-professors.

Some heartless wretch entered the mill of John Campbell on Sunday night, and stole the steam gauge of the boiler. The boys had a lay off on Monday until John secured another. Such incidents as these are not common in our midst, nor can John account for the same, but to make plain the assertion, (we have the thief in close quarters.) By returning the same he can save himself a trip to the county capital.

PROCURE A FARM!

Several hundred acres of land for sale, that will make desirable farms, in vicinity of Cass City, quantity and terms to suit purchaser. No young man can afford to put off from year to year his starting point, if he has any ambition for future prosperity. Opportunities invite you on every hand in this productive country, but may soon go beyond the reach, even nature favors the earnest. Don't be afraid of results. For descriptions call on E. H. FINNEY.

## FOR THE LADIES.

### What the Wives of U. S. Ministers are Like.

#### Opium Habit Among Washington Ladies—Paris as It Was One Hundred Years Ago.

#### The Purest Thing of Earth.

I saw two little children,  
Two little baby girls,  
The one with waving tresses,  
The other golden curls  
By chance stand by each other  
Upon the busy street;  
And as if some unseen spirit  
Introduced each sweet,  
They softly embraced each other  
And kissed a kiss of love—  
An imagery of angels  
Before God's throne above.

And as they were embracing,  
I thought a world like this  
Could treasure nothing purer  
Than a baby's kiss.  
But they had childhood's puresness,  
A truth they could not hide,  
So each forsook the other  
For its mother's side;  
For they had their baby wisdom,  
Learned ere their mortal birth,  
Each one knew a mother was—  
The purest thing on earth.

#### Kinswoman to an Old-Time Minister.

Mrs. Thomas W. Palmer, wife of Ex-Senator Palmer, present Minister to Spain, is the daughter of the late Charles Merrill, Esq., formerly of Maine, who settled in Michigan about the year 1845 and accumulated a large fortune, which descended to Mrs. PALMER. Mrs. Palmer, his only child, Mr. Merrill was a son of General James Merrill, of Portland, who married Mary Winslow, a descendant of Kenelm Winslow, brother of Governor Edward Winslow. It is a curious and interesting fact in the family history that Mrs. Palmer is of kin to James Bowdoin, the Minister to Spain under President Jefferson in 1805, and also of Sarah Bowdoin, his wife, and of George Sullivan, who was Secretary of Legation to Spain, and grandfather of another Bowdoin who was in the foreign embassy. Mrs. Palmer has travelled abroad extensively and is familiar with public social duties, having been one of the most generous of hostesses at Washington for the past six years.

Though at the meridian of life she retains the beauty which marked the Huguenot style in most of the Bowdoin families. Of pleasant manners and great tenderness of heart to all who are in trouble and affliction, Mrs. Palmer has endeared herself to hosts of friends at Washington and Detroit, who will cordially wish her godspeed in her new career. Mrs. Palmer has no children. She has a great liking for animals, and for dogs in particular, and makes pets of at least for or five at a time. Her particular passion is for a King Charles spaniel, which travels about with her wherever she goes, carefully looked after by her maid, and with a wicker house, cushion and blankets to keep it in the comfort of a sitting room.

Mrs. Palmer has kept all white servants in her house at Washington, and has the reputation of treating them with unusual kindness and consideration. Their quarters are plainly but most comfortably fitted, each individual having a room of his or her own and a large general sitting-room, where all may rest quietly when work hours are over. Servants are not eager to leave such a place, so Mrs. Palmer keeps them for years in her employ. She has many beautiful jewels and is a woman whom fine gems become. Both Mr. and Mrs. Palmer are generous patrons of American art, and specimens of the work of most of our best artists are to be found in their home.

#### A Descendant of Gen. Putnam.

Anna S. Loring, wife of Hon. George B. Loring, Minister to Portugal, was born in New York City. Her father, Hon. Isaac S. Smith, was for many years a well-known bank President. The mother of Mrs. Loring was Mrs. Elizabeth Putnam, Mrs. GEORGE B. LORING, daughter of Judge Putnam, of Brunswick, Me. Judge Putnam was a descendant of General Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame.

Mrs. Loring's great grandfather was Gen. Joseph Pearce Palmer, one of the leaders of the famous Boston "tea party" whose destruction of the tea in Boston harbor was the preliminary event of the Revolutionary War. Her great great grandfather was Gen. Joseph Palmer, who was born in Higher Abbotsrow, Devonshire, England, in 1716. He was a Brigadier-General under Washington; he was President of the Provincial Congress, an intimate friend of John Adams, and a self-sacrificing patriot, who devoted a large share of his fortune to his country. A fine monument has been erected in his memory in Massachusetts, and his portrait by Copley is in the possession of his descendants.

In 1850 Mrs. Loring was married to Hon. George B. Loring, then a Member of Congress from Massachusetts, and afterward United States Commissioner of Agriculture. Since that time he has resided in Washington in the winter and in Salem, Mass., in the summer. She contributes largely to the social enjoyments of Washington, and is connected with some of its most useful charities. She will leave for Lisbon with Dr. Loring early in June.

#### A Patriotic Irishwoman.

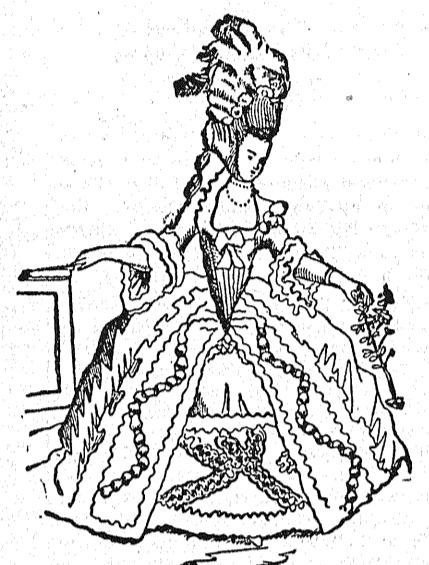
Alice Mary, daughter of William Magee, was born in Dublin the 17th of February, 1845. She was married to Mr. Patrick Egan on the 11th of April, 1864, and is the mother of fourteen children, including Mrs. PATRICK EGAN, one boy born in France and one in America. Mr. Egan speaks of these two boys, one as "French Paddy" and the other as an "American Paddy." Nine of the children are liv-

ing, six boys and three girls. The eldest daughter is married to John J. Egan. They are living in Dublin and have one child.

Mrs. Egan is a brunette, and looks much younger than she is. She has always taken a deep interest in Ireland's national cause, and when in 1881 Mr. Egan was obliged to go to France to carry on the work of the Irish Land League and to keep the funds of that organization she accompanied him, and they lived in Paris during the years of 1881 and 1882, having broken up their home in Dublin in the beginning of 1881. On their return to Dublin in December, 1882, they again furnished a house, and were just comfortably settled when, in February of 1883, Mr. Egan, to avoid the persecution of the English Government, was forced to abandon his business and come to America at an hour's notice. Again Mrs. Egan was obliged to break up her home and follow her husband to Nebraska, where they have since resided.

Several of their children are being educated in Switzerland, and, although their parents are to proceed to such a distant land to make their home for the next four years, these children will remain in Europe until their school work is finished. Mr. Egan will depart for his new post in Chili early in May, and Mrs. Egan will join him with some of the younger members of the family when preparations have been made for the new home by the head of the house.

#### Parisienne Opera in Ye Olden Time.



SHE IN 1780.

On the 8th of June, 1781, says a Paris illustrated paper, going back a hundred years, the Grand Opera then situated in the Palais Royal was completely destroyed by fire, but under Queen Marie Antoinette's directions, who gave for that purpose some land belonging to her on the boulevard St. Martin, a hall was built within three months, under pain of a fine of 80,000 francs if it was not finished in that time. There were those who said that since this opera only took eighty-four days to build it would irrefragably crumble away, so it was decided to test it with a gratuitous entertainment. This incident, which is unfortunately historical, does little honor to humanity, but it showed the building to be safe in all respects. In the Grand Opera of those days were such artists as Lays, Cheron, Mlle. Maillard and Gavaudan all of whom sang well, but still more wonderful were the grace and extreme lightness of the dancers Guimard, Saubier and Zachnerie, who seemed scarcely to touch the ground, and their like has never been seen since. Mlle. Guimard lived in Asiatic luxury in a hotel situated in the rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and it was simply crowded with art treasures. The company also included Vestris, the "god of dance," as he called himself, and who possessed the lightness and grace of a sylph; Gardel, whose movements showed more nobility and aplomb, and Delboy,



AND SHE IN 1830.

famous for the power and strength of his beautiful tenor voice. The Prince de Poix laid a wager concerning this singer with the Count d'Artois for 200 louis that Delboy, on a calm, still night, could stand on the hill of Montmartre and sing a sustained note so clearly that it could be heard at St. Denis. The experiment was made and the prince won his bet, the fact being made known to the singer by the letting off of a rocket from the tower of the old abbey. Apropos, among the other popular singers of the opera toward the end of the last century was Mlle. Maillard, but who made her debut as a dancer, and obtained a brilliant engagement at the theatre of St. Petersburg. On her return to Paris in 1780 she entered a school of singing, and two years later made her debut with great success, and her admirable voice, beauty, imposing figure and majestic manners made her the most magnificent personification of the grand lyric art of that period. She was a very eccentric person, but this did not diminish her success and popularity. The chronicles of those days relate that an officer one afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, in the presence of Mlle. Maillard, who was disguised as a man, as was her custom, insulted a lady whom he accused of having deceived him, whereupon the goddess of the opera struck him with a whip; a duel with pistols followed, Maillard wounded her adversary, and he, learning the sex of his opponent, hastily left the city.

Rose Coghlan has inspired a New York critic to write these words that burn: "There is no voice on the stage to-day like Rose Coghlan's. It can coil like the gurgling of a sentimental dove, laugh like the lute, triumph with glad contrast to shouts, depict sadness and despair as a master violinist makes soul-harrowing sounds wail from the vibrating fiddle strings. It is a marvelous voice."

## EXPLAINED BY DEATH.

A True Story of the Frontier.

BY CLYDE S. CHASE.

"Oh heaven's! I am lost."

The words came from the lips of a young and beautiful girl, seated upon the back of a clean-limbed mustang pony, far out upon a trackless prairie. It was nearly midday, but a thick fog had settled down upon the plain, enveloping the landscape in a gray, treacherous gloom.

Clear and mild the morning sun had risen, and Mabel, the fearless daughter of Basil Garland, one of the settlers of New Ulm, Minnesota, had mounted her pony and ridden forth for a romp in the fresh morning air as she was accustomed to do; but when she was about to turn her horse's head homeward, the damp gray fog had, with scarcely a moment's warning, settled down around her, completely shutting from view all objects over twenty yards distant.

Well did the brave pioneer girl realize the danger of being abroad in one of those terrible prairie fogs with no landmark whatever to guide her; but hoping to strike some small tributary of the Minnesota river that would lead her homeward, she had ridden many miles through the death-like gloom without accomplishing her object, and with a feeling akin to despair the maiden finally drew rein upon the summit of a rise in the prairie, and gave utterance to the words that open this sketch.

Her pony stamped uneasily and gazed keenly around as if to penetrate, with his big brown eyes, the surrounding gloom.

Long the girl sat motionless in the saddle, but at length, as the long-drawn howl of a wolf greeted her ears from afar back on her trail, she started with a shudder of horror, and giving her pony a smart cut with her riding whip, dashed away over the prairie, her mustang choosing its own course, and a new fear entered the breast of its rider, while back upon their trail were congregating a number of gaunt, shadowy forms, ever and anon giving utterance to the mournful, quavering howl of the prairie wolf—a sound by no means pleasant to the ear of even the most hardened frontiersman.

The intelligent pony seemed to fully understand the danger that threatened both himself and his fair rider, for nobly did he cast the miles behind him, while on, in swift pursuit, came that horde of grim and shaggy forms, their number rapidly increasing as they advanced.

But suddenly the maiden uttered a cry of joy and reined her pony back upon its haunches as she barely missed colliding with a horseman who had heard the hoof strokes of her pony and had halted to await her approach.

The horseman was a young man of striking appearance, clad in a garb of fringed and banded buckskin, while a black slouch hat crowned his mass of raven-black hair, that fell below his broad, set shoulders. His features were not wholly handsome, but were full of courage and resolution. His eyes were dark and keen in expression, and a drooping, dark-brown mustache shaded, but failed to hide, the firm, resolute mouth. He was armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, a pair of Colt's navy revolvers, and a long bladed knife.

"Saints alive!" burst from the horseman's lips. "A young girl in this region, alone and unarmed?"

"Oh, sir, I'm lost in this awful fog and am pursued by wolves," cried the girl. "Can you not save me from them, for I see you have a repeating rifle?"

"I can and will, fair girl," responded the man, swinging his rifle around ready for use. "Give yourself no more uneasiness about those howling scavengers, for I can soon settle with them. You can count on Ralph Mordaunt, every time."

"Words cannot express my gratitude to you, Ralph Mordaunt," cried the maiden, earnestly. "My name is Jabel Garland, and I am the daughter of Basil Garland, of New Ulm. You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"Yes, Miss, and I am on my way from Big Sioux Valley to fort Ridgely, and I will guide you to your home, as I am traveling by compass to strike the Minnesota river a few miles above New Ulm settlement."

"Thank heaven that I chanced to meet you," fervently said the girl. "But oh! sir, there comes those terrible wolves," she added in a half-frightened tone.

The answer of the young ranger was to raise his rifle to his shoulder and fire rapidly into the ranks of the pursuing wolves that were now but a few rods distant. Every shot counted; and leaving half of their number dead upon the earth, the remaining wolves scattered in terror from before that death-dealing weapon.

"That fixes their flint," said the stranger, as he coolly reloaded his rifle. "And now, Miss Mable, let us be moving, for, if I guess correctly, it is nearly twenty miles to your home, and we will need about all the daylight in which to make it."

A few moments later, the young stranger and Mabel Garland were riding off over the prairie in the direction of the Minnesota river. They had not journey far, when the fog lifted and disappeared almost as suddenly as it came, leaving the day once more clear

and bright. Afar off could be seen the dark belt of timber that bordered the picturesque Minnesota river.

The sun was nearing the western horizon when the two rode into the settlement and halted before the cabin of Basil Garland, who was just organizing a party to go in search of his absent child. The gratitude of the settler was great when Mabel explained that the stranger had saved her from a horrible death, and Ralph Mordaunt was just upon the point of dismounting, in response to a hearty invitation, or rather an urgent appeal to remain over night at the cabin, when one of the settlers uttered a sharp cry, and pointing to the stranger, exclaimed: "By heaven! but that man is White Hawk, the renegade." Instantly all was excitement, and many hands grasped deadly weapons as the excited crowd pressed toward the young horseman.

"Back! Back! Or by heaven some of you shall die," and with a revolver in each hand, Ralph Mordaunt backed his horse away from the cabin, then suddenly whirled, dug his heels into his horse's sides, and like the very wind, dashed away from the settlement amid a volley of bullets, which, owing to the prevailing excitement, flew wide of the mark.

A few weeks later, a small party of men, consisting of Basil Garland and five other settlers of New Ulm settlement, were standing upon the bank of a small stream, gazing down upon the form of a man who lay directly in their pathway with his ghastly face upturned to the sky.

A horrible wound was in his temple, and his scapular held that he had been slain by savage hands.

"White Hawk has gone to his last account," solemnly uttered Basil Garland. "Heaven rest his guilty soul and though stained with a thousand crimes, may God reward him for his one manly act of saving my beloved child from a horrible death. But who comes yonder?"

As he asked the question a man came into view around an angle of rock, and an exclamation burst from six startled lips.

"Ralph Mordaunt!"

"Yes, Ralph Mordaunt is here," cried the young ranger, drawing his revolvers and preparing to defend himself if necessary. "Ha!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of the prostrate form. "Indians have got ahead of me. Gentlemen, there lies the man whom you were pleased to mistake me for, and I have been upon his trail ever since my flight from your settlement. You see it is only a slight resemblance between us."

"Yes, and we humbly beg your pardon, brave boy," cried Garland, extending his hand. His words were heartily sanctioned by the others, and half an hour later the party entered the settlement where all were explained and where Ralph Mordaunt was hailed as a wronged hero.

To-day no happier couple lives than Ralph Mordaunt and his beautiful wife, who was once Mabel Garland.—Yankee Blade.

#### Wild Thorn Blossom.

Deep within the tangled wildwood,  
Where the tangle thrushes sing,  
And the dreaming pine trees whisper  
In their steep a tale of spring;  
Where the laughing brook goes leaping  
Down the mountain's mossy stair,  
There the wild white thorn is flinging  
Its sweet fragrance everywhere.

Rough and rugged are its branches,  
But its bloom is white as snow;  
And the roaming bees have found it,  
In their wanderings to and fro,  
And they gather from its sweetness  
Heavy freights the livelong day,  
And go sailing homeward, singing  
Their thanksgivings all the way.

All unheeded fall the blossoms,  
Like sweet snowflakes through the air,  
And the summer marches onward  
With its fragrance rich and rare;  
But the grateful bee remembers,  
As he winds his meadow horn,  
That the springtime was made sweeter  
By the blossoms of the thorn.  
—Julian S. Cutler, Boston Transcript.

#### The Cat Out.

Mr. Highliver (to his valet)—"James, you are evidently an honest man, and I've never missed a penny since I had you; but I don't see how a man on your wages can have so much spending money."

James—"You buys a mighty big lot o' champagne, sah, fo' you'self an' you' friends."

"Indeed, I do—enormous quantities, best imported, fresh from France." Mr. Wineman doesn't give you a commission, does he?"

"Oh, no, sah; but he pays me a big price for the empty bottles."—New York Weekly.

#### Gentlemen of Leisure.

Kind Lady—"What a nice little girl you are! Is your father in business in this city?"

Little Girl—"Business! My papa doesn't have to bother about business."

"Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then?"

"Yes'm; he's a detective."—New York Weekly.

#### Preparing for Summer.

Showman (to giant)—"The posters are all fixed. As you are six feet nine inches in height I have advertised you as seven feet nine inches."

"But I am over six feet nine inches; I am seven feet nine."

"My gracious! I must rush around to the printing office and get the figures changed to eight feet nine."—New York Weekly.

#### AS SEEN BY A SAILOR.

#### The Experience of a United States War Ship.

"It was good fun at Samoa while it lasted, and it looked once or twice as if we were going to have great fun," said Michael Sullivan, until lately a seaman on board of the United States ship Adams, recently in Samoan waters, who is now in this city on his way to Europe on leave.

"When the Adams came down there she lay inside the outer reef, opposite Apia, with three anchors out, two ahead and one astern. It's good holding ground, but it's an open roadstead, for there is no harbor, and when it came on to blow we had to up anchor and run onto Pango Pango, where the German fleet came in—the Bismarck, the Olga the Adler and others—the first thing they did was to collect some money owed them. How much, I don't know. Then some of the ships sailed away, leaving the Olga and the Adler there. There was a fellow called Braudies, who made all the trouble. He stirred Tamasese up to rebel against Malietoa. The Germans furnished Tamasese with arms and ammunition.

"Well, there was a fight down at the Point, and Malietoa's men drove Tamasese's men into the sea and drove their boats off. Then Tamasese went to the Olga, and afterward to German Point. The captains of the English and American men-of-war declared the whole coast to be neutral ground, and warned the Germans. Why, those Germans were as good as pie so long as the English and American ships were close by. But they captured Malietoa and carried him away, and what they have done with him I don't know. Then Mataafa took command of the government party. He had lots of ammunition.

"We were all aboard one morning about 1 o'clock, when the order came to get up anchor. We didn't know what was up, but Capt. Leary ordered a man to the masthead, and says: 'Keep an eye on that there bloody Dutchman, and let me know what he does.' That is, he didn't say it that way, but he meant that. So then we thought there was going to be a fight, sure, and when the order came to clear ship for action we made up our minds we'd make that Dutchman sick. We had a steam capstan, so we could get up anchor quick, and the German had to heave by hand. Nothing happened until daylight, when the Adler started for Salavapati, and we went after her. The English ship came after us.

"Salvapati is the big natural fort where they had a fight afterward. When we got there, there was a big American flag at one end, and a big English flag at the other. The Adler lowered a boat and her captain went ashore. Then we lowered one and Capt. Leary went ashore, too, followed by the captain of the English ship. The Adler did not dare do anything, because the Adams could steam all around her, and at short range our guns were just as good as hers. Capt. Leary kept us close to her all the time, and we were ready to give her a broadside if he said the word. She was always trying to get away from us, so that her long distance guns would come into play. Well, the three captains stayed on shore for some time and then came back again. What they did there I do not know, but, as the Samoan paper said, the German's went there to take Salvapati, and why didn't they take it? Naturally, because they didn't dare to.

"Then we steamed back again to the old anchorage. The American Consul sent out word that the Germans were destroying the bridge over the river. This bridge was built by the Americans and English. It's about eight fathoms long. Sure enough, the Germans had ripped up about half of it in the night. So Captain Leary went ashore with some marines, and he says to the German Consul: 'Don't you destroy that bridge, or I'll blow your house to pieces.' The German Consul said he didn't destroy any bridge, and he was quite humble like. You see Capt. Leary just bluffing him for all he was worth. Oh, I tell you he's a laddie. There's no Dutchman getting away with him. The Germans didn't like his not saluting their flag when the boats passed, so when he went on board of their ships the captains were always ashore. They didn't get ahead of him though. When the Germans came to the Adams Capt. Leary was ashore. See? He was ashore in his cabin, smoking a fine cigar and seeing the Germans pull back as wise as they came. He's a fine fellow, that Capt. Leary, and I wish there was more like him.

"All this time the fighting was going on between the natives. We kept the Germans from taking a hand openly, and that was about all we could do. We never had a fight, for Capt. Leary wouldn't let us. At last we came away, and left them still fighting. Now I'm going home to Kilrush, Ireland, a town on the Shannon, where I was born, and which I haven't seen for twenty-five years."—New York Herald.

#### Power of Association.

Mrs. De Temper (looking up from the paper)—"Well, I declare! Another woman, single-handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have been killed by the brute; but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him, his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright."

Mr. De Temper—"He is probably a married man."—New York Weekly.

#### A Familiar Heading.

Wife (glancing over a newspaper)—"Here's an article headed 'A Terrible Wreck.' I wonder what's it's about. Shall I read it?"

Husband—"No; most likely it's a patent medicine advertisement, or else an ordinary notice of some new daily paper that was started to fill a long-felt want."—New York Weekly.

#### Ask Not.

Sunday evening in the parlor. Young Knott (to Eva Delmar)—"Miss Delmar, won't you oblige me with some fitting musical selection?"

Miss D.—"Certainly, Mr. Knott." (Sings):

"I would not live always,  
I ask not to stay."

Old gent (from up stairs)—"There now, Eva, you needn't ask Knott to stay; if he's struck the notion o' goin' let him go, for heaven's sake."—Yankees Gazette.

#### The Honest Old Soul.

We think that we are moving along at a rapid rate in this steam generation of ours. But we do not know just what the gait is until we meet some honest old soul from the settlements,

## THE CAMP FIRE.

The P'ttle of Apia Bay—The First Breech-loader.

The Battle of Apia Bay.  
March 15, 1889.

The portholes black looked over the bay  
To the ports on the other side,  
And the gun in each grim square porthole  
Is guarding a nation's pride.

Two fleets are they in an alien sea,  
And whether as friends or foes,  
Till the diplomats' prattle decides their  
Nor sailor nor captain knows.

But strange to each is the sun that starts  
The pitch in the white deck's seams,  
While the watch, half-dozing with eyes half-  
closing,  
Go home in their waking dreams.

And strange is the land that lies about,  
And the folk with faces brown,  
To the Pommerland boy with the yellow  
And the boy from Portland town.

And each looks over the bay to each—  
Is the end of it piece or war?  
And the wish that's best in each brave young  
Is the wish for a run ashore.

Death came out of the sea last night—  
Death is abroad this morn—  
The water is in the white ship's prow,  
And her snow-white sails are torn.

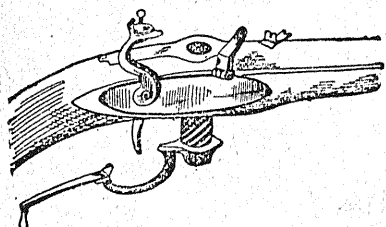
And the bright blue waves that leap to  
The glint of the tropic sun  
Roll overhead, and beneath are the dead,  
For the battle is fought and won.

There's the Pommerland boy with his yellow  
And the Maine boy bearded brown;  
And there's weeping sore on Pommerland  
There are tears in Portland town.

O ships that guard two nations' pride,  
Death had no need for ye!  
They went to their fate through no man's  
Death's servant was the sea.

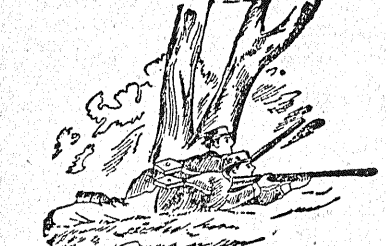
## The First Breech-loader.

At the battle of Oriskany, Tryon county, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1777, bluff old Gen. Herkimer formed his men in a circle and paired them off so that one man could watch and shoot whilst the other loaded. The general calmly produced his tinder-box and smoked his pipe after he had received his death



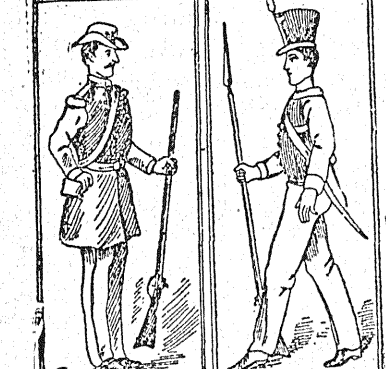
FIRST BREECH-LOADER USED IN WAR.

wound. Oriskany was a rifleman's battle; that of King's mountain, Oct. 7, 1780, was another. The latter was the turning-point of the war at the south. At King's mountain a breech-loading rifle was used. The arm was the invention of Maj. Patrick Ferguson, a British officer of the Seventy-first regulars. This is the first instance where a breech-loading rifle was used as a weapon of war upon the battlefield of any country. Maj. Ferguson was defeated, killed and buried at King's mountain, and perhaps it was fortunate for the American troops that he was. The arm devised by him has been photographed. One of these rifles, as captured by Col. Isaac Shelby,



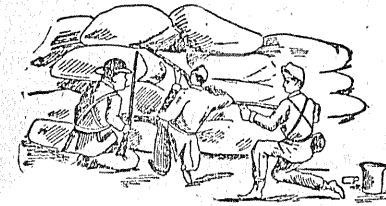
SHARP-SHOOTERS, 1814.

If tradition and circumstantial evidence can be relied on, Maj. Ferguson was empowered to arm and drill his troops according to his own ideas. Maj. Ferguson entered the army in Flanders at the age of 18. Those who support the claim that a breech-loader was used upon American soil many years before the birth of Somerda of the inventor of the Prussian Nicholas Dreyse needle-gun say that had Ferguson lived it was his purpose to place in the



INFANTRYMAN, 1776. INFANTRYMAN, 1870.

hands of his troops a breech-loading rifle with a variety of improvements now considered as of a recent and modern invention. The length of the rifle was fifty inches; weight only seven and one-half pounds. The rear sight was so arranged that by elevating it it was adapted to ranges varying from 100 to 500 yards. Its greatest curiosity was the arrangement for loading at the breech. The guard plate which protected the trigger was held in position by a spring at the end nearest the butt. Released



SHOOTERS, 1862.

thrown around by a complete ended from the cavity in sufficient for cartridge or as an accel-

ating screw, furnished with twelve threads to the inch, thereby enabling it, by the one revolution, to open or close the orifice, so that the rifle was thereby capable of being discharged, it had been claimed, as rapidly as Hall's United States flintlock carbine. The accelerating screw constituted the breech of the piece, only instead of being horizontal, as is usually the case, it was vertical. Had there not been as many as twelve independent threads to the screw it would have required two or three revolutions to close the orifice of the breech-loader.

It may be fairly claimed that the inventor of the Ferguson breech-loading rifle of 1780 was three-quarters of a century in advance of the small-arms ordinance of the period.

## A Presentiment.

In the Autumn of '62 Gen. McClellan was relieved from active duty in the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. Burnside assumed command. This change was very unpopular with the boys, who loved Little Mac and who felt a great degree of uncertainty in the ability of the new commander. There was widespread discontent in the ranks in consequence of this change. Added to this, the invincible strategists at home were still clamoring for a forward movement regardless of time or favorable opportunity.

In view of these facts, it was deemed absolutely necessary that a battle should be fought under the new leader at the earliest possible moment. The first battle of Fredericksburg was the result. On the day of that battle our brigade climbed the heights on the southeastern bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, and halted upon the summit near some heavy batteries. As we looked down upon the river with its slender pontoon bridge, with the city upon its opposite margin, and as we raised our eyes to corresponding heights just back of the city, frowning with cannon and breastworks and swarming with rebel soldiery, a painful and overpowering sense of the impossible task before us and the deadliness of the undertaking in all its horrible magnitude, forced itself upon the minds of all present.

A sense of duty, the imminence of the great dangers before us, and the nearness of the conflict, served to close up the ranks and to keep nearly every man in his place.

I had been detailed with a small squad to act as provost general to prevent falling out and straggling to the rear. During the short halt on the brow of the heights, before the march across the river several of the boys came to the rear of the column to leave with the chaplain valuables and messages to their friends in case anything should happen. Among the number came Mike, a large, powerful and courageous Irishman, a great favorite in the regiment, and a man who had always laughed at danger and had rejoiced at the opportunity of having a "scrimmage" with the enemy.

On this occasion he appeared to be an entirely different man. He approached the chaplain with tears in his eyes. He gave him a picture of a sister living in Portland, his Catholic catechism and other relics and in a choked voice gave the address of his friends and what he then declared to be his dying message to them.

The chaplain endeavored to cheer and encourage him, but in vain.

"Chaplain," said he, "I'm not afraid to fight; I'm not afraid to die; I am not a coward; but there is something here (slapping his breast) which tells me my time has come; Chaplain, will you please write my sister a kind letter. She is a Christian Catholic and I love her dearly." Soon the word "forward" rang along the line and Mike, with the tears coursing down his cheeks, grasped the hand of the chaplain and requested the good man to pray for him. He then took his place in the ranks. The long column began to move slowly down to the river, soon increasing its speed to the double quick, over the pontoon bridges across the river into the streets of the city, out on the plains and hillsides beyond it amid smoke, shot and shell, and death wounds and rebel yell, up to the very frowning jaws of death on the heights beyond. The terrible charge, the murderous repulse, repeated again and again that afternoon; the night cannonade, the long day following of skirmish and movement, the succeeding night and the early morning abandonment and retreat across the river have been many times told. As soon as possible after the battle the chaplain made earnest inquiries for Mike; but no Mike was there to answer him.

In the terrible charge he was seen to fall in the forefront of battle, and was borne from the field fatally wounded. His boisterous, cheerful voice, good-natured countenance, rich brogue and burly form, were never again with us. His was the most marked and startling case of presentiment of coming death or disaster that came under my observation in the army.

Army life and its dangers made many of us believe in fate—that the decree of the Great Author had fixed the span of life for each one. We were sometimes constrained to believe that a very thin curtain was stretched between the seen and the unseen, and that a few mortals were permitted to look beyond the visible and to receive the absolute assurance of the future fate in store for them and near at hand.

Waterville, Me. L. D. CARVER.

## British Army Equipments.

A great sensation has been caused in England by the somewhat startling discovery that all the uniforms and accoutrements of the British Army are made in French convict prisons, and that men have been sent over from England to teach the prisoners how to finish them off in good shape. When this is taken in conjunction with the fact that all the bayonets and swords used by Queen Victoria's soldiers are imported from Germany it must be admitted that the British manufacturers have some ground for discontent.

## The Button Bill.

The Illinois bill making it a misdemeanor for any one not a member of the G. A. R. to wear the badge or button of that society has become a law.

## Drunken Freak.

A drunken tinsmith at Warasdin, Hungary, ascended the lofty steeple of the Franciscan Church by means of the lightning conductor, and stood upright on the cross at the top. He remained in his perilous position for fully fifteen minutes, and delivered a speech to the crowd that was watching him from below. Afterward he calmly descended to the ground without being in any way hurt.

## Seeds That Will Grow.

Twenty-five years ago, when I was a very little girl, father sent me into the cornfield one morning to drop pumpkin seeds.

"A seed in every other hill in every other row," was the injunction called after me as I crossed the chip-yard, seed-box and dipper in hand, on my way to the cornfield.

At first my task seemed nothing but play. The corn had already been planted, and the flat hoe-mark on the top of each hill plainly marked where I was to crowd the pumpkin seeds into the mellow earth. Row after row I followed up and down the field, skipping one, planting one; and still the box of seeds did not become empty.

"Drop the field as far as the seeds will go," was another command I had received; and many a longing look did I cast at the cool farmhouse in the distance, and then at the contents of that box, as the forenoon wore away, and the sun grew hot.

Ten times had I replenished my little tin dipper from the seed box in which window glass had been packed, narrow and deep, so deep it did not seem to have any bottom, as I shook up the pumpkin seeds again and again, to see if they were not almost gone.

Fourteen more rows, seven of them to be planted, and the opposite limit of the cornfield would be reached, and every reason to believe that the seeds would last till the whole field was planted.

"Father didn't expect me to drop so many," I heard him tell mother he should plant half the field with pumpkins and half with beans. I really don't believe he wants me to drop these last seven rows," I argued with myself. "I am so warm and tired, I believe I will go home." And, keeping a sharp look-out on the porch door, that opened toward the field, and giving the guilty glance around the premises, to be sure that no one was looking, I kicked a deep hole in the mellow soil with my bare feet, and poured into it the remaining seeds in the box, packing dirt over them firmly and deep.

"If father questions me, I can tell him I dropped them all; and those in the hole will never show their heads again above ground, I am positive, they are buried so deeply," I thought, as I retraced my steps toward the kitchen threshold.

Father was sick with a slow fever; and, calling me to his bedside as I came in, he minutely questioned me as to how the "seeds held out."

With guilty, downcast eyes, I told him I had planted the entire field as he directed, excepting the last seven rows.

"And you dropped all the seed?" he asked, his wan face looking up from the white pillows.

"Yes," I answered in a low tone, and then moved to the window.

"Because," he continued, "Neighbor Burns wanted a few seeds badly, if we had any to spare I thought surely there would be a point or more left. Tell John to plant beans in every hill of the rows that contain no pumpkin seeds."

"If I had only known he intended having beans planted in one row and pumpkins in the next, I never would have buried those seeds," I thought, standing there conscience smitten. But to me there seemed no help for what I had done.

Each day for two weeks I secretly visited that grave of pumpkin seeds in the centre of the corn field, to be sure there was no cracking of the earth to let green germs through into the sunlight; but I found no sign that there was life beneath. Then I relaxed my vigilance, and in a few weeks had forgotten, not my sin, but the possibility of the seeds sprouting.

The last of July father was able to creep over his fields lying near the house, by the help of his cane. In one of his walks, I joined him; and together we passed through the cornfield, the hills now waving with corn a foot in height, and pumpkin vines just branching over the ground between the rows. Our footsteps were suddenly arrested by a perfect tangle of vines, whose matted network covered a large circular spot visible in the corn.

"Why, why! how is this?" exclaimed father, stooping to critically examine the ground. "Here are vines by the score, dwarfed because they were so thickly planted, but pumpkin vines, surely."

My heart gave a great thump, as the truth flashed across my mind. This was the very spot where I had hidden those seeds; and, owing to the depth of the soil that covered them, they had germinated slowly, but had struggled into the light at last to condemn me.

I dare not speak; and father remained silent, poking his cane in the ground among the vines until he had unearthed a heap of swollen seeds, some decaying, but more with coiling, long, pale sprouts creeping from their shells, and others with well-developed cotyledonous leaves. At last he looked up, and, keenly scanning my crimson, conscious face, said, "Daughter Helen, is this your work?"

There was such a ring of love and grief in his tones I was conquered at once; and throwing myself at his feet, I sobbed forth the whole story.

Father did not scold. He said my own remorseful thoughts and loss of self-respect were punishment enough; but, going home, he told me in his impressive, beautiful way, that bad habits and bad motives in life may be hid, like seeds under the ground, from the eyes of the world for a time, but sooner or later their rank growth will push their way through any cloak of hypocrisy that had been carefully drawn over them.

When I see young people indulging in intemperate habits of any kind, secretly favoring the society of immoral, unprincipled associates, though their own conduct before the world may seem irreproachable, I think of the nest of blighted, sprouting pumpkin seeds that would not remain out of sight, and how, like them, the living germs of bad thoughts and habits will very soon crop above ground in the fairest life.—Seed Time and Harvest.

## Report on Women's Work.

The late congress authorized the publication of the fourth annual report of the Commissioner of Labor, which deals exclusively with the condition of the

working women in the United States. This report will be found none the less interesting from the fact that it is mainly the work of the young ladies, whose tact and zeal carried them over difficulties which would have proved insurmountable to inquiries of the other sex. They discovered at once that working women usually resented at first what seemed to them merely an impertinent curiosity. Some of them were afraid that an exact statement of facts might offend their employers, and occasionally the employers did actually attempt to render the investigation fruitless. But the young ladies, to whom we have referred, persevered and sooner or later succeeded in eliciting the information of which they were in search. They visited Boston, Brooklyn, Newark, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, New York, Indianapolis and Richmond, spending in each city from three weeks to five months. They visited the working women in their shops and factories, and at their homes, and they made a note of their age, nativity, conjugal relations, wage and hours of work, and health as affected by work.

It is pleasant to record the verdict of these investigators, which is that the condition of the working women in this country has undergone a marked improvement within the last ten or fifteen years. Only a few years ago it was estimated that there were only twenty-five occupations open to women, and now it is said that this number has increased to four hundred. It is not difficult to find many cases of hardship even yet, but the Commissioner of Labor will report that there has been a distinct advance in the right direction.

We trust that these statements have not been painted in the color of the rose by the brush of an optimistic fancy. Not long ago we heard a pretty story of a New Orleans woman who refused to purchase some article of dress because it was too cheap. It was of good material, it was well made, but it was too cheap. It would have been dearer if some poor woman had not been overworked and underpaid. The sentiment was just; but, unfortunately, if the price were raised the difference would go into the employer's pocket and not into that of his employes. Wages do not rise or fall with the price of goods. They are determined by the application of the law of supply and demand to labor. Wherever there is a combination between capitalists and competition between laborers, wages are low.

This is the general rule, but it is especially rigorous and hard where working women are concerned; for the woman can rarely ever succeed in a competition of that sort against the man unless she will consent to accept lower wages, and usually she must accept what will afford her a bare subsistence. As an abstract principle it will be admitted by everybody that the woman ought to be paid just as much as the man for doing the same amount of work and doing it as well. But in reality nine employers out of ten will procure labor at the lowest possible rates and without regard to the well-being of the laborer, and there appears to be no remedy for this unless the wages could be regulated by law. The abuse grows out of the cupidity of employers, who in most cases would never have employed the service of women but for the fact that it was to be at a less cost. As long as there is a superabundance of laborers there can be no absolutely successful combination to put up wages.—New Orleans Picayune.

## The Ancient Battering-Rams.

They exerted greater power than any gun or cannon invented up to the year 1860. These battering-rams were probably as effective in knocking down a wall or staving in the side of a ship as the best modern cannon, but for making a breach, the guns are far superior. Such was the solidity and thickness of the walls of Jerusalem that, Josephus tells us, it took all of one night for an enormous battering-ram to dislodge four stones!

Vitruvius has left us the description of a ram weighing 480,000 pounds; but probably the most celebrated of all ancient moving-tower rams was that constructed by Demetrius Poliorcetes at the siege of Rhodes. The base of the tower was seventy-five feet square. The ram itself was an assembly of large square beams resting on wheels in size proportioned to the weight of the structure, and all riveted together with iron. The felloes of the wheels were three feet thick and strengthened with iron plates. From each of the four angles of the tower a large pillar of wood was carried up to a height of 150 feet, and these pillars were inclined toward one another. The tower had three stories, communicating by two staircases each. Three sides of the machine were plated with iron to protect them against fire. In front of each story there were loop-holes, screened by leather curtains, to keep out darts, arrows, etc. Each story was provided with machines for throwing large stones and darts; and in the lower story was the ram itself, thirty fathoms long, and fashioned at the end into an iron beak, or prow. The entire machine was moved forward by 3,500 soldiers.

But it can easily be understood that among so many men some must be more or less exposed to the enemy's darts and arrows; and so to drive the enemy from the walls and open places, to break the roofs of his houses, and otherwise annoy him, machines were necessary for throwing missiles, from small darts up to huge boulders.—From "Ancient and Modern Artillery," by Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, in St. Nicholas for April.

## Changeable Weather.

Mrs. Blinks—You're not going out in those thin clothes and with no overcoat?

Mr. Blinks—Why, yes. It is as warm and balmy as a day in summer.

"You'll repent it."

"Nonsense; I'll risk it."

Mrs. Blinks (a few minutes later)—What are you back for?

"My buffalo-skin overcoat. The weather changed before I got to the street cars."—Chicago Herald.

## FUN WITH A BULL.

A Spanish-American Pastime as Witnessed in Santo Domingo.

"Han llogado los toros?"  
"Si, Senor."  
"Entonces han funciono?"  
"Si, Senor."  
"Then let us go."

Arriving at the bull-ring we found the fun had already begun; the sombra, or fifty cent seats, were filled with soldiers, sailors, artisans—in short, the people; the palcos, or boxes, were all occupied by the gentry, foreigners, and merchants. In the chief box was President Hereaux, or, as he likes to be called, "Lili." He is rather dark for a lily, but as we have black swans and black diamonds, why not a black lily?

The first glimpse at the ring was just like the first look at a freshly opened raisin box. There they were, the four traditional Spaniards, in pig-tails, round caps, knee-breeches, braided jackets and crimson shawls, teasing an unfortunate bull. After some pretty narrow escapes from the vicious lunges of the horned brute, these four gave way to two picadors, each armed with a pair of steel shod rolls, not unlike closed Japanese parasols wrapped with ribbons a la barber pole. The bull went forward to welcome them with lowered horns and tail in air. One handsome Andalusian stood erect and perfectly motionless, with both darts held high above his head, until the bull's horns were apparently within six inches of his chest. Then, with the rapidity of lightning, he plunged his two parasols into the maddened brute's neck just abaft of his horns and sprang to one side, where he lighted a cigar and watched with nonchalance the bull chasing his (up to this time) innocent companion around the ring. Before the circuit was made his bullship was still further adorned with two more barber-poles in his neck.

The picadors then retired amid deafening plaudits, and the matador, a dapper little chap armed with a thin, sharp sword and bristling with gold lace, stroled into the ring. By this time the bull was mad clear through, there was no one else in the ring, and one would have thought there was plenty of room for the two, but the bull acted as if he felt crowded. The Spaniard unrolled a red silk scarf from his waist and shook it at the bull, who, of course, charged him. Failing to puncture the man, he did the next best thing—he captured the scarf. In the Spaniard's effort to regain the scarf, his foot slipped and he fell on his knees, and every body except the natives and foreign women turned their heads away, but the only ripping done was on the Spaniard's breeches. One horn had caught him in the seat of these and ripped through to waistband. The man landed full length on his face in the sand, where he lay for a minute with the angry bull standing over him, waiting for another chance at his fallen foe, but the banderilleros and the picadors were soon in the ring, and by the use of their red flags and voices drew the bull's attention, and the "killer" arose by far the coolest man in sight.

The rent in his unmentionables and his soiled velvet jacket might and probably did annoy him somewhat, but if he felt any timidity about being left alone with the bull again he didn't show it; on the contrary, he waved the men out of the ring and advanced to the center with his sword in one hand and his scarf in the other. Proof that he was not scared was his maneuvering to keep the bull between himself and the boxes where the ladies and bloods sat—he didn't wish to expose his tattered rear.

When he saw his chance he allowed his scarf to gently drop over the bull's head, and stepping one pace to the rear plunged his sword into the tawny hide, and, without a second look at the bull to see the effect of his thrust, walked forward to the ring side, bowing his acknowledgments of the vociferous applause. Cane, Panama hats, fans, purses and coins fell at his feet, and, one enthusiastic dandy tried to throw my hat into the ring, and he would have been a little stronger in his arms. All these articles were passed up to their owners except the coin, which must have footed up a hundred dollars or more. There was at least one gold piece picked up in front of the Executive's box. No attention was paid to the bull, but he was there all the time with the sword through his heart. On receiving his death blow he had reeled forward a few steps, dropped on his knees and fallen dead without losing a drop of blood except from the banderillos in his neck. A pair of mules were brought in, the carcass dragged off, the band struck up "La Paloma" and I had seen all the bull-fighting necessary for the remainder of this life.—Santo Domingo Cor. New York Herald.

## Three Kinds of Pops.

There are three varieties of popping the question now in vogue—the pop hesitate, the pop deliberate and the pop precipitate. New York inclines to the hesitating pop. Philadelphia has long favored the deliberate pop, so much so that courtship has been known to extend almost from the cradle to the grave before the preacher got a job. Years are sometimes consumed in studying out each other's pedigree. But in the west it is very different. There the pop precipitate reigns and it is no uncommon thing for a woman to get an offer on sight. The other day in St. Louis a Boston widow found a husband in an hour. The Arkansas man who popped meant business, and gave her a minute to decide. Westward the hope of spinsters takes its way.

## Arrangements for the Summer.

"Harry, where shall we go for the summer?"

Harry—Isn't it rather early to talk of that?

"Well no. I must begin to make my plans at once."

"Well, decide yourself. You did last year, you know. Just pick out a place again where we will escape every human comfort—and that will meet my notion of a summer resort exactly."—Chicago Herald.

## A GREAT DISCOVERY.

Apparently Harmless Symptoms Prove to be a Mine of Danger.

Some Scientific Facts which Are Arousing the Community.

The True Source of Heart Disease and Apoplexy Made Public.

A Terrible Danger That Can Be Readily Avoided.

## HOW IT MAY BE DONE.

There is no fact now more certain than that sudden deaths are not caused by heart disease, apoplexy or paralysis, but by other infirmities of which death is only the final stage. And physicians and scientists all agree that rheumatism in some one of its many forms is this cause which has stood in the background so long and caused so much misery. Any man, woman or child troubled with the slightest muscular rheumatism is in danger, and a danger from which instant escape is imperative. A man, well known in this community, awoke with a feeling of pain in his muscles. He took a cold bath, thinking the reaction would drive the pain from his system. It did drive it from his limbs, but it went to his heart and before night he was dead. This is only one of many similar cases. They all show the necessity of driving rheumatism, which is a blood disease, out of the blood, and for this purpose no modern discovery has ever equaled Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. Mr. C. D. Denio of Jackson, Mich., who was paralyzed on one side, was completely cured by its use, and believes he would have been in his grave to-day if he had not fortunately learned of and taken this great remedy. Should anyone who reads these lines be afflicted even in a slight degree by any rheumatic trouble, we would earnestly warn them against a delay which may prove fatal.

Massachusetts has 24,000 scholars in her evening schools.

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. This is only such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

## WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is used and endorsed by Physicians because it is the best.

It is Palatable as Milk.

It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.

It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.

It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.

It is wonderful as a flesh producer.

It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS, N. Y.

## SICK HEADACHE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

These Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bloating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## SSS

My little boy, 5 years old, was sick with a disease for which I had no name. The pills came out of his system, and the fingers came off to the middle joint. For 8 years he suffered dreadfully; he never could get well. I am satisfied Swift's Specific is the chief cause of his improvement.

JOHN DENIO.

Jan. 12, 1889.

POISONED BY A CALF—My little boy took out with sores and ulcers, the result of the salivary of a calf coming in contact with a cut finger. The ulcers were deep and painful and showed no inclination to heal. I gave him Swift's Specific, and he is now well.

JOHN F. HEARD, Auburn, Ala.

Send for books on Blood Poisons & Skin Diseases, free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy

For the cure of all disorders of the STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION of the BOWELS, PILES and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or DELETERIOUS DRUGS.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

## Dyspepsia,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS, ETC., will be avoided, and the food contribute its nourishing properties to the body. Price 25c a box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. If Storekeeper is out of them remit to RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

## BRADFIELD'S REGULATOR

Cures all Diseases Peculiar to Women! BOOK TO "WOMAN" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

AROUND THE STATE.

A new Polish Catholic church is to be built at Grand Rapids.

Grand Rapids has several respected citizens named Sokup, and there isn't a soaker among them.

Seney is to have a Catholic church. It needs churches about as bad as any place in North America.

Grandfather Lazotte, who has been on earth 98 years and at Manistee for 30 of the number, has gone to the happy hunting ground.

John Babcock, the hermit of Silver Lake, Grand Traverse county, is dead. He had lived alone on an island in that lake for many a year.

Henry Cook was drowned in Pine Lake on Monday while fishing. The body was recovered. He leaves a widow and two small children in poor circumstances.

Hattie Lyon, the Ann Arbor girl who is reported to have become insane in Germany will be brought home. A brother living in Akorn, O., has started for Germany.

An enormous dog attacked a 4-year old daughter of Adolph Gillman of Florence township, St. Joseph county, last Sunday, mangling her face terribly. She will be disfigured for life.

The Newberry Independent says that place has nearly 2,000 inhabitants and is growing rapidly. It must be indeed, as there were only 366 votes cast in the whole county last fall.

Willie Sonsmith, a 16-year-boy employed in Owen's box factory at East Saginaw, had his left knee most terribly injured on Monday afternoon by coming in contact with a saw. Doubts of his recovery are expressed.

The authorities at Hillsdale college have no idea of discouraging the study of astronomy, but they have forbidden the young men and women in the institution to be out later than 9 p. m.—stars or no stars.

John Kirby, of near Nunica, cleaned his gun the other day, but forgot to replace the breech pin. He remembered it, however, about one second after he fired it the next time. The doctors think they can save his eyesight.

Benjamin F. Osgood, postmaster at Mendon, was recently put under arrest by the United States Marshall upon a warrant charging him with having stolen a draft for \$300 from a letter. Mr. Osgood stands high socially, politically and financially at Mendon, and denies the charge.

Edwin Gifford and John Kelley, of St. Ignace, robbed a couple of fellow boarders at the Bezeau house of about one hundred dollars and considerable clothing Sunday night. They then stole a sailboat of J. J. Nunn and made for Cheboygan. They were arrested by officers and taken back.

Christian Schreirler, a very wealthy farmer, about 50 years of age, living two miles east of Clinton, washed his sheep last Saturday afternoon. He went over on his back farm Sunday morning to look after some stock. He did not return and two of his sons started in search of him. They found him in a barn sick. He asked for water and talked a little with one of his boys, but died in a very few moments after he was found. He leaves a large family.

At 2 o'clock Monday morning fifty masked forced the St. Clair county jail, at Port Huron, open and took the mulatto, Martin, out and hung him from the Seventh street bridge. They dragged him down the street, not an officer being in sight. Martin is the tramp that entered the farm house of John Gillis, four miles west of Port Huron, about two weeks ago, and brutally assaulted and outraged his wife. She has been in a precarious condition ever since. She is not expected to live.

Sunday morning, as some section men were going over their route, near Adrian, they found a mutilated body just east of that city on the Lake Shore track. It was the body of a German named Cooney Beers, a section hand, residing at Lenawee Junction, who was in Adrian Saturday evening. It is supposed that he was under the influence of liquor and that he lay down on the track. Both legs were cut off, the top of his head was sliced away and one arm mangled, and the body presented a shocking sight when taken to the undertaker's being stripped of all clothing by the train. It looked as if an east bound train had first run over him and the west bound train soon after threw the body back again. Some \$40 in money, coin and bills, was scattered along the track. He was about 30 years old and unmarried.

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

Home References!

J. ETHERINTON'S LIVER SYRUP.

For the radical cure of all Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidney and Blood Disorders. Constipation, which in its varied forms, causes the death of more persons annually than all other diseases combined is easily overcome by this meritorious remedy, which cures easily, rapidly and effectually.

This preparation is invaluable as a curative for Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Liver complaint, Heart Trouble, Kidney Disease, Jaundice, Piles, Scrofula, Blood Disorders, Female Diseases, Blood Disorders, Etc. Price, \$1 per Bottle.

GRANT, May 2, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Dear Sir—I have used your Liver Syrup for lame back and it has given immediate relief. I can recommend it to the afflicted as a genuine medicine. DUNCAN McPHAIL.

GRANT, May 21st, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—After having doctored for fifteen years with three good physicians, Dr. Anderson, Smith's Falls, Ont.; Dr. Parker, Toledo, Ont. Dr. Burrill, Smith's Falls, Ont. I received no benefit from their medicine, but after having taken about six bottles of your Liver Syrup I feel entirely cured, and cheerfully recommend it to all afflicted with Liver complaint. Mrs. MARY A. WALLACE.

BROOKFIELD, May 21st, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I feel it my duty to say a few words for the benefit of the sick. I heartily recommend your Liver Syrup. I have been troubled over one year with my kidneys. I have taken one-half a bottle of your Liver Syrup and it is helping me right along. Yours with respect. JOSEPH MOSHER.

GRANT, May 21st, 1889. Gentlemen—I feel it my duty to inform you of the benefit which I received from Mr. Etherinton's Liver Syrup. I was troubled with Dyspepsia for four years. I tried mostly all the patent medicine that I could hear of on record, and didn't receive but very little benefit until I tried Mr. Etherinton's medicine, which done me more good than any other medicine. I could not keep anything on my stomach, but I would vomit shortly after eating, and two bottles of this Syrup has cured me so I can eat and work without any trouble. I would recommend it to all afflicted with this disease. Yours truly. JOHN McKAY.

GRANT, May 16th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup in our family for several years and find it to be first-class, and would not be without it for twice its cost, and I feel it my duty to recommend it to the public, for when they once use it they will never be without it. Yours with respect. OLIVER MARCH.

GRANT, May 17th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup in our family for several years, and we have found it to be one of the best that can be found for family use, and we heartily recommend it to everybody. Yours respectfully. JOHN ASHMORE.

GRANT, May 16th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—We have used your Liver Syrup for the past eight years, and find it to be first-class in all respects, and cannot be too highly recommended. I would not be without it for twice its cost, and I can fully recommend it to the public as a first-class medicine. Yours very respectfully. JOHN MARCH.

GRANT, May 20th 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I have been troubled with Kidney complaint for the last eight years and have been doctoring all the time. I got a bottle of your Liver Syrup, and have been taking it for about three weeks, and it has helped me more than all the medicine I have taken. I would recommend your Liver Syrup to all troubled with the Kidneys. Yours truly. RUFUS HALLACK.

GRANT, May 18th, 1889. Mr. John Etherinton. Sir—I feel it my duty to say a few words to the sick. I heartily recommend your Liver Syrup to all afflicted. I know it is good. I used it for headache and I never used anything better, and I can feel it my duty to recommend it to the public. Yours with respect. JOHN McVICAR.

J. ETHERINTON'S PAIN KILLER.

Conquers all pain and cures Diphtheria, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Etc. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

J. ETHERINTON'S COUGH CURE.

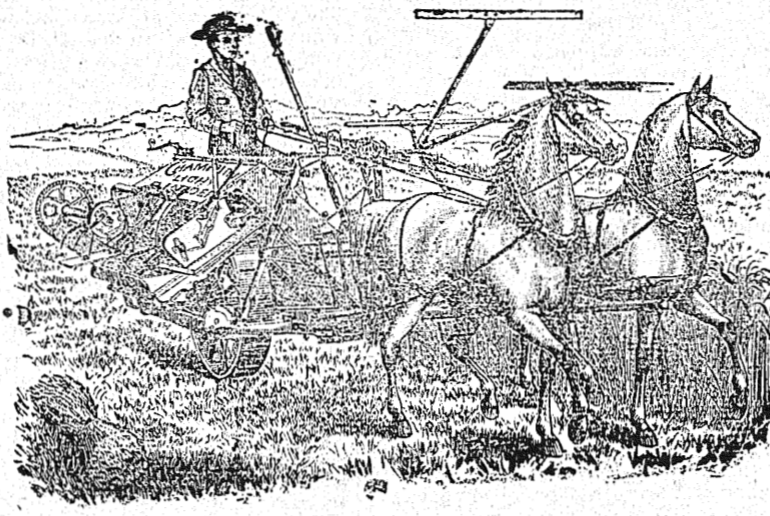
A perfectly reliable Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Pneumonia and all Lung Troubles, including Pulmonary Consumption. Secure a bottle once. Price, 50 cts.

J. ETHERINTON'S Celebrated EYE WATER.

Cures all Sore Eyes, Inflammation, Granulation of the Eye-Lids, Etc.

All Communications Should Be Addressed To JOHN ETHERINTON, GAGETOWN, MICH.

I HAVE RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF CHAMPION



Light Steel Frame,

BINDERS AND MOWERS.

Champion and Thomas Horse Rakes, or any other kind you may want. BINDING TWINE, (the best,) from 14 to 16 cents. J. H. STRIFFLER, CASS CITY.

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.

Central Meat MARKET!

SCHWAUERER ROS., Prop'r. Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting. Cattle, Hogs and Sheep bought for Eastern Market. CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS.

Lot 3, W. 1/2 of S. W. 1/4, section 34, town 14, north, range 11 east, except part lying south of the river; also except one acre of southwest corner. In lot of A. T. SLAGET & CO., Caro, Mich.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Constable, deceased. Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order granted to the undersigned administrator of the estate of said deceased, by the Honorable Judge of Probate for the county of Tuscola, on the 6th day of May, A. D. 1889, there will be sold at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at my office in the village of Kingston, in said county of Tuscola, and in said state, on Tuesday, the ninth day of June, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, the following described property, (subject to all encumbrances thereon) to wit: The north east quarter of the southeast quarter, range eleven east, and containing forty (40) acres of land, more or less. J. M. TORREY, Administrator.

FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-first day of April, 1884, was executed by Harvey F. Moss and Mary P. Moss to Mrs. Linda T. Van Dyke and recorded in the register of deeds office in Tuscola county, and state of Michigan, in liber 50 of mortgages, on page 129, of said register, that a default has been made in the condition of said mortgage, and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of four hundred and eleven dollars and twenty-five cents, that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by the sale of the mortgaged premises, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, on Monday, the 12th day of August, 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, and that said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: All that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Elmwood, in the county of Tuscola, Michigan, known and described as follows to-wit: The northeast quarter of southeast quarter of section fourteen, town fourteen north of range 10 east, containing forty acres of land more or less, and will be foreclosed to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest that may accrue thereon after this date, and the costs of foreclosing, and that said premises will be sold close to the following mortgage to-wit: A mortgage dated the 17th day of March, 1886, and recorded on page 129, of said register of deeds office, in liber 55 of mortgages, on page 468, executed by the said Harvey F. Moss and Mary P. Moss to the said Mrs. Linda T. Van Dyke, by the name of Linda T. Van Dyke, for the sum of fifty-five dollars and the interest thereon from the 17th day of September, 1888, at the rate of ten per cent per annum. Dated May 14th, 1889. MISS LINDA T. TUTTLE, FORMERLY MRS. LINDA T. VAN DYKE, MORTGAGEE. WILSON & QUINN, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

B. F. BROWNE, NOTARY PUBLIC.

CASS CITY.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage made James P. Hiern and Rhoda, his wife, to Mary McPhail, dated November 1, A. D. 1884, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1884, in liber 52 of mortgages on page 331, on which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice the sum of one hundred and fifteen (\$115) dollars and fifty-three cents, and an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars provided for in said mortgage, and no suit or proceedings in law having been instituted to recover the money secured by said mortgage, or any part thereof: Now, therefore, by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage and the statute in such case made and provided, notice is hereby given that on Monday, the 10th day of June, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, I shall sell at public vendue to the highest bidder, at the front doors of the court house, in the village of Caro, Tuscola county, Mich., (that being the place where the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held), the premises described in said mortgage, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the amount due on said mortgage with 10 per cent interest, and all legal costs, together with an attorney's fee of fifteen dollars, as provided for therein, the premises being described in said mortgage as all that certain lot, piece and parcel of land situate in the village of Cass City in the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, and known and described as follows: Lot number three (3), block B, Kelland's addition to the village of Cass City, according to a plat of said addition now on record in the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan. Dated March 8th, 1889. MARY McPHAIL, Mortgagee. JAMES D. BROOKER, Atty for Mortgagee.

MORTGAGE SALE.—Default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, executed by Byron L. Ransford, then a single man of Caro, Tuscola county, Michigan, to George Peck of Detroit, Wayne county, Michigan, dated March 26, A. D. 1886, and upon April 2, A. D. 1886, duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, in liber 50 of mortgages on page 449, said mortgage containing a provision that, in case of non-payment of any interest at the time limited therefor, at the option of the mortgagee, notice of which option was expressly waived, the whole amount should become due and payable, and default having been made in payment of the annual installments of interest due respectively on March 26, 1887 and March 26, 1888, and more than thirty days having elapsed since the time said payments became due and payable, said mortgagee has elected and does hereby elect to declare the whole sum to be due and payable, and claims thereon as thereby due and payable at the date of this notice the sum of one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven and sixty-one hundredths dollars (\$1,137.60) and no suit or proceedings in law or in equity having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on July 1, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the northwesterly front door of the court house in the village of Caro, Michigan, that being the building wherein the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held, there will be sold at auction, to the highest bidder, the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the said debt with interest and legal costs of sale, including an attorney's fee of thirty-five dollars, as provided in said mortgage; that is to say: the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section ten, town twelve north range nine east, Michigan, and lot number four block number five of Charles Outague's subdivision of part of the southeast quarter of section three, in said town twelve north range nine east, Michigan. Dated March 26, A. D. 1889. GEORGE PECK, Mortgagee. F. S. WILSON, Attorney for Mortgagee.

WALL PAPER!

New spring stock of Wall Paper just received, consisting of all the latest patterns and designs. All Styles and Prices. Curtains—Both plain and figured in all the latest styles.

SCHOOL BOOKS!

A full line of Harpers' books always on hand.

BLANK BOOKS!

We have a large stock of these goods with prices as low as can be found. A choice line of Perfumes, Toilet Soaps, Hair and Tooth Brushes.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

I have now a complete stock of this line of goods. Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purpose. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. Prices as low as the lowest. Prescriptions carefully compounded.

CITY DRUG STORE.

Residence over store.

SPRING OPENING!

NEW STOCK, NEW STYLES, NEW PRICES

J. C. LAING'S.

NEW SPRING STOCK!

We are now ready with our large and complete stock of

HARDWARE, CONSISTING OF

Stoves, Machine Repairs, Iron Pumps, Gas Fittings, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Nails, Etc.

STOCK OF SCREEN DOORS.

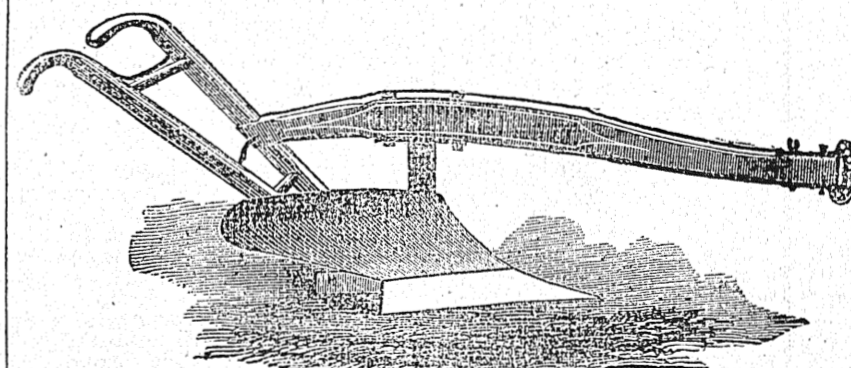
The "LANDSCAPE" being a beauty and is our best seller. A large line of OIL STOVES from \$1 to \$15 in price.

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

We have a fine line of the above. Parties intending to build should call on us before purchasing elsewhere.

J. L. HITCHCOCK

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 HAY Castings of all kinds made to tern Making a specialty. MARTIN DEW

I. O. O. F.

CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

H. C. WALES, N. G. J. D. BROOKER, Secretary.

G. A. R.

MILWAUKEE POST, No. 212, Cass City, meets in the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month.

A. N. HATCH, Commander. O. C. A. JUDANT.

H. O. T. M.

Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

W. D. SCHOOLEY, Record Keeper. JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Established 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 the papers drawn and business done correctly?

Have you bargained for a piece of land, and do you want 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 lands?

Do you own township or county orders and wish to sell the same?

Have you had a sale and do you wish your sale notes collected and a liberal advance made on them?

If you have any business above mentioned to transact come to the Cass City Bank.

C. W. McPHAIL, Banker.

CITY NEWS.

Read C. L. Soper's new ad.

Mrs. Jas. Leonard returned home on Tuesday.

A. D. Gillies and wife visited Caro on Saturday.

Chas. Ga. finey is a guest at the Tennant.

Chas. Ale. of East Saginaw, is visiting his parents here.

East Saginaw will celebrate in grand style on the 4th of July.

Miss Lizzie Ale was calling on friends in Caro on Saturday last.

Jno. Leonard and family arrived from Bad Axe on Monday evening.

Mrs. Jas. Brown of Cumber visited her daughter, Mrs. Marr, on Sunday.

Sam'l Owen of Owendale was in the city on Saturday evening on business.

Wanted—Two girls for general housework.

Mrs. JAS. LEONARD.

John McClellan is now conductor on the stage route between here and Caro.

Did you do any kicking before the board of review last Monday or Tuesday?

M. D. Cole, station agent at Inlay City, was in town on Sunday visiting friends.

Quite a number from this place took in the excursion to Detroit on Tuesday morning.

Cleve Downing is having a severe time, being confined to his bed for several weeks past.

H. McColl of Strathroy, Ont., preached in the Presbyterian church on Monday evening.

Masters Del. Young and Fred Richardson of Caro were the guests of Miss Minnie Laing on Saturday last.

Chas. Sheldon of Lexington was in the city during the week last after the business interests of the Port Huron Marble Works.

Frank Lenzner, who has been traveling for a Detroit musical firm for some time, is visiting at his parental home in this place.

Dugald McIntyre returned home on Friday last after an absence of several months. His many friends were all glad to welcome him back.

The law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to children under 16 years of age, which is now in force, greatly reduces the sales of the average dealer in such goods.

The rainbow social which was to have been held at the residence of J. D. Crosby last evening has been postponed until Tuesday evening next. Don't forget the date.

The 16th annual state convention of W. C. T. U. is in session at Bay City this week. Mrs. R. E. Gamble of this place is one of the county delegates to the same.

Memorial services were largely attended at the Presbyterian church on Sunday last. Rev. Andrews delivered a very able discourse commemorating the event.

The melodious strains of a hand-organ were heard on our streets Monday. It was manipulated by a man and woman the former doing the cranky work, and the latter soliciting for financial aid.

An attachment suit was argued in Justice Winegar's court on Saturday last, the principals being Mrs. Matilda Ketchum and J. H. and Chas. Striffler. The case was adjourned for three weeks.

Opposition is the life of trade, so says Mack Wickware. He has recently obtained a second-hand lever printing press, and will solicit the patronage of his many friends for job printing. Mack's next move will probably be to branch out into the newspaper business as soon as his experience will warrant it.

Chas. Striffler had the misfortune to get kicked on his right limb, below the knee, on Tuesday, by one of his horses. It required several stitches to keep the parts together as it was cut to the bone.

The June number of Godey's Lady's Book comes out resplendent with many good things. As a monthly magazine the above periodical ranks among the best and ought to be in every household.

The potatoes planted this spring are just through the ground, and the bugs are laughing themselves to death over the prospects of the summer's campaign which they will conduct on these vines. They are said to be more plentiful than usual this spring.

The postmaster general suggests to the public: "Print your name and address on the left hand corner of all mail matter. This will insure its immediate return if improperly addressed, or insufficiently paid; and if not called for at its destination it can be forwarded without going to the dead letter office."

John Etherinton, a respectable and retired farmer of Grant, who has been meeting with such great success in the sale of his medical remedies, has a large new ad in the ENTERPRISE. Where ever Mr. Etherinton sells his wonderful remedies he generally obtains a good testimonial of the same as will be seen by carefully reading his ad.

Dr. McLean has been successful in raising about \$75 to improve the road between the east river bridge and the county line. C. M. Webber, the highway commissioner is going to let the job of taking out the couderoy and grading the road on June 1st, at 10 a. m., at the county line. The subscription raised will be used to gravel the road.

One of those unreasonable men who takes a newspaper for a year or two, and then sends it back marked "refused" or "not wanted," was sued by a Michigan publisher a short time ago, and the judge gave a verdict for the full amount and costs. The court decided that notice to discontinue was not sufficient if the subscriber was in arrears. He must pay first.—EX.

The Cass river circuit will hold a grove meeting, commencing on Wednesday, June 12, and continuing five days. The meetings will be held on the old campground, on the M. J. Ciley farm. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Persons coming from abroad will please advise the pastor, Rev. Roblin, and conveyance will be furnished them from the train.

When potatoes are selling at a very low figure, the free trade papers gleefully ask the farmers, who sell them, how they like protection. When potatoes are selling at a very high figure the free trade organs ask the working man, who buys them, how they like protection. Whether there be a storage or an over supply the free trade editor charges it up to protection and feels that he has done his duty to his country. Bless his heart!—EX.

One of the peculiar things resulting from the machine methods of the public school system is the effect produced upon the handwriting of the teachers. A man who has received, within the last year, a large number of letters from fair young and fair old pedagogues, has noticed that there is almost an absolute lack of individuality in their chirography. The letters all seem to be formed upon the same old model, they are all of the same height, and upon the same slant, and the t's are crossed and the r's dotted with the same painful preciseness.

At the Hubbel school house in Greenleaf, religious services were being held last Sunday night. In the waiting room were several persons making some disturbance, more or less annoying the worshippers inside. Albert Price finally went to the waiting room to put a quietus on the noise, when a young man named Burwick struck him in the back of the head. Price took him by the collar and attempted to shake a little sense into him. In the meantime the row became rather general, but the disturbers were eventually ejected and the meeting was continued without further interruption. A warrant was got out Monday for the arrest of Burwick and he will no doubt discover what it costs to be cuted in public.—Bad Axe Democrat.

The Farther Shore.

Two deaths have occurred within our village and two lives have gone to rest on the farther shore within the past week.

Monday morning at 10 o'clock the community was quite surprised to learn of the death of Rachael Johnson, wife of Geo. Johnson. Mrs. Johnson was born in Macomb county, Mich., in the year 1834, and was 55 years old on the 14th day of last April. She had been ailing for the last two years, which resulted in a complication of diseases and caused her death. She was not obliged to keep her bed until about six days before her death. The funeral was held from the M. E. church on Tuesday, Rev. Gilchriese officiating. Mr. Johnson is well along in years, and by the departure of his wife he is left virtually alone, as his children reside in other parts of the state. He has the sympathy of the entire community, and many a helping hand will be given the old gentleman when in need.

On Friday, the 24th, at 15 minutes past 11 o'clock, a. m., John Sherwood died at his residence in this place of paralysis. The deceased was born in the town of Wilton, Conn., on the 27th day of December, 1836. He came to Michigan in the fall of 1876. On the 5th day of November, 1887, he was stricken with the first stroke of paralysis, which was

followed by a second stroke some ten days later, which left him in a very feeble condition up to the time of his death. The remains were interred in the city cemetery last Sunday, the services being held at the M. E. church.

WIND AND RAIN!

Yesterday a Gloomy and Dismal Memorial Day.

All Exercises Dispensed With. The Speaking at the Rink Given Up for Want of an Audience.

On rising yesterday morning all lovers of Decoration Day observances, including the soldiers and others who were to take part in the exercises of the day, were confronted by a terrific wind and rain storm. It was a regular old time northeaster, and continued unabated throughout the entire day. The large concourse of people which was expected in town, had the weather been fine, were made conspicuous by their absence. A few soldiers from the surrounding country, whose memory of the past, during their service of their country, expelled all thoughts of the disagreeableness of the day, succeeded in braving the storm, and found their way into the village, only to find that no observances would be held. Although the tributes of love could not be bestowed on the graves of the brave comrades, yet the bitter past is sweetened by the thought that those who fell in the service of their country are not forgotten. The soldier's widow will still weep o'er his grave, and her love for his loving comrades will not be lessened. But to do justice to the ladies, we would say that the dinner furnished by them at the "red front" store is worthy of much comment. Although the large number of people were not there, yet all the delicacies were there in quantity and quality that has never been excelled in the place, from the most wholesome of viands to the finest of pastry.

Cass City Will Not Celebrate!

A meeting was held in the council rooms on Tuesday evening to test the pulse of the patriotic citizens of Cass City in regard to celebrating the grand and glorious Fourth. A very meagre crowd was in attendance, and after the usual preliminaries had been gone through with, a few committees were appointed to interview the leading men of the town. The committees report very discouraging news, and the prevailing opinion seems to be that Cass City cannot afford to celebrate. It is deplorable that patriotism has waxed so low that we cannot observe this day as a growing and thriving town should. A meeting will be held at the council rooms this evening at which the committees will report.

A Successful Operation.

Until quite recently, Mrs. Adam Benkelman had been severely afflicted with a tumor or enlarged gland near the throat. For over 18 years it had been growing and gave her more trouble and anxiety each succeeding year. She had employed many physicians in this and other states, but to no avail. Seven years ago she went to the celebrated Pierce's Medical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., and doctored for three months with the experts. Two years ago she employed several experts in Denver, Colorado. All in vain. Her case was pronounced incurable. Two months since she suffered almost to strangulation, Dr. McLean was called. He diagnosed the case, went into the gland with a knife. Every vestige of the gland is now removed and Mrs. Benkelman breathes as free as ever, and is enjoying good health for one so old. ADAM BENKELMAN.

Advertisement for a watch: \$35 Solid Gold Watch, sold for \$100, until lately. Best \$50 watch in the world. Perfect timekeeper. War. Warranted. Heavy Gold Hunting Cases. Both ladies' and gents' sizes, with works and cases of equal value. One Person in each locality can secure one free. Samples, as well as the watch, we send FREE, and after you have kept them in your home for 2 months and shown them to those who may have called, they become your own property. Those who write at once can be sure of receiving the Watch and Samples. We pay all express, freight, etc. Address: Seaton & Co., Box 912, Portland, Maine.

FOR SALE! Cheap, or will exchange for FARMING LANDS. Either improved or unimproved, property in the village of Cass City. For further particulars inquire at this office, or address H. SCHUST, East Saginaw, Mich.

FOR SALE! House and Lot on Reasonable Terms. I will sell my house and 1/2 acres of ground in village of Cass City, on reasonable terms. Good house, good barn, excellent well and cistern, fruit, etc. NICHOLAS GADEL.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure, a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggists a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of the Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and always to be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Fritz Bros' drug store.

Dealings in Dirt.

The following are the transfers furnished us by Register Toland for the week ending May 27th: Samuel S. Barril, et al. to Wm. Bradley, n 1/2 of ne 1/4, sec. 16, Gilford, \$575. F. H. Oppermann to Chas. Oppermann, w 1/2 of sw 1/4, sec. 29, Vassar, \$100. Also Greenfield to Wm. B. Branscomb, e 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec. 5, Akron, \$600. Chas. Pottingill to F. D. Zacharias, part of nw 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec. 15, Juniata, \$450. Wm. W. Bacon to Lidia Lane, w 1/2 of ne 1/4, sec. 1, Vassar, \$800. Lidia Lane to Daniel M. Spencer, w 1/2 of ne 1/4, sec. 1, Vassar, \$700. Lewis C. Merritt to Hiram Applebee, sw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec. 29, Fremont, \$400. E. Barton Fisher to Franklin H. Freeman, part of nw 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec. 27, Tuscola, \$372. Morris D. Brannard to Joseph Wells, lots 6, 14, 15, 16 and 17, Vassar, \$150. Peter Weaver to Franklin D. Coe, lot 9, block 21, Fostoria, \$575. Hannah E. Collier to Harvey Foster, 10 acres in nw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec. 20, Watertown, \$250. Estate of Mary J. Freeman to F. H. Freeman, e 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec. 26, Tuscola, \$470. John Schmitzer to Doru Crave, part of uw 1/4, sec. 3, Akron, \$800. Joseph Gage to Martin Bartholomy, w 1/2 of lot 3, block 1, Gageton, \$100.

Fritz Bros. still have the finest line of Gilt Window shades and Wall Paper, also patent medicines, of all kinds.

Something Good suits everyone.

Land plaster, \$7 per ton, at Berney's elevator.

Something Good! What is Something Good? Ask J. C. Laing.

Remember that I am selling the best binder twine on the market for 14 to 16 1/2 cents per pound. J. H. STRIFFLER.

Free.—A sample package of Rice's Catarrhine will be sent by mail to any person suffering with Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. H. P. BRAND & Co., Manufacturers, Saeoxie, Mo.

Did your neighbor tell you the news? J. H. Striffler of Cass City is selling the best binder twine for 14 to 16 1/2 cents.

For job work come to the ENTERPRISE

Take Notice. All parties wanting lumber sawed at our mill must call and skid their logs before June 15th, as we will positively shut down our mill for the summer on that day. HALL BROS., Cass City.

JAPANESE BUCKWHEAT!

Last June I purchased of A. I. Root, Medina, O., 1/2 bu. of Japanese Buckwheat at \$4 per bu. and sowed it on an acre of ground, in my orchard, on the 15th of June; 1/2 of the acre was clay and it came up very uneven on account of the dry weather. Pigs and poultry destroyed fully 5 bu., but in spite of all this I harvested 42 bu. of nice clean buckwheat. I have a few bu. yet to spare at \$2 per bush. Farmers, try it and you will never sow any more of the common kind. MR. MARTIN.

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.

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 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.

GOLD. Golds are scarce, but those who write to Seaton & 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 earned over \$30 a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. Free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

WHO Sells you your Boots, Shoes and Slippers? ARE YOU Will do well to examine our Mammoth Stock of Boots, Shoes and Slippers. WE ARE This season showing the largest line of fine Shoes and Slippers in the county, at BED-ROCK PRICES. Ladies' toe slippers, 75 cents and upwards; Ladies' fine Kid Button shoes, \$1.50 and upwards; Men's fine shoes, congress and bals., \$1.50 and upwards; Men's Plow and 2 buckle shoes \$1.00 and upwards. Wigwam Slippers in Russett and Dregs of Wine Colors.

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House, CASS CITY, MICH.

SPECIAL! 1/4 - - - OFF - - - 1/4 One-quarter off on our entire Stock of

PARASOLS

—This special sale will begin on— SATURDAY, May 25th, And end on Saturday, June 1.

Now is your time to secure a Cheap Parasol, 2 MACKS 2

HOLMES BROS. Is the store where everybody is going for their GROCERIES.

—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.

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.



HER NAME.

ANNA F. BURNHAM.

"I'm lost! Could you find me, please?" Poor little frightened baby! The wind had tossed her golden fleeces, the stone had scratched her dimpled knees, it stooped and lifted her with ease. And softly whispered, "May be."

"A TALISMAN."

BY HON. MRS. N.F.

CHAPTER V.

Wrapped in a dream of her childhood, she stood gazing at the little crescent which she had given to Eberhard Leigh. The surgeon hurried away, but Dorothy still stood there, for once forgetful of time and place and duty, until a movement on the bed aroused her, and looking up, she met the wounded soldier's eyes fixed upon her own. "You have found that little thing," he said, indicating the trinket she held in her hand. "You recognize it? Ah, do you remember giving me it Dorothy—little Dorothy?"

even think if you can help it. I will come back presently, and I hope I shall find you asleep." She had assumed her professional nurse's tone, and she bent over his comfortless couch to smooth it a little. He caught the small roughened hand in his. "Call me Eberhard before you go—just once; I have a fancy to hear it from your lips; and invalids may not be thwarted, you know," with his charming smile. The pale face colored fiery red. "Eberhard!" she said falteringly, and attempted no move; but he raised the little fingers to his lips ere he released them. "I know I shall recover with your nursing," he said quietly. "Dorothy!" a querulous voice, belonging a fretful angry face, invaded the door of the invalid's room a few hours later, "I wish you would give your own kith and kin a little attention, instead of dancing after all these common men. I am almost out of my mind with terror, sitting alone in that dreadful room—they say it is the safest in the place, but it dark and depressing in the extreme—and the noise of the firing seems to increase every moment. I am sure we shall all be shot directly, and Sir Peter is enough to put the finishing touch to anybody. I don't know whether or not he is really ill, but he lies and groans until I am beside myself. I think you might come and cheer your cousin a little bit."

indeed to keep my secret at cost of everything worth having on earth. For my sake you left your old accustomed life, and entered this. Oh, how could you bear it?" She shuddered and glanced around. "I did love you well," the man replied slowly. "And rather than drag you into infamy, as you must have done if I had been tried for your crime, I took the only other resource open to me. I escaped justice and left my name disgraced." "I—I think very few people, if any, knew about it, Eberhard. And now your uncle is dead, there is no one to prosecute. You might come back safely and take your new position now." He stopped her with a look. "If help does not reach us by tomorrow," he said, "not one of us here will ever see England again."

The Chloral Habit. The above is the heading of a letter sent some months ago to a New York paper, as follows: "When a gentle, quiet little woman, the light of a happy home, with not a trace of insanity in her blood commits a dreadful crime—murders her children and herself in such a shocking manner that even the hardened newspaper reader shudders with horror at the thought of it—how is it that people are expected to be satisfied with a verdict of 'emotional insanity,' 'temporary aberration of mind,' etc? What causes such sudden and horrible emotions? And are they sudden? Sometimes the person has been in poor health, frequently under the care of a physician, and the disease is almost invariably, if not the chloral has been administered either by the advice of the physician or without it, for its use is so general that one person will recommend it to another, and any druggist knows and can testify that he sells as much of it without prescriptions as with. Nervous persons who have become accustomed to its use think they cannot live without it, though its continued use is certain to prove disastrous. The habit once formed is far more difficult to overcome than alcoholism or opium eating. Two years ago the leading newspaper of a neighboring city published a number of articles concerning the intemperate use of the drug. It claimed that many homes were broken up by it; that cases of kleptomania, insanity, murder and suicide—particularly the latter—were directly traceable to the use of hydrate of chloral. I hope that some one who is capable will write an article on this subject.—Union-Signal.

There are 2,000 Icelanders in the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba. When old Judge Jowler was tucked in his bed by Mrs. Mouser he couldn't sleep a wink until the excellent woman had brought a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Then he crossed his little hands and sunk in sweet repose. General Wayne Stables, Balto., and Paca Srs. Balto. Md. I can safely recommend your Salvation Oil to all suffering with rheumatism, as I was a sufferer, and before I was finished using the first bottle was entirely cured. Jos. S. Fox, Cattle Dealer, 117 North Broadway, Baltimore, Md. More than 2,000,000 of the youth of India are to-day receiving an education in the English language.

Advertisement for Dr. Isaac Thompson's Celebrated Eye Water, featuring a portrait of the doctor and text describing the medicine's benefits for various eye conditions.

Advertisement for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, highlighting its effectiveness for various ailments.

Advertisement for Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, describing its purifying and health-giving properties.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, promoting its benefits for blood and overall health.

Advertisement for Dr. Cassell's Food, a nutritional supplement for those with weak constitutions.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Kidney Pills, aimed at treating kidney-related issues.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, another variation of the product's benefits.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, featuring a testimonial from a satisfied customer.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, emphasizing its role in restoring vitality.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, detailing its ingredients and effectiveness.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, providing more information on its health benefits.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, including a list of ailments it treats.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, featuring a testimonial from a satisfied customer.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, highlighting its long history and reputation.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, describing its benefits for various health conditions.

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Money to Loan on Real Estate. I will be at Kingston every Monday evening until further notice.

Rain. Frost. Wind. Snow. Grapes are all killed. It rained again on Monday.

Baker's new shop is a dandy. D. B. Chatfield is getting better. Forty degrees below zero on Monday night.

F. J. Gifford has moved into the Davis house. Wm. Fulford was in the city of Marlette on Saturday.

Did you see the beautiful snow on Tuesday morning. Will Fullford has made a purchase of an Idaho horse.

Judge VanTassel of Caro was in the village on Saturday. J. B. Curtis took in the excursion to Detroit on Tuesday.

Hon. Jack Frost was in this vicinity early Friday morning. D. A. Millikin is the agent for the Deering Machine Co.

Wm. Falford was in Cass City the latter part of last week. Wheat and grass are growing finely during this cool weather.

H. S. Youngs returned from the north last Friday evening. Rev. Haines preached at the Baptist church Sunday evening.

Sandy strolls, swaying hammocks, insular scenery and sweet musings. A good time was enjoyed by everybody yesterday. Full particulars next week.

Did you arise from your slumbers early enough on Friday morning to see the frost. W. M. Baker will treat the exterior of his store to a coat of fresh paint in the near future.

David Mathew is building a spanking new tin shop on River street. That's the stuff.

The weary postoffice seeker awaiteth returns. But for whom doth the star of victory shine. Will Hawks, traveling agent for the Champion machines, called on J. M. Torrey on Saturday.

E. E. Pulling has moved out of the Meyer house into the house recently vacated by F. J. Gifford. Dr. Simenton made a fishing excursion to Lake O'Shea on Monday. Dr. is an expert at fishing.

Mr. Christian Speer and wife of Pennsylvania are visiting Mr. S.'s brother, Zachariah Bartholomew, of Koylton. D. A. Millikin believes in making everything appear as nice as possible. He has just finished painting his store on the interior.

J. W. Brackenbury of Gageton was in town on Monday and Tuesday, looking after the business interests of Brownlee & Co., of Detroit. The memorial services at the Baptist church, on Sunday, were largely attended. A very interesting service was rendered by Rev. Beach.

E. E. Randall, who has been attending circuit court at Caro for the last two weeks, has returned home. E. E. says courting is not as much fun as some people think it is. Fourteen persons were baptized in the creek, north of here, on Sunday afternoon. J. B. Beverley and J. B. Curtis being among the number. Both of the above gentlemen joined the Baptist church.

Nothing has, as yet, been heard of the whereabouts of Jake Johnston. Strange, yes, very strange, but remember, a man looking considerable like Mr. Johnston will make his appearance in these parts before many days. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, gave to Kingston township, through the efforts of clerk and board of school inspectors, the per capita of primary school money for 27 children in district No. 6, which settles all difficulties between said district and No. 4. The sky is clear once more.

It is getting so now-a-days that if you rent a barn of a man, on vacating the same you should be very careful to remove everything and anything belonging to you. Be sure a'd sever your contract, and "cutter" short. It may be the means of saving you the trouble of a law suit, for country attorneys are getting so hard up that they will make trouble out of nothing.

31 YEARS AGO

the Threshing Machines then in use were almost wholly of the class known as the "Endless Apron" style. Then it was that Nichols & Shepard, of Battle Creek, Mich., invented and began to develop an entirely new and novel style of Grain Thresher and Separator, which they very appropriately named the "Vibrator."

It was a revolution in Threshing Machines, and from a small beginning of five machines in 1858 they soon reached a product of 1,000 yearly.

Their Vibrator drove the "Endless Apron" machine out of market, and all other makers copied it as closely as they dared. Today all Threshing Machines of any reputation or merit use the principles of the old Vibrator. Nichols & Shepard have continued in the business without change of name, location, or management; and during the past three years have brought out and developed another new Threshing Machine for grain and seeds, as superior to all existing machines as their former was to the "Endless Apron." They name this new and improved Thresher



and predict as great a revolution in the trade, and as complete success over all rivals as they had thirty-one years ago.

If you are interested as a Farmer or Thresherman, write for particulars, which they send free. Address

NICHOLS & SHEPARD. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

CARO Marble Works

Invites you to call and stock and prices before purchasing.

No Agents' commission to pay, as no Agents are employed.

This saves the purchaser 25 per cent. A full line of all colors and shades constantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by W. L. PARKER.

THE IMPORTED STALLION BLACKBURN!

Will make the season of 1889 at his own stable in Cass City.

The following is BLACKBURN'S pedigree, as registered on the faith of the particulars furnished to the society being correct: Foaled April 8th, 1887; color, bay; four white feet and spot on face; bred by Henry Fielding, Glasgow, Scotland; sire, Pointman II, Vol. VI, page 2224 in Stud book; dam, Forest Gyp, Vol. VII, page 3463; sire of dam, Duke of Edinburg, Vol. I, page 246; great dam, Lizzie Blackburn out of Gyp, registered in the tenth volume of the Clydesdale Stud book, on page 3463.

TERMS made known on application.

Farmers and breeders should call and see the most handsome horse in the county. Wm. OSTRANDER. Owner and Manager.

For Diseases of the KIDNEYS

DR. HILL'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Stricture, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bladder, etc. PRICE IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. DR. HILL'S KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drinks.

PRICE \$1. Three Bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charges. W. JOHNSTON & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER



And Funeral Director.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and Undertaker's Supplies on hand.

EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED. Burial Robes, Crape, Gloves, etc., always in stock, at lowest prices. Good Hearse in connection.

I have the agency for THE Artificial Marble Caskets.

Undertaking Rooms in Mrs. Gamble's Building on Main Street. Give me a call. CASS CITY.

Something New.

Having remodeled my shop and put in an old-fashioned Dutch Oven I am now prepared to furnish the public with



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.

Detroit and Cleveland M NAVIGATION CO.

Palace Steamers, Low Rates and Quick Time for DETROIT, PORT HURON, SANILAC, OSCODA, ALPENA, CHEBOYGAN. Leaves St. Ignace

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AT 10.00 A. M. THURSDAY, FRIDAY AT 9.00 P. M.

FOR CLEVELAND, Daily (except Sunday) at 10.15 P. M.

Through tickets, and all baggage checked to destination. Our illustrated pamphlet, rates and excursion tickets will be furnished by your agents, or address E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A., DETROIT, MICH.

BUCKLEN'S ARNIC. 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.

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

Kingston Meat Market,

J. T. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Fresh and Salt Meats of All Kinds. GOOD GROCERY

In Connection with the Above. Cash paid for Hides.

Kingston Markets.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. 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.

BEFORE

You purchase your flour and feed, come and see me at the

KINGSTON MILLS.

Remember that I am running my mill 5 days of each week, and I can furnish anything and everything in my line as cheap as the cheapest.

O. A. BRIGGS.

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.



I am going to

CHAS. L. SOPER'S DRUG STORE,

Where I can buy, at the lowest prices,

Pure Paris Green, London Purple, Tobacco, Cigars,

Oranges, Confectionery, Lemons, Drugs, Medecines. I also have in stock

Muraline, the best and purest Wall Finish in the world.

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 qualities, and I shall try to please the most fastidious. Give me a call. Respectfully, MRS. J. H. FERGUSON.

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

Portiac, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad. TIME TABLE NO. 1

Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, Freight, Mixed, Pass. Rows include Portiac, Oxford, Dryden, Inlay City, North Branch, Cliford, Kingston, Wilnot, Deford, Gageton, Owendale, Berne, Cassville.

Table with 4 columns: STATIONS, Pass, Mixed, Freight. Rows include Cassville, Berne, Owendale, Gageton, Cass City, Wilnot, Kingston, Cliford, North Branch, Inlay City, Dryden, Oxford, Portiac.

Port Huron & Northwestern Railway. TIME TABLE.

Table with 4 columns: A. M. P. M. A. M. P. M. Rows include 6:33, 8:30, 10:25, 11:17, 10:52, 12:19, 1:51, 3:00, 4:05 p.m.

CONNECTIONS. Cliford (union depot), with the P. O. & P. A. Ry. Vassar (union depot), with M. C. Railway.

East Saginaw—all our trains arrive and depart from the P. O. & P. A. union depot.

Port Huron—Union depot with the Detroit Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, for Lennox, Mt. Clemens, and Detroit, and with the G. & W. and C. W. divisions for all points in Canada; with the steamer St. Mary daily at 10 a.m. and 4 p.m. for St. Clair and Marine City; and with the Star and Cole-Grummond line of steamers daily at 7 a.m. and 3:30 p.m. for Detroit.

T. R. WADSWORTH, Superintendent. Assistant G. P. A. HOS. CASEY, Traveling Ass. Agent.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R. TIME TABLE. Trains going North.

Table with 4 columns: No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4. Rows include East Saginaw, Reese, Fair Grove, Unionville, Sebawing, Bayport Junction, Bayport, Bayport Junction, P. O. & P. A. R. Crossing, Elkton, Robinsons, Bad Axe.

Trains going South. No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4. Rows include Bad Axe, Robinsons, Elkton, P. O. & P. A. Crossing, Bayport Junction, Sebawing, Unionville, Fairgrove, East Saginaw.

This is the only direct route from the Saginaw Valley to Cassville, Port Austin, Sand Beach, and other towns in the "Thumb."

CONNECTIONS. East Saginaw—With P. O. & P. M. Ry. for Detroit Toledo and the northwestern. With the S. V. & St. L. Ry. for St. Louis, etc. 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 Cassville Cass City and Port Huron.

Bad Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ry. for Port Austin, Sand Beach & Sand Beach, etc. ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup.

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

Port Huron

MARBLE

WORKS,

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop.

Granite and Marble MONUMENTS

and HEADSTONES.

MANTLE, GRATES and CUT BUILDING STONE.

I carry the largest stock of Monuments in eastern Michigan, and I can furnish the best goods for the least money of any dealer in Michigan. Correspondence solicited.

WORKS, 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street PORT HURON, MICH