

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889.

VOLUME 8.—NO. 30.
Whole No. 444.

B. F. BROWNE. A. H. BROWNE.
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 ap-
plication 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.

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

THE
EXCHANGE BANK.
CASS CITY, MICH.
Transacts a General
Banking Business.

Accounts of business houses and indi-
viduals solicited.
Drafts available anywhere in the
United States or Canada bought and
sold.
Collections a specialty.

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Cass City.

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Insurance Agent,
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A. D. GILLIES,
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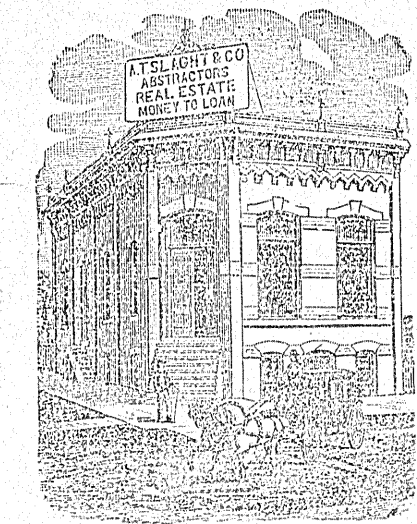
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PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of V. U. 1865. Office
first door over Fritz's drug store. Specialty—
Diseases of women, and nervous debility.

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CANCERS Cured without the knife. Tapa-
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I. A. FRITZ, Resident Dentist. Teeth cleaned
and filled. Old roots and aching teeth ex-
tracted. New teeth inserted. All work guar-
anteed satisfactory. Prices reasonable. Of-
fice over postoffice, Cass City.

To all Lands in Tuscola county.
A. T. SLACHT & CO.,
Abstracts of Title.



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.

CARO
Marble Works

Invites you to call and see stock and
prices before purchasing.

JUST RECEIVED!
25
NEW MONUMENTS

—Of the Latest—
Designs.

A full line of all colors and shades con-
stantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. L. HITCHCOCK, N. G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.
MILO WARNER POST, No. 232, Cass City, meets
the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each
month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.
A. N. HATCH, Commander.
C. WOOD, Adjutant.

H. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday
evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
W. D. SCHOOLEY, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Cass City Bank!

All National and State banks are required by
law to make sworn statements of their condi-
tion and publish the same. Private banks are
not obliged to make these statements, and for
many reasons, which I know, but will not take
space to explain, very seldom do. On the con-
trary, the majority are disposed to consider
the amount of money which they have on de-
posit, the amount of their own capital and the
use which they make of said money as a private
matter. I have always believed that every bank
should be obliged, by law, to make a full and
complete statement of its affairs and publish it
so that the public could judge for themselves
of the safety of money deposited. The funds of
this bank are handled in a conservative and
safe manner. We have sufficient capital to
pay any losses which it is possible for us to
sustain, and have decided to commence
publishing in the columns of this paper, with its
next issue, our first quarterly statement.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Cass City.

CITY NEWS.

The cry of the day. Oh, how dry and
dusty.

Mrs. McGeorge is visiting relatives in
Oxford.

Miss Lizzie Ale is reported as being on
the sick list.

When, oh when, will nature sprinkle
mother earth.

Sam. F. Owen was in the city on Wed-
nesday evening.

Did you take in the festival at Gage-
town on Tuesday?

J. P. Bloomfield, a son-in-law of J. Mc-
Vicar, is visiting him at present.

Wm. Fairweather shipped 400 sheep
to the Buffalo market yesterday morn-
ing.

What has struck our "land office" that
was opened up on Monday on Main
street?

Mrs. Amos Martin has gone to Roch-
ester, N. Y., to visit a few weeks with re-
latives.

Everybody is going to attend the inter-
national exposition at Detroit next
month.

Neil Dickensheets of Caro was in the
city on Tuesday posting posters for the
Caro fair.

Remember to-morrow is the last day
of the great slaughtering sale at the store
of 2 Macks 2.

Fritz Bros. desire to call attention to
their school supplies, as will be noticed
from their ad.

A. W. Seed has been on the sick list all
the week, but at this writing is some-
what better.

Miss Etta Bowers of Port Huron, a
sister of Mrs. Jas. McArthur, is visiting
relatives here.

J. W. Galbraith, the surveyor of Sani-
lac county, was in the city on Tuesday
and Wednesday.

Howe & Bigelow have something to
say to their many customers in another
column. Read it.

Sam. Champion and Mrs. Vaughn took
in the Etherinton concert at Gagetown
on Monday evening.

J. D. Crosby has received his large
fall stock of boots and shoes. Watch
for his new ad. next week.

The Caro agricultural society have our
sincere thanks for a press ticket which
reached this office on Monday.

Dr. D. P. Deming left Wednesday morn-
ing for Byron to attend a reunion of his
old regiment, the 10th Michigan.

Geo. A. Stevenson and wife drove to
Tuscola on Tuesday where they will vi-
sit relatives and friends for a week.

A few of the old war horses attended
the reunion at Pontiac the latter part
of last week. It was a grand affair.

W. L. Parker, proprietor of the Caro
Marble Works, entered his name on our
plush bound visitors' book on Monday.

Mrs. A. W. Seed arrived home from
Pt. Edward, Ont., last Monday. She
was accompanied by her sister, Hannah.

Wm. Wallace of East Saginaw, who
has been visiting relatives here during
the past week, returned on the evening
train Monday.

There is nothing a sarcastic man en-
joys as being sarcastic. It is, however,
a two-edged sword, and when wielded in-
ordinately or out of season it cuts the
wielder as deeply as it does his victim.
The sarcastic man is not necessarily in-

tellectual, a little practice is all that is
required to make him perfect.

Chas. Hill has completed his contract
of plastering on the Jones residence in
this village. It is a first-class job in
every respect.

Miss Nellie Creech of Cumber is visit-
ing Miss Dora Schenck and other friends
in this place this week. She will remain
until to-morrow.

Mrs. Geo. Tennant, accompanied by
Miss Maudie, left on the evening train
on Monday for Mrs. Tennant's home in
Northern Michigan.

We extend thanks for a complimentary
ticket to the State fair, to be held at Lan-
sing, and to the Northeastern fair, to be
held at East Saginaw, Sept. 13-27.

The contract for postal cards for four
years to come calls for 2,000,000,000
cards, which will be manufactured at a
cost of \$800,000 and sell for \$20,000,-
000.

Dr. Etherinton's Great Eastern English
Medicine Concert Co. closed a very suc-
cessful engagement at Gagetown on Mon-
day evening. They are now at Union-
ville.

Miss Maggie McDougall of Pt. Edward,
Ont., has arrived in the city. She will
teach the grammar department of the
Cass City schools the coming school
year.

Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock will give a social
at her residence for the benefit of the Pres-
byterian society this (Friday) evening. A
variety of fruits will be served as refresh-
ments.

H. C. Wales is now in the employ of the
Caro Marble Works. When thinking of
purchasing anything in his line you will
save both time and money by giving him
a call. Office over T. H. Hunt's store.

Take a day's rest after harvest and join
in the Vassar Times excursion to Bay
Port on Wednesday, Sept. 4th, via F. &
P. M. and S. T. & H. railways. This is
the first excursion over the new broad
gauge.

A Mr. Miller of Bay City called at this
office on Saturday. He informed us that
he is thinking very strongly of locating
here and starting a cigar factory. He
was quite favorably impressed with our
little city.

Did you hear the latest news? If not,
read the same over the signature of J. L.
Hitchcock. It must assuredly be true or
Mr. Hitchcock would not allow us to pub-
lish it over his name. We refer to his
ad on another page.

Thos. Ead will start on Monday morn-
ing next, with Dr. N. L. McLaughlin's
horse and buggy, for Findlay, Ohio. He
intends to drive the whole distance, if
Mr. Ead likes it in Findlay he will locate
there as he has a job awaiting him.

If you wish to see what painting and
other good mechanical work will do to-
wards changing the appearance of a
dwelling house just examine the domicile
of Postmaster Weydemeyer on Segar
street. It will be well worth your while.

There will be a social dance at the
Tennant house rink this (Friday) eve-
ning. Good music will be in attendance,
and the bill is \$1.00, including supper.
The dance is under the management of
Robt. J. Parker, and a good time may
be looked for.

Still another improvement in the Cass
City Woolen Mills. The proprietors, R.
A. Robinson & Co., are putting in a new
washing machine. They have placed the
same in a new addition, which they re-
cently built on the rear of the engine room.
They are hustlers.

Miss Minnie Botsford, who has been
making her parents and many friends a
very pleasant visit for the past few
months, leaves to-morrow morning for
Canadaigua, this state, she having been
engaged to teach the Canadaigua school
for another year, which will be the third
one in this same school.

The Caro Marble works set a monu-
ment this week for D. A. Reagh of Wick-
ware. Having had the pleasure of seeing
the stone we can say that it is the finest
piece of mechanism in this line of goods
that we have ever seen. It is of the lat-
est gothic design with a bouquet of flowers
adorning the top. The above works have
just lately received 25 monuments of the
very latest designs.

The fire department was called out on
Monday morning last by the fire alarm
sounding about 8 o'clock. The cause of
the alarm was a small fire in the resi-
dence of W. F. Luderman, on Third street.

In putting up a stove in the kitchen the
stove pipe, by an oversight, was not
properly connected, thereby setting fire
to the roof in the garret over the kitchen
part. The fire was extinguished before the
fire department arrived at the scene.

Owing to the great increase of business
during the past year the Caro Marble
works have found it necessary to secure
the services of some good man to act as
their agent in this village and surround-
ing country. H. C. Wales of this place is
the lucky man. The increase of the busi-
ness with this firm is owing to its square
and honest dealings with all its customers

and deserves, the confidence which the
people are bestowing on it at the present
time.

This is the best time to get rid of the
obnoxious Canada thistle. It is now in
bloom and the stems are hollow, so if
cut down now the stem will fill with
water during the rainy season and cause
them to rot. Perhaps parties who have
patches of this stuff should be reminded
that there is a penalty of \$10 for allow-
ing the weed to flourish on their premises
and that a fine of \$15 is attached to the
selling of grass seed containing thistle
seed.

The recent law authorizing a bounty of
three cents each for the English sparrow
provides that the heads shall be present-
ed to the village, township or county
clerk, who shall issue a certificate to the
person presenting the head of same and
the amount the person is entitled to
who upon presenting the same to the
county treasurer shall be paid the
amount the certificate calls for out of
the general or contingent fund of the
county.

Mac Wood has severed his connection
with the store of J. C. Laing, as was
announced last week. He took the train
on Monday for his home near Leonard,
this state. Mac has been in the employ
of J. C. Laing for over a year and has
made a great many friends, both in this
city and surrounding country, and the
vacancy in the social circle, caused by
his departure, will be a hard one to fill.
May he succeed wherever he concludes to
locate is the best wishes of all who know
him.

The Detroit Evening Journal is forging
to the front rapidly. It has always been
recognized as being in the van as a news-
paper. Although printed on a Scott
perfecting web press, with a capacity of
20,000 copies per hour, its rapidly in-
creasing circulation found this too slow,
and in order to meet the demand for a
clean news sheet Mr. Brearly has just
added a second press, giving a capacity
of 40,000 copies per hour. It is gratify-
ing to note the success of a journal of
such a character as the Evening Journal.

The international exposition bureau
of information has prepared a circular
containing a list of the hotels of Detroit
with their rates and the number of guests
they can accommodate during the ten
days of the great fair, Sept. 17-27. The
circular also has a complete street car,
steam and electric car and steamboat
directory of lines running to the expo-
sition grounds. The bureau has further a
list of boarding houses and private fam-
ilies willing to receive guests during the
fair. Address letters of information to
bureau of information, 8 Merrill block,
Detroit Mich.

Last Sunday morning about two
o'clock while the law-abiding citizens on
Main street of this place were enjoying
their usual peaceful slumber they were
awakened by outrageous cries, which, up-
on investigation, proved to be nothing
but a crowd of "blokes" who had dilated
considerable under the influence of Sara-
toga Mineral water during the evening.
They were on their way home from a
dance which was given at the Town hall
last Saturday evening. They were noth-
ing but a lot of brainless creatures who
were in every respect, with one exception,
unlike a decent human being, they having
the same form, but devoid of all other
points. When in the city again it would
be best to keep your fly traps closed and
leave the fences in front of private resi-
dences on Main street standing.

The fair meeting held on Saturday af-
ternoon last confined itself chiefly to the
election of officers, board of directors,
etc. The dates for holding the fair this
fall have not been definitely fixed on as
yet, but will probably be about the first
of October. A meeting of the fair asso-
ciation and also of the stockholders of
the new company was held yesterday, at
which the time of holding the fair and
the place were to be decided, but we go
to press too early to give the proceedings.
The following are the officers of the fair
association elected on Saturday after-
noon last: President, Sylvester Ale; sec-
retary, A. D. Gillies; treasurer, C. W.
McPhail. The board of directors is as
follows: H. D. Seeley, E. H. Pinney and
E. B. Landon, Tuscola county; Duncan
Buchanan, Jno. Murphy and Wm. S.
Wilson, Huron county; T. M. Bradshaw,
Jas. Reagh and H. M. Sanborn, Sanilac
county.

Parties intending to make exhibits in
the Detroit exposition should make their
entries and applications for space at
once, or they will be likely to get left, as
the special committee appointed by the
directors to allot spaces to exhibitors
have already granted floor room to over
200 exhibitors in the main building, and
begin to fear that, notwithstanding the
immense size of the buildings, they will
be overcrowded and space will have to be
made outside for some of the exhibitors.
This, notwithstanding the committee are
strict in rejecting all exhibits that are
not entirely up to the high standard
adopted by the association, it being the
fixed resolve to permit no display of any

kind, in any department, that is not really
first class of its kind. Many of the dis-
plays will be unique for beauty, artistic
arrangement and costliness and the
entire show will be the richest and
most tasteful show ever set before
the American public. In both quality
and quantity the exposition is already
sure to be a success.

Here are a few rules for you to follow
when you visit the postoffice: First.
If you ask for mail and are told there is
none, say there ought to be, and then go
and send the rest of the family to the of-
fice at different times during the day.
Second. Don't bring your letters to the
postoffice until the mail closes, then
curse the postmaster for not opening the
bag and putting your letter in. Third.
When you want a stamp on your letter,
tell the postmaster to put it on; if he
doesn't do it thrash him. In case you
put it on yourself, hold it in your mouth
long enough to remove the mucilage; it
will then stay on until it is dry. Fourth.
If you have a box and have forgotten the
key stand and drum on it until the
postmaster hands out your mail; it
makes him feel good, especially when he
is waiting on somebody. Fifth. Start
for your mail when you hear the train
arrive; you will then have a good time
waiting for it, and can say, "How slow
that postmaster is."

One of the peculiar advantages of the
location of the Detroit exposition is that
it is substantially independent of the
weather. In case it should rain, no mat-
ter how violently, there can be no mud
on the grounds, the surface being a por-
ous sand and silt, and besides not being
muddy it dries off in a few minutes.
Then the 15 acres of immense buildings
can easily shelter 50,000 to 100,000
people and show them everything just as
well on a rainy day as on a clear day.
There positively be no postponement of
any part of the program on account of
the weather. The grand concert, the band
tournament, the horse and cattle show,
in fact everything will go on and be en-
joyed with all under cover if it is neces-
sary. Then there is another great advan-
tage peculiar to the location. The street
and steam cars and the steamboats can
land their passengers at the doors of the
exposition under cover all the way, and
as comfortable and dry as if at home.
Rainy weather may spoil other fairs, but
it will make no difference with the expo-
sition. Let the people all over the coun-
try understand that the exposition pro-
gram will go on just the same, rain or
shine; and that, if it should rain, Detroit
boats and cars furnish ample facilities
for being carried to and from under shelter
and the exposition, with its electric lights
in rainy weather will be the most bright,
attractive and comfortable place in which
people can pass away the time delight-
fully when it is unpleasant everywhere
else.

Fair Warning.

All parties owing me for binding twine
must pay by Sept. 1st. I must have it
by that time, and all other accounts
must be settled for by October 1st.
J. H. STRIFFLER.

Notice.

All parties owing the undersigned are
requested to call and settle the same, as
money we must have. HOLMES BROS.

All parties indebted to me by note or
book account are requested to call and
settle the same at once without further
notice. DR. MCCLINTON, Cass City.

Farms and houses to rent. Enquire
of J. L. HITCHCOCK, Cass City.

Notice.

All persons owing us on account
please call and settle as we wish to bal-
ance all accounts by Sept. 15th.
FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

OWENDALE.

Samuel Good made a flying trip to Bad
Axe on Monday.
Hugh Crawford and wife visited Bad
Axe Saturday last.

R. Bailligh and Eph. McCullough ex-
changed teams Saturday last.
Wm. Burress and wife were visiting old
friends in Grant Centre Sunday.

Miss Jessie Taylor, of Meredith, is at
present visiting her parents, of this place.
John Robinson and A. Ross are at-
tending the P. M. conference at Leonard
this week.

Charley Crawford of the quarter line
struck a magnificent flowing well on Wed-
nesday last.

Miss Watson of Teeswater, Bruce Co.,
Ont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Johnnie
Campbell, at present.

Home Rule Lodge attended the large
picnic held at Unionville Wednesday last,
under the auspices of the P. of L.

Mrs. R. E. Gamble of Cass City rusti-
cated in these suburbs on Saturday last
with an eye to business in general.

Mr. Thurston's genial smiles are ex-
tending over the community at present.
A little girl at his place. What will you
have boys?

A gentleman hailing from near Union-
ville is threshing for a number of the

farmers in this part at present, greatly
downing his opponents on prices.

Wm. Burress, our enterprising black-
smith, has exchanged his handsome spot-
ted colt for an Idaho horse with a gen-
tleman in the vicinity of Kilmanagh.

Jas. Outwater of Cass City was in this
burg on business Friday, and reports a
land office business in the line of sewing
machines and organs, also claiming to
down the county on prices.

Miss Olly Carrol of Grant Centre was
the guest of Mrs. Cross on Wednesday,
and reports a situation in the large school
at Sebewaing. Olly's many friends in
this part will be glad to learn of her suc-
cess.

The Gagetown Festival

Among the pleasant events which
occur in our village at about this time
each year is the annual festival of St.
Agatha's church under the management
of the Catholic society, and Tuesday
heralded the approach of another of
these jubilees. From early morning
crowds began to arrive from our neigh-
boring towns, and were welcomed by
inspiring music from Dr. Etherinton's
cornet band, previous to their depart-
ure for Unionville. The excessive
heat of the day had a tendency to les-
sen the number of arrivals in the fore-
noon, but the noon train brought a
large number from Cass City, and by
one o'clock the festivities were at their
height. Echo hall was the scene of
liveliness, where jubilant pleasure seek-
ers were flitting to and fro to the music
of an excellent orchestra, which fur-
nished music for the occasion. The
sports and games commenced about
two o'clock, the first on the program
being the rifle shooting. The lucky
man who hit the "bull's eye" was Robt.
Clark of Unionville, who secured the
valuable prize of a magnificent silver
cup. The next contest was the running
race a distance of 100 yards. Only
five contestants entered the field, and
Jake Keyser and Jno. Bradford of Wis-
ner carried off first and second honors
respectfully. This seemed to be a lucky
day for Mr. Keyser as he captured the
first prizes in the next two contests—
the egg and sack race. Perhaps the
most strife and more competitors en-
tered the field in throwing the stone
than in any of the above. About twelve
skill men gave an exhibition of their
and muscle, but P. Kinyon of Caro
had the tact to throw the heavy weight
beyond the mark reached by his ad-
versaries. After this contest came the
jumping match, which concluded the
day's sport in this line. The crowd
then repaired to the hall and tripping
the light fantastic was indulged in dur-
ing the remainder of the day and eve-
ning. Perhaps the sultry weather dur-
ing the past few days and the bustling
of the harvest season was the cause,
but not as large a crowd was present on
Tuesday, as has assembled on former
occasions, but everything passed off
harmoniously, and it certainly was a
very joyous affair. Rev. C. T. B.
Krebs deserves special praise and com-
mendation for his efforts in the man-
agement of these annual festivals, and
in bringing to our town each year such
a large concourse of people. May the
interest manifested on these occasions
never cease, but increase from year to
year, and long may the remembrance
of the annual festival just closed remain
firmly fixed in the minds of St. Agatha's
parishioners and the citizens of Gage-
town.

I have just opened up a first-class bar-
ber shop. One trial is all I ask, also
ladies' hair dressing and razor honing a
specialty. All work guaranteed. O. D.
Hopkins, Gagetown, Mich.

When in need of drugs do not forget to
call on Jas. Hume, the manager of May-
nard's drug store. The goods are all
fresh and pure. Night calls promptly
answered at the store.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, August 23.

Wheat, o. 1 white..... 74
Wheat, No. 2, white..... 68

do o. 2 red..... 74
do No. 3 red..... 68

Oats..... 18 @ 19
Beans hand-picked..... 100 @ 150

do unpicked..... 90 @ 125
Rye..... 35 @ 40

Barley..... 75 @ 100
Clover seed..... 300 @ 350

Potatoes per bushel..... 25 @ 40
Butter..... 25

Wool..... 10
Eggs..... 10

Wool..... 26 @ 32

A RUSSIAN ADVENTURE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

Wallace, an American, was walking in a art of St. Petersburg where there were many pretentious houses, but little travel; he had met no one, save a lighter of the street lamps, for a quarter of an hour.

Suddenly from out the shadow of a porch came a young and prepossessing man who raised his hat courteously.

"I think you arrived in Petersburg last evening?" said he to Wallace, in perfectly good English.

The American stared at him. The stranger followed up his question by another:

"When you were about to enter your hotel last evening, perhaps you picked up an lady had dropped?"

Wallace started; he had been thinking of the lady of the fan.

The evening before had been exceptionally warm for September. In the glare of the hotel entrance, as he was about to enter, a lady and gentleman in evening dress passed by. The lady dropped her fan. The American stooped and picked it up.

She was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; nature and art had done marvels for her. Her glittering eyes encountered his, while a delicate eastern aroma emanated from her garments was almost intoxicating. There was a heightened bloom on her rounded cheek, a disclosure of white teeth, and her little gloved hand went out to take the fan.

Another instant and her companion had rasped the toy from the American with so much rudeness that the latter looked up to his scowling face.

The lady laughed a low laugh, and bestowing a quick glance at Wallace, moved on to her escort, evidently bound for some grand entertainment. Wallace looked after her two.

"That woman is an arrant coquette," he said to himself. "I should not be surprised she dropped that fan purposely to annoy a jealous wretch at her side in having me pick it up. Heaven, but she is beautiful!"

He entered the hotel, and having no luggage, and scarcely believed when he said he would leave in two days, as he had only come from Odessa, where business took him, merely to see the capital, was regarded suspiciously, and was very carefully watched.

He knew little of this suspicion, however. He went to bed and dreamed of the beautiful woman he had decided was a coquette.

In the morning his first thought was for her. She was uppermost in his mind all day. In the twilight of the evening he went out for a walk. He went farther than he intended. He found himself alone, then up came the man with questions.

Wallace, not averse to finding out if this were an enigma, said:

"It would be difficult to forget so lovely woman."

The Russian eyes flashed.

"Good!" he said; "of course one must remember her having once seen her. I am her cousin, Ossip Dostoyevsky. I came from her with a word for you."

"For me?" cried Wallace.

"She accused herself of rudeness," returned the Russian impudently. "She wishes to thank you in person for the small service you rendered her. If you will consent—and the Americans are proverbially all people—she bowed low; Wallace bowed at him for a hidden sneer—"you will be good enough to follow me to the Countess Anna Ivanovna."

Doing something in the man's manner, Wallace with the rashness of youth replied:

"The Countess Anna Ivanovna honors me."

The Russian bowed and stopped a little in advance. This should have appealed to him as odd, but Wallace was curious to know how the matter would end. Though he had gone thus only a hundred yards or so, he began to think he was making a fool of himself—how did he know but there was some trickery at hand? The Russian knew all about his nationality, must likely know he was a stranger in the city, probably was not acquainted with the fact that he new no one in the place, and might not be ignorant of the bank notes in his pocket, and the diamonds he was carrying from Odessa, home to his fair American fiancée. The idea of a countess acting in this fashion! He was about to cry halt, when he found that the man had ascended a flight of steps in front of a marble residence and disinterestedly opened the leaves of a wide hall door. The spirit of adventure predominated over caution.

The next minute Wallace found himself in a long hall of marble, the polished walls shined here and there with onyx and malachite, a brass lamp suspended by chains from the ceiling partially illuminating the apartment and disclosing the only piece of furniture there, a tripod upon which burned an incense. The Russian flung open the door to the right, and there was a flash of light from many candelabra within.

"Please to enter," he said, quite like a grand chamberlain.

The affair was piquant now. Wallace was no coward; but he could not help blinking of those at home, especially of his fiancée, in the manner attributed to men in the point of drowning.

The drawing room he entered was a large, luxuriously-furnished apartment, albeit with a touch of barbarism in its splendor. Heavy curtains of maize-colored satin draped the five long windows; there were mahogany tables, artistic bronzes, marbles, arched furniture of ponderous beauty, kinds of animals upon the floor, a brass urn in a corner holding a bush of vivid red roses.

He was about to address the man who had ushered him into the house, when he found that he was alone in the room.

He was alone only for a minute, though, for a curtain at the extremity of the salon was pushed aside, and clad in a long robe of rose hued velvet, stiff with embroidery of metal, the beautiful creature of the evening before approached him.

The blue eyes were bright as the brilliants upon her snowy neck; her arms, against the blazing velvet of her gown, were like ivory, and one of them was clasped by a bracelet in the form of a snake whose diamond eyes set upon quivering spirals of fine wire moved as though they were alive.

She extended her hand!

"You were most kind to me," she said. I regret that I have but time for a few words, as I am due at a department reception. I wish to apologize for an unintentional rudeness on my part. I thank you for restoring my fan to me."

Wallace, in the blaze of her beauty, realizing the oddity of the adventure, stammered a few words and knew that he had never been more awkward. His confusion appeared not to displease the lady—it was evidently complimentary to her.

"Pray be seated," said she, "and let me give you some tea."

"She went to the samovar and returned with two smoking Sevres cups.

She placed herself beside the American upon a sofa and began to talk as though she had long known him. He never rightly knew what she said to him at first, but after awhile his wits cleared and he found that she was familiar with his country and institutions, glancing every now and then toward the door leading into the hall, as though she expected some one.

Then all at once she said:

"You evidently consider my sending for you a rather bold proceeding." She smiled. Timid souls here in Petersburg have said that I am the boldest woman this side of Siberia. Siberians may yet call me a not unbrave dweller in their midst."

"Political, thought Wallace.

"But now we will be conventional," she went on. "We will be namby-pamby and speak about music. Do you know Moszkowsky?"

In five minutes Wallace was captivated—he had never come across such a woman. In ten minutes she had bewitched him; that the same subtle perfumes he had smelled last night had something to do with it. That the diamond eyes of her snake-like bracelet charmed him as those of a natural opidian might have done.

Her tea cup was empty; he arose to relieve her of it, when she started to her feet, and the porcelain fell to the ground with a crash. She swept her train over her fragments.

"I will tell you more later on," she said hastily, "and then you will allow me to ask your pardon for the use I will have made of you. Surely, you will, will you not?"

Her eyes upon him, her lips appealing to him, Wallace, although he thought of the little fiancée over in America, felt like throwing himself at her feet and telling her to command him, make use of him in any way her whim suggested.

She noted the effect she made on him, and laughed a low sweet laugh that was like music.

"Thank you," she said, as though he had granted her a request in so many words. "And now, quick! I hear someone on the hall pavement!—pray obey my caprice—go into the room, there beyond the curtain, the room I came from, and from a little window there, almost concealed by the curtain, look on the comely you will witness in this room. You will understand then. Do I ask too much?"

Did he obey her, though he knew not to what he went? Her beauty, her voice, the aroma of the strange perfume rendered him helpless. The room into which he made his way was dark. He found the little window of which she had spoken, nearly covered with the amber portieres of the entrance. He wiped his forehead, and with a sigh of relief to be out of her presence, looked more calmly into the apartment he had just quitted.

She stood with a smile on her perfect lips watching the door that led to the hall.

That door was pushed open, and Wallace recognized in the man who entered, him who had been her companion the evening before, and who had so roughly grasped the fan from the hand of the American. He was frowning, his face ablaze.

"Serge, my dove," said the beautiful creature, standing in the middle of the room, "you have come to take me to the ball where I shall see all the tyrants at their best."

"Anna Ivanovna," he said where is the man?"

"The man, sudarina moja," she cried innocently, "the man, my heart's soul!"

"The man you made eyes at last night. The American—tell me where he is?"

Again she laughed her pretty laugh.

"Do you see him, beloved?" she said.

"And now for the ball. Will you ring for my cloak?"

He strode up to her.

"Who has drunk tea with you?" he demanded, pointing to the cup Wallace had used.

"I have drank a cup of tea, to be sure. Should I have had it in a glass?" she returned merrily. "Now, dear one, ring for my cloak. The lions will be uncaged when we reach the ball."

"Whose cup is that broken beneath your train?" he asked.

She had moved a little, and the splinters of the cup were quite plainly exposed.

"Oh, little father," she cried, clasping her hands in simulated distress, "if so jealous before marriage, what will it be after!"

"Anna Ivanovna," he said, "the American has been here. I have stood much for a year. I stand no more. Your secrets are safe with me, your political intrigues. Adieu!"

"Serge," she laughed, "poor Serge! my white slave Serge!"

"Adieu!" he said.

"Serge, Serge," she went on, as though she were charming him, her hands locked before her, the eyes of her bracelet quivering.

"Serge!"

The man looked at her. He gritted his teeth. He ran from her, only to rush back, to clasp her in his arms and press a hot kiss on her lips.

Then he turned to the door.

"Serge," she said, "Serge, who dares not leave me, as I choose not to leave him! Serge!" With a cry like that of a wounded animal he ran back to her.

"Do your worst," he said, "denounce me at the ball to-night, if you will. I will not say what share you have in my plans, but I will treat you as I would treat a mink who had presumed to walk before me. Thus!"

He raised his hand and smote her upon the smiling face.

Then he was gone.

She stood there as though turned to stone. There was a red mark on her cheek. Nothing about her moved, even the jewels on her neck seemed not to scintillate—only the eyes of the snake on her arm, flashed and flashed.

She must have remained thus two or three minutes, when a second man entered the drawing-room. It was he who had accosted Wallace in the street, and brought him to the house.

He looked about him.

"Ah, my Cousin Anna," he said, "so the American is gone!"

She did not answer him.

"Anna," he said, in a startled tone of voice, "what is it? Surely Serge Ormankoff has not refused to join you in your dangerous adventure with the students at the ball to-night? Why everything is ready, the plans work well—"

"What did you tell Serge Ormankoff when you detained him at the door this evening?" she asked.

"Only what you bade me," he answered, "that the American you admired last evening, had paid you a visit."

"Did you tell him that I was playing a practical joke—that I was teasing him because of his jealousy that will yet wreck us and our plans?"

"I left that for you to tell him. Has he been here?"

"You know that he has. Look here!" She raised her hand and pointed to the red mark upon her face.

"Well!" he asked.

"Serge Ormankoff's seal of refusal to be of us any more. He struck me."

"Struck you?" he cried, struck you! Struck the woman he took from me—the woman he has asked to be his wife! I have long vowed to do him harm, and now—"

"Hush!" she interrupted, "and heed me. Do you still love me as you used to boast that you did?"

The man seems overcome by her question.

"Boast!" he cried. "O Anna! Annuschka!"

"Serge Ormankoff, through your failure to be more explicit with him at the door, has left me and my plans forever," she went coldly on. "Do you still love me?"

"Love you? Love you!" he cried, a light seeming to break in upon him. "Do you mean that you would revenge yourself upon him—that you would become my wife in order to punish him who cannot live without you—Serge Ormankoff? O, my white dove, my angel! Love you! I worship you, I—"

"And it was your love that caused you to tell Serge seriously, what I told you to tell him in jest! I refer to the visit of the American. And do you know that his refusal to assist me keeps Russia still under the sway of tyrants!"

"Ah Anna," he cried abjectly, could I help it—I who adore, I whom you have promised to marry before ever Serge Ormankoff offered to aid Russia in exchange for your hand! Anna, my star, dushinka moja, I have as keen an intellect as his. I will free Russia for you—ah, with this shall the red mark on the face of my wife call forth a redder stain above the heart of the Count Serge Ormankoff."

He tore a glittering knife from his pocket.

She looked sharply at him.

"Ossip Dostoyevsky," she said, "you have taken Serge Ormankoff from me as you have long threatened to do. In exchange for him whom you insist I care nothing for, and only used for his power to perfect my plans for the amelioration of the condition of my native land, do you give yourself to me?"

"My life, all that I have and am, or can do is thine. O beautiful one," he cried, rapturously.

"Your life!" she said, and something of her old gay manners returned. "Your life! Boaster!"

He walked to her. He put the dirk into her hand.

"Anna," he said, "Serge Ormankoff will denounce you to-morrow. To-night that knife shall find its way to his heart. I swear it! But I am yours—if you doubt that my life, my soul, belongs to you, drive the steel into my own heart that has so long been tortured by its want of you."

"Very pretty. And yet you must own that you would kill Serge Ormankoff because he struck me, not because of the fear that he will betray my plot in which he had a share?"

"It is so."

"Because I read you, Ossip, and I know that it would have been you who would betray me, had not Serge left me to-night and forever, eh? Do I not know your heart and that you would have sent me to Siberia rather than that I should become Countess Ormankoff?"

His face was crimson.

"I love you," he answered doggedly. "And I swear that I will this night have the life of the man who raised his hand against you—I swear it by the Obraz, the picture of the Virgin! Besides, does not your safety demand the eternal silence of that man?"

She laughed her beautiful laugh.

"Too true," said she. "I know that should Serge live until to-morrow I shall not be safe. Come a little nearer, Ossip Dostoyevsky, a little nearer."

"To embrace you," he cried.

His arms out, he sprang at her. She raised the dirk. His eyes were on hers.

"I do not fear, Annuschka," he said, "my dove."

"Nor I," she shrieked.

There was a flash, a plunge, and without a groan he fell at her feet, the knife buried to the hilt in his breast. Serge felt lifeless to the floor without a movement or a tremor, and the crimson stream that poured from his breast attested the fatal accuracy of the fair murderess' aim. Her aim had been sure, for the knife had found his heart. She looked at the dead body in all the perfect composure of her complete self-control. She did not change color, she did not faint or scream, and an observer could not tell, from her countenance, that anything unusual had happened.

And Wallace, the spectator of all this? He ran from the little room, down the length of the splendid salon, past the dead man, past the resplendent creature in pink velvet. She did not look up, she did not hear him—she had forgotten him.

But at the door of the drawing room he paused for an instant and glanced back.

Anna Ivanovna stood above the body of the man who had loved her, and wiped a crimson stain from her soft white finger upon her delicate lace handkerchief, that waited through the apartment the intoxicating perfume which seemed a part of her dangerous charm. Her face was pale, her lips pressed tightly together. Wallace's nervous hand rattled the knob of the door.

She slowly raised her eyes and saw the American. She stiffened herself.

"You did this," she said, "I will inform on you this minute."

And then her shrieks resounded through the place.

Wallace encountered no one in the marble hall, although he heard a scurrying of feet near by. Then he was out in the night, fleeing for his life.

He was in the railway station, on the train, and her cries were still ringing in his ears.

He did not feel safe till he was once more in America, his little fiancée listened with bated breath as he recounted his Russian adventure.—Yankee Blade.

Different Patient, but Same Treatment.

In a hospital in one of the large cities of central France the physician-in-chief, in the course of his round of inspection, approached a cot and after feeling the patient's pulse, remarked:

"Hum—he is doing very nicely; his pulse is much better." "It is as you say, doctor," replied the nurse; "but it is not the same man. Yesterday's patient is dead, and this one has been put in his place." "Ah!" said the doctor, "different patient, eh? Well, same treatment." And walked on.

SUCCESS IN MARRIAGE.

The Sensible Views of an Extremely Sensible Woman.

On the much mooted question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" a lady writes to the Chicago Inter Ocean some remarks so sensible that we can not but quote them for the benefit of our readers:

A woman makes a failure of marriage unless she makes an effort to do a great deal more than is implied in her marriage contract. It is supposed that the husband supplies the material for the home, and they are very raw materials indeed unless the wife takes hold of those means with the hand of a creator, building up out of them helps and associations loved and needed by both. And a woman must put her soul into her house, or it is a hollow and sounding shell.

As high as we must rate the accomplishment of good housekeeping, it is not all in the making of a home. I know a lady who was a marked failure as a housekeeper who was the idol of her husband, and who graduated to the world a family of accomplished and honored children. And there are women who in pain and weakness are confined to their own rooms, yet who manage to hold the power in an orderly house and fill it full of love-light and happiness sufficient for the comfort of all who cross its threshold.

It is the quality of recognizing and filling need that is the essential quality of success in marriage. Practically, if a man comes home from business with a headache, hungry for a bit of sympathy and love, and a good deal of quiet, and finds his wife in a raging excitement over an elaborate dinner, and is ordered to keep out of the way and amuse the children till the great proceeding is culminated, he is about as unfortunate as the man who brings a college friend home to dinner and finds his wife in wrapper and slippers deep in a French novel. But the woman who spies the coming friend from the window slides out of her wrapper in a twinkling and appears upon the scene in due time with a soul cheering cup of French coffee, is the woman who makes her husband envied among men.

Unfortunately women have hobbies, and ride and ride and never perceive that they are boring their companions to death. There are men who would go to war to be rid of paper flowers, hair flowers, rugs, tidies and what not; and there are men who think art and music are inventions of the evil one to make people miserable. Any one, anywhere, who cultivates a hobby at the expense of other people's comfort is making a failure of life; but true politeness of the heart between friend and friend, man and wife, will obviate the danger of overdone amusements.

It is easier to forgive virtuous excess of zeal, and it is mostly excess of zeal for excellence of some kind that causes some women to be more exclusive housewives than wives of men. The greatest charity should be extended to a woman who makes her house so perfect in detail and polished in appearance that her friends go into it with fear and trembling, for she is afflicted with a virtuous zeal, and has only overdrawn a very good thing. Housekeeping has its fanatics and martyrs as well as any other good cause.

But housekeeping conducted as a means of happiness and comfort, either in a cabin or a palace, is a science that no wife can neglect if she wishes to sustain the law of mutual helpfulness in marriage.

A wife expects her husband upon marriage to begin a course of toiling for her support without remission or any suspension of responsibility, and why should he not expect her to aspire to the greatest excellence in homemaking? Just here is where the wedge of dissolution frequently enters. A woman fails to give as much as she receives—that is, she works from compulsion more than from a desire to keep up her side of the partnership with dignity and grace.

But one says: "I work all the time; I work like a slave." Yes, my dear, you do work like a slave—just like a slave, and not like a responsible being seeking an end and not the means. You have braided little Eva's dress up and down and all over, which does not help little Eva, and your husband would have appreciated you more had you spent your evenings with folded hands and happy face in your rocking-chair by his side. You spent hours of time on unnecessary things and forgot the essentials of your partnership, which is to evolve as much peace and comfort as possible out of your materials.

The science of good housekeeping in these days, when we can buy so many conveniences, is not so much superiority in any one thing as a general excellence in every thing. We do not need cooking-schools for girls so much as schools where all branches of home-making are taught, in order to preserve the balance of usefulness in the girl's mind. A man does not want to marry a chef de cuisine, and it is no wonder the papers make fun of cooking-schools. To learn one department of housekeeping to the neglect of everything else is ruinous.

If a woman is to marry, there is nothing so much to be valued as good health and good sense and a very loving heart, and then it will follow that she will adapt herself to the calls upon her ability. When a woman marries for a life of ease and doesn't get it, there is certainly no remedy in her

case so long as she forgets that life is a struggle anywhere, and feels that she should be excused from helping to carry the burdens of those by whom she may be surrounded.

The mutual bearing and forbearance of life is as greatly the secret of happiness in marriage as in anything else. We have to tolerate unpleasant things in our companions in any relations of life, and why try to build up a law of marriage in any other way?

In Nature's Paths.

"Why," asked the Mole, pausing in the midst of an excavation contract which nobody wanted him to continue, while he leisurely conversed with the Eagle, in order to kill the working time that hangs so heavily upon the ennuied stricken hands of the day laborer. "Why do you sit gazing so steadily up into the dim blue ether?" "Because," replied the king of birds, who was too fly to get stuck on a simple hand woven conundrum, "it is a soar spot with me."

So saying he picked up the humble Delver of the soil, and made it sore for him. This fabula docets that when a man asks a conundrum he should be ready to dive into the bomb proof as he perfects the alignment of his closing sentence.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

Rather Bright. Wasn't It?

Not a thousand miles from Boston dwells a man who has recently wed a third spouse. It was the somewhat eccentric whim of the second wife to have a picture painted wherein she and the first wife were represented as standing together with their arms entwined about each other's waists. When the third wife came into power she was at first somewhat puzzled to know what to do with this extraordinary production of combined affection and art. With genuine woman's wit, however, she hit upon the idea of having the piece worked over, and with what result may be judged from a conversation in regard to the picture which took place between the bride and one of her wedding callers. The visitor inquired if the picture represented relatives of the family.

"No, not relatives," the wife replied. "I believe the originals were distant connection of my husband, but the picture represents 'Faith and Resignation.' It is thought that the figure of Faith resembles a former friend of Mr. Smith, but I cannot tell, as I never saw her."—Boston Transcript.

Englishmen as Husbands.

I wish a few American women could have English husbands for about one month. They would then realize what it means to take all the money that Charles has got, while Charlie laughs at your cuteness and then laughs still more when at midday you call him up on the telephone, ask him if he loves you, tell him you have seen a bonnet that will make him think you are 15 years old, and repeat that delicious day when you first met him, and won't he please send you a check for it?

The English husband is not built this way. His creed is that a woman should have as little money as possible, as few desires, and then look as well as women who have more money and gratify all their wishes. The Englishman as a man is most interesting—as a husband he is a failure.—New York Graphic.

The Speech Was Not Made.

A man who gets the reputation as a good after dinner speaker is usually one who has power to tell a story well. It may not always be a very new story or a very witty one, but if it is well told it is almost certain to be successful at a dinner party. One thing is fatal in such an attempt—prosiness. Sometimes, however, a success is won in not telling a story when it is expected, in not making a speech when people suppose that one is coming. A certain famous and witty Englishman visiting America, was asked to make an after dinner speech at the ladies' night of a Boston club. It was a literary man, so it was expected very naturally that he would glorify his profession and that of his hearers. Instead of doing so he rose gravely and, with a serious glance at the fruits of the desserts still on the table before him, began: "Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated, "I come not—here to talk."

All eyes were turned toward him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated, "I come not here to talk."

People began to laugh, seeing that brevity was really the soul of his wit.

"I come not here to talk," said he, "I come not here to talk." Then, with another glance at the fruit and a modest gesture of deprecation, I come not here to talk!"

And he sat down, while everyone laughed and applauded.—Youth's Companion.

Where is the Schoolmaster?

There are 125,000 persons who can neither read nor write, all in one state, and it isn't in Texas, either, that we find them. They are in Massachusetts. What is wanted in Massachusetts is a little less culture and a little more reading, writin', n' rethmetic; less eye glawss and more eyes; less accent and more education.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Have you any children?" asked the landlord. "None but a goat," was the reply. "All right; you can have the house."—Boston Courier.

Emphasis in Life.

Some people find fault because a few have so much influence in politics, in business, in society and even in church. They seem to forget that it is inevitable and applies even in childhood and youth. In every school and on every playground a few dictate the policy, and lead in fun and hard work, in thought and action, because of the emphasis they place upon what they say and do. It is still in emphasis that usually determines success.

If it is known how any one emphasizes life it is easy to estimate the probabilities of success. Emphasis in life is much like emphasis in reading.

The first principle in each case is to emphasize ideas, not words. There is a radical difference between the two. Superintendent George Howland of Chicago read "Evangeline" to one of the grammar schools of that city on Friday afternoon a year ago, and I chanced to be present when the pupils read their compositions on the reading.

A bright little foreign boy wrote: "I thought so grate a man would read very loud, but he didn't. I thought he would emphasize it lots, but he never emphasized a word; but, oh, my, didn't he picture the story, though! I shall see it as long as I live." This is a vivid illustration of emphasis upon ideas rather than words.

This principle holds in life. Success depends upon magnifying essentials. Some people tire us in their talk because they dwell upon minor details about which we care nothing, while others fascinate us by giving the pith of a story so that we do not wish a word omitted. This is a land and age of progress. A man's life must show on the face of it that every word and act tells, and that he has not done the best that he will ever do.—St. Louis Republican.

Lack of Experience Evident.

Old Physician—"What! You called in Dr. Blank during my absence? Why, he's just out of college."

Patient—"Indeed! He certainly is not a young man!"

Old Physician—"No; he's of middle age; but it's plain to see he's new to this business. Why, I saw him this very morning looking down in the mouth just because he had lost a patient."—New York Weekly.

The Influence of Tobacco.

The first impression made by the smoke of tobacco is through the blood, and inasmuch as the whole volume of blood courses through the body in from three to five seconds, the indications of its effect, from the many compounds of which it is composed, are felt universally in the young smoker.

After a short time, as the blood becomes charged with the poisons, the organic nervous chain and the organs it supplies are powerfully impressed.

For the young and adolescent the habit of smoking causes impairment of

WORK.

We are not here for holidays; our lives are not dreaming. While toiling hands and busy hands are laboring all around; Men are stirring, wheels are whirling, fires gleaming, vessels steaming, There is work on land and ocean and in regions underground. And full often, as I ponder o'er some lofty pile upspringing, On triumphant deeds accomplished, on some mighty victory won, I find that in my ears a chime of thought has been set ringing—"All great works are made up of little works well done."

LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"Tausend Teufel!" muttered Bohmer, with a fierce wrath in his voice and glance. "To think such a heartless brute should have it in his power to bully us!" Pierre looked gratefully down at him as if thanking him for that classification of sympathy.

"You are very good to me," he said gently, "and I cannot give you ought save thanks."

"Nothing is needed," muttered the soldier gruffly. "I am only sorry you have such a bad time of it among us here. Devil take me if I can understand why. It seems as if the Herr Commander had some special grudge against you."

Pierre turned suddenly away. "Doubtless he has," he thought to himself. "He but obeys orders."

"You will not work now, you are not fit for it," pleaded Bohmer, following him eagerly.

Pierre smiled sadly at his entreating voice.

"It's a soldier's first duty to obey," he said gently. The man's face flushed beneath all its sun-tanned darkness.

"A fit rebuke. Ach! mein Gott! that you were a German!"

It was the honest fellow's constant regret. He could not bear to think that discipline so exact—endurance so great—patience so exemplary, should belong to the ranks of his despised and beaten foe, yet his reluctant admiration grew deeper every day. He could not but see what heroism lay beneath that calm exterior—a heroism far nobler than any called forth by the tumult, danger and excitement of war—a heroism that bore hunger, thirst, toil, insult, contumely, and yet no sign of insubordination, uttered no complaint of unmerited wrongs, and let the calm light of his influence shine alike on friend and foe till, if none loved, at least all revered him for it.

He braced his weary frame now as best he could. He turned to his duties and worked on steadily, uncomplainingly—to receive what—a cut from a lash, a taunt from a mocking tone, a volley of oaths and threats that made his blood boil and his eyes flame with the indignation they sought to arouse. But the coarsest upbraiding and reviling could not make him forget in the presence of his compatriots the lesson he had so well learnt. He listened in silence, or with simple direct replies, but before those gleaming eyes of the prisoned soldiery, those fiery, indignant glances that seemed to urge him on to mutiny, and promise any support in insubordination, he would not relinquish the curb that held passion in such strong restraint, and gave for tyranny—obedience.

"You have carried out my orders well, Niedmann," said Colonel von Brandstein that afternoon, as he stood talking to the commandant. "That French soldier looks well broken in. By the by, is his health good?"

"I think not. He had been very ill before he came on here, and to-day he had some sort of fit or other in the barrack yard."

"Ah," murmured the colonel thoughtfully. "Well, do not relax your care for him. We have too much of this useless lumber in this country now. A few bales here and there can easily be spared."

The other smiled, meaningly.

"I suppose this man is one of the few?" he said, with marked emphasis.

"Your perspicuity is wonderful, Herr Commandant," said the colonel as he half stooped to disentangle the sword-knot at his side. "He is."

CHAPTER XII.

"THE STRENGTH OF WEAKNESS."

That he should dare to do me this disgrace! Is fashion coward writ upon my face?—Dryden.

"I HAVE done your bidding," said Leopold von Brandstein, as he took a seat by Ninette's side. "I have found out your friend and am trying to serve him."

It was very late; Leon Monprat had gone to the door to say farewell to some of his guests, and Ninette and the Colonel were alone. The girl turned eagerly toward him.

"Are you jesting, do you really mean it?" she asked, hurriedly.

"I should never jest with you, mademoiselle," was the grave response. "I have said that I have done your bidding. But this man is a thankless brute. The very first offer of my services met with naught but insolence."

Despite his care, the strong hatred and jealousy he felt for the unfortunate man gave bitterness to his voice, and flashed for a moment in his eyes, but Ninette was too busy in the endeavor to master her own emotion to notice him.

"I am very sorry for that," she said presently, in a voice that trembled despite her efforts to control it. "But remember how hard a fate is his—a prisoner in a strange land, no friends, no liberty. He needs pity."

"He is fortunate in possessing yours."

She flushed hotly, then glanced at the dark handsome face beside her with a disdain in her own eyes that angered him more than her words.

"If you think fit to arraign my sympathies, monsieur, I think I had better retire."

"Wait," he said, imperatively. "Heavens! I will know the truth of this matter. Do you love this man?"

She sprung away from his detaining grasp and faced him with an indignation that roused his admiration to fever point. She looked so lovely, thus, with her spirited head so proudly raised, her soft eyes brilliant in their anger, her hands clasped on her heavy bosom, as if to stay its stormy sighs.

"I shall not answer you. What right have you to question me thus?" He laughed aloud.

"The right of my own love for you, ma belle. You need not pretend surprise. You know I love you as well as you know that the stars shine yonder."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Why?" he asked passionately. "It cannot be that you have no tenderness, no sympathy for me. Listen, I could make you so happy. You should be as a sovereign in your wealth and beauty and omnipotence. All the treasures of the world I would pour at your feet. Your life should be as a dream of delight on a summer's day. Its hours winged by love and set to the music of endless enjoyment. Poverty, sadness, discontent, should never touch you. Your name should mean to every man's ears all that is beautiful, imperious, celebrated. Every desire and caprice of your heart should be gratified, and all I ask in return is—your love."

Her laugh rang out on the midnight stillness, clear, mocking, derisive.

"Have you said all? I thought only God was omnipotent. The things that you promise are not in the power of any mortal to bestow."

"They are in the power of love."

For a moment her face softened, her thoughts went back to that blissful week when the music of one voice had transfused her whole life with joy, when the language love had spoken from eyes in whose gaze she could never again read its mute and passionate eloquence. She shook like a leaf where she stood, with the flame of the yellow lamplight on her light hair and soft flowing dress.

He gazed at her, and reading the softening face, the lustrous eyes, by the light of his own desires, he came nearer once more.

"Say the word, my beautiful, and I am your slave forever."

"The word—what word?"

"That you will be mine; that you love me."

"Love you!" she laughed scornfully; "you! why I have never even thought of you."

"By heaven, but you shall!" he shouted fiercely, as he drew her into his arms in the delirium and abandonment of the passion that her scorn only lashed to greater intensity, to hotter pursuit. She wrested herself from his grasp and flew to the door.

"This is the second time you have insulted me, Herr von Brandstein," she said. "It shall be the last."

And ere he could stay her she was gone.

An instant after Leon Monprat entered. His face was pale and troubled, his manner nervous and apologetic.

"I fear you are but a rough lover, mein Herr," he said deprecatingly; "you have frightened Ninette out of her senses."

Leopold von Brandstein drew a deep breath. His face was still flushed, his eyes dark with the mingled emotions that swept through his undisciplined heart. He felt furious with her, enraged with himself, in that he had so far forgotten the tact and courtesy with which he had resolved to woo her, and which had never failed him so utterly before. An imprecation fell from his lips now, that startled his hearer. Baffled passion, furious jealousy alone raged within him. He forgot all else.

"Hark you, Monprat," he said, "win her I will! The more difficult the conquest the stronger my determination to make it. You promised to aid me—see that you do. You know you are in my power. A word from me and you will be a beggar tomorrow. My infatuation for this girl surprises even myself. I will make her my wife even, that I may be the more certain of her."

"Your wife!" fell from the astonished lips of Leon Monprat.

"Yes—I would do even that. I, who have held up matrimony as a social bugbear all my life long. It matters not what obstacle lie in my way. Once resolved on a thing I carry it out. Now, it seems absurd that two men should be thwarted in their plans by a weak girl. Swear to me you will aid me in this, and on the day that sees us wedded I will give you a release from the debts you owe, and settle on you for the future a sum that will indemnify you against even the hazards of gambling."

Leon looked at him with eyes incredulous and amazed.

"You will do this," he gasped, in bewilderment, "and for her?"

"I will—mad as it seems."

For a moment the man hesitated—some plying instinct, some touch of natural compassion for the girl he had so bitterly wronged swept across his heart. "I would do it," he muttered slowly, at last, "but—there is a serious obstacle."

"What is it?" demanded the other, with uncontrolled impatience.

"She is already married."

With one bound Leopold von Brandstein crossed the space between them and seized him by the throat.

"Hound, spy, liar!" he hissed. "Do you dare to mock me? You swore she was your daughter."

The slender frame of the French-

man swayed like a reed in the grasp of his powerful antagonist. His teeth chattered with terror, his limbs shook and trembled.

"So she is," he gasped.

"Then why did you utter that lie?" asked Von Brandstein, releasing him.

"It was no lie," answered the other doggedly. "She married a miller in her own village. When she joined me he took arms in the war; they had been wedded but a week."

"His name questioned the colonel, sternly.

"Pierre Leroux."

A low harsh laugh burst from the lips of the Prussian.

"So it is he. I was not far wrong when I scented a rival in him. A fine brute, but resolute and dogged as a mule. Well, he is safely netted. The wife of a week may soon be a widow. Listen, Leon. If war and sickness work their will, and chance ordains that this man may never claim his wife, will you then aid me in my plans? Win her I will, on that I am resolved."

"I will do my utmost for you," said the Frenchman humbly, "but—"

"No buts. Swear it, or—"

"Hush," he said, looking timidly "I swear."

"Good. Now you may go. I will tell you my plans later on. Meanwhile, your work must be to soften her resentment against me, and never cease to point out the advantages my love will bestow on both. She has suffered for filial affection once, perchance she may sacrifice herself at its shrine again."

And with a mocking laugh he left the room.

Leon Monprat sat there for long. In his own selfish tyrannous way he loved this girl, and her sufferings touched him with a faint remorse. But he loved himself better, and the cowardice and the greed of his nature made him pliant as wax in the hands of his tempter. He dashed a tear from his eyes as he rose at last and prepared to seek his couch. He had a child's facile emotions of grief and pleasure, and mixed with his many acts of wanton cruelty, there lay a repentance and regret that were at once childlike in their evanescence and worthlessness. "I am sorry for her," he said to himself now, "very sorry; but she will have a brilliant life if she but listens to his love, and I—I shall have safety!"

How much that last thought had to do with the resolution he had formed and the tragedy that was to follow, he never confessed even to himself. He sought rest and slumber, and found it too, while in the chamber above, the girl he was to betray lay in the unconscious agony of the hours that passed or the schemes that would draw her into their meshes ere another day had fled.

Love was with her still—but love now meant only torture that would never end—regret that would never die.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Not a Failure.

Doctor (to patient)—"I will have to take six stitches in your scalp. Mr. Blossom, one or two in your nose, and I think a lavish outlay of court plaster will do the rest. But how did it happen?"

Blossom—"My wife and I were debating the question, is marriage a failure? She enforced her argument that it is not with the heavily framed motto 'God Bless Our Home.' When I recover, I intend to take the platform in defense of her idea."

Doctor—"That is capital. You can say on the bills. The lecture will be continuously illustrated. I will leave your nose in the proper shape for that."

Faith Like a Little Child.

Children never believe that father can by any possibility be wrong and often construct the most ingenious excuses for him. Freddy is a little boy of only seven years' growth, the son of a minister who, with his wife, had arrived at a new field of labor. Hearing his mother say to his father that she had been deceived by his saying that the house was a three story building, when in fact it was only two, he said:

"Ma."

"Well, Freddy?"

"Pa is right."

"How is that, Freddy?"

"The kitchen is one."

"Yes."

"This floor is two, and that story that pa told is three."—Yankee Blade.

He Meant it For a Compliment.

Mrs. Livermore humorously tells this about herself: She went to a town in Maine to deliver a lecture. A young minister, who felt greatly his importance in having to introduce so large a light, announced her in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have all heard of the illustrious man across the water, so beloved by his people, and who is known by the sobriquet of the 'Grand Old Man.' I have now the pleasure of introducing to you a lady beloved in Boston, and there known as the 'grand old woman!'" Did ever a committee man say anything quite so malapropos?—Lewiston Journal.

That's the Doctor.

A doctor's wife recently asked him to draw a pail of water. It was quite late in the evening and the doctor took a pail in one hand and a lighted lantern in the other and started for the well. A hook and pole was used in the absence of a pump. The doctor carefully fastened the lantern to the pole and lowered it into the well, submerging and extinguishing the light. It was only when the lantern was drawn to the surface that the mistake was discovered.

He must be the doctor that saved off the wrong leg!

A BRIEF SORROW.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"I don't like that girl!" declared Agnes Berkeley.

"Hardly a girl," corrected her stepmother. "She's thirty if she's a day!"

"Oh, Tom would be angry if he were to hear you say that, mother."

"He would hear it if he were here! I should not mince matters on his account—it would perhaps do him good."

But however boldly Mrs. Berkeley might speak she did not act so; whether for the sake of peace or of pity, she had followed the general example in refraining from remonstrance with Tom on the subject of his love-affair, which by this time—it was now the end of November—had become known throughout the neighborhood.

"It was a bad day for Tom when she came here," pursued Mrs. Berkeley.

"Do you think so?" said Mary Tregelles. "I confess I am not taken with her; there is something indescribable about her that is not prepossessing; but, on the other hand, have you noticed the difference in Tom? He is not like the same person—he has not got into any trouble since he has known her."

"Yes, I've noticed it, and it's just another trouble to me," declared Mrs. Berkeley emphatically, intent upon the patch she was adjusting. "It's the way with those wild ones—when they get caught they turn completely around, and you wouldn't know them—as long as it lasts; but, when their sweethearts throw them over, they are ten times worse than they ever were before. It's the ruin of them, body and soul."

"But do you think she will behave badly to him, then?"

"I think she is behaving badly to him now, from what I can hear; I have seen little of her, but quite as much as I wish."

Faith Freke was sitting there beside Agnes. She had walked over to the Manor with her Uncle, and was waiting for him while he paced the damp walks outside the great lozenge-shaped windows with Mr. Berkeley. Nobody in the room seemed to think that she could have any particular interest in the subject that was being discussed, and she was used to being overlooked and treated as a child.

"But she may mean no harm by taking notice of him," said Mary.

"See here, Mary, I don't mind telling you—in confidence, mind—what Mrs. Carleton told me this morning when she was here—she had it from Miss Turtell, to whom, you know, Mrs. Stephenson will speak her mind, if she will speak it to anyone at all. She told Miss Turtell that it was a most vexing thing that Nina Derwent should have chosen just this time to pay her visit—she set her cap at every eligible man, whether engaged or not; when Mr. Rowland goes there she can only make it safe by sending Louisa off alone with him—being aware all the time that Louisa does not show to advantage when left to entertain anyone by herself—with an air of placid feminine spite; 'for as long as they are all together, Miss Derwent will not let him alone. As for Sir Nestor Goldeney, she declares that this Miss Derwent has frightened him away with her boldness. He went there very often at first, seeming rather captivated, but upon her making further advances, he took himself off in alarm; and Mrs. Stephenson is actually afraid that they will not be asked to the Christmas-ball at Littleton Park on her account, unless they can get rid of their visitor almost immediately; and they can't—they've thrown out hints, but she won't take them. Really, I think she can be hardly respectable!'"

"Sir Nestor can take care of himself," observed Mary; "and I think Mrs. Stephenson can take care of Mr. Rowland"—with an irrepressible smile.

"I have lost hope of Tom!" declared Mrs. Berkeley.

"Oh, no, aunt Caro! do that! Think how does a boy sometimes to with a woman a good deal himself. He suffers at the hands when he realizes that the question for him to be but how it ennobles him."

"Yes—when the woman good woman; but this one w ruin."

"Here comes Tom! Do vex him, aunt, by saying about her. He looks so—"

Tom came up the gravel ing his father and the Vic brief greeting, and entered in another moment, going to Mary. There was an change in him, which the now for the first time, thou been developing steadily at the past month—a change ed itself even in his bearing was a certain manliness now, which, together with the radiance in his eyes, told plainly the story of a favored lover; but he seemed to have lost his careless high spirits.

"News from the war," he said buoyantly, holding up a packet covered with postmarks. "Old Mends gave me these at the gate—a letter and newspapers all at once. You're in luck, Mary."

CHAPTER IV.

"MARY'S up at the top of the tree this week."

"What do you mean? Has anything happened?"

"Oh, nothing at all!"—with good humored sarcasm. "Only Waring's coming home—not seriously—wounded either, but only enough to disable him; and she's so glad to get him back on no worse terms that she's nearly out of her mind."

Tom and his enslaver were walking down a quiet lane in the vicinity of

Wistaria Villa. It was the first day of December, but the weather was quite mild. Miss Derwent was dressed in black, with a coquettish little fez cap perched on her head. Tom's delicate-looking hands were thrust into the pockets of his gray coat; his eyes were entirely occupied with his companion's odd changing face.

"I should think so!" assented Miss Derwent with interest. "It must be a great relief to her, even though he is wounded. But it is not dangerous you say?"

"Oh, no!"—with an assumption of carelessness that he was very far from feeling, for his young heart was stirred with the emotions brought about by reading the story of his cousin's heroism, through which he was now invalidated home. "Only an assagai wound in the shoulder and a bullet in the arm." She shuddered. "Capt. Tregelles now," he went on, "instead of Lieutenant. That's what he got for it, and a medal and so on."

"How proud she must be!" exclaimed Miss Derwent with enthusiasm.

"I wonder if, when I go to the wars and come home wounded, with a handle to my name, there will be any one to be sorry and glad and proud, and all the rest of it?" he queried, looking at her with a wistful smile.

"Of course there will be!" she said softly.

"There's only one person that I want to care for me," he returned; and, after looking round to make sure that they were alone, he took one hand out of his pocket and put his arm round her waist, half shyly, yet not as if it were the first time he had attempted such a thing, flushing up to his blue-veined temples.

She permitted the caress, seeming hardly conscious of it; her thoughts appeared to be occupied with other things.

"How soon do you expect Captain Tregelles?" she enquired.

"Oh, in two or three weeks—in time for Christmas. We shall hear again. And what do you think? Sir Nestor Goldeney called this morning, and, of course, was told the news. And what did he do but offer to go up to London and meet him? Because Waring won't be very strong, and will want looking after, you see. He and I, he proposed—"

"What's the matter, darling?"

"Nothing!" replied Miss Derwent looking up in sweet astonishment. "What made you think anything was the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know! Only I thought you looked angry—vexed, that is—and I was afraid I was offending you somehow. I'm not crushing your ribbons, am I?"

"No, of course not! Why, you goose, you are full of fancies!"—smiling up at him in arch reproof.

"I'm glad it was only a fancy. You can't think how miserable I am when you are unkind to me," he said with his lips very close to hers.

"Oh, I dare say, until I am out of sight."

"No, for then I am more miserable than ever. Nothing makes me so happy as to be with you."

"Now, Tom, don't!"—turning her little head coquettishly away as he bent nearer still.

"Do just let me."

"It is too bad—I ought not to let you; but you are so masterful!"

"Why shouldn't I, if you love me as you say you do?" returned the boy, with the triumphant air of a victor.

"People will think us very silly."

"What do I care about what people think?"—with scorn. "And nobody could think me silly for admiring you—for caring for you."

Miss Derwent did not discuss this point.

"Go on with what you were telling me about your cousin," she said.

"Well, what was I saying?"

"About Sir Nestor Goldeney."

"Oh, yes! He wanted to go up to London with me to meet Waring; and didn't I wish Mary would agree! My first chance of a peep at town-life"—with a glance at Nina's pale face, which this time did not fail to meet with a sympathetic expression.

"You don't!"

"Some people might think differently; and he might laugh at us, and even think that I—"

"Other people don't laugh at us."

"Oh, yes, they do! The Stephensons all do, though they think I don't see them."

"Hang the Stephensons! They're only a pack of geese!"

"I know that; and so I can bear it from them; but I should not like to have to bear it from a member of your family!"—very gently.

"Waring's a great deal too sensible and jolly for any such thing."

"Is he, dear? Well, never mind, then, if you so much wish it. It was only that I thought, as I had never asked you anything before—"

"And you shan't ask in vain now!" he broke in, suddenly changing his mind at her last words. "I won't say a word to him, and I'll behave—well, I'll be as proper as ever I can before him, until you are convinced by your own observation that you have nothing to fear from him. Waring's a great deal too generous and manly and all that sort of thing to make fun of any couple because they're in love and too poor to marry."

"Oh, I did not say that, nor mean it, dear Tom!" she corrected him gently. "What I was dreading was that he might think that I, as older and more experienced in the ways of the world—society's world, at any rate—smiling at his look—was influencing you."

But Tom stopped her indignantly in a way that he had learned of late, and refused to hear any more.

"Of course I know men will run anywhere after a face like yours"—devotedly, not noticing the impatient frown that darkened Miss Derwent's brow at his words. "But you were not obliged to respond to their—"

"And I have told you that I did not," she answered; "and I have told you more than that, and what I think ought to satisfy you, that among them all I never had a lover like you."

Tom was satisfied for the time being, and he held her within his strong arm, and murmured passionate words of love in her ear, and kissed her cheeks and lips—not at all shyly now—unrebuked, and forgot all about everything else until Miss Derwent called him to order with that little assumption of severity which he thought so charming.

"Now, Tom, you will never get to the end of your story!"

"What story? Oh, about Waring! Well, you see, I am not going to London, much as I would like to see the theatres and the other things you have told me about. Mary thanked Sir Nestor and said that my father would go."

"Well, and can't you go with him?"

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889.

To Gov. Lowry: You have made a good beginning. Suppose you continue the good work by arresting a few political murderers with which your state is infested.

The World's faircaterwauling between New York and Chicago newspapers goes on apace. New York's natural advantages are about offset by Chicago's hustling ability. New York people are waiting for something to turn up while the Chicago folks spit on their hands and saw wood.

Young Gunst, who traveled all the way from New Mexico to Mt. Clemens to kill his brother-in-law, and succeeded only in getting 20 years in a Michigan prison, will now have ample time to figure out the net profits of his journey.

The Brown-Sequard elixir is a great thing. It is either the grandest medical discovery ever made or the biggest "fake" of this age of gigantic humbugs. The medical fraternity owes it to humanity to have the matter decided by carefully conducted experiments at the earliest possible moment.

Our Canadian friends seem to have been a little too previous with their joy over the interference of England in the seal stealing business. The state department at Washington has had no communication from the British government regarding the matter since Secretary Bayard went out of office. —Detroit Tribune.

That Illinois man who finds somebody else snugly ensconced in the government berth to which he himself was actually appointed must feel the iron enter his soul when he reflects upon the assertion that has been made that there are something like five hundred applicants for every official position under the government. —Detroit Tribune.

The late administration made loud boasts of the great reform accomplished in the control of the public lands. The boasts of the Democrat orators during the last campaign would lead one to suppose that pretty much of the whole domain was saved to the people by the vigilance and resolute honesty of the land department under Senators Lamar and Vilas. Yet they are ugly rumors of great frauds that have been unearthed by recent investigations by lands office experts. It is alleged that bogus checks to the amount of \$50 have already been discovered which were paid by the last administration. They were in payment of claims for alleged surveys which were never made. The claims had been rejected by previous Republican administration, but were resurrected when the Democrats went into power and railroaded through to payment. —Detroit Tribune.

An Open Alliance.

The call for the New York Democrat state convention, just issued, was written by New York's Democrat governor, David B. Hill. It boldly proposes a full alliance with the saloons of the state. Its invitation is addressed to the Democrats of New York "and all other citizens who are oppressive, sumptuary legislation." If any of this latter class exist outside the Democrat party they are invited to come in. The purpose is to make the alliance complete and exclusive. Success to that purpose!

But what does this movement signify? A total surrender to the liquor interest. This is apparent from the history of the attempted "legislation" to which reference is made in the call, and which Gov. Hill vetoed only a few months ago. This was not prohibitory in its character. Nothing of the sort was thought of or attempted. It was not even what could fairly be termed high license, for the bills which Gov. Hill slaughtered were too moderate in their character to be justly called by that name. The license fee imposed was small as compared with the tax in most other states, and of other restrictions there were few. But such as it was, Gov. Hill declared it to be "oppressive and inequitable." Evidently, nothing short of open saloon and an unrestrained traffic will satisfy this unscrupulous trickster's demands. It goes without saying that nothing less will please his invited allies.

The whisky dealers and breweries of New York contributed, it is declared on good authority, \$500,000 to aid in Hill's election last year. They are now requested to enter into a complete union with the Democrat party, which means that he will protect and favor them by all the means in his power. It further means that the Democrat party welcomes this unholy alliance and deliberately accepts and ratifies it.

The shameless openness of this evil partnership is to be commended. We shall know exactly where to find both parties to it. But is it a fact that the public sentiment has been debauched in New York to an extent that makes such a bold coalition politic and safe? Gov. D. B. Hill and his followers manifestly think so or they would not be so frank about it. We shall await the answer of the people in November before we shall agree with them in their estimate of popular opinion in the Empire state. If it is true it is at once deplorable and disgraceful. But whatever that result may be, the Democrat party has taken its stand openly. Let that be understood. —Detroit Tribune.

CITATION FOR NON-RESIDENT OWNERS—State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate court for the county of Tuscola, holden at the Probate Office in the village of Caro, on Saturday, the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

Present, Hon. James M. VanTassel, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the application of the drain commissioner of the county of Tuscola, for the appointment of three special commissioners to determine the necessity for a drain through certain lands in said county, and for the taking of private property for the use and benefit of the public for the purpose thereof, and the just compensation to be made therefor.

WHEREAS, On the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, an application in writing was made to this court by the drain commissioner of the county of Tuscola, for the appointment of three special commissioners to determine the necessity for a drain through certain lands in said county, and for the taking of private property for the use and benefit of the public for the purpose thereof, and the just compensation to be made therefor. And WHEREAS, this court did on the tenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, upon a due examination of such application and of all the proceedings therefor taken in the premises, find the same to be in accordance with the statute in such cases made and provided, and did thereupon by an order entered therein, appoint Wednesday, the 11th day of September, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of that day, as the day, time, and place for the hearing upon such application, and the office of the Judge of Probate in the village of Caro in said county, as the place when and where a hearing upon such application would be had, and did then and there order that all persons whose lands were to be traversed by such drain, or who would be liable to assessment for benefits in the construction thereof, and who had not released right of way, and all damages on account thereof, to appear at the time and place designated and show cause, if any there be, why said application should not be granted.

AND WHEREAS, there is now on file with this court a description and survey of such drain, from which description and survey it appears that the commencement, general course, and terminus of such drain are as follows: Commencing at a point 16 chains east and north of the west quarter post of section 30, and running in a southeasterly direction and terminating at a point 30 links south of south quarter post of section 32, and it appearing that the following described non-resident lands will be crossed by such drain, or will be subject to an assessment for its construction.

THUS, the owners of said described lands, to wit: SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, section 30, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, section 31, town 13 N of R 11 E, and each of them are hereby cited to be and appear before this court, at the time and place last aforeset forth, and show cause, if any there be, why the said application for the appointment of three special commissioners as aforesaid should not be granted.

JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

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JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

THUS, the owners of the said described lands to wit: The NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 of section 27, the SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of section 26, the NW 1/4 of NW 1/4, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of NW 1/4, and NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, section 30, NW 1/4 of section 30, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4, section 27, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4, section 30, town 13 N of R 11 E, and each of them are hereby cited to appear before this court, at the time and place last aforeset forth, and show cause, if any there be, why the said application, for the appointment of three special commissioners as aforesaid should not be granted.

JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

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HOLMES BROS.

ARE SELLING GOODS

FOR CASH & READY PAY,

And they will sell you more Crockery and Glassware, more Groceries and Provisions for ONE DOLLAR than any other place in the City.

Cash Paid for Eggs, also Produce Wanted at HOLMES BROS.' CASH STORE.

31 Years in Business.

11,546 DAYS!

Without one Clearing Sale or Reduction of any kind.

COMMENCING ON

SEPTEMBER 10th, '89,

And Ending Sept. 25

I Propose to Break my Record by offering to the Consumer any and all kinds of Goods in the following line at a

GREAT REDUCTION.

—SHELF AND HEAVY—

HARDWARE,

Pumps, Anvils, Vises, Drills, Anti-Friction Burdon Rollers, Paints, Oils, both lubricating and illuminating, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes. I wish to call special attention to my enlarged stock of

Sherman & Jewett's

STOVES,

Both Cook and Parlor, which I have sold for 25 years without one word of condemnation on the part of the Purchaser. Quality and Price guaranteed.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

SPRING -:- OPENING!

NEW STOCK,

NEW STYLES,

NEW PRICES

—AT—

J. C. LAING'S,

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.

ATTENTION.

All in want of Lubricating Oils or Paints and Oils will find them cheap at Howe & Bigelow's. We handle the Garland and Peninsular Stoves, which are fully Warranted. Call and see us.

HOWE & BIGELOW.

Having an extra rush of business this week I am obliged to delay my new ad. until your next issue. Yours truly, J. H. STRIFFLER.

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.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1889.

Three Cent Column.

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

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

FOR SALE—On easy terms, or exchange for young cattle, one yoke oxen and one mare inquire 3 miles south Cass City. F. C. LEE.

FOR SALE—An odd ox, cheap for cash, or will trade for young stock. RALPH BALLAGH, 8 30-4wks. Owendale, Mich.

LOST—On Thursday, Aug 1, near White creek school house, a black plush wig. Any one finding same will please leave it at Kingston postoffice. ANNIE BAILEY.

FARM TO RENT—120 acres, 3 miles south of Cass City, 100 acres improved, bank barn, frame house and good orchard. Inquire of 7-10-2 wks. F. C. LEE.

LOST—A pocketbook, between Cass City and North Macedonia, 1 mile west and 1 mile north of Cumber. Finder will please leave the same at this office or with E. L. ROBINSON, 8 30-4u.

FOR SALE—Or will trade for village property in Cass City, 100 acres of land in Oscoda county. Good buildings. Thirty acres improved. Clear title. O. D. HOPKINS, 4w 6m 1m. Gagetown, Mich.

WANTED—Four carpenters, four common laborers and four men to work on railroad. Immediately. For further information inquire at this office. J. G. OWEN, 6 26-2w. Owendale, Mich.

LUMBER FOR SALE—I have 45,000 feet of good green hemlock, also eight M feet of sound basswood lumber. For further information inquire of JOHN McVEAR, Grant Township, Aug 30-4u.

FARM TO RENT—Composed of two 80 acre farms, one mile apart. On one is a good barn on the other a bank barn, both well watered. Will rent both or either. Good chance to put in fall wheat. Situated in Cumber, Sanilac county. A. A. MCKENZIE, 7-3-2 wks. Cass City, Mich.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

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

EVERGREEN.

Very dry, hot weather at present. Harvest is nearly ended, and farmers are busy preparing the soil for wheat again.

Mr. McClemens' children are all gaining from an attack of cholera infantum. Dr. McLean of Cass City is attending them.

Miss May Dewey and her grandmother from Melvin, Mich., are at present visiting P. C. Phillips and other friends in this vicinity.

It is reported that M. Turner intends moving his store goods to Deford in the near future. I do not see why Shabbona is not as good a point for a country store as there is in the county.

A very attentive audience was addressed by Mr. Houghton on Monday evening in behalf of the P. of T., at the close of which an effort was made to organize an association, but it failed to connect.

I have noticed announcements in your valuable paper of fair meetings held in Cass City, but your paper reaches here too late to allow farmers to attend the them, but I think if the meetings could be held on Monday or Tuesday evenings or afternoon following the issue that you would have representatives from Shabbona.

ELLINGTON

Threshing continues. Continues dry and warm. Everything is now suffering for want of rain.

Buckwheat blows are scorched as by fire with the dry weather.

The dust is getting deep on all the highways owing to the exceedingly dry weather we are having.

Corn is suffering badly for want of rain but the prospects are very poor at present for its coming.

Quite a number of our citizens went to the picnic at Sebawaing last week and report having had a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Molonzo and Mrs. Nancy Hiller of Fairgrove were at our house a short time last Sunday.

Mrs. E. C. Clay returned home from Fairgrove last Sunday after an absence of several weeks, with relatives in that town.

Several loads from here went over to Cut lake, in Dayton, last Friday to fish, but they returned on Saturday, leaving the fish behind.

Last week Tuesday F. G. Holmes of Cass City was here and took all of the eggs that D. Gould had on hand, and today (Tuesday) he is here again stowing away the eggs in his crates for another market. It is quite a help to the egg market to have the gentleman come around weekly after the hen fruit of this neighborhood. Keep coming Mr. Holmes.

Miss Lydia Stull died last Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock. Mortification having taken place several hours before death. She suffered greatly during her short illness. She was buried in the Ellington cemetery Wednesday afternoon. The funeral discourse was preached by Rev. Wm. Cope of Ellington from the words of the Savior: "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Lydia was much esteemed by all who knew her. The sympathy of the community is with the parents in their loss.

Next Monday evening is the annual school meeting and every taxpayer and patron of the school should be on hand and help prepare the means to run the schools for the ensuing year, and make them a success. Free schools are something that should interest every man,

woman and child in Michigan. We have the name of having an excellent school system in Michigan, and let us try and make it better: if possible, and in order to do so every one should turn out and help make it better. None but good teachers should be engaged to teach our schools and then they should be assisted by the district board and by every patron of the schools.

AROUND THE STATE.

Royal Oak Catholics are building a handsome new church.

Muskegon dealers say that the peach crop in that vicinity will not be large.

W. J. Tuttle, a pioneer and prominent Prohibitionist of Three Rivers, is dead.

Henry Gronlx, a Bay City saloon-keeper, was robbed of \$400 Monday night while asleep.

St. John's Orphan asylum at Grand Rapids was dedicated Monday afternoon by Bishop Richter.

West Bay City, according to Polk's new directory, which gives 5401 names has a population of over sixteen thousand.

Several prominent citizens of Grand Marais are alleged to have been detected in selling liquor without a licence, three arrests following.

George D. Tassell, a young lawyer of Ulysses, Kas., went to Kalamazoo to be married, was taken sick with mountain fever and died Sunday.

John Brown, an old resident of Royal Oak, was found dead in a barn near that place Saturday. It is supposed he died from heart trouble.

Charles Jenks of Chicago, aged 13, who was visiting in Bay City, disappeared last Wednesday. Monday his body was discovered in the river.

Henry Scott's barn at Ventura, near Holland, was destroyed, with contents, by fire Tuesday. Loss, \$1000; no insurance. Children accidentally set it afire.

Eight forged checks aggregating nearly one hundred dollars were passed on Niles business men this week. The names of eight prominent men were used.

George M. Dewey, son of the editor of the Owosso Times, is the successful competitor for the appointment to a West Point cadetship from the eighth district.

W. J. Ferris of Vermontville was Monday seriously injured by a vicious bull which he was leading to water. He was injured in a score of places before rescued.

The large double barns of the National hotel at Memphis were burned early Sunday morning. Probably fired by tramps. Loss, a cow and \$1000. Insurance, \$200.

Miss Libbie Walker of Benton Harbor died suddenly Tuesday morning after returning from a dance. Doctors say it was a case of poisoning and suicide is suspected.

George Wilkins, a young farmer living near Akemos, while riding a separator was thrown in front of the machine and terribly injured. Death followed in a few hours.

John Christie of Calumet, aged 72, disappeared from his home nearly two years ago. Tuesday his skeleton was found in the woods near Calumet. It is supposed he committed suicide.

Hillsdale people went out to Baw Beese lake Sunday to witness a balloon ascension. Officers were ready to arrest Prof. McEwing for breaking the first day if he went up. He staid on the ground.

James Howser of Three Rivers had both feet seriously mangled while assisting in placing a larger safe in an upper room Monday afternoon. The safe broke the floor and fell over on his feet and ankles.

Prof. A. Arnold Clark has decided not to accept the appointment tendered by the state board of agriculture, but will remain with the state board of health, sufficient inducements having been offered him.

Congressman Wheeler's shipyard at West Bay City, with boiler works, will soon be the largest one industry in the Saginaw valley. Massive machinery is being placed for the steel ship plant. Everything points to a boom for West Bay City.

William Barden of Port Huron was arrested Monday, charged with an attempt to blackmail Conductor Willson of the Grand Trunk railway. Willson says Barden threatened by letter to expose and ruin him unless \$75 was sent to the writer at once.

The monthly meeting of the Washenaw Pomological society will be held in Ann Arbor Sept. 7 at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Shippers of peaches and other fruits are especially invited. An important communication is to be

read from the secretary of the State Horticultural society in regard to the coming fair and exposition at Detroit.

Chas. Poole, an inmate of the reform school at Lansing, escaped from that institution Sunday night by creeping through the dormitory window of one of the cottages. He was sentenced about three years and a half ago.

Sheriff Metevier of Mackinac county was charged with drunkenness and other official misconduct. The matter went to Gov. Luce, and after proper investigation he sustained the charges and ordered Metevier to vacate his office forthwith.

Hon. W. W. Crapo, president of the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad, in company with Bay City capitalists, have purchased valuable business property in Bay City and will erect a \$100,000 business block. The Bay City bank will occupy the corner.

H. M. Perrine, wife and daughter Ella of St. Johns, Mich., were recently in a collision near Forest Lawn, N. Y. The daughter was killed and Mr. and Mrs. Perrine were severely injured. The Rome, Watertown & Odgensburg railroad co., has paid \$5000 to settle the matter, \$3000 being on account of the daughter's death.

The new Swedish Methodist Episcopal church at Ishpeming was dedicated Sunday afternoon by Bishop Cyrus G. Foss of Philadelphia, assisted by Rev. A. Ericson, principal of the Swedish Theological seminary of Evanston, Ill., Rev. C. G. Nelson, pastor of the church, and others. A large amount of money was raised to apply on the indebtedness of the church, which is now less than two thousand dollars. The church is Gothic in design, built of brick, finished inside with hardwoods, and contains opera chairs, stained glass windows, etc.

The verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, Druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms, "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years experience, is Electric Bitter." Thousand of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at Fritz Bros. Drugstore.

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.

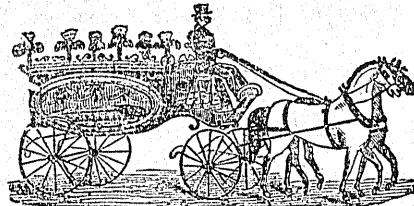
GOODS MARKED DOWN

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

SCHOOL BOOKS, Tablets, Book Bags, School Supplies, Etc., FRITZ BROS., —AT— DRUGGISTS.

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 Hearses in connection.

I have the agency for

Artificial Marble Caskets. Undertaking Rooms in Mrs. Gamble's Building on Main Street. Give me a call.

CASS CITY.

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.

W. D. SCHOOLEY

claims for his

HARNESSES,

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

COLLARS.

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

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

WHIPS

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

CURRY COMBS

BRUSHES, SNAPS, HARNESSES AND AXLE OIL AND CARRIAGE TOP ENAMEL.

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

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.

NEW TIN SHOP

I have opened a new Tin Shop in the Dillman building, and am now prepared to do all work in the line of tinning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call.

L. M. HOWEY

Formerly with J. P. Howe

McDOUGALL & CO.

We have the Largest and Most Complete stock of New Goods in Cass City, and propose to go through the fall and winter months with every line full, no breaks, no disappointments, but a thorough line of Good Salable Goods of the best class of make and of a reputation second to none, which we will sell at greatly reduced prices. We Cordially invite inspection of our many Novelties, comprising a complete line of MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS AND FURNISHING GOODS.

--THE--

LEADING CLOTHIERS OF CASS CITY.

WATCH FOR IT!

==WAIT FOR IT!

Do yourself good by taking advantage of it!

-- 2 MACKS 2 --

==WILL BEGIN THEIR==

--SEMI-ANNUAL--

CLEARING SALE!

AUGUST 20th

AND ENDING ON AUGUST 31.

GREATEST BARGAINS ON EARTH IN

DRY GOODS, STRAW HATS, BOOTS & SHOES, LAWNS, CLOTHING, PARASOLS, CARPETS, ETC., DRESS GOODS And Many Other Goods at

HALF PRICE

Call And See Our One-Half Price Counter,

2 MACKS 2

WHO

Sells you your Boots, Shoes and Slippers?

ARE

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. Wigwam Slippers in Russett and Dregs of Wine Colors.

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House,

CASS CITY, MICH.



General Thomas J. Morgan, who has been appointed commissioner of Indian affairs, is an efficient public speaker and an able writer, and has been a professor in an Indiana college and president of the state normal schools in Nebraska, New York and Rhode Island. He was endorsed for the present position by the Indian rights association, by prominent educators in thirty states and by the Baptist leaders in all parts of the country. General Morgan was born at Franklin, Indiana, in 1839. He left Franklin college during his senior year to enter the army as a private in the Seventieth Indiana, commanded by Colonel, now President Harrison, and served three months in the West Virginia campaign. He then joined the army of the Cumberland for three years, rising to the rank of colonel of the Fourteenth United States colored infantry and brevet brigadier general of the United States volunteers. After the war he graduated from the Rochester theological seminary, and since then has been engaged in educational work.

An expedition, with plenty of money behind it, is to be sent out from Norway next year in search of the North Pole. Mr. Gamel, the merchant who fitted out the expedition which crossed Greenland last summer under Dr. Nansen, is the chief capitalist in this new enterprise. Dr. Nansen has accepted the command of the party, and for the next few months will be a very busy young man. He has to write a book on his adventures in Greenland, to be published in Europe and this country, in addition to which labor he has to superintend the building of a stout vessel for the North Pole. The North Pole quest is a mania that will probably afflict daring young spirits eager for Arctic laurels, until the goal has been reached and photographed. If it is ever attained, it will probably be by a small expedition of picked men, in charge of a leader like Nansen, who has plenty of pluck, vigor, intelligence and strength. If next season should prove to be an unfavorable ice year, the expedition may await a more hopeful occasion; but if Nansen, finely equipped, has such a chance to steam as far north as Leigh Smith enjoyed on some of his trips to Franz Josef's Land, he will make a notable Arctic journey whether he brings the Pole home with him or not.

Lieut. Schwatka's recent expedition into Mexico was prolific in valuable results to the scientists of the nation. The cliff or cave dwellers have been reported extinct by archaeological authorities, but Lieut. Schwatka, in exploring the wild regions of the Sierra Madre Mountains, found a number of these cliff-dwellers, and from them obtained many valuable historical specimens of that ancient people. A few days ago Schwatka received a letter from Buffalo Bill, now the idol of Paris, asking him to come at once to the French metropolis with his cave-dwellers and specimens, and claim the fortune that awaits him in the French capital.

The tailors' union of Boston authorized an investigation into the condition of workers in that branch of industry and a delegation was sent to New York for this purpose. Their investigation revealed a state of affairs scarcely to be believed. Men, women and children were found crowded into hot and ill-ventilated rooms, and forced to work from 16 to 18 hours a day for a mere pittance. This is worse than slavery and makes one long intensely for the realization in this day of the happy condition of existence so vividly portrayed by Edward Bellamy in his interesting book "Looking Backward."

John Chinaman will now be allowed to pass through the United States in transit to foreign countries, the treasury department having sustained Attorney General Miller's ruling on this point.

FARM AND HOME.

Small Fruits and Market Gardening.

The owners of large farms, who look down upon berry and truck raising as small business, have not informed themselves as to the amount of capital invested and labor employed in this direction. According to the last census the value of market garden products sold in 1879 was over \$21,000,000, while the orchard products sold or consumed amounted to \$50,000,000. Small fruits are possibly embraced in the market garden products. There is scarcely a doubt that were the value of the products of all gardens added to the former the aggregate would equal, if not surpass, the latter. Gardening, then, is no small matter, even when compared with the so-called great industries of the country, and when the thoughtful farmer contrasts the acreage employed in market gardening and the value of its products with general farming and its products he will discover that there is no occasion to spread out over a township or so to make a living and make money too.

To be sure there is something a glut of garden products in the large centers of trade, but there is no general overproduction as with staple farm crops, and since increased production scarcely keeps pace with increased demand there is a wide field for the farmer with limited acres to operate.

From a health standpoint, the consumption of fruits and vegetables should be increased, and pork proportionately discontinued, especially during the summer season; and as people will learn by practice that they can do as much labor and have better health by giving pork a less important place in the daily rations the reformation of farmers' bills of fare will be secured. Why should not every family, rich and poor, be supplied with delicious fruits and choice vegetables? Surely not because these can not be produced cheaply and in any quantity required as soon as the demand for them arises. The large profit so often reported from small fruit growing and market gardening is by no means fictitious, and the business will bear strong competition and still be more remunerative than general agriculture to the farmer, while society at large would be relieved of terror on account of trichinae and diseased meat if its diet consisted principally of fruits, cereals and vegetables.

I am aware that in many places a curtailment of the tobacco crop and a widening out into vegetable gardening would not be considered for a moment, because of the belief that there is more money in tobacco. I question this. What tobacco grower has realized \$600 to \$1,000 per acre, as reported, from cabbages or onions, not to speak of \$1,000 to \$1,500 from strawberries or celery, or \$2,000 to \$2,500 from cauliflower? These, of course, are maximum crops with best prices. Nevertheless, they prove possibilities, and show a wide margin beyond the no profit line. Capital, skill and attention are demanded to insure success in this field, but so are they essential in any field. And in the coming "readjustment," of which we hear so much, small fruits and vegetables will occupy a larger place on our farms and on our tables, to the profit to both the grower and consumer. — Practical Farmer.

The Points of a Good Butter Cow.

A good butter cow should have a long face, wide between the eyes, the eye alert and expressive, and placed a long way below the horns. A cow with eyes near the top of the head does not know any more than a man with eyes so placed. She should have a large muzzle, a slim neck and a yellow skin, especially inside the ears, the breathing should be regular, the back and abdomen strong, the udder wide where it connects with the body, the teats squarely placed and the tail slim. Over and above all these points she must have the dairy form. The points at best are only indications. The dairy form is inseparably connected with a good butter cow. The desirable dairy form is always seen in the best types of Jerseys, Guernseys, Ayrshires and Holsteins. The best beef form is presented in Shorthorns, Herefords and most of the polled breeds. The intelligent dairyman, with a knowledge born of experience, desire and capacity for the business, never makes the mistake of choosing his cow with a beef form.

While it is not difficult for a dairyman with a knowledge of his business to select a cow that will make ten pounds of butter a week, provided always such cow is within the drove or herd he is inspecting, cows that will make fourteen pounds of butter a week are not to be found in the droves that are driven about for sale. Such cows are seldom for sale except at breeders' prices. A novice might by chance select a cow that was making ten pounds of butter a week under the right treatment, yet if he kept her in a cold stable and gave her ice-water to drink and fed her on timothy hay and ground barley and corn-meal, all of which are lacking in protein, the cow would soon run down to three and one-half pounds a week and stay there, or make less. Another man who knew his business might have selected the same cow and kept her in a warm stable, given water, warm ensilage made from sweet corn well matured, two or three pounds of clover hay and a plentiful supply of

wheat bran or middlings, ground oats and peas, or a little oil meal or any other food containing protein in liberal proportion, and the cow would probably have increased to twelve pounds a week if her limit permitted. — American Agriculturist.

Hogs Versus Cattle.

In relation to the greater value of hog products, as compared with those from cattle which reach foreign shores, the Field and Farm says:

We of the plains country, where the cattle are thought kings, sometimes lose sight of the fact that the hogs in the markets of Europe cut a far greater figure than do our horned brutes. Some of our English contemporaries express astonishment that the various products of swine should be considered of sufficient importance on this side of the Atlantic to have current prices cabled daily all over Europe, while beef and mutton are hardly mentioned in the same reports.

We will explain the reason for this. It is because we export five, if not ten times the value in pork and lard that we do in beef. We of the United States, and particularly of the Western states of the union, are the only people on the earth who have any considerable hog meat and lard to export. This is made possible by our great corn product, that is entirely American and is scarcely known in Europe.

Then, again, pork is more easily and more generally stored and held than is beef. Beef, even to be used in the armies and navies of the world, must be cooked and packed in cans, while pork is carried and stored like cordwood, and oftentimes ate raw by the soldier when on forced marches. The wealth of the earth, too, eat ham and bacon constantly, while not one in a million ever tastes of pickled beef. In conclusion, we will say that the cash value of the porkers of the United States in 1883 reached the mammoth sum of \$291,307,193. Corn is king in America, and the hog is a power in the commerce of the world.

Farm Notes.

It is discouraging when even a little grain is given a cow in summer at pasture to have her begin to fatten instead of increasing the milk flow. But if the cow be of that kind, the sooner her owner discovers it the better. If grain fattens her probably she is not worth keeping without the grain. So fatten her as rapidly as possible, and get a better cow in her place.

The Shorthorn cattle originated in Durham, England, and it is even yet common in some old-fashioned sections to speak of them as the Durham breed. Of course the original Durhams were not bred up to present standards for beef making, but the characteristic tendencies of a good beef breed were not in the original stock. Good feeding and careful selection of breeding stock has done the rest.

In very small localities farmers have been discussing how best to remedy the damage by frost. Some crops, as beans, tomatoes and melons, or cucumbers, are utterly ruined if touched by light frost and must be replanted. Others like corn if not more than three or four inches high, and potatoes at almost any size will grow up again if left alone. The root is there and uninjured. The new buds that will put forth will grow rapidly under its stimulus.

Blue grass will bear pasturing lightly earlier than almost any other grass. Its roots lie near the surface, and are quickly startled into growth in the spring if the land is rich enough. For this season too they are more easily reached by light showers. Later in the season it may suffer from drought, but hardly more so than other grasses and clovers that strike into the subsoil and thoroughly exhaust its moisture long before the summer drought has come.

The millet crop should not be sown until hot weather, but it is well to have it in the ground as early as the latter is well warmed. The earlier it ripens the better weather it is likely to be for cutting it. In September the days shorten rapidly, and it is this which makes the curing of both millet and fodder corn so difficult. Millet is excellent hay for horses, and none the worse if it is cut when the seed is in the milk, so that it will ripen from the stalk. Millet seed gives horses a fine coat, as it is very fattening.

White oats are popular in this country, and bring two to four cents a bushel more than the black. In Europe the black are preferred. There is a great difference in feeding value of oats, not dependent entirely on weight, nor yet on color, but on the character of the hull. Some of the heaviest white oats which bring high prices have a harsh, indigestible hull, which makes them as unfit as barley for feeding whole. The black oats may have more bulk or hull but it is not so harsh. Any way, we have little faith in whole oats as food for work horses. There is too much waste about them. Grind the oats, and then those that weigh heaviest will be the most valuable for feeding. — American Cultivator.

The Household.

WHITE CAKE.—Two cups of powdered sugar, one cup of butter, whites of eight eggs beaten light, one cup of water, three cups of flour well sifted, two teaspoons of baking powder.

CAPER SAUCE.—Chop the capers in half and add a half pint of drawn butter and one tablespoonful of vinegar,

"SHINING NIGHT CLOUDS."

Celestial Phenomenon Which May Not Be Seen Again for Centuries.

Since the summer of 1885 there has appeared annually a curious celestial phenomenon at night, known as the "shining night clouds," says the New York Herald. They have been visible in latitudes from 40 to 60 degrees, chiefly in June, July, and early August, but later in the year in equatorial regions. Twice last December they were reported from Punta Arenas, South America.

One of the first appearances of the clouds was described by Robert C. Leslie in Nature of July 16, 1885, as seen about 10 p. m., near Southampton, England. A sea of luminous silvery white cloud lay above a belt of ordinary twilight sky. The clouds were wavelike at a great elevation, extending all the way from west to north, and radiant with a light closely resembling that which shines from white phosphor paint. As witnessed in Bavaria at a late hour on three nights in June and July, 1885, the coloring of the clouds was pale steel blue, gradually changing through a dull green to yellow and orange below. They have generally presented colors of a light tone, but the intense pearly brilliance of iridescent clouds, and sometimes have an altitude as high as 30 degrees. Some persons have supposed that they are lighted by the sun. But, as observed last July 13 in England, they were invisible until 10:18 p. m. when they became conspicuous and were at their brightest near midnight. It has been suggested that these sky wonders may be formed by the condensation of gases ejected from the Krakatoa volcano in 1883. But this theory is not plausible. From their periodicity and their enormous altitude it seems very doubtful whether they belong at all to earth's atmosphere.

Herr O. Jesse of the Berlin astronomical observatory, referring to these facts in a recent circular, appeals to mariners and all others to make observations on these clouds during the next three months. His request is made more urgent by the consideration that, as the mysterious phenomenon was never noticed till 1885, it may soon disappear not to be seen again for centuries. Herr Jesse therefore requests that all who observe the shining clouds will record exact latitudes and longitudes of the place of observation, the exact time, the part of the sky in which the phenomenon is seen, form and color of clouds, also sextant observations of the altitude of their highest points at precisely noted times, with spectroscopic tests of their light.

By photography the height of these clouds above the earth's surface has been made out as exceeding forty-five miles. From this fact it has been inferred that they may be of extra terrestrial origin, perhaps revealing the existence of a resisting medium in interplanetary space. If so they would confirm the hypothesis of Encke, based on observations of the celebrated comet which bears his name, that there is a medium pervading space which offers resistance to a moving body just as the air opposes the flight of a cannon-ball. Eminent physicists have long reasoned that luminiferous ether prevades all space, and some have supposed it to be highly elastic, but absolutely solid. If the observations called for by Herr Jesse are accurately taken and prove that the height of the shining clouds exceeds the limits of our atmosphere the result might be a very important addition to the world's knowledge of cosmical agencies.

The luminous night clouds have only been seen in the twilight, after the sun is about ten degrees below the horizon. They resemble cirrus or ice clouds. But the two can be distinguished, because cirrus in twilight are always darker than the surrounding sky, while the shining night-clouds are always brighter than the surrounding sky. As this summer may offer the last opportunity for observing the mysterious phenomenon it is to be hoped the Berlin astronomer's appeal will not be in vain.

A Doubting Thomas.

We had been in New Bedford ten or twelve days and had selected our particular sea captain and listened to half a dozen of his yarns without betraying the slightest evidence of doubt of any statement, when a stranger from the far west arrived and rather forced his presence upon our coterie. We were on the back veranda of the hotel, five or six of us and the old whaler, and the latter had just started on a story, when the westerner came out of the smoking room and drew up a chair.

"Now, go ahead, captain," he brusquely observed, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, gents," began the captain, after an uneasy look around, "I was going to tell you about a whale as"—

"What species of whale?" interrupted the stranger. "There are several species, you know, and you had better designate."

"Oh! That's all right; go ahead." "We were lying to and drifting while trying out a fish captured the day before, and the wind was from"—

"Was this on lake Erie or on the Atlantic ocean?" put in the stranger.

"On the Atlantic, of course."

"Then I am with you. I didn't know but you were whaling on the lakes. Better locate the spot a little closer, however."

"It was off the coast of Brazil," replied the captain in an indignant voice.

"That will do, but it is a long coast. Go ahead and never mind which way the wind blew."

"We were drifting, as I said," continued the captain, as he swallowed a lump in his throat, "when the man at the masthead called."

"Excuse me, captain," interrupted the stranger, "but if all hands were trying out, why did you have a look-out at the masthead?"

"Let him go on!" called two or three voices.

"Oh, certainly, but he must be sure of his facts. Go on, captain; you had a man at the masthead, where he didn't belong at the time, but perhaps you managed things that way. He suddenly sighted a whale didn't he?"

The captain would have retired, we looked at him so appealingly that he decided to make one more effort.

"The lookout hailed the deck and said that a large whale was bearing down on our starboard," he said, after two or three swallows. "I at once leaped"—

"Say, captain," softly inquired the stranger, "was the lookout a man of veracity?"

"Of course he was!"

"All right, then; but I have known lookouts who would lie like a trotting horse about whales. Go on. You were going to say that you leaped overboard. What happened then?"

"Gentlemen, I can't stand this," protested the captain, as he rose up.

"What's the matter?" asked the stranger.

"You seem to doubt my word, sir."

"Lands alive! but how did you get that idea? On the contrary, I have the most entire faith in what you say. By the way, captain, in what year, month and day of the week was this? What was the name of your ship? Are any of the crew willing to go before a magistrate and make a affidavit? I should also like"—

But the captain had turned his back and walked away, and our pleasant old liar never returned to us. He had been smothered by the stranger, and we had to hunt up and listen to the yarns of a mate, who couldn't tell a yarn without his face giving him away every time he pulled a leg of truth out of joint."—New York Sun.

A Roundabout Route.

Mrs. Gabb—"Where are you going this summer?"

Mrs. Gadd (lightly)—"Oh, to Newport, Saratoga, and I don't know where all. We will make the rounds, I suppose. Haven't decided yet just when we will start, but I'll let you know, my dear."

Mrs. Gabb (meaningly)—"Oh, I'll be sure to hear of it when you leave, because my Cousin John is the railroad ticket agent here."

Mrs. Gadd (hastily)—"Our first journey, however, will be to my dear aunt's farm near Squashville, and I do hope she won't insist on keeping us all summer, as she did last year."—New York Weekly.

He Left Without the Testimonial.

They had a quarrel Sunday evening. He got mad and said he'd leave her. Then she got vexed and told him he could do as he pleased. He left. The next night he came round again. He asked to see her alone. She readily complied. She was all of a tremor. Her heart went out to him in a gush of sympathetic love. She stood ready to throw both arms about his neck and cry out her joy. There was not much color in his face and his voice was husky. He said:

"I have been with you for six months, Matilda, and tried all that time to do what was right."

He paused for an instant to recover his voice, which was faltering rapidly, while her trembling increased.

"I know that I have got considerable temper, and that I do not control it as I ought. But I have tried to be faithful with you—tried to do every thing that I thought would tend to make you happy. And, feeling this, I have called to-night to see if you wouldn't be kind enough to give me a sort of testimonial to this effect, so that I could show it to any other young lady I might want to go out with. It might help me."

He looked at her anxiously. All the color left her face in a flash. She made a great effort to swallow something which threatened to suffocate her. Then she spoke:

"You get out of this house as quick as you can, you wretch, or my father shall kick you out."

He didn't stay long, but left without the testimonial.—Tid Bits.

Drawing the Credit Line.

Merchant Tailor—"I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding suit, I must demand cash on delivery."

Mr. Goodheart—"Eh? Why, I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour. The very hour, sir."

"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor, and had the handling of your own money."—New York Weekly.

It requires the stings of sixty healthy honey bees to kill a man in fair health. If you can dodge all over fifty you are safe for a place in the next Fourth of July procession.

It is predicted that a substitute will be found for iron within the next twenty-five years, but if this comes true it is ten to one that a Yankee discovers it. But what need of a substitute?

Wiggings has come out of his shell to declare that the earth is gradually receding from the sun. It would be easier for the sun to do the crawfish act, but he won't have it that way.

Rain, snow, gales, freshets, conflagrations, disasters on lake and ocean and calamities on land marked the last week in May. No human agency could have planned a worse week.

If you want to express yourself emphatically to your enemies hereafter tell them to go to Hayti. It is just as warm and uncomfortable as the other place and there is no doubt as to its existence.

American tools, American lamps, American rocking chairs—all are superior to the same articles manufactured in the Old World, and exhibited at the Paris Exposition. Our brooms, carriages and buggies attract great attention and admiration.

Australia already furnishes us much agricultural competition in European markets, and her rapid growth will soon render her more able and active, but she is never likely to cause our wheat growers well-grounded alarm. New Zealand, on the contrary, as a wheat growing country, has no equal in the world, with the exception of Dakota.

It is a little singular that the late conservative ministry of Brazil should have opposed the granting of compensation to ex-slaveholders for their emancipated slaves while the liberals favored the plan. In consequence the slaveholders in parliament have gone over to the liberals and overthrown the conservative ministry. Premier Alfredo of the latter party will make no appeal to the people on the issue, and the slaveholders will probably secure a large sum from the imperial treasury in exchange for their "property" destroyed by the state.

It is estimated that Niagara Falls will recede two miles and then remain stationary, their height at that point being eighty feet, instead of 164, as at present. The supposition is supported by an argument which appears reasonable. The present site is a limestone formation some eighty or ninety feet thick, with a shaly foundation. As the shale is washed away, the limestone breaks off, and the falls take a step backward. But the end of the shaly deposit will be reached two miles from the present falls, and then the rushing water will have more than it can do to wear away the solid precipice over which it will be projected.

Old Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky proves his staunch Americanism by advocating the extermination of the English sparrow. In a letter to the Louisville Courier-Journal he says: "The English sparrow is granivorous, and, like all granivorous birds, eats insects only sparingly when pressed by hunger. Insectivorous and flesh-eating birds, as the crow, the blue-jay, the black bird, owl, hawk, etc., are always lean in the flesh while all the grain-eaters are fat when well fed. The English sparrow is generally fat the year round and is a delicious bird for the table. The restaurants of the city should understand this and aid in the destruction of these pests."

The situation in the Conemaugh valley seems to have changed for the better. Fears of an epidemic of sickness at Johnstown and of sickness resulting from the foul river water in the cities and towns below, have been dissipated. The state has assumed the task of clearing Johnstown and the neighboring towns from the debris of the flood. Contributions of money continue to be made from all sections of the country, now amounting to about \$3,000,000. The Cambria Iron Works and other industries are being started up. The loss of life in the valley is now pretty accurately estimated at between 8,000 and 10,000. In other portions of the state and along the Potomac river, where immense damage was done, measures of relief are being systematically applied.

Fifteen Thousand Dollars for One.

Canton (Miss.) Citizen. Fifteen thousand dollars in return for the expenditure of one dollar is not a bad investment, as all will admit, and that was the good fortune that befell our young townsman, Mr. Felix Miller, who held a fortieth coupon in the lucky number (61,605) that drew the capital prize of \$600,000, and his share thereof, \$15,000, was promptly paid to him through the Canton Exchange Bank.

As regularly as the months roll round the papers chronicle the good fortune of some one whom the fickle goddess bestows her blessings through the agency of the Louisiana State Lottery. This is not the first time winning numbers have been held in our town, but so large an amount as that won by Mr. Miller has not heretofore come our way. We congratulate our townsman on his good fortune. The next drawing will take place on Tuesday, July 16, the capital prize being \$800,000. Will some lucky Cantonian score another winning? Who can tell? Tickets can be had by addressing M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

Taking it altogether there never was a time when our country was enjoying greater prosperity than at the present moment, and yet there are thousands of people in the land who are fussing and fuming about the hard times. No doubt but what many of them are honest in their complaints, and it is often because they have not found the right kind of work or the right way to do it. Now, if business is not moving along with you satisfactorily, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. It is more than likely that they can help you; at any rate it would cost you nothing but a postage stamp to apply to them.

Old smokers prefer "Tanstiff's Punch" 50 Cigar to most 10 centers.

The Popular Science Monthly for April calmly discusses the devil theory and comes to the conclusion that there is no evidence that will sustain the idea of devils. It is a matter of faith, and to attempt to reason it out is only to weaken one's faith in the idea.

August 6th and 20th, Sept. 10th and 24th, and Oct. 8th the Great Northern and Missouri Valley Railroad Co. "The Northwestern Line," will run a series of Harvest Excursions to points on that line in Nebraska, The Black Hills and Central Wyoming at one half regular rates, and if you desire some further information communicate with J. H. Buchanan, Gen. Pass. Agent at Omaha, Nebraska, who will fully advise you.

The Boston Herald printed in a recent issue pictures of a group of French Canadian Fall River, Mass., weavers living in a three-room tenement. In the group were twelve grown persons. In some French Canadian families 20 persons live in three rooms in that city.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by druggists, 75c.



"I REALLY BELIEVE MAMA IS CURIOUS."

A GOOD HUSBAND.

Nice Points on Courtship—Should Young Ladies Receive Gifts from Young Men.

Should a lady receive gifts from a young man whose attention she desires to encourage?

When this subject was suggested to me for discussion I do not think the propounder of it realized that it was as distinctly "American" as the stars and stripes or the emblematic eagle.

In no other country under the sun could such a question seriously arise because in no other country is the young person allowed such latitude of conduct as in America.

Of course, our most careful mothers in conventional circles are supposed to rear their daughters in a very proper manner regarding their association with the opposite sex.

But no matter how wisely the American girl is chaperoned in public places, she is allowed and takes her small liberties of tete-a-tetes, and promenades with gentlemen friends which she could not take in any other land upon the globe.

Aside from this limited circle of ultra conventional people which large cities contain, we have hundreds of thousands of beautiful and refined girls dwelling in our lesser cities and country places who comprise the "best society" of their respective towns, and who walk, drive and dance about with their numerous admirers quite according to their own ideas of propriety and pleasure, and with no interference from chaperons.

There recently appeared in a French society journal the statement that it was customary for entire strangers to call upon American young ladies whom they were desirous of meeting; that these young ladies received them cordially and entertained them pleasantly by conversation until midnight frequently, when if the mother chanced to pass the door and glance in the daughter would laughingly remark: "I do believe, ma is getting curious."

The most remarkable statement regarding our customs will be a surprise to all good American mothers. I am sure, and yet too many American mothers do not exhibit enough curiosity regarding the young men who call upon her daughters. If Mollie and Sallie are fast friends, Mollie is allowed to take her gentleman friends to call upon Sallie. And if for several weeks thereafter Sallie goes walking, rowing and driving with one of these gentlemen, her mother is quite satisfied with the explanation that it is "one of Mollie's friends."

Mollie is a neighbor's daughter, and a very nice girl, indeed, and Sallie's mother rests content with that knowledge, and is glad the young folks are enjoying themselves.

While I assert boldly, knowing thoroughly my premises, that Mollie's mother may be found by the hundreds, in all the smaller towns of the United States, yet the vigilant and watchful mother exists, too. Not long ago I heard a gentleman, who had been remarkably successful as a ladies' man, recount how on three separate occasions he was confronted by dignified mothers and asked to "state his intentions" before continuing his calls upon their daughters. As the gentleman in question did not marry any one of the three daughters in question, this method would hardly seem a successful one for mothers to pursue. But a thoroughly dignified young lady would never have permitted herself to be sufficiently compromised to need this question asked. However much liberty of action may be granted her there is an inborn pride in the true woman which compels her to defend herself from meaningless or compromising attentions. Although the chaperoning system is rapidly gaining ground with us, yet it will require another hundred years at least before the American girl is as carefully hedged about with conventionalities as her foreign sisters are. Whether she will be the better for it in the long run is a subject open to discussion. I myself do not believe the girls who have been carefully guarded from the society of gentlemen until their marriage make the best wives and mothers. I wish some statistician would study up this subject and find what percentage of divorces are from the governess guarded and rigorously chaperoned young women, and what from the independently educated class who have mixed freely with the opposite sex in school and in society. Of one thing I feel sure, that the charming ease of manner, the grace of action and the quickness of repartee for which our girls are admired the world over will decrease and disappear whenever she is as completely barricaded by conventionalities as is the English and French maiden.

And yet there are many of our free born daughters of independence who need to restrict themselves in their ideas of liberty. I have known a vast number of seemingly modest and reputable girls to slyly boast of their ability to obtain presents from young men, and who sported jewels and articles of personal adornment obtained from numerous admirers and worn by them with evident pride. A young lady in one of the lesser western towns distinguished herself by entering into a limited engagement of marriage with seven admirers, from each of which she obtained a ring. These rings she retained after the rupture of the engagements, and on her final marriage to another admirer, she displayed a unique bracelet which, she smilingly informed her friends, was made out of the engagement rings of her discarded lovers.

That this style of young woman exists in America to the extent sufficient to form a type, is proven, I think, by the old song with the catchy air which is played by street bands and sung at theaters and of which the following verse is a sample:

"Although I don't intend to wed,
To settle down in life,
I've promised nearly forty men,
That I'll be their wife,
And for a kiss they give to me
Full many a costly thing,
But, on my word, I don't intend
To wear the wedding ring."

Surely in no other country could such a song be written of respectable society, or sung to a respectable audience. Yet it appeared a few weeks ago in a magazine which is devoted to giving pleasure to the home circle and which falls into the hands of young girls.

I saw the other day in a society paper the following verses which evidently relate to the same type of girl:

I gave Dabette a jeweled ring,
(Dabette is not her name—no matter.)
It was a garnish, gaudy thing,
But girls like these can favor bring,
They argue for you and they flatter

I purchased it and kissed each gem;
Methought in fashion mildly pensive;
"A happier fate awaits for them
Than resting in the diadem
Of any king with realms extensive."

What did the damsel I adore?
I think her conduct heartless, very,
She had it tested; what is more,
She took it to the jewelry store
To ask its value monetary.

It seems to me the right ideas on these subjects do not have to be learned from chaperons and customs. I cannot imagine a true-minded young woman in any station in life receiving any gift more expensive than a book or a basket of flowers from a gentleman not tied to her by bonds of blood or betrothal.

I wish young girls could know the indefinable but certain lessening of respect which every man feels for one who invites or gives gifts freely. Of course men will offer gifts when they dare do so. They know that with the vain and ambitious girl who lacks pride, "That gifts like these can favor bring. They argue for him and they flatter." But every favor a woman accepts from a man who has not asked her to be his wife places her just so much farther from his honest respect.

One of the happiest wives I know today, first attracted the attention of her husband by a conspicuous absence of jewelry in her attire. She was a self-supporting orphan, and he was a well-to-do man of the world, who had come much in contact with gift-loving young women.

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While I assert boldly, knowing thoroughly my premises, that Mollie's mother may be found by the hundreds, in all the smaller towns of the United States, yet the vigilant and watchful mother exists, too. Not long ago I heard a gentleman, who had been remarkably successful as a ladies' man, recount how on three separate occasions he was confronted by dignified mothers and asked to "state his intentions" before continuing his calls upon their daughters. As the gentleman in question did not marry any one of the three daughters in question, this method would hardly seem a successful one for mothers to pursue. But a thoroughly dignified young lady would never have permitted herself to be sufficiently compromised to need this question asked. However much liberty of action may be granted her there is an inborn pride in the true woman which compels her to defend herself from meaningless or compromising attentions. Although the chaperoning system is rapidly gaining ground with us, yet it will require another hundred years at least before the American girl is as carefully hedged about with conventionalities as her foreign sisters are. Whether she will be the better for it in the long run is a subject open to discussion. I myself do not believe the girls who have been carefully guarded from the society of gentlemen until their marriage make the best wives and mothers. I wish some statistician would study up this subject and find what percentage of divorces are from the governess guarded and rigorously chaperoned young women, and what from the independently educated class who have mixed freely with the opposite sex in school and in society. Of one thing I feel sure, that the charming ease of manner, the grace of action and the quickness of repartee for which our girls are admired the world over will decrease and disappear whenever she is as completely barricaded by conventionalities as is the English and French maiden.

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Knowing the propensity of the sex to buy the favor of pretty and unprotected girls, he felt an unusual interest in one who had withstood their bribes, and to-day the happy wife wears jewels consecrated by love in payment for her years of good sense.

However much men may cater to and pursue the gift-getting girl, they distrust her principles and the coarse-minded are quick to imagine her more unwomanly than she really is; for I am not writing of the vicious adventuress, but of a type of pleasure-loving, selfish, but chaste American girl who guards her honor zealously, while she sells her smiles and preferences and exhibits her "presents" as trophies of victories.

A wise girl shows no preferences. So long as her heart and hand are free she will do well to treat all those gentlemen admitted to her society with an air of well-bred ease, which at once gives them to understand that she expects nothing of them but courtesy, and which not infrequently piques them into a stronger feeling. A great beauty of my acquaintance made herself unpopular and neglected by an air of insolent indifference amounting to rudeness. This is never good form and never pays, unless one wishes to wound and antagonize. I have known two young ladies to lose possible husbands by trying to monopolize the attentions of young men whom they had met. A young man complained to me last at the sea shore of this propensity

knew only one young lady here when I came," he said, "and she will not introduce me to any others. I want to dance at the hops, but can not of course unless I know the ladies." I have found it invariably true that the girls who introduce their gentlemen friends freely and readily, are themselves the more sought after and popular. Nothing makes a man so desirous of going as the feeling that he is being hindered from going. Nothing makes him so ready to return as a willingness on your part to let him go.



A BRACELET MADE FROM RINGS OF REJECTED SUITORS.

One of the greatest mistakes a young lady can make is to expect her gentlemen friends to entertain and amuse her constantly, while she poses as a beautiful and admired object, from whom nothing is expected. Men tire quickly of this sort of woman. They are willing to exert themselves for a time, but they invariably demand to be amused finally. I have often seen plain girls, who knew how to amuse and entertain, walk off with the most desirable lovers of the season, while beauties sat at reserved wall flowers, "willing to be entertained." After marriage, if not before, you will find my words true; so learn to amuse, for it is of more value in keeping a lover than all the fine dresses, all the fashionable accomplishments and all the beauty in the world.

Why She Hugged Herself.

"It is easy for married couples to quarrel and bring themselves to the point of a divorce," said a well-known New Yorker yesterday. "After I had been married three months I came sadly home one night to tell my wife that business would keep me away from her for the next twenty-four hours. She was girlish and by way of reply, she gave herself a little hug, with a little wriggle of her body thrown in, and expressed her feelings in an exclamation of unmistakable joy. Deeply pained, I said to her that I had never supposed she desired my absence enough to grieve with joy at the mere proposal of it. Many a man would have gone off angrily or darkly suspicious. Instead I questioned her. 'Why, you goose,' said she, 'when you said you were going away one thing popped into my head to the exclusion of everything else. That was, now he's going away and I can eat some raw onions with salt and vinegar. That was all. I have been dying for raw onions ever since our wedding.'

A Soporific Discourse.

A Maine clergyman told a friend that he had great difficulty in putting his youngest child to sleep at nights. The friend waggishly answered, "Did you ever try the effect of reading one of your sermons to him, doctor?" "Why, no," replied the good man in all seriousness, "I never thought of that." After his departure the friend's wife remonstrated with him for playing on the simplicity of the reverend gentleman, but was herself scarcely able to restrain her risibles when, some time after, the minister called again and remarked: "O, do you know that I adopted your husband's suggestion of reading one of my sermons to my boy, and it worked like a charm!"

The Curiosity of Women.

Some time ago there appeared in a local paper an item to the effect that if a woman saw a paragraph cut from a newspaper in her house she would not rest until she procured another paper to see what had been cut out. A young married man, egged on by his brother, cut out the paragraph referred to, and he had the satisfaction of seeing his wife hustle for another copy of the same edition. That is woman's curiosity. If any man cuts out this paragraph and gives his wife the paper she will certainly go to the nearest newsstand and buy another copy to see what the scissors have done.

Faith in God.

With more faith in God, our fears would vanish. True, we know not all that is to come; but, as we know in the world of nature that the reasons will continue their succession, that seedtime and harvest will not fail, so there are certainties in our spiritual concerns on which we may as confidently depend. We have an unchangeable Saviour, and the revolutions of planets are not more sure than the fulfillment of His promises.—Christian Inquirer.

Satan.

Satan can out-argue the shrewdest logician, and can confuse the profoundest philosopher. He is perfectly invulnerable to all human wit and wisdom. Nothing but the two-edged sword of divine truth, in the very words in which God gives it into our hands, can put him to flight. Hence the necessity of storing the mind well with scripture, which a believing heart can use against its deadly foe.

J. A. Schuyler, of Pottstown, has a piece of amber from the Baltic sea inclosing a petrified beetle.

Eighteen striking miners at Essen, Germany, have been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for rioting.

It's Steal or Starve.

Two Philadelphia lawyers were turned up last week for swindling clients. One of them has fled and the other is about to answer a rule to show cause why he should not be debarred.

Notwithstanding the well known fact that the legitimate fees for legal business in Philadelphia have fallen off more than one-half during the past five years, and without any prospect of improvement, the city is steadily multiplying lawyers, and a large number of them must either steal or starve.

The professions are overcrowded with young men because many of them think it more genteel to steal or starve than to earn a good living by non-professional labor. Even successful mechanics disparage their honest and respected industry with their own sons by obliging them to climb or crawl into professions, and they do it in the face of the known fact that many of them must steal or starve.

Philadelphia Times.

There is a man in our town
And he is very wise, sir,
When e'er he doesn't feel just right
One remedy he tries, sir.
It's just the thing to take in spring
The blood to purify,
He tells his friends, and nothing else
Is he induced to try
because, having taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to cleanse his system, tone it up, and enrich the blood, and finding that it always produces the desired result, he considers that he would be foolish to experiment with anything else. His motto is, "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." That's why he pins his faith to the "Golden Medical Discovery."

Walking advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are the thousands it has cured.

Seven hundred and eighty-four licenses to sell liquor were issued in Boston, Mass., this year, and no more, but not including druggists. That is one license to each 500 inhabitants, as ascertained by the last census.

Harvest Excursions.

The Chicago & North-Western railway offers exceptional opportunities for an inspection of the cheap lands and growing business centers of Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Wyoming, North and South Dakota, Colorado and the far west and northwest by a series of harvest excursions, for which tickets will be sold at half rates, or one fare for the round trip. Excursions leave Chicago August 6th and 13th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. For particulars address E. P. Wilson, General Passenger Agent Chicago & North-Western Railway, Chicago, Illinois.

Notwithstanding his age—88 years—Count von Moltke is as devoted as ever to music, and seldom misses a concert or any musical entertainment of importance. But he rarely now touches the piano, upon which he used to be a first-rate performer.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night.
And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Croup, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and \$1.00. Sample bottles free.

The new penal code of Germany makes it a criminal offense to doubt that a monarchy is the best form of government.

All who use Dobbin's Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

Over 4,000,000 wooden shoe boxes were used by the New England shoe manufacturers last year.

Dropy.
We call the attention of those suffering with dropsy to the fair proposition of Dr. H. H. Green & Sons in their advertisement on this page. Try them; it costs you nothing to do so.

THE BEST PRICE
COUGH MEDICINE
25 CTS.
PISO'S CURE
FOR CONSUMPTION.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DWIGHT'S COW BRAND
SODA & SALT RATUS
TO MAKE
A
Delicious Biscuit
ASK YOUR ORDER FOR
COW BRAND
SODA & SALT RATUS.
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Will buy sufficient
Pearline
to do a large wash, clean a house, or enough of both to prove to any woman its wonderful dirt-removing and labor-saving qualities. Costs almost nothing, but makes the dirt jump. Does it hurt the hands or clothing?—NO, it is harmless. Many millions of packages used every year—no complaints, but many women write: cannot get along without PEARLINE. Why? Because it is the greatest invention of the age for washing and cleaning. It is the modern soap.

Caution
Peddlers and unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE. PEARLINE is never peddled.
JAMES PYLE, New York.

Everybody Got Excited.

A man created a sensation on a Delaware ferryboat recently by reaching under the seats of the cabin, taking out one of the hundreds of life preservers there and proceeded with the utmost deliberation to put it on.

"What's the matter?" asked one excited man. "Is the boat sinking?" Dozens looked around, saw the man making preparations to save himself, and were thrown into a fever of excitement. There had been no alarm, so they then cooled off again, and began to think the man insane. But he was perfectly cool and apparently sane enough. He went right on without the slightest attention to anybody's questions or excitement, to fasten the life preserver on. When he got up he looked at it, seemed satisfied with his survey of himself, and then just as deliberately took it off, put it in its former place, and sat down again. He had made everybody around perspire, though he looked as cool as a cucumber.

An old, honest-looking gentleman, who happened to be sitting near, gave him a quizzical look, which provoked him to say: "You think I'm a fool? Well, I had never put on a life preserver, until that minute, and never knew how. Every time I boarded a boat I felt ashamed of my ignorance, which might some day cost me my life. I just made up my mind to try one. There is a stock of life-preservers. There are 50 people on the boat. I'll bet my hat (here he began to increase his tone until the whole cabin could hear) that not one in the fifty know how to put one on." He ceased and looked around. No one took him up. He resumed reading his paper.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Fairy Tale.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find his way through a wilderness and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for his return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the genius of industry and breathed upon his thread and changed it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious coaches, and he read upon the telegraph the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

While a large majority of the 40,000 rag pickers of Paris do have a pretty tough time, yet as a class they are no worse off than any other calling requiring no training. They have among their number many who live comfortably and with some degree of refinement.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

St. Jacobs Oil
cures
LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, SCIATICA
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, FUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, OR IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.
IF TAKEN DURING CHANGING OF LIFE, GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED.
"O WOMAN" MAILED FREE
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Wire Rope Solvage
All sizes and widths. Gates to match. Sold by us or dealers in this line of goods. PRICED LIST, information form, THE MCGILL WIRE ROPE CO., 211 N. W. 1st St., Chicago, Ill.
SPECIAL TO MICHIGAN FARMERS:
The U. S. Commissioner of Michigan has approved of our fencing for right of way fencing. If any R. R. crosses your land, please ask them to fence your right of way with The McGILL Woven Wire Fencing.

SICK HEADACHE
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. They relieve Biliary Disorders from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness. EATING, A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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FRASER'S KIDNEY CURE
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Excellent for Cuts, Bruises, Burns or Scalds.
GET IT.

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—VIA—
and Iron Mt. Route
Half Rates for the Round Trip
To all points in Arkansas, Texas, Kansas and Nebraska. August 6th and 13th, September 10th and 24th, and October 8th. Thirty days' limit, ample stop-over privileges, cheap lands. Come early for first choice. For descriptive land pamphlets free address company's agents or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

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MILLIONS of ACRES of each in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Publications with maps describing the lands now open to settlers. \$2.00 per acre. For particulars apply to the Land Commissioner, CHAS. B. LAMBORN, ST. PAUL, MINN.
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Have cured many thousand cases. Cure national pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days treatment furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga.
If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

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Dr. Isaac Thompson's CELEBRATED EYE WATER.
This article is a carefully prepared and pure preparation, and has been in constant use nearly a century. CAUTION.—The only genuine Thompson's Eye Water has upon the white wrapper of each bottle an engraved portrait of the inventor, DR. ISAAC THOMPSON, with a fac-simile of his signature; also a note of hand signed John L. Thompson. Any other preparation of Eye Water can be obtained from all Druggists.
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For particulars call on your Ticket Agent or address H. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C. & N. W. R. Co., Chicago.

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Makes a clean sweep. Every sheet will kill a quart of flies. Stops buzzing around ears, diving at eyes, tickling your nose, skips and crawls. Cures peace at trifling expense. Send 25 cents for a sheet to D. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

IRRIGATED LANDS in Rio Pecos Valley, New Mexico. Choice lime stone soil; abundance of water; cheerful climate all the year; almost continuous sunshine; altitude 3,500 feet; healthful locality in the U. S.; no consumption, no malaria, no fever, will yield a competency. Write for particulars, naming this paper, to Fecor Irrigation & Investment Co., 84 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

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Our New Book, "The Johnstown Horror or Valley of Death," the most thrilling book ever issued. AGENTS W. E. ELLIOTT, 100 N. Dearborn St., Chicago. Terms 50 cents. Outfits 30 cents. National Pub. Co., 218 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

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and that Pilo's Cure for Consumption not only cures, but also CURES Hoarseness.

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W. N. U., D.—VII—32.

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