

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROWNE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The subscription price of the Enterprise One Dollar per year. Terms—Strictly cash 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 difficult work in this line and solicit the patronage of the public.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. L. ROBI SON,
VETERINARY SURGEON—Office at residence, Cass City.

A. D. 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 Accoucher. Graduate of the University 1865. Office first door over Fritz's drug store. Speciality—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

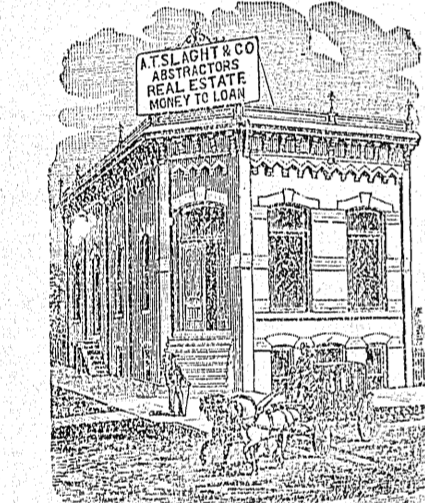
DR. J. H. McLEAN,
CANCERS Cured without the knife. Tape-worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and fissures cured by a new and painless method.

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

DENTISTRY.
I. A. FRITZ, Resident Dentist. Teeth cleaned and filled. Old roots and aching teeth extracted. New teeth inserted. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Prices reasonable. Office over postoffice, Cass City.

A. T. SLAGT & 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,
CARO - MICH.

W. D. SCHOOLLEY

claims for his
HARNESS,
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,
HARNESS 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.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, June 14.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	80 @ \$4
do No. 2 red.....	78 @ 80
do No. 3 red.....	75
Oats.....	25
Beans hand-picked.....	90 @ 100
do unpicked.....	75 @ 85
Rye.....	55
Barley.....	75 @ 80
Clover seed.....	300 @ 350
Peas per bushel.....	25 @ 34
Butter.....	25
Back wheat.....	12 1/2
Eggs.....	16
Wool.....	25 @ 30

Three Cent Column.

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

WANTED—Two good carpenters at once. Inquire of J. G. OWEN, Owendale, Mich.

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. TAIN, 4-12 ly Cass City, Mich.

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

WANTED—At once, a married man to work on farm. A. A. McKENZIE, Cass City.

WANTED—Seed Potatoes, Parishes having any for sale, please address J. G. OWEN, Owendale, Mich.

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

FOR SALE—House and lot Kelland's addition. Also business lot on main street, Cass City. Enquire of 4-19 3m B. C. WALES.

FOR SALE—80 acres of unimproved land, situated in Evergreen 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 29d, 23 yearling colts. Owner please call, prove property, pay charges and take them away. 4-26 4w Jas. Russell, Sec. 5, Iokland.

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

NOTICE—I wish to make the announcement I will sell my goods to all persons, whether patrons or not, all reports to the contrary, notwithstanding. D. McGUIRE, 14-1ms Gageton.

WANTED ON SALARY—Two educated young men to solicit, salary \$2.50 per day. Permanent position, deposit for samples and references required. Address D. M. VANDWALKER, Room 2, Shearer Bldg, Bay City, Mich.

EGGS FOR HATCHING THOROUGHBERED POULTRY—Wyandotte, Black Cochins, White Leghorns, Plymouth Rock and Light Brahmans. Siting of 13 eggs, \$1.00. Two miles north and one mile west of Cass City. 3m 156w A. B. DUREE.

(ATTENTION—I hereby forbid any person purchasing a note which was given by me to Geo. E. Myers of Wickware, on August 13, 1888, for \$300, at seven months time, as the note has already been paid by the undersigned. The note was transferred by Mr. Myers to another man, and I have paid the latter the full face of the note. CHAS. SACKETT, Wickware.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—South-west quarter of south-east quarter section 25, 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 fine farm come and see me. Small payment down balance on long time at 7 per cent. 3m 29 3m C. W. McPHALL, At Cass City Bank.

NEW MACHINE

SHOP.

All kinds of Machines Re-
paired. 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 it 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.

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.

To the Public.

I have just opened up a new barber shop at Gageton and am prepared to attend to the wants of the public. Honing razors a specialty.
D. C. HOPKINS, Gageton.
EVERGREEN.

Barn raisings and logging bees are the order of the day.
The wet weather is beginning to make the crops look pale.
Angus McClemen's brother, from Ont., is visiting him at present.
Born to the wife of Henry Phillips a fine daughter, and H. is happy.
Henry Leslie has raised his new barn on the site where the old one stood. It will be a fine building, 40x64, being built on a 10 foot stone wall, and will have underground stables.
Miss Livingston, teacher in the Proctor school, will give the children a picnic on July the 2nd, in G. H. Jones' grove. A good program is being arranged for the occasion. Everybody is cordially invited to come out and have a good time.

GRANT CENTRE.

Rather too wet.
John McVear was at Caseville on Saturday.
The balance of the Idaho horses have gone to Caro.
The centre merchant is doing quite a business, from all appearances.
Mr. Welsh has erected a dwelling on the land bought of John Engalsbee.
Lote Burnham and Angus McVear were down to Owendale on Monday.
The late heavy rains have washed out deep gullies in banks at the Pigeon river iron bridge.
Fall wheat is looking well, but the spring crops do not look so well. Too much rain.
Matt Smith drilled into the rock 80 feet and now has a strong flow of water. John Barnes did the boring.
Aaron Endersbee, our road commissioner, is busy looking after his road jobs, and he has an eye to business.

ELLINGTON.

Fine weather.
Nice rains for some time.
Corn is starting up, and will grow now. Some pieces of wheat are getting heavy.
Charles Wickware has a fine piece of barley.
Mrs. Jas. Dorman is very sick, but was reported better on Monday.
Will Bailey and his mother returned from Bay City on Thursday.
The overseer of highways is having the roads improved north of Bailey's mill.
Mrs. Summerhalter, an old lady eighty four years old, is very sick with cancer of the stomach and cannot live long, at most.
Will Bailey, of the firm of Emerson, Bailey & Co., has severed his connection with that firm and returned home from Bay City.
Another drive belonging to Asa White passed through here on Monday. The last was of a far better quality of logs than the first.
It was a big drive that Asa White took down the river last week. It was the largest drive that has passed here for a number of years.
The rush to-day (Tuesday) seems to be through Ellington to Caro, to see the show. Many a dollar will be spent there that ought to go for food in some families.
Jacob H. Mosher and wife were called to Denmark on Thursday by the serious illness of Mrs. Mosher's mother. The old lady died on Friday and was buried on Sunday. They returned on Monday.

GRANT.

More were baptised in the Pigeon river on Sunday, the 16th. A large crowd was present in spite of the rain and mud.
The Ladies' Aid met at the residence of Mr. McGuire on Wednesday, June 12. They will soon have another quilt ready for disposal.
No potatoes for 15 cents per bushel, nor corn at 40 next year, you can bet your dimes, for potato seed is rotting in the ground, and still it rains.
The days are now 15 hours long, and you can see mossbacks poking around, with lanterns, doing something, and the poor fellows cannot get rich. Wanted—Longer daylight.
Angus McVear and Miss Minnie March were united in holy bonds of matrimony on Tuesday, June 11. John March, a brother of the bride, performed the ceremony, and now the young couple are traveling along life's journey together.

Men that have fancy horse teams should never feel too proud of them by trying to run by most everybody along the road, for some old horse hitched to a buggy may come along with a couple ofurchins driving and leave you way behind, and then what a fall pride would be subjected to.

The section line running west of Burnham's corners is about to be opened up for public travel. Ben McAlpine and D. Evans are the contractors. This road will draw the people west of the center line from Gageton to Cass City. The township of Elkton should fix up the center line in good shape for heavy loads going to Cass City.
On Saturday morning we were visited by another thunder storm, and one of the greatest downfalls of rain in this year. More rain fell in about an hour than did in all day in the previous storm. We really thought that the bottom of some lake above us had dropped out. It was not like a rain, but like a downpour of water, and wouldn't take forty days and nights to drown us at the rate it fell nor give us time to make a boat.

CREEL.

Wm. Buers and wife of this burg attended the baptism at Canboro Sunday last.
The extreme wet weather of the past month has damaged crops to a great extent in this locality.
Matt Smith of Oliver passed through here on Monday, enroute for the southern part of our town.
Thos. Cosgrove, John Parrot, Ralph Ballagh and A. Davidson of this place all visited Cass City on Monday on business.
John Robertson and wife visited the great field camp meeting, held at Ellington, Thursday and Friday of last week.
D. Alexander, of the State road is doing a big streak of fencing this season, which adds a different appearance to the homestead.
Ralph Ballagh and D. Ferson report the contract of erecting a bridge across the Pigeon river south of Kilkenny, for the sum of \$129.
Wm. Allison of this place visited Evergreen township on Saturday until Monday. Johnnie Campbell handled the circular during Will's absence.
Miss Willins of Sheridan visited Miss Helen Coulter from Sunday until Tuesday of this week. Miss Willens' many friends here were glad to see her.
Rev. Hillas rusticated in the suburbs on Monday last, attending to his business in general. Success, Elder, things are getting straightened up in this circuit.
Rumors are afloat to the effect that Creel will lose the postoffice the first of July. Owendale will probably be the lucky owner, if such will be the case, and will certainly feel proud over the elevation.

Dealings in Dirt.

The following are the transfers furnished us by Register Toland for the week ending June 18th:

Edwin A. Bullard to Clark L. Phillips, parts of lots 5 and 6, block 9, Vassar, \$2,200.
James S. Parks to Edgar S. Crowell, 12 acres in sec 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 4, Akron, \$400.
Rachael L. Woodruff to Lettie A. Chase, n 1/2 of sec 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 34, Almer, \$950.
Geo. Turner to John C. Johnson, sw 1/4 of sec 1/4, and s 1/2 of nw 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 24, Watertown, \$300.
Charles Van Patten to John Hendersons, 1/2 of sec 1/4, sec 23, Tuscola, \$300.
Squire Caryl to Mary A. Phelps, part of nw 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 21, Fairgrove, \$350.
Wm. J. Ostrander to Alexander Russell, part of lot 9, block 1, Wilsey & McPhail's addition, to Cass City, \$50.
Henry H. Northrop to A. B. Markham, nw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 28, Dayton, \$715.
A. B. Markham to Geo. Haines, nw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 28, Dayton, \$850.
Geo. H. May to Florence S. May, nw 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec 16, Ellington, \$450.
David R. Corey to Washington G. Willey, nw 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec 23, Elmwood, and sw 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 31, Novesta, \$700.
Jacob F. Streiter to Gustav A. F. Streiter, south 10 acres of s 1/2 of sec 7, Columbia \$2,000.
Prescott L. Varnum to Village of Vassar, 2 rods of the south side of block 5, Huston's addition, Vassar, \$50.
Edward W. Goodell, et al, to Hiram O. Goodell, part of nw 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 17, Dayton, \$1.
Wm. H. Turner to Eli Brooks, n 1/2 of sec 1/4 of nw 1/4, sec 21, Fremont, \$100.
Charles J. Lowrie to Lorenzo L. Pulford, part of ne 1/4 of ne 1/4, sec 33, Elkland, \$1,550.
James D. Brooker to James P. Hern, part of lot, Cass City, \$275.
B. W. Huston to D. J. Whitcomb, lot 24, block 3, Huston's addition, Vassar, \$150.
Clark F. Phillips to Edwin A. Bullard, part of lot 2, block 10, Vassar, \$1,000.
Betrie I. McNeil to Wm. L. Parker, par tof sw 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 34, Almer, \$83.
Betrie I. McNeil, guardian, to Wm. L. Parker, part of sw 1/4 of sec 1/4, sec 34, Almer, \$166.66.
Matilda E. English, trustee, to James Clarke, half interest in w frl. 1/2 of nw 1/4, sec 30, Indian Fields, \$100.
Warren H. Weston to James P. Hern, frl. lot, corner West and Pine streets, Cass City, \$200.

Seal Catching Thieves.

One of the last acts of the late congress was a law enacted March 2 to prevent seal poaching in Alaskan waters. It empowered the president to issue a proclamation warning off all unauthorized seal fishers in the waters of Behring's sea, subject to the jurisdiction of United States. The president is to enforce his proclamation by the constant presence in Alaskan waters of armed cruisers. Russia, on her side, has always protected the seal fisheries so effectually that no thieves of this kind ever invade her waters. Perhaps now they will find that the United States means business too. The president's proclamation has been issued.
Some protection of this kind must be afforded or the seal will disappear as the American bison and various native birds and fishes have done already.
The United States gives to the Alaska Fur Seal company the sole right to capture seal in the Behring's waters. It is the single instance of a government monopoly in this country. In return the company pays the government annually a sum sufficient to meet the interest on the \$7,200,000 originally paid for Alaska.
The Alaska company are allowed to take only 100,000 seals a season, and those 2 years old. The capture must be made at the propagating colonies of the seals. In this way the valuable, harmless creatures are kept from extermination. The seal poachers, on the contrary, shoot the parent animals in the open sea, leaving the young to perish at the rookery. Under this murderous system the seal would soon be extinct and our ladies would have no more sealskin sacs.

American Athletics.

If any nation comes near being perfect, it is the Yankee race of the new time. It used to be a reproach against us that we lacked physical development. We were skinny, we were dyspeptic, we had neither teeth nor muscle, said envious cousins over seas.
If the reproach ever was true, it is no longer. The coming American of both sexes is as splendid a specimen of physical development as the world affords. Every country village in the Union has at least its baseball club. Whatever its sins are in other respects, our national game gave a magnificent impetus to physical culture. From baseball clubs our young men went on to forming general athletic clubs for wrestling, boxing, fencing, etc. The result is that our city streets today are full of strong, fine, handsome young fellows whose bodies are as well trained as their minds.
Best of all, the girls have taken it up too. Hundreds of city girls and women think nothing of a good long swim or a walk of seven miles. They ride horseback, they row, they fence, they run, and they train with enthusiasm in gymnasia. They play croquet, lawn tennis, and even football. The china painting craze has gone out and the physical culture craze has come in, blessed be heaven!

Paris.

Dickens was in Paris in 1856, after the great panic. People were drowning themselves every day in the Seine, because they had lost all their property. Dickens wrote to a friend: "But it is only fair to say that Paris is as brilliant as ever. What else can you expect?"
The same is true today of this extraordinary city. The crash of the copper syndicate, coming on the heels of the failure of the Panama Canal company, has ruined thousands of Frenchmen. Yet \$600,000 has been voted for the expenses of the fetes at the opening of the great exposition. The exhibition fund, the state and the city will contribute the money between them.
There will be in the gay city this summer doubtless more gorgeous and brilliant fetes than the world has seen in modern times, possibly ever seen.
The grand shows will begin with the formal opening of the exposition, May 6. They will continue until Oct. 6, when the awards will be exhibited.
This is the great centenary year for France. July 14, 1789, the old Bastille prison fell. July 14 is to the French what July 4 is to Americans. This year the Parisians will spend \$120,000 from the municipal fund in its celebration of the fete of that day.
In considering the pros and cons of the proposition to raise the salaries of congressmen several points are to be remembered. Congressmen's wives and families are expected to do a much larger amount of entertaining than they did twenty years ago. Constituents must be welcomed, and often housed and fed. Balls and receptions are much more numerous than they used to be. It is the fashion of the time. When a congressman's wife withdraws from the whirl of the Washington season and endeavors to live plainly in the old simple fashion she is criticised. She does nothing to "help her husband along," it is said. Unless

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.

Enepepsy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring results and out the demon dyspepsia and install instead Enepepsy. We recommend electric bitters for dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, stomach and kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1. per bottle at Fritz Bros.

Central Meat MARKET!

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

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.

FAIR DEALING.

All parties intending ordering nursery stock I beg leave to ask not to order until I call on you. I am prepared to give you a fair deal and I warrant good stock. As I have made deliveries of stock in the past my customers are my references.

The stock will be furnished by
Moulson and Son, Rochester N. Y.,
H. W. ROBINSON,
CASS CITY.

FOR SALE!

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

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, Glasgofores, Knaaldie, sire; Pointman II, Vol. VI, page 2324 in Stud book; dam, Forest Gyp, Vol. VII, page 3463; sire of dam, Duke of Edinburg, Vol. I, page 248; great dam, Lizzie Blackburn out of Gyp, registered in the tenth volume of the Clyde-shale 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.

THE MORMON OF TO-DAY.

NOT A POLYGAMIST OR DANITE.

A Great Change Since the Days of Young and Taylor—The Past and Present Contrasted—A Plea for Christian Charity in the East.

A Salt Lake City correspondent of the Chicago Herald writes: "With malice toward none, with charity for all," should be the golden rule governing the work of those who would have concerning a system in which they do not believe. The old anecdote of the christian sailor kicking down the peanut stand of the poor Jewish woman because her "folks" were "Christ-killers" is quite like the conduct of many a christian writer in his or her attitude toward the mormons. It would be as unjust for a mormon to insist that because the "agape" love feast of the early christians was more lowly than polygamy, therefore present christians are not virtuous, as it is for christians to condemn all mormon women as concubines, all mormon children as illegitimate and all mormon men as rakes. The fact is there are no polygamous marriages among young mormons, not even in secret. They are ashamed of the institution. The old polygamists hate to give up their peculiar "sin," because for fifty years they have been deluding the people with the story that the whole of mormonism, polygamy and all, was the word and will of God, and must prevail over the whole earth. If, therefore, polygamy is given up by the priesthood, the people will not be slow to see that "the Lord" has failed. For this reason every mormon apostle and elder who preaches to "their people" harps upon "the persecutions" that "Israel" is suffering because the Lord is trying his saints, and if they only hold out strong in the faith he will see them through and give them the victory. But that is becoming a chestnut among the more intelligent mormons. They realize that the Lord has already deserted their church or never had anything to do with it. Then, too, selfishness is getting in its work among mormons as it did long ago among christians. It is becoming unpopular to be a polygamist, and the young people are not going to buck against a strong and growing public opinion. The young men are not going into anything that will destroy their citizenship and deprive them of their right to run for office. When the baldheaded polygamists of Utah have been buried that social evil will have disappeared. Of the masses it must be said in justice that they are as sober, industrious, well-behaved people as can be found anywhere in the United States; and, considering what was the material out of which the mormon masses were recruited and also the fact that there was not a school in Utah until 1867, it must be admitted that the mormons have made remarkable progress in their industrial and intellectual development. They have swung into the American stream of progress; at least their young people have done so, and there is not power enough in the priesthood to force them back and down again into that state of subjection that existed while Brigham Young ruled them and coerced the refractory with the deadly arms of the Destroying Angels. In 1873 Young was indicted by the grand jury for murder, committed, not by himself, but by his Danites, "by order of the authorities," as the notorious Bill Hickman testified, he himself having "removed" several persons who had become obnoxious to Brigham. But that state of things has gone forever. Young was a tyrant, and he has no successor. He can have none equal to himself in authority, because the people have been compelled to suspect, at least, that "the Lord" has not had much, if anything, to do with their Zion. In fifty years the mormon hierarchy, tithing, endowment house and celestial marriage for all eternity will be things of the past, just as Jewish polygamy and the early christian "agape" love feasts are things of the past. But then, as now, there will be many curious things in the history of Mormonism. Among them will be the statement of "Times and Seasons" in 1844, a few weeks before he died, that "The Lord has ordained him (Joseph Smith) a deliverer and savior to this generation." At that very hour six apostate mormons were planning an exposure of Joe as one of the most corrupt men of the world's history, and soon the "savior" was murdered for his crimes.

One of the richest curiosities of Mormon history is the manner in which polygamy came to be established. "Joe," jolly Joe, the "prophet, seer, and revelator," had become so outrageous in his relations to the wives of his saints that a few of the more courageous men protested against his conduct and threatened to make trouble for him. Then he went behind the veil in his private office and "got" made a "revelation," in which "the Lord," in a large number of sections, established celestial or plural marriage; directed "Emma," Joe's wife, to behave herself and accept her new sisters with good grace; instructed Joe to multiply and replenish and build up Zion rapidly, and promised to "strengthen" him for his work. All this was issued with the "cheek" and "gall" of a pirate; the timid objectors were silenced; most of them were forced into the iniquity themselves and only two or three held out, and, as I have said,

these finally killed the "prophet." But the coolness with which Joe resorted to the trick and the quick wit of the fellow in catching up a scheme that would at once silence his opponents and license his vice in the name of God was one of the wonders of the age. A curious allusion to Joe's capers in Nauvoo is found in "Jeddy" Grant's sermon in "the Tab," in 1854. He says: "Did the Lord actually want Abraham to kill Isaac? Did the prophet Joseph want every man's wife he asked for? He did not, but in that thing was the grand thread of the priesthood developed. The grand object in view was to try the people of God to see what was in them."

One of the mormon pillars of Zion is the art, or "gift," as the priests would have the people believe, of prophecy. One of the curiosities of the present, and one that will increase, is the vast accumulation of unfulfilled prophecies. It is safe to say that of all the prophecies made by the heads of the mormon church not one has been unmistakably fulfilled. The nearest they ever came to making a case was jolly Joe's prophecy, made in 1833, that a war should begin in South Carolina, but he did not say when, save "in those latter days," and he did say that it would continue until the United States government was destroyed and the whole land came into and under Zion. It was a lucky guess, therefore, based perhaps on his knowledge of the state where Calhoun was hatching the treason of state rights.

Among their prophecies none are so common as those relating to the triumph of Zion, or mormonism. Said one: "While water runs and grass grows, while eternity goes and eternity comes, mormonism will go on, knowing what is written in heaven, published on earth and muttered in hell, that mormonism is eternal truth and God Almighty is the author of it." Another said: "The time is coming when one shall chase a thousand and two shall put ten thousand to flight. When will that be? When Israel is united. If all the people were absolutely, with all their hearts, to pull upon one grand thread they would have power and dominion over the whole earth. All the men and devils in hell or the earth or anywhere else could not make a successful opposition against us."

Young not only came to believe in himself as a divine being destined to rule the world for God, but he became a believer, strangest of all, in his own religion—a fanatical believer. He told the people one day in "the Tab": "My religion is first and foremost with me, and I will send it to all the earth, to President Pierce, whether he retains me as governor of Utah Territory or not, and whether I should be president of the United States or king of Great Britain, or monarch of all the world, my religion and my God are first and foremost with me. My kingship, my presidency and all shall bow to that eternal priesthood which God has bestowed upon me. I have been governor of this territory ever since it has had one, and in all my official transactions I have acted in accordance with the priesthood. I never will infringe upon it with anything I may operate in my office."

Young, though a fanatic in his religion, was a man of great executive capacity, and his will was indomitable. Had he lived a thousand years ago he would have been a nation builder. As it was, had not the Mexican war occurred, resulting in the cession of all this mountain land to the United States, Young would have become the head of a mormon Mexican nation, even if he had been obliged to fight his way to the throne by the aid of destroying angels and other assassins. The man was a tyrant. His word was law, and disobedience was often followed by secret and silent murder. I can fancy a savage having many wives, because a chief may have become enamored of new faces. There would in such cases be, at least on one side, an attraction; but in mormonism (and I have learned it from those who have "been in polygamy") there was very little of love, and, therefore, the marriages were nothing more nor better than a wicked farce in the name of God. It was kept up through fear of Brigham Young. There never was a viler imposition upon ignorant dupes in all this world.

But polygamy has had its day and is dying, dying, dying. In the grave of Brigham Young, beneath a rough granite slab weighing six or eight tons, lies the mouldering skeleton of the power of mormonism. As long as Young lived it was possible to control "this people." But while his successors may wield something like an equal despotism over the new converts that are brought in from the slums of Europe, those who came here with Brigham and those who have been born and reared here have become too much impregnated with the atmospheric germs, so to speak, of American independence to come quietly up and put their heads under the yoke of a new king whom they have known as a "devil" in the endowment house, perhaps, or as a dealer in town lots, or a peddler of celery, cauliflower and pork. The mystery, the glamour, the awe that hovered inside of those walls that Brigham built around himself out of tithings wrung by the force of tyranny out of the poor creatures who had come to Zion on promise of plenty, peace and "holiness," have all gone. Where

King Brigham went and came at "the Bee Hive" is now a nest of offices, and on the door that swung before him as if by magic are now gilded signs of coal, stone and transit companies. The king is dead and no one cries, "Live the king!" Brigham's successor, Taylor, never dared to show himself in public as president. He died "on the underground," and is now at rest beneath another six-ton slab. The present president has been until now on the underground, and he, too, will soon be lying beneath a granite slab. With him dies the original apostleship. He is the last man living of the twelve who held the keys with jolly Joe. The promise was that they should none of them see death until the kingdom had come. When the people get this strangest curiosity of the modern world digested their faith as mormons will melt as melts the snow on the southern slopes of the Wasatch range at high noon.

I look back over the history of this wonderful psychological phenomenon and behold on one hand the power of a few strong minds manufacturing opiates of superstition for the mass of ignorant, submissive, mindless dupes on the other. I can see the leaders, the key-keepers, those high priests ordained of God, in their secret conclaves behind these high walls, stretching their cheeks in infernal grin and demoniac laughter at the remarkable success of their trick and scheme; and were it not that there have been some desperately bad things connected with their game I could laugh, too, and heartily, over it all as a huge joke. As it is, even this must be said, that with all its evils mormonism has been a positive and lasting good unto hundreds of thousands to whom no help would ever have come had not the mormon tramping preachers gone into the collars, the alleys, the ditches, the slums of the world, and excited the animal instincts of the stuff they found with the promise of a home in Zion, where they should have lands and houses and opportunities to become rich and great. It was the starting point of life for them. They could not have been in worse condition than they were, and they are to-day—a majority of them—fairly well to do; all are vastly better than they were before they became mormons—I am speaking of the people, not the priests—and they are growing fast toward that mental freedom that will make them American citizens, owing allegiance to no priesthood on earth. I look into the faces here of many wrinkled old foreigners, of whom nothing can be expected. They are content with their faith, and believe what is told them by those in authority. They are simple-minded, honest, industrious people. It is a shame to abuse them because they are mormons. The Father of All will not stop to condemn them because they did not know enough to shun the evils of their priesthood. Their clean records as people who were true to the light they had will bring them warm welcome home. If we should condemn all who have been misled by designing priests the righteous would be few. Let the mormons, therefore, have credit for what is justly their own. Condemn the leaders and half their misguided victims. The north has been lavish of generosity toward, not only the rank and file of the southern army, but also toward most of their political leaders. Let the same charity be extended toward the rank and file of mormondom, and it will do what the bitter hatred and opposition manifested toward them by christians in general can never do. Mormons are men and women. If you prick them they bleed. If you curse them they frown. If you strike them they hate. What you teach them they will execute, and you need not be surprised if they "see" their teachers and "go them something better." Good will to man must take some other guise than the language of abusive misrepresentation before it can reach the heart. One of the greatest curiosities of mormondom would be the success of the abusive method.

"Good-By--God Bless You." I love the words—perhaps because, When I was leaving mother, Standing at last in solemn pause, We looked at one another, And I—I saw in mother's eyes The love she could not tell me— A love eternal as the skies, What ever fate befell me. She put her arms about my neck, And soothed the pain of leaving, And, though her heart was like to break, She spoke no word of grieving, She let no tear bedim her eye, For fear that might distress me, But kissing me, she said good-by, And asked our God to bless me. —Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

Very Suspicious. Thin Boarder (hungrily)—"I wonder what makes our landlady so fat?" Thinner Boarder (after deep thought)—"Maybe she's a vampire."—New York Weekly.

Where is the West? Where is the west, anyw y? Here are the Chicago papers commenting on the western ideas of justice that obtain in Omaha, while doubtless Omaha locates the west in Montana or Colorado. And when you get to these localities you find somehow or other that the west has eluded you altogether, while the Pacific slope looms before you as the ultima thule. —New York Tribune.

CAPTURED BY CANNIBALS.

A Tale of the West Coast of Africa.

BY MARLTON DOWNING.

"Stop um boat here! no good go far up river—up dere, bad Ashantee plenty. Here, men trade heap—dere, black man kill um eberybody."

And after this speech, my head Kroo-boy stopped pulling at his long oar, an example which was quickly followed by his companions thus allowing our large boat that was well stocked with goods for barter, to drift slowly down the current of the Niger. We were some one hundred and thirty miles from the sea, and I had pushed thus far in hopes of striking better bargains with the natives of the interior, who seldom fell in with traders, than with those on the coast to whom "dickering" was an almost every day occurrence.

I was one of several agents of a large American firm, doing business on the west coast of Africa, and it was my duty to exchange the goods sent from the States, such as bright clothes, beads, looking-glasses, knives, scissors, powder, shot, rum, etc., etc., for ivory, palm oil, palm kernels, gold dust and cochineal.

On this trip I had twenty Kroo-boys who were partially civilized black men, hailing from Liberia, and who make periodical trips down along the coast in search of employment as laborers, porters, interpreters, pilots and go between for the white men and their own less-civilized brethren farther to the southward.

"John! I exclaimed, springing to my feet, and drawing a large navy revolver, 'this boat is going up as far as the First Rapids, and you boys have got to pull her; and the first man who lays in an oar, I'll blow his head off.' Years of experience had taught me how to handle these fellows; a bold and determined front must always be maintained, or else they would shrink the slightest duty, and perhaps leave one in the wilds of Africa, or in the midst of a turbulent stream to find one's way to the coast or to the habitations of civilized people as best one could.

"John, him go, but him dead Kroo-boy! Massa Harry, him go, but him dead Massa Harry. Kroo-sah-vo-boo, him Ashantee chief, him make war and kill um, eat um, eberybody come in his country, and John, him dead Kroo-boy, but him pull um boat!" I smiled to myself when I saw their twenty black backs bend to the oars and felt the boat again propelled up the river, for I had no apprehensions of danger, as in my opinion the howitzer which we carried in our bow and the arms with which we were well supplied (for my Kroo-boys were all well versed in the use of rifle and revolver) were sufficient to repel any attack of the naked savages; but better had it been for me had I taken the black pilot's advice, of at least heeded his warning, for it would have saved me many days of anguish of mind and body!

Hour after hour passed, but the boat kept slowly on her way up the muddy river. It was a little after mid-day when John first expressed his desire to bring the journey to an end, and all the afternoon which followed, our course led us over a portion of the river where the banks were lined with dense jungle and deep, fetid marshes. Several times we caught sight of the heads and backs of the hippopotami as they stood nearly submerged in the water, beneath the shade of the overhanging trees; parrots and other birds with brilliant plumage flew screaming about our heads.

Once, a huge water snake, fully six feet in length, wound his sinuous way across the river just in front of the boat; but aside from these little incidents, nothing occurred to disturb the tranquility of the voyage. The Kroo-boys, however, appeared very uneasy and seemed to redouble their wariness; their bright black eyes roved incessantly over every object upon the two shores as though searching for some enemy, who was liable to spring upon them without an instant's warning.

As the sun was sinking we came out of the marshy district and into a part of the country where the river's bank was firm and almost devoid of trees. "We will camp here, to-night, boys," I said, as I pointed to the boat for shore. "We camp here to-night, we camp here all time," remarked John, in the most doleful manner. "Bank him dry, fire burn good on shore. John him fat, spitter spatter. Massa Harry, him say, 'we kill Kroo-boy, we give 'Shantee Kroo-boy to eat.' Den bimeby, when Kroo-boy all done, Kroo-sah-vo-boo him get hungry, den he say, 'knock white man on the head, me eat, him.' Den all done." "Ha, ha, ha," I laughed. "Why, John, you are worse than an old woman; I never saw you so scary before. I have traded with these same Ashantees many times, and old Kroo-sah-vo-boo, himself was down to the station last season and I promised to pay him a visit."

than themselves, especially those of black faces. But there was no help for it; we had to go. The village of the Ashantees must have been half a mile from the river, for it took us ten minutes to walk to it. It possessed one peculiarity, which was a high fence, completely surrounding the hundred or more huts which comprises the hamlet. As we passed through the gateway we were met by scores of savages—men, women and children—who followed close at our heels, laughing, hooting and jeering, which struck me as being queer conduct for them to use if they meant us no harm.

We were conducted to the center of the village, where there was quite an open space in which was erected a little shed, or not much more than a large roof, supported by four posts. On the ground beneath this roof a large fire was burning, and beside it sat the old chief and a number of his principal warriors. Upon seeing the Kroo-sah-vo-boo I stepped forward to salute him, but I was coolly repulsed; his whole manner was vastly different from what it was when he vis ted the station.

"Why come into Ashantee country?" he demanded, fiercely. "When Ashantee want trade him go down river to coast. When man come to Ashantee country him killed." And upon this he gave a signal to a burly native who was armed with a heavy club, and was standing close beside one of my faithful Kroo-boys. Whorupon, the brute swung his ponderous weapon aloft, and before a hand could be raised to check the blow, brought it down on the unprotected head of my follower, smashing it into a shapeless mass.

But it was his last act of barbarism upon earth, for a bullet from my revolver sent his soul, if he had any, closely after that of his victim. I now expected nothing short of a wholesale massacre, and I determined at all hazards to lay old Kroo-sah-vo-boo low the first one; so, turning, I covered the person of the chief with the revolver, and with fingers upon the trigger, was about to shoot, when to my surprise, the old fellow lifted his hand and began to laugh.

"White man him got twenty Kroo-boys, him lot one go. Him make good eat tonight." Upon this I lowered the revolver, for I saw that at least there was no immediate danger; but the moment my hands were at my side, my arms were grasped and twitched behind me, where they were tied, and my pistol taken from me.

My followers, who, to a man, were paralyzed with fear were quickly disarmed. The body of the Ashantee whom I had slain, had been removed from the hut, while that of the poor Kroo-boy was rapidly being dissected, and parts of it held over the fire, where it sputtered and emitted a sickening odor. When I thought of John's speech in the boat, I felt myself the worst kind of a murderer.

I turned my head away, for I could not bear to look upon the repulsive sight. "My people have gone to the boat to get the presents you have brought for Kroo-sah-vo-boo, the great King," placidly remarked the African chief. "White man is good to his Ashantee brother, and his Ashantee brother will take good care of him, will keep him safe out from the heat of the sun, and away from the rain and dews of night."

After this sinister speech, he said a few words in his own language, when two of his people stepped forward, and each taking me by an arm, led me away into an unoccupied hut, and there left me, with my arms still behind me. Oh, the agony that I suffered that night! It was a question which was the worst, mental or physical. Sleep, of course, was banished far from me, and I lay throughout the hours of darkness, listening to the wild orgies of the Cannibalistic savages.

At last the morning broke, and with its early rays came the chief, and even him I was glad to see, that I might beg and beseech him to release my arms so as to relieve the excruciating pain I had suffered all the night long. This he was perfectly willing to do, and he also assured me that it was not his intention that I should be left bound so long. After casting my bonds adrift, the savage squatted down upon his haunches and began a long talk. "Kroo-sah-vo-boo very hungry—Kroo-boy, him good—make Ashantee feel strong—eat one last night—eat one this morning."

formed that, if he was on the watch that night, to make a desperate attempt gain possession of it, and make a grand push for liberty. As the shades of evening drew near, my accustomed nocturnal keeper put in an appearance, and to my great delight I saw the handle of the coveted weapon protruding from the folds of the coarse, cocoanut cloth which the man wore about his loins.

He took up his usual position, squatting upon his haunches, directly in the doorway, and prepared to pass the night as comfortably as possible. The man would sit thus throughout the entire watch, apparently dozing; but his sharp eyes detected my every motion, and I knew that to gain possession of the knife I must secure it at once spring.

Watching for a favorable opportunity, when the man was looking directly at me, I arose and strolled to the door, as if to get a glimpse of the setting sun. After standing a few moments, I, too, squatted down, not two feet away from my jailor. There I remained until it grew quite dark; the Ashantee had not moved a muscle since he first sat down, but I felt that he was watching me very closely.

Twice I essayed to make the attempt, but my courage failed me. At last, driven desperate, I made the leap, and the handle of the knife was in my grasp, while the fingers of my left hand clasped his black throat, and he was powerless to give an alarm or defend himself. It was a terrible thing to do, but I could not help it. It was his life or mine.

I drew the knife and plunged it into his bosom, and felt the warm blood follow the blade as I withdrew it. An instant only he struggled, and then lay lifeless in my clasp. I then dragged him into the hut and, returning to the door, peered forth into the night. No one seemed to be near, though several fires were burning about the village, and I could see the dusky forms of the natives as they passed between me and the light; but I paused only an instant, and then stole forth, and hurried towards the fence or stockade.

I knew it would not do to attempt to pass the gate, so I determined to scale the fence. It was no easy matter, as this barrier was fully ten feet high, and as it was made of round logs driven into the ground, with the tops pointed, it offered a poor hand-hold. When I reached it I took a short run and sprang for the top, and, to my great delight, was enabled to reach it. Now, to draw myself up was an easy matter, and I soon dropped over to the other side, and then, at the top of my speed, I made for the river. I had covered, perhaps, half the distance, when I heard a terrible hubbub in the direction of the village which I had so unceremoniously left, and I felt sure that my escape had been detected; but I did not pause to listen to their hue and cry, but dashed on to the river. Reaching the bank, I plunged into the muddy water and struck out down the stream.

I was always a good swimmer and had no fears but that, with the tide in my favor, I could put several miles between myself and my savage captors, in a short time. But to swim in a river that teemed with serpents and alligators, hippopotami and rhinoceroses was far from being agreeable. After awhile, I began to feel somewhat exhausted, and, fearing cramps in this fresh water, I headed for shore to take a rest.

I was down among the swamps, mentioned in the early part of the story, and the only resting place I could find was to climb to the branches of an overhanging tree. After remaining quiet some little time, I again dropped into the water, and, as I did so, I observed a large log washing up against the trunks of the trees; this I secured, and, pushing it out into the middle of the stream, I lay with my stomach across it, and thus, without any further exertion, I floated down the Niger.

When day broke, I must have been some twenty miles from old Kroo-sah-vo-boo's village, and, as there were no signs of pursuit, I pushed my improvised life raft ashore for another rest. It had hardly grown light, when, looking down stream, to my great delight, I saw approaching, two of the largest boats which we had at the station, and each filled with men—there must have been at least fifty. I knew that I acted like a crazy person. I hallooed, laughed, sang, cried, danced; and then so anxious was I to meet my deliverers, I jumped into the river and swam toward them. To say that they were surprised to see me in the water does not express it—they were rendered, for the moment, speechless with astonishment, but I soon made the matter plain to them; and, after a short consultation, we resolved to continue on our way to the village and rescue such of the Kroo-boys as had not fallen victims to the insatiable appetites of the Ashantees.

We landed boldly, and, taking the two howitzers out of the boats, dragged them as fast as we could toward the village. About half the distance was gone over when the alarm was given and the gates of the stockade were closed. But this did not matter much, for they were frail things, and our howitzers soon opened the passage and we poured into the enclosure, where a terrible hand-to-hand conflict took place. No quarter was given or asked. As the inmates of the hut were slaughtered, the torch was applied, and the rough abodes soon consumed, and in less than half an hour the entire settlement was destroyed. The chief, who had assured me it was his intention to pick my bones this day, now lay stretched lifeless at my feet. Twelve men only, whom I had brought to this fatal spot, were all of the party of twenty with which I had started, who were left to greet me after this sanguinary victory; and they, poor fellows, were completely broken down by the terrible strain to which they had been subjected and the horror which had seized upon them as they saw their companions mercilessly slaughtered by the ferocious Ashantees.

When the village had been wholly laid waste, we again embarked in our boats and started down the river, and reached the station in about twenty-four hours; and I, for one, was a wiser, if not a better, man.—Yankee Blade.

Stands for Personal Character.

But the standing rule of this age and of this country is "a man's a man for a' that." Achievement is the only title of nobility that we care to recognize. We take no shame to ourselves that the grandest president since Washington was a rail-splitter and lived in a log cabin, and the grandest general of the century was a tanner. On the contrary, we boast of these men because of their humble origin. America, in a word, stands for personal character, and not for a genealogical tree.—New York Herald.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

Oh, child, I watch you with the firelight's gleam
Lighting the beauties of your golden hair,
Nestling within the glories of your eyes,
And kissing tenderly your cheeks so fair,
Your bright young life is stretching on before,
Whist all my youth is in the far away;
I dream but of the time to come no more,
Whilst you have hardly ventured into day!

And yet I love you with a love as pure
As ever found its birth in human breast,
I love you with a love that will endure
And hold you ever as its first and best.
How I have watched, as one would do a flower,
Your many charms, my darling, soft unfold,
Longing to shelter you from storm and shower—
But you are young, my dear, and I am old.

It would not do to place your slender hand
Within mine own, save for a little space;
It would not do for you and me to stand
Before the altar in God's sacred place.
Another one will come and woo and win—
A lover with a youth as bright as mine—
And I will keep my own thoughts within,
And pray that you may taste love's joys divine.

May and December are not made to wed,
Spring's sun and winter's snow can never meet.
God bless thee! there is no more to be said—
And keep the fair and pure for him, my sweet!
Dream in the firelight, I am watching near.

Weave all your tender fancies o'er again;
May all life's happiness be yours, my dear,
Only for me the solitude and pain!
—All the Year Round.

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER II.

A WEDDING GIFT.

THE mill was very old.
The family of Leroux had occupied it for generations past. It had come down from father to son successively, each new owner accepting it as his birth-right, and bringing to it the toil and care, and thrift which slowly and surely brought riches and comforts in their train.

Pierre Leroux, the present possessor, had succeeded to its ownership while still young. Unlike most of his race who had been keen, sharp-witted, unlearned, hard-working men, he was fonder of book-lore than of the market place and the corn-fields, less sharp in bargaining than generous in giving, shy and reserved, but of strictest virtue and truest charity, a man whom many misjudged and but few loved.

"A good son and a kind master," so the people said, "but too much of a dreamer, and easily outwitted; with no eye for a girl's merry smile, and no care for the passage of the wine-cup at the village tavern." Up to 30 years of age he had never seemed to give thought or glances to woman, but then suddenly and unexpectedly he had taken the fever of love in its worst and most dangerous form. Ninette Dax was the loveliest girl, the archest coquette and the worst match in the village. She certainly was also the very last woman in the world any one could expect to subjugate the quiet reserved Pierre Leroux. Nevertheless she had done so with scarce an effort. He loved her at first sight, and with no thought of question as to who she might be.

The glory of her beauty dazzled and intoxicated him, till his sight grew blind and his brain reeled, and from that hour he had but one thought, one resolve left—to win her.

A life once launched on the temptuous sea of passion, is not one to be envied. No more was Pierre Leroux's. He passed through fevers of jealousy, through fires of intoxication, through thorns of delirious joy, and restless pain and sweet idolatry. His very coldness and indifference hitherto only made him an easier and surer captive—his whole life was filled with but one memory—and dead to all else.

Ninette at first coquetted with—then feared—then loved this devoted and yet timid wooer. His eyes spoke, even though his lips were dumb—he scarcely knew himself how much they betrayed, how plainly their pathetic entreaties told of the love consuming him—of the madness and tumult that were at once so mingled and so nameless in his own bewildered brain. In his strong young manhood, with the loyal faith, the dauntless courage, the honesty and truth that made his nature at once so noble and so great, he lay at this girl's mercy as utterly as if he were a reed to be broken—a straw on a river's current. She first gloried in her power, then grew afraid of it—afraid, because the game begun in carelessness had turned to such terrible earnestness—afraid, because she had hitherto won love without scruple, and played with it as heedlessly as a child, yet now something of its pain and joy and wonder had touched her too; all that was purest, tenderest, most generous in her untutored nature had been called forth, and for the first time the worth of a great passion shamed her own unworthiness. Had she but known it this very feeling proved her love to be at last true—at last womanly—for it is the greatest and most exalted type of a woman's passion when she feels its very depth and devotion are yet far short of what she would have them, when she lays them at the feet of the man who has won her heart, and deems the gift—nothing.

In every grade of life—in every type and phase of character—how the old story repeats itself!

The love of these two—a village girl and a Norman miller—might not seem to possess any striking characteristics, and yet the elements of tragedy lay beneath it—the materials of a romance terrible in its pathos, grand in its truth.

The quivering sunbeams danced on the river as it ran silver in the light. On the solitary level of the corn fields, the hot rays poured their morning brilliance. The birds hidden in delicious shadow, poured out their songs of welcome. The tall lindens and the straight solemn rows of poplars swayed gently in the cool early breeze; everywhere blazed the scarlet poppies, the gold of the corn, the flame of tulips, the hues of roses.

Pierre Leroux stood and looked at it all in the glow of the summer dawn, while the song of a lark thrilled the silence with melody, and echoed his heart's own music. His tips smiled, his eyes brightened, as he looked at the beautiful picturesque old house—the house where to-day his wife would be brought to reign henceforth in her gay bright beauty as the idol of his life.

While he stood there thinking these thoughts, dreaming these dreams, the stillness around was broken by the beat of drums, the sound of marching feet. He started and looked away across the level golden fields to the white winding road beyond. He saw the gleam of color, a flash of muskets, a cloud of dust between the flowering hedges and the slender poplar stems. Nearer and nearer they came, marching steadily up to the mill entrance. He moved forward and stood before them.

"Whom do you seek?" he asked.
"A deserter," the officer in command answered him. "He escaped last night. Have you seen aught of him?"
"No," was the firm surprised answer.
"Well, see you harbor him not. There is a price on his head, and whoever conceals, or abets his escape, becomes amenable to the law. Here is a description of him.

He tossed a paper to the young man his eyes meanwhile searching the orchard grounds and the old mill itself as if for the fugitive.
"Do you wish remake search?" asked Leroux. "You are quite at liberty to do so, as, to tell the truth, I am the last man in the world to show pity to a deserter. I sympathize too strongly with France now to pardon any son who is base enough to forsake her in the struggle."
"You speak well," said the officer, glancing approvingly at the strong, well-knit frame and handsome figure of the young miller. "Why do you not lend you aid in her service?"

The young man looked round at his possessions regretfully.
"I am not at liberty to do so. My race have been sons of toil for many generations past. This mill is my heritage; besides—"

"What besides?"
"A soft sweet smile crossed Pierre's grave face; his eyes brightened with exulting joy.
"I am about to be married," he said.

"Oh, a good enough reason for stopping at home. But take care you are not called out. Things look very black now. These devilish Prussians are hitting us hard. They say that every man fit for service will be summoned ere long."

The bronzed face of the young miller paled perceptibly. The golden notes of the dancing air quivered before his eyes, the song of the rising lark lost its ringing music. Into his heart a fear crept, not for himself, but for her, the fair girl-wife, whom he might be called upon to leave, even in the first sweet days of wedded bliss.

"It is as France wills," he said; and then turned and led the way through the shadowy orchard grounds, and into the quaint old dusky chambers of the mill.

The search was in vain, of course. No likelihood was there of Pierre Leroux harboring a deserter—a creature whom his bold courageous nature held in abhorrence, whom his tongue would have lashed with fiery scorn and stung with fierce rebuke. The soldiers accepted his offer of refreshments. The officer lingered a short while longer, chatting and laughing good humoredly with his frank honest eyed host; and then the whole party left, went away through the green meadows, and along the winding field paths, and so into the high road once more. Pierre Leroux watched them, shading his eyes from the sunlight.

"Will they find him, I wonder?" he said to himself. "He deserves his fate if they do."
"Good morning, Pierre Leroux," said a voice beside him. "I have brought a present for thy wife that is to be. I am here besides, am I not?"

He turned round.
"What, is it you, Rosa Michel?"
"Ay, I have brought some flowers for thy bridal chamber. It is a poor gift, but I have none other to offer."

"The gift is welcome," he said kindly. "Will you go within?"
"Presently. Were those soldiers who left you just now?"

"Yes, they are searching for a deserter. Have you seen aught of a soldier loitering in the neighborhood?"

"Not I. Did they give you news of the war?"
"Very bad news. They seem to think more volunteers will be needed."

"Ay, I heard so. Every able-bodied likely youth is to be called out. A sad day for us truly. You might have to go, Pierre. What would your bride say, think you?"

He was silent.
"Not but I dare say she would soon console herself," resumed Rosa spitefully. "A born coquette is Ninette, and one that will need to be well looked after by the man who trusts his honor to her keeping."

The young man turned swiftly on her, his eyes blazing fire.
"How dare you say such words of my wife?" She is all that is pure, fair and virtuous. Her only faults have been the faults of youth and light-heartedness."

"Love is blind," muttered the woman. "It will be well for you, Pierre Leroux, if you never rue to-day."
"Know you aught to Ninette's discredit?" he demanded fiercely.
"If I did I would hardly tell you," laughed the woman sneeringly. "It is ill work opening folk's eyes that love to be blind. You will find her out soon enough—soon enough."

And chuckling and laughing she went away into the bright, old, tiled kitchen, and up from thence to the quaint old chamber, which the bride was so soon to call her own. From place to place she moved, arranging the fronds of fern and clusters of roses and snowy wealth of lilies which filled her basket. The lovely delicate blossoms filled the room with fragrance and color, and enhanced its snowy purity and dainty cleanliness. Rose glanced round it all with malicious eyes and envious heart.

"For a worthless chit like that to have such a home," she muttered. Then on the table, before the owl glass which would so soon reflect the young bride's face, she placed a bunch of deadly herbs—rue, nightshade, henbane.

"For luck," she chuckled maliciously, and then closed the door, and left the room to silence and sunshine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Brotherhood of Man.

The brotherhood of man expresses a grand principle of unity and fraternity which appeals to common necessities and universal recognition. It is sanctioned by the laws of nature, and by Christian precept. And so we read "of one blood he created all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth." Good enough for this sentiment. Good enough for both Christian and infidel. It affords a common basis for all, of whatever belief and condition. This fact should provoke good feeling and excite a generous action. A fellow feeling is a wondrous humanizer which destroys prejudice, puts down bigotry, liberalizes thought, and conducts the world at least to freedom.

Brotherhood is a force working in the heart of humanity to excite love in fellow men; to lift up the low down and level the high and lofty. It is the savior of the poor, and an encouragement to all honest endeavor. Herein it excites a lively hope and vital entity. Thus a glowing future opens and men work together for the good of one another, while isolation is discarded and the social feeling predominates among men.

The press is a great motor of influence in this direction. It opens fire and keeps on fighting—by moral means—from week to week and year to year. It influences public opinion, which, based upon natural right is the controlling force in government and social life. Let it be imbued with the sentiment of human brotherhood and it becomes a power for good anywhere.

The Seal Fishery.

More than \$1,000,000 worth of seals have been captured by the seal hunters of St. Johns, N. F., within the past six weeks. The catch has been unprecedented, and has led to the fitting out of many other vessels for that industry. The steamer Wolf was the first to return with a full cargo. She left port on March 9 and struck the seals on the 11th, midway between Quirpon and Groas Island. On the 13th her crew killed 10,000 seals, and on the 13th to the 18th they took 18,000 more on board and started for home. Seals are worth \$2.50 each. The value of the Wolf's cargo is \$70,000. Since she Wolf's arrival the Ranger has come in with the first cargo of the season. She had on board 35,000 seals, valued at over \$100,000. She was out nineteen days. The Walrus arrived next with 15,000 seals, her full capacity. Then came the Neptune with 30,000, the Hector with 15,000, the Esquimaux with 32,000, the Terra Nova with 31,000, the Falcon with 27,000, the Vanguard with 19,000, the Kite with 29,000, and the Panther with 16,000. The latter vessel lost 5,000 from her decks in a heavy swell. In the Gulf there are at least a dozen vessels, nearly all of which have been heard from, reporting excellent catches.

It is thought that the catch this year by vessels will exceed 450,000, and to this is to be added the shore catch, which will probably amount in Newfoundland to between 50,000 and 70,000. When it is known that this is all done inside of six weeks it is a remarkable showing.

Equine Hospitality.

Billy, a horse attached to a police patrol station in Boston, has become known throughout the hub for his liberality. A member of the mounted squad while answering roll call ties his horse to the post forming one corner of Billy's stall, and as soon as the animal is fastened Billy picks up a mouthful of hay, forces it through the iron grating above his stall, and waits until his guest has eaten it up. Then he repeats the operation and continues his hospitality until the officer returns for his horse. Billy began to do this early in the fall, without any suggestions from the men, and he does it twice a day much to the satisfaction of his visitor.

The Light of Shooting Stars.

While commenting on a memoir presented to the Academy of Sciences, M. Cornu gave it as his opinion that the light emitted by shooting stars is not due to conflagration or to the heat of impact. In those high regions our atmosphere is too unsubstantial to render the explanation acceptable. It is much more likely the phenomenon is one of static electricity developed by simple friction, and it is well known that rarefied gases can be made to glow intensely with but very little electric fluid.

FOR THE LADIES.

A Little of Everything For Our Fair Readers.

Good Cheer For the Homely Girl—Fashion's Fancies—Hand Morgan and Her Harp—Notes.

Six Years Old.

Six years old—"a great big boy!" How his heart swells with pride and joy! "I'm grown up now!" he shouts in glee—"No more curls or kilts for me!"

The "barber man" has shorn the locks of blue and gold in a way that shocks The mother's heart—yet it had to be, To make him the manly boy we see.

The kilts "must go"—in trousers fine The "little man" doth long to shine. So brave he's grown, I've naught to fear—He will let no harm reach mamma dear.

God bless the boy! with his heart so true And his wonderful plans of "works" to do! Long may he be our pride and joy, Comfort and hope—his darling boy.



Hand Morgan.

A strong feature for concerts is the wonderful harp-playing of Miss Maud Morgan of New York. Miss Morgan began her remarkable career at the age of twelve years and has since delighted audiences throughout America and Europe. Maurice Strakosch was her first manager, and later she and her father, a well-known English musician, gave harp and organ matinees. These concerts were the favorite Lenten diversion in New York for eight years. In England "the little American girl" as she was called, won an enviable reputation. When Miss Morgan first played, a harp was rarely heard in a concert-room, but now it is in constant requisition, she having over a thousand programmes of concerts where she has played. In addition to her great talent Miss Morgan is a beautiful girl, perfect arms and hands and sweet face charming her audiences even before she plays. She appeared in Buffalo Tuesday night, in conjunction with the Buffalo Vocal Society.

The Homely Girl.

There is an old adage that says, "Beauty is but skin deep, but ugly goes to the bone." It does not bear the truth on its face. A homely girl, if she realizes that she is not pretty, is generally good, generous; and, if she gets married, makes a good wife.

The pretty doll of a girl, with the face of a wax figure and with slyph-like form, generally becomes the cross, ugly old woman. She grows ill-natured because her beauty has faded, which was all she prized when young.

On the contrary, the homely girl welcomes age, because it brings with it the respect due to accumulated years. Age is the leveler of distinction, and the pretty, vain mix who would slight a homely sister of her age, will pay due respect to the aged of her sex.

The homely girl never attempts coquetry. In the absence of personal charms she cultivates her mind to make up the deficiency, and generally succeeds. Let the homely girl take courage. Men of sense and honor admire her for her good qualities of mind and heart.—Exchange.

Two Very Old Women.

Mrs. Huldah Rockwell, widow of Joseph Rockwell, should be live until Monday, August 19 next, will be 100 years old. "Granny," as she is familiarly called, was born in Fairfield Nov. 19, 1793. She was the fifth child of Stephen and Elizabeth Ellwood. She attended school at Green's Farms and Compo until the "Academy" was built near the Westport Congregational Church, and then she became a pupil under David Ripley. A few years later she was head cook at the tavern kept by Aaron Burr, now occupied as a dwelling by George Buckley, of Green Farms. On January 9, 1859, she became Mrs. Joseph Rockwell, the marriage ceremony being solemnized by Squire Seth Taylor. Her husband, "Uncle Joe," died at Wilton about ten years ago at the age of 88 years.

On reaching her one hundredth year Mrs. Rockwell will celebrate the event in an appropriate manner, and it is expected that all her descendants will be present and assist in making the day a memorable one.

Another very old lady, who is remarkable for more reasons than one, is Mrs. Betsy Lockwood, of Darien, who not long ago arrived at the age of 95 years, and who gave a party in celebration of the event. A large number of townspeople turned out to do her honor, and a merry time was the result. In spite of her great age Mrs. Lockwood is in possession of all her faculties and walks about the house and yard unassisted. In fact she is more agile than her maiden daughter who resides with her. They occupy the house built by Mrs. Lockwood's father 110 years ago. Mrs. Lockwood has been twice married, her second husband dying twenty-five years ago. Her father was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and the old lady now draws a pension of \$25 per month.—Norwich (Conn.) Special.

An African Queen's Sad Fate.

Here is a glimpse at woman's lot in Africa from a chapter in a recent book on South Africa which describes some of the costumes of the Sawzee tribe: "A beautiful young wife of the King had in some innocent way displeased him. The order was given to smelt her out, and the witch doctors did their horrible work. Executioners were told off, and they were sent out to the young wife to tell her of her sentence. She dressed herself in her best ornaments, and de-

termined to appear before the King to say 'good-by.' She had been the ruler's playmate and favorite sweetheart as a child, and she ventured to send a message to him asking permission to say 'good-by' to him. The King refused the request. Calmly preparing for death, the young woman disregarded the denial and walked to where 'His Majesty was sitting drinking champagne. She said to him: 'King I have come to say 'Good-by,' tell me why you are killing me.' The King vouchsafed no answer and turned his face away. The poor woman proceeded to bid adieu to the other wives and girls of the monarch. They stood in a row, and as she walked down in front of them she said: 'I am the first, but there will be more of you to come after me.' Without another word she quietly followed her executioners. They led her about three miles from the trail, across the Tiltan River, and there hanged her on a low thorn tree. The rein by which she was suspended being too long, her feet nearly touched the ground, and strangulation was completed by beating the rein with sticks, the person of royalty being sacred of the common touch."

Three of Queen Victoria's Rings.

It is said that the three rings which Queen Victoria prizes the most highly are: First of all, her wedding ring, which she has never taken off; then a small enamel ring, with a tiny diamond in the center, which the Prince Consort gave her at the age of 13, and an emerald serpent which he gave her as an engagement ring. For many years after the Prince Consort's death Her Majesty slept with these rings on her fingers, only taking them off to wash her hands, as the water would of course spoil the enamel.

Margaret Blaine.

Miss Margaret Blaine is fast earning the reputation of being one of the wittiest young women in Washington. She is clever and sarcastic, but uses her powers with rare judgment and good-nature. Her voice is particularly pleasing, and it is said that she has a naive way of saying "Don't you know?" that is the envy of all other Washington belles. She acquired it in England during her visit last year, and uses it frequently in her speech.

Fashion Notes.

The silk and taffeta gloves with kid fingers, lately introduced, are very peculiar to look at, and rather pointless, on the whole, for they are neither cool nor pretty, the two virtues that should be combined to make the perfect summer glove. The kids with lisle-thread palms are more to the point, and will be largely worn this summer. Another trick with the gloves is the introduction of a tiny pocket in the palm of the left hand. It is intended to hold a dime, or fare, or a railway ticket, and other such saucy odds and ends.

To be worn with the black lace gown are summer cloaks of lace as expensive as the dress itself and almost as elaborate. The full, long widths of lace are plaited into a high collar of jetted silk, caught again at the waist and then fall straight to the foot. The skirts of the cloak fall free, while the waist is usually lined with silk. There is a sleeve that fits the arm to the wrist, and another which falls open angle-wise to the hem. A few of these cloaks are made after the pattern of the Conemara, with heavy jet ornaments about the shoulders.

White wool gowns are not only wonderfully becoming, but equally as useful, and this season there is a new and pretty idea introduced with regard to their ornamentation. This is, instead of the ordinary black, gold, silver and many other braids, a lavish use of white silk appliques. These are more costly than the first, but for the numbers of thrifty women who see in white wool several years of honest wear it will not be an extravagance. The white easily soils and must perforce be washed, so off come the intricate braid designs, sure never to look the same when replaced by an amateur's hand. But the white may be handed over bodily to the cleaner, or in many cases done with care at home, and the silk will not stretch, shrink or run with the water.

How Milk Should be Kept.

Consumers of milk are too often indifferent to their ways of keeping it after it reaches them. When delivered in cans it is a common custom of many people to draw from the same as they need it, and possibly a can may not be emptied until a fresh supply is received. As soon as the milk is brought it should be poured into a glass or earthenware pitcher, and when this is emptied it should be made absolutely clean and then well aired.

Those who have young children dependent upon milk food ought to receive a fresh supply of milk both morning and evening, otherwise in the warm months it is extremely liable to become unwholesome. With but few in cities is this possible, and, therefore, in summer it will be well to scald the supply when received, to prevent it becoming sour.



An Early Summer Hat.

We illustrate the style of hat which has lately been introduced in the leading cities. Instead of the much-scooped-at-high-crown this crown is on a level with the brim. A careless cluster of small blossoms and two yards of black lace relieve the flat appearance. Some of the latest crowns are lower than the brims and a row of wings or a stiff wreath are sewed around the edge of the basin-like crown.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

Why It is Unjust to Judge a Man's Life by Its Exceptions.

A single brick, if it be an exceptional brick, is not "a fair test of the whole structure." This is true whether the brick is far above or far below the average. Because a man has once in his life sunk down below his true character, if he has risen again never more to sink, it is not fair to sneeringly single out that blemish as a specimen of his manhood; and because a man has risen once in life to extraordinary lofty achievement, if he has fallen back to his own level never more to rise, it is not fair to refer with pride to that achievement as a specimen of his strength. While it is true that a man is no stronger than his weakest point, when that point is involved in the testing, yet that weakest point may be now entirely eliminated from his character, leaving behind nothing but the ugly surface-blemish on his record; and while it is true that what we have done once we can generally do again, yet if, as a matter of fact, we have never succeeded in doing it again, it is not fair to credit ourselves with a present ability which does not in reality appear to exist. To ferret our past mistakes and fasten them on another's character as its label, or to herald an isolated past achievement as a sample of our present power, is to reverse the first principle of truth, and make the exception the rule. How much harm and injustice are done by such unsound judgment! To be fair, and to make legitimate deductions, one must judge a character, a principle, a tendency, at its normal best, not from the highly forced single success—still less from its poorest illustrations.—S. S. Times.

Good Advice From a Humorist.

To young men Bob Burdette says:

"You take a basin of water, place your finger in it for twenty-five or thirty seconds, takes it out and looks at the hole that is left. The size of that hole represents about the impression that advice makes on a young man's mind.

"Don't depend too much on your family—the dead part, I mean. The world wants live men; it has no use for dead ones. Queen Victoria can trace her ancestors back in a direct line to William the Conqueror. If you cannot get farther back than your father you are better off. Your father was a better man in his time than old William. He had better clothes to wear, better food to eat, and was better housed.

"If you are a diamond be sure that you will be found out. Check, brass or gall never gets ahead of merit.

"I love a young man who is straightforward. Ask for what you want. If you want to marry a rich man's daughter or borrow \$500 from him, ask him for it; it amounts to the same thing in the end. It is always better to astonish a man than to bore him.

"Remember that in the morning of life come the hard working days. Hard work never killed a man. It's fun, recreation, relaxation, holidays that kill. The fun that results in a head the next morning so big that a tub could hardly cover it is what kills. Hard work never does.

"Those who come after us have to work just as hard as we do. When I shovel snow off my sidewalk, if perchance I take a three-quarter piece off my neighbor's walk, I put it back, because if I didn't I should be doing him an injustice.

"You can't afford to do anything but what is good. You are on dress parade all the time!

"Don't be afraid of pounding persistence at one thing. Don't be afraid of being called a one-idea man or a crank. If you have one idea, you have one more than most men have. It takes a smart man to be a crank."

Working Up.

"See that young man with the team?"

"Yes."

"A year ago he was a vagrant on the streets. Now he handles large amounts of real estate."

"On commission?"

"No; at fifteen cents a load—half to the owner of the team.—Detroit Free Press.

Benefits of Going Barefooted.

I consider the following, taken from the London Lancet, very sensible and worthy the respectful attention of parents. I have ever found the writer's views confirmed by personal experience with my own children:

"Children who are allowed to go barefooted enjoy almost perfect immunity from the danger of 'cold' by accidental chilling of the feet, and they are altogether healthier and happier than those who, in obedience to the usages of social life, have their lower extremities permanently invalidated and, so to say, carefully swathed and put away in rigid cases. As regards the poorer classes of children, there can be no sort of doubt in the mind of any one that it is incomparably better they should go barefooted than wear boots that let in the wet, and stockings that are nearly always damp and foul." There could be added to the above the testimony of many eminent physicians, who give as an additional reason the impossibility of a child's foot growing naturally, shod, as it has to be, with the conventional shoe.

AROUND THE STATE.

George C. Schneider, a pioneer business man of Adrian, is dead.

Match factory at Grand Haven was damaged \$2000 by fire Monday.

Alonzo Armstrong, aged 13, accidentally shot and killed himself at Benton Harbor Monday.

Ralph Aling of Kalamazoo was almost instantly killed Monday by a house which he was moving falling on him.

William I. Blakely, a Grand Rapids pioneer, is dead, aged 79. He went to Grand Rapids from Aurora, N. Y., in 1837.

Mrs. Harriet Lowell of Mt. Morris, aged 80 years, who was struck by an F. & P. M. engine Saturday, died at her home at Mt. Morris Sunday.

Schoolcraft has made arrangements for a grand band tournament to be held in that city June 21. Twenty cities and village bands have been invited to take part.

The funeral of Hon. Townsend North of Vassar occurred in that city Saturday, all the business houses being closed as a mark of respect to the founder of the village.

The Port Huron police force have notified the Chicago department that in case Black, alias Woodruff, is not convicted of the murder of Dr. Cronin, he is wanted in Port Huron for forgery and theft.

Young toughs at Holly have made themselves so obnoxious at the union passenger depot in that town that the railroad officials have been requested to take measures to protect their patrons from insult.

Orrin, a 12-year-old son of Martin Clark, while fishing on the railroad bridge, near Holland, was cut in two by a passing train Tuesday. Three other boys saved themselves by climbing down under the bridge.

Edwin Waite, a young Chicago boy visiting in Bay City, jumped off the dock in the latter city Saturday while bathing, entered the water head first, and did not again reappear. His body was recovered shortly after.

Harry Lechner's stock of fireworks at Adrian was accidentally ignited Monday, setting fire to the store and slightly burning the proprietor and one or two customers. The blaze was extinguished with little damage.

Jay Corwin, an industrious Grand Rapids carpenter, has not been seen since early Sunday morning. He was struck on the head with a hatchet during a quarrel a few days ago, and his friends fear his mind was deranged by the blow.

The planing mill of Wm. Dulach and the sash and blind factory of John Nicoc of Mio, were destroyed by fire early Monday morning, inflicting a loss of \$10,000, equally divided. There was no insurance, and the fire is thought to have been incendiary.

James Mullen, a single man aged 22 years, and a resident of Bay City, was killed near Zilwaukee Tuesday afternoon. He was breaking on the Michigan Central railroad and fell from the train, the cars passing over his body, severing the head from the trunk.

The Wexford county agricultural society offers \$25 for the best speller Schools contesting for this prize will send their best speller, who will be arranged in a class with competitors from other schools in the county, on the fair grounds, the second day of the fair, and words given them from Watson's complete speller.

The Michigan press association's twenty-second annual meeting will be held at Grand Rapids July 9, 10 and 11, the program including addresses by Thomas A. Edison and "M. Quad," a trip to Reid's lake for a clam bake, a hop at the Owashtanong club boat house, and Friday a trip to St. Joseph and an excursion to Chicago on the steamer City of Detroit.

In the event of the North American Salt Co. (limited) the main office will be located in New York. It was the intention to locate same at Detroit or East Saginaw, but the action of the Michigan legislature relative to increasing stock of corporations, compels the location of the office of the company elsewhere. The objects of the company are to combine the salt interests of the United States and Canada by acquiring and operating the principal works, perfecting the methods of manufacture and preventing ruinous competition.

A criminal case was on in a justice court in Saginaw a day or two and judge and jury and prosecuting attorney and prisoner's counsel were deep in the merits of the case when a gentleman from a neighboring office appeared at the door and pinched the tail of a rat which he had in a trap. The rat squealed. His honor's dog pricked up his ears. The court advanced in the direction of the sound and seeing there was a chance for something more interesting adjourned the case promptly and all hands repaired to a back room where the dog and rat had a brief but decisive contest, after which the investigation as to who stole John Jones' chickens continued.

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 Diseases, 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. Burritt, 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 doctored 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 MCKAY.

J. ETHERINTON'S PAIN KILLER.

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

J. ETHERINTON'S COUGH CURE.

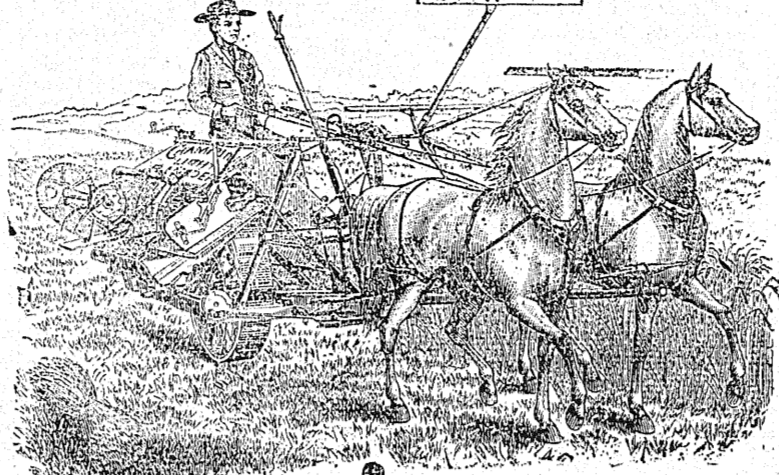
A perfectly reliable Remedy for Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness, Pneumonia and all Lung Troubles, including Pulmonary Consumption. Secure a bottle at once. Price, 50 cts

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, CASS CITY, 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 1/2 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.

PROBATE ORDER—State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the village of Caro, on the thirteenth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, James M. VanTassel, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of John Hool, deceased, On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of John Hool, son of said deceased, praying that this court adjudicate and determine who are, or were, at the time of his death, the legal heirs of said deceased. Thereupon it is ordered that Tuesday, the sixteenth day of July, next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate and required to appear at a session of said court then to be held in the Probate office, in the village of Caro, and show cause why the prayer of the petitioner should be granted; and it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

A true copy. JAMES M. VANTASSEL, Judge of Probate. NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE—State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. In the matter of the estate of Thomas Comstock, 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, Michigan, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1889, that he 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 July, 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 of section twenty-one (21), town twelve north, 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, 1888, was executed by Harvey J. 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 file 59 mortgages, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, in said county of Tuscola, and in said state, on the ninth day of July, A. D. 1889, that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a 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, and state of 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 sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest that may accrue thereon after this date, and the costs of foreclosure. And that said premises will be sold subject to the following mortgage to-wit: A mortgage dated the 17th day of March, 1886, and recorded on the 26th day of March, 1886, in said register of deeds office, in file 55 of mortgages on page 408, executed by the said Harvey J. Moss and Mary P. Moss to Mrs. 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.

Date: May 14th, 1889. MRS. LINDA T. TUTTLE, FORMERLY MRS. LINDA T. VAN DYKE, MORTGAGEE. WIXSON & QUINN, Attorneys for Mortgagee.

FOR SALE CHEAP AND ON EASY TERMS. 2 1/2 S. W. 1/4 of S. W. 1/4, section 34, town 14, range 10 east, being some 100 acres of land, the river; also except one acre of southwest corner. Inquire of A. T. SLAGHT & CO., Caro, Mich.

A True Copy. JAMES M. VANTASSEL, Judge of Probate.

B. F. BROWNE, NOTARY PUBLIC.

CASS CITY.

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 Beck 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 file 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 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 suits or proceedings at 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 fee of thirty-five dollars, as provided in said mortgage; that is to say: the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter of section ten, town twelve north range nine east, Michigan, and lot number four, block number five of Charles Montague'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 BECK, Mortgagee. F. S. WHEAT, Attorney for Mortgagee.

PROBATE ORDER. State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate court for said county, held at the Probate office, in the village of Caro, on the sixth day of June, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, James M. Van Tassel, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Samuel W. Jacobs, and John Jacobs, deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Sarah Lowrie praying that a day be appointed for the hearing of a petition to determine who are, or were, at the time of their death, the legal heirs of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court then to be held in the Probate office in the village of Caro and the petitioner should not be granted; and it is further ordered that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulated in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

A True Copy. JAMES M. VANTASSEL, Judge of Probate.

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 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.

—Another specialty is our—

STOCK OF SCREEN DOORS.

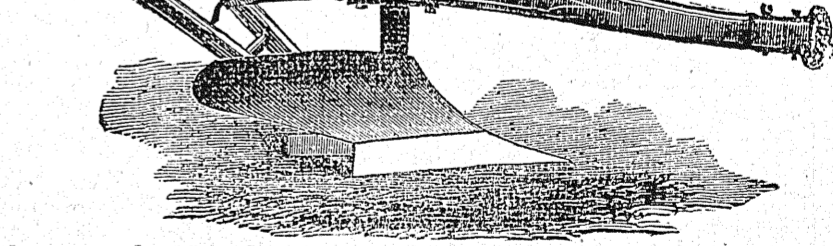
The "LANDSCAPE" being a beauty and is our best seller. A large line of OIL STOVES from \$1 to \$15 in price.

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 HARROWS. Castings of all kinds made to order. Pattern Making a specialty.

MARTIN DEW, Cass City Foundry.

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. 232, Cass City, meets in thesecond and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.

A. N. HATCH, Commander. C. WOOD, Adjutant.

M. C. 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 land?

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.

Where's my harness?

Read C. Spencer's new ad.

Peter Brown Sundayed in Bad Axe.

Come to Cass City to spend the Fourth.

Dr. McLean was in Saginaw this week.

Our merchants report business good.

Business is still booming at the creamery.

Jno. Leonard of Bad Axe is in the city.

A heavy crop of hay is predicted this year.

Clifford will celebrate the Fourth this year.

C. W. McPhail and wife were in Caro Sunday.

The heavy rains have had a severe effect on wheat.

When, Oh, when will the Cass City house be open?

Fred. Orr and wife of Caro were in the city on Tuesday.

No services at the Presbyterian church Sunday night last.

A full program of the celebration will be given next week.

A large quantity of baled hay is being shipped from this station.

Are you going to Forepaugh's circus at East Saginaw to-morrow?

Greater attractions than ever before will be given here on the Fourth.

Did you see the elegant large posters of the celebration. They are daisies.

Mrs. R. G. McLaughlin of Dryden is visiting her mother, Mrs. F. C. Champion.

Winter wheat is heading out nicely and there is every prospect of a good crop.

Why cannot Cass City have a flax mill? If it pays in other towns, will it not pay here also?

Elegant programs for the graduating exercises were printed in the ENTERPRISE about 1000 this week.

Wm. R. Johnson, who is on the road for the Morton Baking Co., of Detroit, was a pleasant caller at this office on Tuesday.

Sam. Owen of Owendale was in the city on a visit on Tuesday evening of this week.

Miss Minnie Crawford, of Oakwood, Oakland county, is a guest at J. L. Hitchcock's.

Miss Menia Haines of Tuscola, and Miss Carrie Russell of Deford, were the guests of G. A. Stevenson and wife on Wednesday.

A flax mill is being built at Berne Junction and the farmers of that section are experimenting with flax as a crop. Grand good idea.

The large bills are out advertising our celebration. The smaller bills will be out in a few days.

Some of our Cass City people took in Howe's circus at Caro on Tuesday. Of course, they did not go to see the circus, but went on business.

Register of Deeds Toland and Mrs. Molina Town of Caro were visiting friends in town on Friday last.

J. H. Striffler, our hustling agricultural merchant, received a car load of machinery this week, consisting of binders, mowers and horse rakes.

Bay View is being prepared for its annual invasion by cottagers and tourists. Sixty new cottages are being built. The assembly opens July 24.

Our merchants are all busily engaged in making great preparations for the trade parade on the Fourth. They will make it a credit to Cass City.

When in need of job work of any kind, all around and we will be glad to show you samples of both stock and workmanship in the job printing line.

Mrs. Dunham and Mrs. Yerkus of Ypsilanti, have been the guests of Mrs. J. D. Crosby for the past two weeks.

Mrs. E. Kelley, who has been here for a few weeks receiving medical treatment for cancer, has returned to her home near Caro.

Miss Minnie Botsford, who has been a teacher in the public schools of Morenci, Mich., has returned to her home in this place to spend vacation.

Thos. Murphy, living in Grant township, had the misfortune to meet with a very painful accident on Tuesday by being kicked by a horse, splitting the knee cap.

The Argyle base ball club is talking about coming here to play a game on the Fourth. That's right, boys, come right along and we will try and make it pleasant for you.

The local option bill passed the senate on Tuesday, just as it came from the house by a vote of 19 to 10. Only three republican senators voted with the democrats against the bill.

The person purchasing the largest number of bars of Dingman soap at 2 Macks, between June 1st and July 4th, secures the handsome picture now on exhibition at their place. A record will be kept of your purchases, but you must preserve and return the yellow slips found on the inside of each package.

The M. E. ice cream social held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. DeWitt's on Wednesday evening was a very enjoyable affair. Quite a sum was realized from the sale of cream, and all departed with a feeling of satisfaction and a pleasant memory of the occasion.

A tea meeting will be held at Kair's corners under the auspices of the M. E. society of that vicinity on Wednesday evening next at 7:30 p. m. Aside from the refreshments which will be served, an excellent entertainment will be provided, consisting of singing, speaking, etc. Everyone is invited to be present and enjoy a pleasant evening.

Chas. D. Striffler, in an article on this page, has something to say in regard to the Wm. N. Whiteley binder. The Findlay Jeffersonian says that on June 1st a grand delivery of Whiteley machines was held in that city. Over 70 mowers were taken away by purchasers and 40 binders were in the procession; after which Mr. Whiteley gave a dinner to 200 farmers.

We would make a suggestion to the arrangement committee of the celebration that two large arches be erected on Main st.—one at each end of the street. These arches could be erected with but very little expense, and at the same time beautifying the main approaches into the village. With appropriate inscriptions placed upon them and the other decorations which will probably be made, the town will look very attractive on the Fourth.

From the monthly crop report for May, which has just been issued, we glean the following information: There has been an average loss in the wheat crop since May 1st of four per cent, but the crop is more forward than it was a year ago. The growth of corn has been greatly hindered by the cold, wet weather, and the crop has suffered from cut worms and frost. The wool clip of the state this year will probably amount to 11,360,000 pounds.

A visit to John G. Owen's large saw-mill interests at Owendale will pay anyone who takes the time to go to that place. He has now about 150 men at work in and around the mill and is turning out about 30,000 feet of sawed lumber per day. Somewhere in the neighborhood of 5,000,000 feet are already piled up in the yards. Persons visiting this mill are always hospitably taken care of by the genial managers of this manufacturing institution, J. D. and Sam. Owen.

Some time ago, Judge Beach, in the Huron county circuit court decided that Mrs. Crawford, who sued for a divorce and large dowry interests in the Crawford estate, had no claim on said estate. At a session of the supreme court held recently that court affirmed Judge Beach's decision. As the Crawford estate included the large tract of land now owned by John G. Owen and other settlers around Owendale and Creel it will probably interest them to hear of this decision from the supreme court.

An exchange says "that every line in a newspaper costs something. If it is for the benefit of an individual it should be paid for. If a grocer were asked to donate groceries to one abundantly able to pay for them, he would refuse. The proprietor of the newspaper must pay for the free advertising, if the man who is benefited does not. And, yet, it is one of the tidiest things to be learned by many people that a newspaper has space in its columns to rent, and must rent it to live. To give this space away would be as fatal as for a landlord to furnish house rent free."

An exchange has the following to say in regard to the handing in of news items for publication: If your wife hicks you, let us know it, and we will set it right, before the public. If you have company, tell us, if you are not ashamed of your visitors. If a youngster arrives at your house, begging for raiment, buy lot of cigars and come around; and, if you are a cash subscriber, we will have a suitable name for him or her, as the circumstances permit. And if you have a social gathering of a few friends, bring around a big cake and seven or eight pies and a ham—not necessarily to eat, but as a guarantee of good faith.

The Albion college year book for 1888-9 has been received, and after noting its contents, we find it is a neatly gotten up volume of about 200 pages and is arranged in four parts: The first is a synopsis on education, gathered from the leading educational writings of the day. Part two is devoted to the special contribution in college work. The third part gives the several studies that are being taught at that college, and tells how the work is done and the advantages the college possesses that are used to impart knowledge to the students. The names of the faculty and students appear in part four. The book is a great credit to the institution issuing it and is a valuable book to have.

Don't be a loafer. If you have no business of your own, don't loaf around the place of another. Nothing gives a business man a poorer opinion of a place than to see a half dozen loafers sitting or lounging around every time he goes in. The owner or proprietor may be too polite or forbearing to order you away, but inwardly he will wish you at the bottom of the sea. If he hires hands he expects them to work in business hours, and the man who hangs around a place of business hour after hour, talking to the workmen, is never a welcome visitor to the proprietor. In this busy world there is work enough for all, and the man or boy who is content to lie around and sponge off others, will never amount to anything and had better go off and die.—Ex.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Caro Democrat, in its article last week in regard to the amount of money recently raised here for the improvement of roads, seemed to regret its former jealousy, and its selfish and bigotted editor chose to compare the generosity of Caro with that of the merchants of Cass City. We would inform our worthy friend, although we cannot build railroads on paper, as the Democrat did a short time ago, and then have the whole scheme fall flat, yet what we state has a few grains of truth in it, anyway. In respect to our lauding the citizens of Cass City so loudly for their generous contributions, why, dear brother, that was just a starter. Listen! The \$65 raised here recently for the improving of the two roads mentioned, was not all the money that has been raised here for that purpose during the past season, but in addition, about \$200 more has been raised. And again, can our neighboring town, Caro, show where they have donated very extensively to any of its local enterprises? When the Elkland creamery was being built, the citizens of this little town—which, in the opinion of the Democrat man, does not amount to much in comparison with the city of Caro, (?) either in enterprise, intelligence or generosity—contributed \$600 for this manufactory, and when the first woolen mill was erected the pockets of our citizens shelled out \$600. But it would take a man with any amount of imagination and extraordinary eyesight to find either a creamery or a woolen mill in Caro. Yet Caro is a great town, and the Democrat a great paper.

A Basket Picnic.

A basket picnic and bovery dance will be held at Finkel's grove, two miles east of Creel, in the township of Grant, on July 4th, under the auspices of Owendale tent, No. 211, K. O. T. M. Excellent music will be furnished by good brass and string bands. N. S. Boynton has been invited to be present and deliver an address on this occasion. In the evening a grand display of fireworks will be given. The members of this lodge are sparing no pains to make this a most enjoyable affair for all who attend.

The Wm. N. Whiteley Binder.

The success of Wm. N. Whiteley of Springfield, Ohio, in the manufacture of harvesting machines, has been quite unique in the history of machinery in the United States. It is a well known fact that he is the patentee of all the Champion machines ever manufactured. It is also a fact that he has been one of the most prominent figures in the inventions and manufacturing of harvest machines for the last 35 years. He has now in the field a binder which has already attained a more than ordinary reputation for its perfect adaptability for the work it is intended to do. It is a steel binder and combines all the qualities of the steel Champion binder, and more additional improvement. I wish to announce to the farmers that I have the genuine Wm. N. Whiteley binder and mower for sale. I would further say that these machines are undoubtedly superior to any machines in the field. I challenge any machine, on any ground, no matter what the condition the ground may be in, to do any better work. I simply ask the farmers in want of harvest machines to come and investigate for themselves and to note the simplicity of these machines; I ask no more.

CHAS. D. STRIFFLER, Agent, Cass City.

The second review term, of six weeks, of the Flint normal college, will open July 2d. This term is especially for teachers and those preparing to teach. Expenses very low. Send for circulars at once to G. S. KIMBALL, Flint, Mich.

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

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

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

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than twenty pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle, and it helped her, she got a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another one and grew better fast continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 lbs. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles free at Fritz Bros.' drug store.

520 Acres of Land For Sale!

WITHIN 7 MILES OF CASS CITY.

I will offer, until Sept. 1st, your choice of five 80 acre lots, at eight dollars an acre, viz: the south 1/2 of northeast 1/4 of Sec. 30; west 1/2 of southeast 1/4, Sec. 30, north 1/2 of southwest 1/4, Sec. 30; south 1/2 of northeast 1/4, Sec. 32; all in Novesta township, and east 1/2 of northwest 1/4 Sec. 14, Ellington; also three 40 acre lots, as follows: the northeast 1/4 of southeast, Sec. 30; the southwest 1/4 of northwest 1/4, Sec. 30; also northwest 1/4 of southwest 1/4, Sec. 29, in Novesta township. Your choice of any of the above eight descriptions for \$8 per acre. Terms: \$1 per acre cash, remainder within seven years with interest at 7 per cent. In the above descriptions can be found the makings of very desirable farms. Come early and secure the choice. Inquire of

E. H. PINNEY, Cass City.

C. SPENCER, THE Practical Canadian Watchmaker

Is prepared to

Clean Watches at 75cts. Main Springs 75cts. Hair Springs 75cts.

All work in his line done neatly, also warranted.

SAVE YOUR MONEY

By trading at C. Spencer's. He is always the cheapest. West Main St. Cass City.

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 45 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. The above wheat can be had at Howe & Bigelow's hardware store Cass City. Mm. 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— Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Sewing Machine Needles and Supplies of all kinds.

GOODS MARKED DOWN

As low as by any dealer in the state and everything guaranteed. Repairing neatly done at the lowest possible prices for first-class work.

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 risks. For descriptions call on E. H. PINNEY.

WHO Sells you your Boots, Shoes and Slippers? ARE YOU You satisfied you are getting the best value for your money, if not, 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. Wigwag 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. HOLMES BROS.

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.



Patrick Egan.

Patrick Egan, the Irish land leaguer, who has been appointed our minister to Chili, was born in Ballymahon, Longford, Ireland, in 1841. While still a young man he entered the employ of the National Milling company of Dublin, and was considered the best bookkeeper in that company. In 1868 together with James Rourke he established an extensive bakery. He was one of the founders of the Irish national league of which body he was treasurer. When Mr. Forster passed his coercion act, which rendered everybody in Ireland liable to arrest upon reasonable suspicion, it was thought best to transfer the league's funds to Paris, establishing headquarters in that city. He remained there for nearly two years devoting his time and energy to the Irish cause. After the release of the Irish suspects in 1882 he returned to Dublin and resigned his trusteeship. A year later he emigrated to this country, settled in Lincoln, Nebraska, where he embarked in the grain business. Mr. Egan was for some years president of the Irish land league in America and has taken quite a prominent part in American politics.

Allusions to Latimer, the Jackson matricide, are of frequent occurrence in the state papers, though just how the things that are reported about him are found out it is hard to say, inasmuch as he has been in solitary confinement ever since he has been in prison. It is equally hard to understand what good end is subserved by the publication of these items. There is nothing about the man worthy of emulation, and certainly the history of the crime has been widely circulated and carries its own lesson. Now that he has been sentenced to pay the penalty for his crime, leave him to his own solitude and reflections, which, indeed, must be the hardest part of his punishment.

Michigan's legislature might as well adjourn now as to wait until later in the season. Better, in fact, inasmuch as the state will be the gainer, financially, by the adjournment, and will not be any better if the session lasts until the leaves fall, at the rate business has been transacted thus far the present session. The legislature is practically in session only four days in a week, and these days are principally devoted to trying to see what important matters can be tabled or disposed of in such a manner that they are practically of no benefit to the people. Let the curtain be rung down upon this farce at once.

The pigs in clover puzzle which has netted the inventor so handsomely, has suggested an entertainment which brought good results to a church in southern Illinois. A church in the southern portion of that state recently gave a fair in which one of the features was the pigs in clover with live porkers to be cornered. A large fac simile of the pen was built in the hall, and after an hour or more of very hard work one of the dudes of the place succeeded in getting the wily porker in the pen, thus earning the reward which had been offered to the successful one.

It will cause not a little surprise to learn from the statistician of the agricultural department that outside of cotton, tobacco, meats, flour, butter and cheese, all other commodities together are about three per cent. of the exports from this country. With respect to corn, Europe does not take one-half of the yield of any of our corn-producing states. This would seem to indicate that after all the United States depends on a home market for the consumption of agricultural products.

Of ten English business men sever die under the age of forty-seven. Of ten French business men eight die under that age, while in the United States the ratio is less than six. How about that old howl that we are living too fast?

HOSTESS AND GUEST.

Their Respective Duties Abridged by a Lady Writer.

The first duty of the hostess is to make her guests acquainted with each other, writes Jane Allen in the Christian Union. In some circles it is considered etiquette not to introduce, but, as a young lady justly observed: "It may be etiquette, but it is not a polite etiquette." The very origin of this word "etiquette" suggests its limitations. It means nothing more than "a ticket," and was at first the wooden tag on a bundle indicating its contents. To-day it represents the mark placed by society on its approved usages, and may be freely translated by "good form." It is, of course, only a mirror which reflects every change of fashion, while politeness is a substantial and permanent expression of good will and kind feeling.

If we accept it as the dictate of courtesy that one's guests should be introduced, it follows that they should be introduced in such a way as to make it easy to fall into conversation. It is not necessary that the hostess should present Mr. Smith as "the Australian explorer," or Miss Brown as "the author of that charming poem in the Age." Such an introduction almost necessitates a personal turn to the conversation, and makes it decidedly awkward for the other person, who may never have heard of the Australian expedition or the poem. In nothing is the skill of the hostess so clearly shown as in this word with which she shoves the boat of new acquaintance off the social strand. A hint of some topic in which the people introduced are mutually interested, an allusion to an acquaintance which they hold in common, a mention of some place, book or picture familiar to both, launches them successfully; and the hostess may turn to her other guests with her mind at ease. If she is wise, she will have asked several persons, preferably young girls, to act as assistant hostesses, to share the duties of introducing and entertaining. She will also have invited several more men than women, in order to have a circulating medium; as a man may without awkwardness be left standing alone, a woman never.

Nothing in the line of party-giving is so easy as a small evening party. It is often pleasantest when most informal. Invite only such guests as come to see you, and do not as Emerson says, interpose a screen of things between you and them. Have done with apologies! Deficiencies speak for themselves, and their mouths are not to be shut by explanations. Welcome your guest heartily, set before him your best of material and spiritual refreshment, and then cease to be over-anxious as to his enjoyment.

Let the rooms be softly, but not dimly lighted. Lamps, except for odor of kerosene, are preferable to gas, on account of the milder light. Strew the tables with books and photographs, draw chairs and sofas into easy groups, that four or five guests may talk together without effort. If refreshments are to be passed, have every thing ready in a side room, and strive to time the serving so that it may fill a pause, instead of breaking in upon a full tide of conversation or music. Instruct the servant that all the people in the same group are to be served at the same time. If not too warm, light a fire, as a gathering point. Add to these surroundings the inspiring presence of a genial host and hostess, and what guests could fail to respond by a cheerful readiness to enter into the spirit of festivity?

Alas! there are people who settle back a leaden weight upon their entertainers; people whose eyes are fixed on a hole in the sofa cover while they listen languidly to their host; people who appear to regard vivacity as a mark of inferior breeding—social oysters, who hope, by never opening their shells to deceive the world into the belief that they hold a pearl. All these are as common as they are depressing. The ideal guest is much more rare than the ideal hostess. The role involves the power to play second fiddle gracefully, to take time from the first violin, and aim simply to aid the general effect. With no personal interest in making a party a success, to throw one's vital energies into the breach is a stretch of altruism as rare as admirable.

Much of the explanation of the lethargy of guests lies in that phrase: "The expenditure of vital energy." We, as a race, are too tired for social enjoyment. An editor who was invited to a literary gathering to listen to a paper, responded, with more vigor than civility: "Good gracious! would you ask a man who had been felling trees all day for a living to come to a wood-chopping party in the evening for fun?"

The task of making society sociable may well stagger a hostess if it involves first regulating the business day of the guest. But that a leisure class does not solve the problem is sufficiently attested by Byron's description of "Society, one vast and polished horde, Formed of two mighty tribes, the bored and bored."

This is the verdict of one who had tried all the luxury and elaboration that could be devised by a class which made society a chief pursuit. Suppose, then, we begin at the other end, and try what help may lie in simplification,

and the adaption of society to the requirements of business men and busy women; in adopting a social code wherein the only thing demanded of the hosts shall be a spirit of hospitality, and the only requisition of the guests readiness to be entertained and a desire to contribute something to the hilarity of the occasion.

Sorghum Sugar Culture a Failure.

It is astonishing that there should be such persistent effort in many of the states to make sorghum sugar culture a national industry. It requires so many conditions for its favorable development, even on the maize fields of Kansas, that a great success is all but an impossibility. The juice is very hard to granulate, and then it only produces 60 or 70 pounds of sugar from a ton of sorghum cane. The machinery of the mill is also very expensive. A good sorghum mill cannot be erected for less than \$60,000 to \$100,000. Prof. Wiley, the distinguished chemist of the Agricultural Department, has watched all the experiments at the different stations from New Jersey to Kansas and Louisiana, and he has come to the conclusion that it cannot be nourished into a profitable industry.

Why all the absurd effort about sorghum, when the United States possesses the finest sugar-beet country in the world? We have millions of acres in the western states which are adapted to the raising of the sugar beet. Drawing a line through southern Wisconsin as far west as the Rocky Mountains, and on the south a line just north of Texas, and we have a vast domain for the culture of the sugar beet where it will thrive better than in Germany, and equally as well as in France or Russia. French sugar is equal to the best in the world. It supplies 40,000,000 of people with abundance of sugar, and at moderate prices. The mills are not very expensive. The farmers in the surrounding districts can raise the beet and bring it to the mill with as much facility as our farmers now bring their milk to a creamery; and the residue of the beet makes good feed for cattle. After eighty years it has become a colossal industry in France, and there is no reason why the United States should not do likewise.

When Napoleon first tried to introduce the culture of the sugar beet, and insisted that the time would come when France would be thus supplied with sugar, the English press spoke of that great soldier as a commercial lunatic, and said that it would be impossible for any country in Europe to do without tropical cane-sugar. But Napoleon persisted, offered bounties to producers, by high duties checked the importation of West India sugar, and to-day France derives more profit from sugar than she does from either her silks or her wine product. The result seems absolutely marvelous. France has gained enormously in that her lighter soils, such as are found in Picardy, etc., are much better adapted to the growth of the sugar beet than the richer lands in central and southern France.

At the present time, when the wine product is diminishing, the fact that France can fall back upon sugar as an additional resource is one of those factors which has made the French nation so thrifty, and which enables her people to bear a load of taxation that would crush any other nation to the earth.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

A Sad Calamity.

Small Clerk—"Och, fadder, dat gun vat you bursted de first dime he vire it off, an' killed him det."
Proprietor—"Mine Gracious! Dot was avvul! I zold him dot goon od drust."—New York Weekly.

Married Twenty-five Times.

The following extract is taken from "Evelyn's Diary," and refers to a Dutch woman, who lived in the seventeenth century: "Toward the end of August I returned to Harlem. They showed us a cottage where they told us dwelt a woman who had been married to her twenty-fifth husband and, being now a widow, was prohibited to marry in the future; yet it could not be proved that she had ever made away with any of her husbands, though the suspicion had brought her divers times into trouble."—London Truth.

The Mechanical Arts.

We have seen how the literary education which we now consider so essential was regarded in England—as ungentlemanly. It is not so long since the physician or leech was, as Hallam says, "an inexhaustible theme of popular ridicule." The barber's pole, so common in our streets, recalls a time, not so long past, when the barber practiced blood-letting and other medical arts. It is within our own memory that the barber; indeed, the two were often the same person. How is it that all this is changed, that literature, medicine and dentistry have become gentlemanly occupations? Simply, I think, because they are now thought scientifically and institutions have been established for that purpose. It may be laid down as a general rule that whatever is taught in school will soon become respectable and gentlemanly, while that which is picked up in the house or the work-shop will always be regarded as menial.—Prof. Thomas Davidson, in Forum.

NEW MEXICO'S HERO.

The Truth About "Billy the Kid," Who Figured in So Many "Penny Dreadfuls."

There has been more written probably about "Billy the Kid," says a Santa Fe letter to the New York Herald, than any other murderer who ranged the vast plains of New Mexico, and yet practically nothing was ever known about him before he came to this territory. It is said that he was once employed at the Palmer house in Chicago as a waiter or bell boy, where he frightened a guest into fits who had ventured to remonstrate with his style of doing things.

He was the embodiment of malignant cruelty, the despoiler of homes, a murderer by nature, and a foe to law, order, and society. At the same time the possessor of these traits was a singularly handsome youth—he was but 23 years of age when he was killed eight years ago—with an open, pleasing countenance and mild blue eyes. His hair was as soft as a girl's his form slight and well knit, and his voice agreeable. But one feature suggested the animal, and that was his mouth. His lips never closed over as beautiful white teeth as were ever seen in a human head, and when he was angry this characteristic gave him a tigerish expression.

Few men have lived who were entirely devoid of mercy. "The Kid" was one of them. He had no love of homo or of human kind. He deliberately chose to be an outlaw, and held the friendship of men as lighter than the pressure of his finger upon the trigger of his Winchester. It was his ambition to become the leader of a band of outlaws, and this ambition was attained. He ravaged sections of this territory and for years escaped arrest. When at last he was apprehended the authorities were astounded to see a beautiful youth in the person of the fiend upon whose head so heavy a price had been set.

In jail his ferocity asserted itself. By means of a well laid plot two of his men succeeded in gaining entrance to the place where their leader was confined. A revolver was given him and the three marched out to freedom. But "The Kid's" appetite for blood must be appeased; and on the way out he shot and killed both of the guards. His aim was unerring and he rarely shot twice at a man, except in a spirit of wantonness, for the first bullet usually did deadly work.

The famous Lincoln county war was "The Kid's" opportunity and he did not fail to profit by it. This was a feud of the most deadly description, and when "The Kid" concluded to take a hand in it blood flowed in good earnest. It did not matter so much to this young outlaw who was killed just so it was some one. He had no friends he desired to protect. How many men he killed with his own hand none of our historians will pretend to say. The number doesn't matter particularly. They were killed in all sorts of ways. Some were shot in fights, others were slaughtered in cattle-stealing raids, and yet others were wantonly murdered with no sort of provocation whatever to justify them, even in a country and at a time when men killed each other for a cross word.

On a horse, dressed in Mexican garb, with trousers richly embroidered and coat of the richest material, "The Kid" was the idol of the girls and the envy of the men. Beneath his wide-brimmed sombrero his handsome face, fringed with curling hair, was a pleasant sight to see. A fearless horseman, he was at home on his animal and never seemed to know fatigue. He would cover any number of miles for the privilege of killing an enemy, and once he made up his mind to kill a man, that man's life was worthless unless he chose to save it by leaving the country.

"The Kid's" safety lay in the immensity of the region. His rendezvous was so well guarded that no stranger could get within a mile of it without being seen by some member of the band. If the young leader felt inclined the intruder was warned away; if not so mercifully disposed the stranger was killed from ambush.

This style of doing business, however, became monotonous and it was determined to rid the territory of the youthful desperado and his followers. Prices were put upon the heads of "The Kid" and his gang and the war of extermination was begun in earnest. When a man was strongly suspected of being a follower of "The Kid" he was given an opportunity of proving an alibi. If he failed to do so he was shot or hanged on the spot. Those who were known to be members of the gang were shot on sight like mad dogs with no ceremony or formality whatsoever. It was not long, under this condition of things, until "The Kid" was without a following, and then the search for him began.

Men of every sort and condition joined in the hunt, and nearly every pursuer had a grievance. There was not a crime in the catalogue of which "The Kid" was not guilty. The relatives of some of those who were after him had been the victims of his revolver; others had female relatives who had been led astray or forcibly carried off; some had lost cattle, and others property of various kinds; many were actuated by a desire to get the reward and achieve the notoriety of having slain the most remarkable criminal of

which the southwest could boast. The territory was alive with man-hunters and "The Kid" was kept busy avoiding them.

With the members of his gang dead, his old haunts closely watched, and no human being willing to befriend him, the outlaw turned his face toward Mexico, the home of the renegade. Wherever he stopped for rest or refreshment the inmates were solemnly warned that instant death would be their reward should they dare to give an intimation of his whereabouts. But even at such a trying time his jauntiness did not leave him. He was as fastidious in his dress as before, and his manner was that of a gay, light-hearted wanderer who had no care on his mind. He knew death was on his trail and was always prepared. He knew, also, that he would be shot from ambush, for there were none of his pursuers brave enough to face him in open fight. There was every chance against him, and his only hope was to reach the Mexican border.

Then a strange fancy seized him. A half-breed ranchman had a beautiful daughter of whom "The Kid" was very fond, and so sure were the authorities that the fugitive would sooner or later round up there that they made an arrangement with the ranchman, who hated "The Kid" cordially. He was to give notice when the outlaw arrived and his reward was to be great. True to his agreement he notified Sheriff Garrett that "The Kid" was at his ranch and the intrepid officer made preparations to kill the man he had so long sought. It was not a question of capture, for the outlaw had sworn he would never be taken alive.

The day of his death "The Kid" was strangely uneasy. He felt something was to happen and two or three times gave his host notice that he would kill him, for he felt he had betrayed him. The old ranchman was frightened almost to death, but swore he had given no notice to the authorities. Garrett had arrived the night before and was concealed in a room waiting for a favorable opportunity. "The Kid" inspected every room in the house until he came to this one. He opened the door, a revolver in one hand and a knife in the other, and as he crossed the threshold asked in Spanish: "Who's there?" The reply was a pistol shot and "The Kid" fell dead.

Garrett was liberally rewarded and has been the lion of the territory ever since.

He Paid for the Ear-Drop.

A young lady employed at a hotel in Dixmont, Me., one day carelessly left her ear-drop in the sauce dish. A young man who dined there swallowed one of the ear-drops with his sauce. It so happened that this winter the aforesaid young man pressed hay for the father of the aforesaid young woman. When they settled the young man was handed an envelope containing his pay. In the envelope was a bill for three dollars for the ear-drop he had swallowed, and money accounted to make the account good.

Reciprocity in Business.

"Is the boss in?" inquired a lean-visaged man with bristling hair and business-like aspect, as he walked into the dental office of a Chicago suburb the other day.

"I presume I am the person," said the dentist, politely. "Can I serve you in any way?"

"I don't know but you can," the visitor replied, sitting down in a chair and tilting it, "if we can agree on the terms. It's just this way: I've come to this town to go into business, and I've opened a shop about a block and a half up the street. Now, I'm willing to let you do all my work in this line if you can take it out in trade. Where two men are doing business close together in a place like this it looks more sociable and friendly if they can trade with each other. And business men have got to pull together and kind of reciprocate if they want to get along."

"I don't know," said the dentist, musingly. "What kind of business are you engaged in, may I ask?"

"I'm in the marble business. I make tomb-stones monuments—"

"But I don't need any work of that kind," exclaimed the other aghast. "I have no occasion to buy any tombstones or monuments!"

"And I don't need any work in your line," retorted the tombstones man sharply, "so far as I know—not a cent's worth! Never had the toothache in my life. But there's no telling when—"

"It is hardly worth while to discuss the subject," said the dentist. "I don't think we can make any arrangement of the kind you propose."

"Just so, sir! You don't care about being neighborly and sociable and meeting a business man half way when he comes to settle here to help build up your durned old town! Good morning, sir!"

And the language that tombstone man used as he slammed the door behind him and went down the stairway three steps at a time was frightful to hear.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sad Fate.

Anxious Father—"I saw our darling daughter in the street to-day, and she looked very unhappy—miserable, in fact; only married a month, too."
Sympathetic Mother—"Yes, I noticed the poor dear. I'm afraid her husband snored."—New York Weekly.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Italy has 13,000 licensed boggars. Indiana has thousands of idle minors. The wheat crop in Delaware will be large.

In Paris, France, there are 132 horse-meat shops. San Francisco has the largest ship yard in the country.

Birmingham, Ala., has the largest water pump ever made.

This country received 321,000 Germans in 1881 and 90,000 in 1883.

New Hampshire is alarmed at the increasing number of tramps.

It is reported that Baltimore is to have a \$1,000,000 sugar refinery.

Pennsylvania produced 57 per cent. of the 130,000,000 tons of coal mined in this country last year.

During the last year the government has purchased \$133,735,050 of bonds at a cost of \$168,332,441.

Six of the New York newspapers have combined to raise the price of their Sunday issues to five cents.

The census returns just made by the police show a population of five hundred thousand for Baltimore.

Seeds of the most valuable varieties of cichona bring \$1,000 per ounce in Ceylon. There are nearly 100,000 seeds in an ounce.

The usual thickness of veneers for furniture is from one eighth to 1-4 of an inch, but as a curiosity they are cut as thin as 100 to an inch.

A western man has devised a contrivance which rings a bell in a hotel office and registers the room number when some verdant person blows out the gas.

Cigarette smokers will be interested in the report that a certain manufacturer of cigarettes offers a nice cemetery lot to every one who smokes twelve dozen packages of his cigarettes.

It is estimated that about six times as many applications for homesteads in Oklahoma will be made as can be granted. About 100,000 people have already entered the newly opened territory.

It has been decided that a soldier who was drowned while bathing near his camp died while in the line of duty, and therefore his mother is entitled to a pension. This is a reversal of a former decision.

An easy way to split a sheet of paper is to soak it thoroughly, and spread it out on a pane of glass. With careful handling the upper half can then be peeled off. The lower will stick to the glass until it becomes dry.

Herrmann plays a neat trick on dead beats who ask for a pass. He writes out a pass for them with great readiness, but when they examine it after a few minutes they discover that it is nothing but a blank card.

A Michigan lumberman has adopted the use of pine rooks as fuel for his hobby. He has the rooks cut up into 18-inch lengths, and uses them in grates instead of soft coal, to which, he declares, they are superior.

French engineers are utilizing the pony to strengthen railroad embankments. The roots of the plants form a network that cannot be exterminated without great difficulty, and are therefore admirable for the purpose named.

Woodmen say that three-fourths of the moss on trees grows on the northern side, that the heaviest growth on spruce trees are always on the south side, and the top-most twigs of every hemlock tips naturally to the east.

The war strength of six of the European powers aggregates over 10,000,000 men. On a war footing Germany's army numbers 2,523,000; France, 2,440,000; Russia, 2,495,000; Italy, 1,010,000; Austria, 1,145,000; Turkey, 620,000.

The Atlantic Postal Telegraph and Cable Company has been incorporated at New York with a capital stock of \$50,000. Its lines are to extend throughout the United States, the Dominion of Canada and British Columbia.

The United States consul general at Rio Janeiro has reported to the secretary of state that yellow fever is prevalent there to an alarming extent. Mr. Charles M. Leslie, an American citizen, died at Rio on the 2d of March of the fever.

Secretary Noble has requested that all action against the Missouri Mercantile Company and the Northern Pacific Railroad for timber trespass on public lands in Montana be suspended until the same can be investigated. Over 40,000,000 feet of timber is involved.

A piano tuner says that pianos frequently deteriorate because they are allowed to become too dry. To counteract this he advises keeping a growing plant in the room. Another way is to keep a large vase or urn with a sopping wet sponge in it under or near the piano.

W. J. Norris of Wetumpka, Ga., has a flattened ball taken from a pine tree. It was imbedded eight inches deep in the heart of a large pine tree, which has been dead nearly fifteen years, and the best judges think it may have lain there for a hundred years.

Lucian Monroe, a colored man from Manassas Junction, Va., who is completely ossified, is at a New York hotel. He is forty years old, four feet high, and weighs but sixty-five pounds. He is intelligent, is an interesting talker, and reads a good deal. He has been in this condition since 1853.

A private letter received in New York from the City of Mexico says that there is a prospect of exciting times there before long. Four men charged with derailing President Diaz's train have been quietly shot. Many predict that General Gonzalez will soon succeed to the presidency.

Captain Woodson of the Fifth Cavalry says he will search every outfit to make sure that there is no liquor of any description taken into Oklahoma. If he does, he will upset the plans of a score or more of men, who are on their way hither, with all the way from a two gallon keg to ten barrels of whisky, who intend opening saloons in Oklahoma.

Men's night-shirts are becoming more beautiful and more expensive every day. Some of the dealers show certain varieties which range in price from \$10 to \$25. They are of the softest silks and come in varying colors, the daintiest being in changing shades of pink and blue. They have eye-lets, too, for jeweled buttons, which may be had from \$50 to \$100 a set.

A large number of applications for appointment as postoffice inspectors are being returned to the senders, with the information that all appointments to this service must be made after examination and certification by the United States Civil Service Commission. The names and addresses of these applicants have been sent to the commission, who will notify them when and where examinations will be held.

Business is a little quiet. Have you sold your wool? A change in the weather. The roads are drying up fast. Wool is coming in very slow. Road work is the order of the day. The postoffice squabble is now settled.

J. H. Ferguson went to Lapeer Monday night.

O. A. Briggs was at North Branch on Monday.

Did you go to the circus in Caro last Tuesday?

Song service at the Baptist church last Sunday eve.

H. A. Pulling moved into his new residence on Tuesday.

Mrs. Wm. Colston and children are visiting in Ingersoll, Ont.

Dr. Simenton went to Clifford on the evening train Monday.

Highway Commissioner Lombard let two road jobs on Monday.

Homer Weydemeyer left on Friday for Caseville to spend his vacation.

Miss Nina Briggs accompanied her father to North Branch on Monday.

Rep. McKay was home Sunday. He left on the train, for Lansing, Monday.

Miss Hattie Lumbey will spend her vacation with her sister at East Dayton.

Children's day exercises were observed in the M. E. church Sunday evening.

C. L. Soper is building a large addition to his house, to be used as a kitchen, etc.

Did you see the dandy new sidewalk in front of our hotel. Quite an improvement.

Everybody from this part of the county is going to spend the Fourth at Cass City.

Several of our citizens will take the morning train for Saginaw, to-morrow, to see the great Adam Forepaugh circus.

Last Monday only two sealed bids had been received on the new Constable bridge, which is to be built in the near future.

Wm. Cline buried his infant child in the cemetery east of here on Sunday last. He has the sympathy of all in his sad bereavement.

At a Sunday school a child was asked by the teacher what the Apostles were. "The wives of the Apostles, ma'm," replied the pupil.

J. T. Crone and wife of Walford, Ont., were the guests of H. A. Pulling and wife the latter part of last week. They were over on a wedding tour.

M. M. Jarvis, who holds a clerkship at Washington, has been granted a furlough of 29 days, and will be home next month. His family live in this township.

An old lady, who imagined that the sea must be very dirty, because so many people bathed in it, was consoled by being informed that it was washed up on the beach every morning.

J. M. Torrey has commenced operations on his law office. He will convert it into a two story structure. The lower floor will be used for the postoffice and law office, and the upper story will be occupied by himself and family.

Last Friday being the last day of school, the scholars and teachers departed to Mr. Yarrington's woods, and spent the day in the good, old fashioned, picnic way. The school year just closed has been a very successful one, both for teachers and scholars. May the coming year be as good.

In the Kingston column of last week's ENTERPRISE we published an item relative to the postoffice quarrel, which seemed to strike some persons, among whom were many of our friends, but it was a mistake or misunderstanding on our part, as the facts of the case and the way they were given to us differ greatly in many respects. Please remember that we are not a resident of your little town, but only see it once a week, and when we call around to get the news and you tell us that you do not know of any, and we are obliged to get it as we overhear it talked about, it naturally leaves a stumbling block for a man to fall over, even if he does try to be a square business man. So please remember, that, if in the future you wish to take any interest in your town, put yourself out a little to tell the scribe the "news," and then he will get it straight. And another thing, we wish to have the citizens of Kingston understand that every item that appeared in the Kingston column last week was written by the editor, all resorts to the contrary, notwithstanding.



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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.

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

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

BREAD

And All PASTRY GOODS.

I will also have a first-class LUNCH ROOM

In Connection. Hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

I will sell a 2 pound loaf of Bread for Six Cents. Old-fashioned farmer's bread kept on hand.

J. N. La RUE, West of Cass City House.

Detroit and Cleveland STEAM 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 SALVE

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

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JAMES M'GINNIS, Proprietor.

KINGSTON MICHIGAN

CALL AT

THE KINGSTON MILLS.

To get the best brand of Flour at \$2.50 per cwt.

Corn Meal and feed kept constantly on hand and for sale by the cwt. or ton.

Bolted Meal \$1.25 per cwt. Graham Flour \$2.25 per cwt. Seed Buckwheat for Sale.

O. A. BRIGGS, Kingston, Mich.

MICHIGAN KINGSTON, MICHIGAN

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.

WOOL, - - - WOOL.

Remember that I am paying the Highest Market Prices for Wool.

H. N. SMITH, Kingston, Mich.

GOOD-BYE!

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, Medicines. I also have in stock Muraline, the best and purest Wall Finish in the world.

C. L. SOPER, Kingston.

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

Pontiac, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad. TIME TABLE NO. 16.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac.....	A. M. 9:30	P. M. 6:00	A. M. 8:20
Oxford.....	9:30	6:00	8:20
Dryden.....	12:32	7:45	9:05
Imley City.....	1:08	8:05	10:02
North Branch.....	2:50	8:57	10:48
Clifford.....	3:20	9:17	11:07
Kingston.....	3:58	9:40	11:28
Wilmett.....	4:18	9:58	11:59
Cass City.....	4:35	10:02	11:48
Gagetown.....	5:04	10:20	12:07
Owendale.....	5:45	7:40	12:54
Berne.....	6:10	12:34
Caseville.....	7:00	1:03
	7:30	1:20

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Caseville.....	P. M. 3:50	A. M. 6:00	A. M. 5:00
Berne.....	4:10	5:30
Owendale.....	4:33	6:10
Gagetown.....	4:47	6:40
Cass City.....	5:04	5:15	7:20
Wilmett.....	5:39	5:45	7:55
Kingston.....	5:59	6:05	8:10
Clifford.....	5:30	5:56	8:25
North Branch.....	5:58	6:18	9:07
Imley City.....	6:13	6:45	9:33
Dryden.....	6:52	7:40	11:24
Oxford.....	7:07	8:02	12:00
Pontiac.....	7:43	9:05	1:06
	8:25	10:30	2:40

Port Huron & Northwestern Railway. TIME TABLE.

Running effect June 28th, 1886.

A. M. P. M. A. M.	A. M. P. M. P. M.
6:33 4:20 9:00	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:49
8:30 6:27 10:10	lv. Brockway Center. ar. 10:33 9:43
9:47 8:06 10:37	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
10:25 8:30 10:53	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
11:17 9:47 11:07	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
12:52 11:15 1:34	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
12:49 7:47 12:00	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
1:51 8:25 12:41	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43
3:00 10:15 12:45	lv. Port Huron. ar. 10:33 9:43

CONNECTIONS. Clifford (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. & N. W. Union Depot.

Port Huron—Union depot with the Detroit Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, for Lennox, Mt. Clemens, and Detroit, and with the S. R. Ry. and G. W. divisions for all points in Canada; with the steamer St. Mary daily at 10.40 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.

I. R. WADSWORTH, GEO. BENT, Superintendent, Assistant G. P. A., HOS. CASEY, Traveling Pass. Agent.

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Trains going North.

A. M. P. M. A. M.	No. 2 No. 1
7:50 3:10 10:05	Depart Saginaw
8:24 3:45 11:10	Depart Saginaw
8:46 4:08 12:02	Depart Saginaw
9:17 4:33 12:54	Depart Saginaw
9:30 4:47 1:25	Depart Saginaw
9:47 5:06 2:03	Depart Saginaw
9:50 5:15 2:13	Depart Saginaw
9:55 5:15 2:23	Depart Saginaw
10:11 5:31 3:06	Depart Saginaw
10:20 5:41 3:26	Depart Saginaw
10:30 5:48 3:45	Depart Saginaw
10:50 6:08 4:15	Depart Saginaw

Trains going South.

A. M. P. M. A. M.	No. 1 No. 3 No. 5
7:00 3:30 8:00	Depart Saginaw
7:18 3:48 8:30	Depart Saginaw
7:32 4:02 9:00	Depart Saginaw
7:55 4:25 9:55	Depart Saginaw
8:01 4:36 10:03	Depart Saginaw
8:05 4:39 10:11	Depart Saginaw
8:27 4:57 10:33	Depart Saginaw
9:08 5:23 12:20	Depart Saginaw
9:31 5:45 1:17	Depart Saginaw
9:58 6:12 2:10	Depart Saginaw

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

CONNECTIONS. East Saginaw—With P. O. & P. A. Ry. for Detroit Toledo and the northwest. 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 Caseville Cass City and Pontiac. 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. HOWE Formerly with J. P. Howe

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS.

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop.

Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES.

MANTLES, 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.