

# Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.  
One Dollar Per Year.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1889.

VOLUME 8.—NO. 31.  
Whole No. 445.

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 applica-  
tion at this office.

Our job department has recently been in-  
creased 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, ALONZO H. ALE,  
Proprietor. Cashier

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

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

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

HENRY C. WALES.  
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Insurance Agent,  
Etc., Office over Hunt's store, Cass City,  
Mich.

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

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

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

HENRY BUTLER  
ATTORNEY AT LAW. Collections and con-  
veyancing a specialty. Office in the Pimney  
block.

DENTISTRY.  
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. SLAGHT & 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. E.  
MILTON 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.

K. 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

First Quarterly Statement.

Statement of condition of Cass City Bank at  
close of business, Aug. 31, 1889.

ASSETS.	
Am't loaned on notes and mort- gages.....	\$24,713.76
Safe, furniture and fixtures.....	1,404.53
Bank building and lot.....	\$3,371.60
Other unencumbered real estate at cash value.....	5,656.17
Total am't invested in real estate.....	9,027.77
Cash in safe.....	\$1,432.27
Deposited in other banks.....	349.60
Total cash on hand.....	1,831.87
Life insurance bond and sundry assets not included in the above	482.54
Total Assets.....	\$37,460.47
LIABILITIES.	
Savings deposits.....	\$11,077.46
Commercial deposits.....	4,217.19
Total deposits.....	\$15,294.65
Due to other banks.....	2,689.81
Total Liabilities.....	\$17,983.96
Total capital invested.....	\$20,076.51
We, Curtis W. McPhail, proprietor, and O. K. James, cashier, do hereby swear that the above statement is true to the best of our knowledge and belief. CURTIS W. MCPHAIL, O. K. JAMES, Proprietor. Cashier.	
Subscribed and sworn before me this 3d day of September, 1889. J. C. LAING, Notary Public.	

CITY NEWS.

Additional local on fifth page.

Don't forget the fair on October 8th  
and 9th.

Jno. Etherinton was in Unionville on  
Monday.

D. A. Holmes was in Caro on business  
Tuesday.

S. D. Edwards is confined to his home  
with fever.

A girl baby at Dell Landon's on Wed-  
nesday night.

Mrs. Dugald McIntyre is reported as  
being very ill.

Our merchants are receiving their fall  
supply of goods.

J. W. Macomber and family were in  
Caro over Sunday.

Judd Brown of Gageton is attending the  
high school here.

Dr. Doying of Berne was a caller at  
our office on Monday.

A large amount of fruit has been mar-  
keted here this season.

J. P. Hern was busily engaged repair-  
ing several threshers engines last week.

Miss Jennie Watson of Gageton was  
the guest of friends in town Saturday.

Mrs. R. S. Brown of Gageton was  
calling on friends in this place Monday.

Mrs. M. E. Rowell has been very ill  
with typho malaria for the past week.

Miss Anna B. Dann of Caro was call-  
ing on friends in this place on Saturday.

The dance at the rink on Friday eve-  
ning last was not very largely attended.

Alfred Bowers of Port Huron is the  
guest of his sister, Mrs. Jas. McArthur.

H. C. La Flamboy, formerly of Gage-  
town, but now of Detroit, was in the city  
on Friday.

The school boy has shaken hands with  
his old friends, the ball and bat, until  
another year.

A. W. Seed is slowly recovering from  
his recent illness, but is still unable to  
leave his home.

More rain is needed very much. More  
wells are dry in the place just now than  
for many years past.

The recent school census shows 309  
persons of school age in this district, a  
gain of 25 over last year.

Train Dispatcher J. T. Thatcher and  
wife of Pontiac were visiting friends in  
Cass City the fore part of the week.

Jas Hume of Gageton, W. C. Wyck-  
off and Sam. Owen of Owendale were  
visitors in town on Friday evening last.

Mrs. Henry Wickware returned home  
on Tuesday from Reese, where she had  
been visiting her parents for a short per-  
iod.

A singular coincidence.—The first night  
a watchman was employed to patrol  
our streets the town was visited by  
burglars.

G. A. Stevenson and wife returned  
home from Tuscola on Saturday last,  
where they were visiting friends and re-  
latives for a few days.

Miss Josie McClinton, who has been  
visiting friends in East Saginaw and  
Bay City for several weeks, returned  
home on Saturday evening last.

For many weeks this part of Michigan  
had been without rain and the drought in  
this vicinity had begun to create havoc  
with such of the farmers crops as needed  
a great deal of moisture at this time of  
year, but on Tuesday a refreshing rain

made its appearance and delighted the  
inhabitants with its exhilarating effects.

Farmers, when making a show of  
stock or grain at other fairs, just re-  
member that Cass City invites you to  
make the same exhibits here.

While elaborate preparations cannot  
be made for the fair which will be held  
here next month, yet a good exhibit and  
a large crowd may be looked for.

The young people's society of Christ-  
ian Endeavor will hold regular meetings  
in the Presbyterian church every Sun-  
day evening hereafter at 6:30 o'clock.

The ladies' literary and historical so-  
ciety will meet with Mrs. J. P. Howe on  
Thursday afternoon next. All the mem-  
bers are earnestly requested to be pres-  
ent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hendrick arrived  
home on Friday last from an extensive  
visit with friends in different parts of  
the state. They report a very pleasant  
time.

The jovial countenance of Geo. S. Far-  
rar may be seen behind the counters in  
the store of 2 Mack 2 now days, he hav-  
ing accepted a position as clerk for the  
above firm.

Mrs. W. F. Benkelman bade adieu to  
her many Cass City friends on Thursday  
morning. She has gone to her new home  
at Grayling. She will be missed by all  
who knew her.

Since publishing a request for delin-  
quents to call and settle up, quite a num-  
ber have responded in an encouraging  
manner, but there are still a great many  
who should follow.

Our thanks are due J. A. Trotter, sec-  
retary of the Tuscola county agricul-  
tural society for a complimentary ticket  
to the 24th annual fair to be held at  
Vassar, Oct. 1, 2, 3, and 4.

The regular monthly consecration  
meeting of the young people's society of  
Christian Endeavor will occur at the  
Presbyterian church this (Friday) eve-  
ning. A full attendance is desired.

The State fair association realizes that  
the average editor cannot afford to take  
his lady to the fair, so this year the non-  
transferable complimentary will only ad-  
mit one. The show opens at Lansing,  
Sept. 9.

Jas. McArthur has moved into the  
house recently vacated by Prof. Benkel-  
man. Jim says almost any kind of  
work is preferable to moving household  
goods this hot weather, and we agree  
with him.

An exchange warns the merchants of  
its town that if its advertising space is  
not occupied by home dealers, outsiders  
will be invited to contribute to the prof-  
its of the paper, to the detriment of the  
home merchant.

Frank Doying of Detroit has been  
stopping in town for a few days this  
week. He has severed his connection  
with the law firm of Doying & Turner  
of that city and will leave for Montana  
in a short time.

C. W. McPhail is getting the material  
on hand to build a vault in his bank.  
The vault will be of the latest design and  
will be one of the many improvements  
he has added to his bank within the  
past year or so.

S. Botsford was employed as night-  
watchman for several nights during the  
past week, as fire was anticipated by  
many on account of the extremely dry  
weather, but his duties ceased on the ar-  
rival of rain Tuesday.

Advertisers are requested to hand in  
changes of advertisements not later than  
Tuesday during working hours. A prompt  
and timely appearance of the paper is  
worth more to them than a change of  
advertisement which would cause delay.

Miss Carrie Hitchcock left for Ypsilan-  
ti on Tuesday morning to take a three  
years' course in that university of nor-  
mal instruction. Her many friends  
here regret her departure from their  
midst, but wish her all manner of suc-  
cess in the new sphere of labor.

When you are selling your grain please  
remember that the office of the ENTER-  
PRISE is just on the corner as you turn  
to go from main street to the grain ele-  
vator, you can't miss it. We are always  
pleased to look over our books and in-  
form you as to how you stand with us.

We are pleased to acknowledge the re-  
ceipt of six choice apples brought in  
into our editorial sanctum by H. P. Ma-  
honey on Friday last. Five of the ap-  
ples weighed in the aggregate four pounds,  
while one of them measured one foot in  
circumference. The fruit was of the  
Duchess variety, and the finest we have  
seen this season.

Holly Advertiser: The village fathers  
should either prohibit a fakir doing busi-  
ness in town or appoint a guardian over  
every sucker (and look out for themselves  
that they do not get taken in). Every  
swindler that visits the town finds suckers  
and takes so much money out of the  
town which should be left here. We sug-  
gest that swindlers be not permitted to  
gull our people. If they do not know

enough to look out for themselves, we  
must look out for them.

The last excursion train of the season  
to Caseville passed up on Saturday eve-  
ning last.

The fruit social at the residence of Mr.  
and Mrs. J. L. Hitchcock on Friday eve-  
ning last for the benefit of the Presby-  
terian society was a highly enjoyable affair,  
and was attended by a large company.

This was the first social of the kind held  
this season and the proceeds amounted  
to about \$10.

Jno. Marshall lost a valuable cow re-  
cently under peculiar circumstances.  
The animal had been browsing among  
some willow trees, when she became en-  
tangled among the branches in such a  
manner that she could not extricate  
herself and choked to death. The cow  
was a thoroughbred Durham and cost  
Mr. Marshall \$250.

The Cass City fair is an assured suc-  
cess. It will be a stock company and  
\$1500 of the \$2000 required has been  
subscribed. There seems to be a sort of  
unity among the business men of Cass  
City and a push about them that is  
mighty wholesome for any town and dis-  
asterous for the towns in the neighbor-  
hood that don't have it.—Bad Axe Dem-  
ocrat.

Here is something for farmers to think  
over. In 1816 it took just 1 bushel of  
corn to buy 1 pound of nails; now 1  
bushel will buy 15 pounds of nails. Than  
it required 64 bushels of barley to buy 1  
yard of broadcloth; now the same amount  
of barley will pay for 20 yards of broad-  
cloth. It then required the price of 1  
bushel of wheat to buy 1 yard of calico;  
now 1 bushel of wheat will buy 15 yards  
of calico.

Bush fires have been raging in this  
part of the county to an alarming ex-  
tent for the past few weeks, and many  
instances are recorded where farmers  
have had to fight the flames in order to  
preserve their property from destruc-  
tion. Around Gageton the fires were  
particularly severe, but not much dam-  
age is reported. The shower on Tuesday  
had a tendency to put a quietus on the  
fires near here.

The second-class job printing concern  
on Main street issued an "early morning  
edition" on Saturday. The circular was  
an "extensive" affair, being about  
the size of a small hand-bill, and at-  
tempted to give a graphic description of  
the burglary. Such expressions as "he  
leaped like a kangaroo and jumped like  
a wild Indian" sound like extracts from  
a dime novel, rather than coming from  
an educated mind, and is a poor starter  
for the youthful aspirant to journalistic  
fame.

H. D. Seeley, living in Elmwood town-  
ship, seven miles west of here, sustained  
a serious loss by fire on Monday after-  
noon. The fire, originated from a steam  
threshing, and burned to the ground his  
barn and contents, which included 500  
bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of oats  
and about 20 tons of hay. Extra cau-  
tion should be used by farmers who are  
compelled to thresh their grain during  
this hot weather, as everything is ready  
to burst out into a flame from the small-  
est spark.

The new postal cards soon to be issued  
will vary in size. There will be three sizes  
when the contracts are finally taken up  
—one a fine delicate card for ladies' use  
much smaller than that now in circula-  
tion and of much finer quality. Finely  
calendared paper will be substituted for  
the old bluff blotting paper. An inter-  
mediate card of the same size as the one  
now in use will be retained, and a new  
large card will be introduced that can  
be used for business purposes, and will  
be large enough to allow a bill head to  
be printed thereon, besides the other  
matter.

E. H. Pinney's new bank block is rapidly  
assuming a finished appearance un-  
der the corps of workmen who are now  
busily engaged in putting on the finishing  
touches. Cross Bros. are doing a very  
neat job in the artistic line; while Dun-  
can Graham is superintending the car-  
penter work. Duggan Bros. are putting  
on the last coat of plastering, and the  
prospects are that the building will be  
occupied in a short time. The structure  
is certainly an ornament to the place.

The familiar sound of the school bell  
could be heard on Monday morning and  
the promising and ambitious students  
were seen wending their way toward  
Cass City's university of learning. T. A.  
Conlon of Traverse City, recently a gradu-  
ate of Ypsilanti, is Prof. Benkelman's  
successor and holds sway over the high  
school, instilling into the minds of the  
more advanced pupils the higher  
branches. Miss Maggie McDougall has  
charge of the grammar department,  
while Miss Lizzie Ale will command the  
intermediate room, but on account of  
illness the position has been filled by  
Miss Kate McClinton this week. Miss  
Beck of Postoria presides over the  
primary department and everything  
points toward a successful year.

ATTEMPTED BURGLARY

BURGLARS ENTER T. H.  
HUNT'S STORE.

They Try to Rob the Safe, but are  
Foiled in the Attempt. One of  
the Prisoners Escapes.

For several years the residents of our  
little city have been undisturbed from  
their peaceful slumbers by the exploits  
of burglars, and the majority were be-  
ginning to think that the town was  
burglar proof, but on Friday morning  
considerable surprise was occasioned  
when the news was heralded that T. H.  
Hunt's store had been entered by bur-  
glars early that morning and an attempt  
made to blow open the safe and rob the  
same of its contents.

About 2 o'clock early Friday morn-  
ing, H. W. Robinson, who sleeps over  
the store of Mr. Hunt, was awakened  
by peculiar sounds issuing from the  
room beneath. After listening atten-  
tively for several seconds to satisfy him-  
self of the cause and nature of the  
disturbance, he arose and went to the  
window. On looking out he observed  
two men, one of whom was standing  
near the store door, while the other  
was doing patrol duty to warn his pals  
of danger, as the working at the safe  
by the third man could be heard very  
distinctly. Mr. Robinson in walking  
around had evidently frightened the bur-  
glars far, on looking out of the window  
the second time, he saw three men rap-  
idly fleeing in the darkness.

He immediately aroused Mr. Hunt  
and then sought S. Botsford, the night  
watch, who was at the other end of the  
town. Constable Chas. Striffler was  
next notified and on examining the  
store and safe it was found that the  
outer door of the store had been pried  
open by tools stolen from H. Wick-  
ware's wagon shop, but the safe re-  
mained unharmed, the burglars being  
frightened away before they could accom-  
plish their purpose. Constable Striffler  
began search for the men, but on  
account of the darkness the pursuit  
had to be abandoned. On Friday after-  
noon information was received to the  
effect that three men answering the  
description of the guilty parties had  
been seen in Kingston that day. Mr.  
Striffler telegraphed the constable to  
arrest them, but they succeeded in elud-  
ing the officer and made their way to-  
ward Clifford. Constables Striffler and  
Hern then took the 5 o'clock train for  
Clifford. On arriving there Constable  
Hern remained at the station, and Mr.  
Striffler took a circuitous route for about  
a mile in search of the thieves. Mr.  
Hern had been standing on the plat-  
form but a few moments, when three  
men were seen coming down the rail-  
road track and drew up at the station.  
A glance at the individuals told Mr.  
Hern that they were the fellows he  
wanted and he at once resorted to a  
very clever stratagem in order to cap-  
ture the men, who were not at all pre-  
possessing. Mr. Hern entered into a  
conversation with the miscreants and  
invited them over to the hotel to im-  
bib a little, and little thinking of the  
well devised trap that was being laid  
for them they consented. Once inside  
the hotel the officer knew he would  
have them foul, and as soon as the  
drinks were set up they were made  
prisoners. They were so taken by sur-  
prise that no resistance was offered.  
Constable Striffler soon appeared upon  
the scene and the men were hand-  
cuffed and searched. Each had a re-  
volver of large calibre secreted in their  
coat pockets, and things might have  
assumed a very serious aspect had they  
been allowed the use of them. Noth-  
ing else of any importance was found  
on their persons.

The officers with their prisoners ar-  
rived here on the night train. Mr.  
Hern had charge of one of the men,  
while the other two were placed in the  
custody of Mr. Striffler, and were  
hand-cuffed together. When turning  
the corner at the junction  
of Garfield avenue and Segar street,  
one of the two who were linked to-  
gether succeeded in getting one of his  
hands loose, and with a powerful  
wrench freed himself from his compan-  
ion and made a break for liberty. The  
officer immediately pulled his revolver  
and commanded the prisoner to halt,  
at the same time firing several shots,  
none of which took effect, however,  
and the prisoner succeeded in making  
good his escape. The other two were  
then taken before Justice Wales, who  
consigned them to the village lock-up  
that night. Saturday morning word  
was received from the authorities at  
Caro, to proceed with the men to that  
place, it being thought they were the  
burglars who entered the postoffice  
there.

Diligent search has been made by  
the officers this week for the escaped  
prisoner, but the only trace found was  
that a man answering his description had  
been seen making his way toward Sag-

inaw. The men now lodged in the  
county jail have given their names as  
Chas. Gray and Walter Hale. Con-  
stable Hern and Striffler deserve con-  
siderable credit for the arrest of these  
men, as the fact has been demonstrated  
that they are a tough "set". Mr. Hern  
showed "nerve" when he took the  
men in charge at Clifford under the  
circumstance which occurred there.

OCTOBER 8th AND 9th.

THAT IS THE DATE OF THE  
FAIR TO BE HELD HERE.

The Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac Ag-  
ricultural Society Decides to Hold  
Its First Fair This Fall.

At a meeting of the newly organized  
agricultural society held on Thursday  
afternoon of last week it was decided to  
hold a fair this year on the 8th and 9th  
of October, the directors being unani-  
mous in the opinion that the above  
dates would be the best. Temporary  
buildings will probably be erected for  
the sheltering of exhibits, and every-  
thing done in the way of accommoda-  
tions etc., that can be accomplished in  
the short period that is left to the so-  
ciety before the fair. The association  
means business and things begin to as-  
sume an encouraging aspect for the hold-  
ing of its first fair. Of course this will  
be the starter, and it is imperative that  
the farmers and business men should  
take just as much interest in the matter  
this fall as though the association had  
been organized for years. By next fall  
extensive building will have been erected  
and an excellent track provided so that  
trials of speed may be witnessed, as well  
as other attractions of the turf. The  
premium lists will be issued in a short  
time and can be had of the secretary, A.  
D. Gillies, or President Ale. Don't for-  
get the dates and let all interested lend  
all the assistance possible to make the  
first Cass City fair a glowing success.

THE DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION.

The stockholders of the Cass City Fair  
Grounds and Driving Park Association  
met at the council rooms on Thursday  
evening last. It was voted to increase  
the number of shares of stock to 120.  
This will make the capital stock, \$3,000,  
of which over \$2,500 has already been  
subscribed. The board of directors was  
then elected which consists of C. W. Mc-  
Phail, E. H. Pinney, J. D. Crosby, Jno.  
Striffler, H. M. Sanborn, O. C. Wood, J.  
C. Laing, Jno. Murphy, P. F. Koepfgen.

A committee was appointed to receive  
bids from owners of land who had sites  
suitable for a fair ground, which com-  
mittee was to report at the next meet-  
ing of the association.

The above directors met at C. W. Mc-  
Phail's bank on Saturday evening and  
elected the following officers: President,  
J. C. Laing; secretary, C. W. McPhail;  
treasurer, E. H. Pinney.

Another meeting of the stockholders  
was held on Tuesday evening of this  
week, when the committee on grounds  
reported that they had received bids  
from the following gentlemen: R. G. Orr,  
S. Ale, Jno. Leonard, and J. H. Striffler.  
A vote was then taken which resulted in  
the selection of Mr. Orr's property. The  
price paid is \$100 per acre. This will  
locate the fair grounds less than a half  
mile from town. When completed Cass  
City will have as fine a driving park  
and fair ground as there is in this part  
of the state.

The secretary of fair ground and driv-  
ing association reports the following  
stock sold up to date and not published  
in the ENTERPRISE of Aug. 23.

J. L. Hitchcock 4, Orlando White 1,  
John Leonard 1, Robert Orr 4, Sam F.  
Owen 1, W. T. Schenck 1, John Hamil-  
ton 1, Fritz Bros. 1, Hugh Seed 1, N.  
Bigelow 1, McDougall & Co. 1, Hugh Mc-  
Coll 1, B. M. Ewing 1, Archie McPhail 1,  
James Dillman 1, P. A. Koepfgen 1, Chas.  
St. Mary 1, John Kraft 1, M. H. Quick 1,  
L. A. DeWitt 1, Wm. Martin 1, Wm. E.  
Randall 1, H. C. Wales 1, O. C. Wood 1,  
H. C. Weaver 1, Dan. Somerville 1, War-  
ren Hinkley 1, Hamel M. Sansburn 1, Peter  
Gage 1, Wm. J. Williamson 1, James  
Reagh 1, J. D. Withey 1.

Change of "Ads."

J. C. Laing calls your attention to the  
"old reliable" this week and invites you  
to call and see him.

Farmers, now is the time to buy your  
fall implements, and J. H. Striffler's is  
the place to go for the same. Notice his  
ad.

J. D. Crosby on another page discusses  
the question of "worth." A glance at  
his ad. will convince you of the fact that  
if you are need of boots, shoes, or rub-  
ber goods, Crosby's is the place to buy.

Frost & Hebblewhite say this week  
that all summer goods are marked down  
at cost. Read their ad on another page.  
It will benefit you.

The Cass City bank renders a quarterly  
statement in this issue.

The enterprising firm of 2. Macks 2  
have something to say to public in an open  
letter. Find it in another column

# MAJORICA.

BY ANNETTA J. HALLIDAY.

A small, conical-shaped island, high and steep, with a broad reef of sand to the northward, the natural rock terrace with many ridges, rising one above the other, thickly planted and showing the result of many centuries of labor; the drooping citron flowers, the fiery azaleas, the silver-gray olive and the dazzling green of the orange trees, forming a luxuriant and picturesque whole, towering upward in the golden, misty vapor of an early summer day.

What repose is here!  
These skies are softest azure, the bending fringe of blossoms, the dreamy blue of the iris lilies and the yellow gladioli and great scarlet poppies contrasting so beautifully with the bronze and sea-green and purple of the flex leaves and the snowy whiteness of the arbutus and acacia, while every where, stretching away to indefinite horizons, spreads the trembling sea, its long expanse of waves glittering with the tints opal, violet and gold.

Around this summer islet, set like a jewel in the bosom of the Mediterranean, cluster memories of Liszt's weird music, of the dream nocturnes of Chopin, of the incomparable genius of Madame Sand, and scenes which have faded out of the real world forever, suddenly appear again as in a vision. It is Majorca, fair Majorca!

A boat with a picturesque sail of Venetian red had been drawn upon the sand, and a man of perhaps thirty years or more disembarked.

He threw a coin to the boatman and then sauntered leisurely up the dusty, rock-cut road.

His is a face, once seen, never forgotten, the restless almost indescribable eyes, full of flame, with a tawny light in them, not unlike a tiger furtively watching his prey; the gaunt, emaciated, supernatural figure, looking like an indifferently-dressed skeleton, the long, lank hair straggling down over his shoulders, an awkward, shambling gait, as if his bones had been loosely strung together upon wires and the wires had become unfastened.

Altogether he was an exceptional being to behold in the flesh.

Suddenly he wheeled around and addressed the boatman.

"How far to the hotel?" said he, in purest Castilian.

"Does the Senor wish for the city? It is yet two miles ahead. Or has Don Senor the intention of stopping with Carlos tonight? There is no hotel nearer than the city, but Dios! What more can you want than you shall find with Carlos—meat, drink, and a blessing from Our Lady!"

A demoniacal grin appeared for an instant upon the listener's face, but it vanished almost as quickly, as he spoke.

"Peace, fool! what care I for blessings from any one!" he asked in a harsh voice; "is there no inn, nothing on this island nearer than two miles? Who is this man Carlos, and what does he keep?"

And the fisherman, recovering somewhat from his astonishment, made answer:

"Carlos Mueyz, respected Senor, is a farmer who lives alone with his daughter or Gulnare, but his lands are broad, his barns are full; there is enough to spare for man and beast."

"And where do I find this paragon of hospitality?" inquired the stranger.

"Scarcely fifty paces ahead, dear Senor; you are sure to be welcome. *Dios guarde a Usted, caballero!*" (God be with you, cavalier.)

"Adios!" responded the other, carelessly.

"He is a heretic or worse," thought the simple fisherman as he pulled his boat about and hoisted his sail.

"He is uncanny-looking, like the picture hung near Our Blessed Lady in the chapel of Las Trinitas, and that man in that picture was in league with the devil, too." And as he pushed off he crossed himself reverently.

Meanwhile, the tall, ungainly figure sauntered slowly up the path to the farm house. He looked around abstractedly at times, and then paused, talking to himself out loud, gesticulating wildly, then breaking into a loud laugh.

Down the white path strewn thick with bright flowers, came a young girl, carrying one of the large baskets of flowers, so frequently seen in the streets of Palma, the capital of the island.

She was a picture after the wonderful beauty of the Spanish peasant girls; under the torn trim of the unfastened hat, the curls fell, dark thick and clustering, and the brown flesh tints were measured with a rare richness of color.

Suddenly the large, black eyes became as if transfixed, there was in them a mixture of wonder, fear and fascination as they fell upon the uncouth form approaching her.

The next instant she was aware of the stranger's intense gaze and stood almost motionless, as a bird charmed by a serpent. Then she trembled involuntarily from head to foot.

A strange smile stole over the pale, haggard face of the man, a smile which seemed to break the spell of mesmeric power, and the startled girl passed on.

She reached the shore and stood upon the sandy beach, gazing wistfully up and down the vast waste of waters, in search of some one, now and then casting a timid look backward, as if she feared the weird stranger might again cross her path.

Presently her watching was rewarded. A boat rounded the curve of the island and shot rapidly into the little bay.

As its keel grated upon the sand, a handsome young fellow leaped on shore, wearing a red Levantine cap, with a dash of yellow in it, a short Zouave jacket trimmed with buttons, and a blue sash tied at the side, the ends terminating in knotted fringe.

His eyes were dark and piercing, with something of the falcon in their depths, his nose aquiline, but his clear olive skin bore the traces of a warmer sun than that of Italy or Spain, and his garb bespoke a sailor of the Orient in holiday attire.

He approached the young girl and raised one of her hands to his lips.

"Ah Leonidas!" she exclaimed, in a language which was neither Spanish nor Italian, you are late to-day. I can only be absent until sundown, see—"

(displaying her basket of flowers); "father thinks I have taken these to sell in the city. We must be quick. It is not often we can steal a holiday together in this way. Come, let us go!"

The young fellow thus addressed, assisted her into the craft; he had just quitted and springing in after her he took advantage of the momentary breeze and they were soon standing out to sea on the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

"How I love you, dearest!" he cried, bending toward her tenderly. "Do you know that five days of absence have only too well convinced me that I can exist but for you?"

"Yet, Leonidas," said the girl at length,

"we cannot go on in this way and I dare not tell my father of our love; shall it never be made holy by marriage? Shall I never hear the blessing of the priest upon you and me, my own?"

The man was silent; finally he spoke:

"You know why not, Gulnare, as well as I do. You cannot forsake your faith, how can I abandon mine? Pray to your saints, for the consummation of our love, my darling, pray to your saints and I will beseech the prophets."

"And yet, Leonidas, I have prayed so to Our Blessed Lady to make you a Christian that I feel sure she will answer my prayers."

"Dear little soul! were it my heart's blood that you asked of me, I would only regret I have but one to shed for you; were it my honor, I would fling it at your feet, but the faith of my parents—O Gulnare! how can I tell you how many times my mother comes to me in dreams, her long black hair streaming over her shoulders, and her eyes full of tears—'Leonidas, my son!' she cries to me, 'by all of our holy prophets I beseech you to cling to the true faith.' O Gulnare! think of it, and when I see you, dearest, even my best resolutions, my tenderest memories seem fading away, and I say to myself, Hindoo, Turk, Jew or Christian—what should I care? I cannot live without her!"

He spoke with the intensity of his race and clime, his rude eloquence stirring the heart of the young girl with a force she had never experienced before.

They glided on in silence a few moments, then Gulnare spoke:

"My Leonidas!" said she, "whatever your belief may be, I know not that it is something powerful I acknowledge, or it could not hold you in its grasp; but what care we at present? We are together to-day with none to dispute the right. Is it not enough?"

Her glorious eyes, dark as night and lustrous as starshine, met his, his hands trembled, that look fired his whole soul, and for a moment he lost his self-command.

Her hands lay clasped in her lap. He reached forward and took them in his own. His burning lips touched them and he looked at her with an adoration so intense, a love so passionate that she could not meet his gaze.

The glittering spires and cupolas of Palma were in sight now; yonder, in the fierce sunlight, gleamed the royal palace, and near it with a rushing sound and a wild, tumultuous music, fell the waters of the Xemor.

The little boat shot under the arches of the Ponte Rossa and disappeared from sight.

At the corner of the street by the fountain of St. Jerome, stood two men, evidently Spanish citizens, eagerly conversing over a scrap of paper, which had the appearance of a play bill and which bore these words: "*Paganini fara sentire il suo violino.*"

"They say he is in league with the devil," said one of the men, "and thou rememberest, Juan, the night in Madrid, when the city was sleeping, but the heart of the woods was alive and he walked down the long avenue in the moonlight and the very birds paused and listened."

"Yes, Jose," answered the other; "they paused because the notes were like theirs, only more exquisite and high, and the next morning the journals were full of the 'strange whistler.'"

"So he comes here to-morrow night; well perhaps we may see each other there. They say he is a great man as well as a musician; here comes Manuel in hot haste. What has happened?"

A third figure joined them.

"Have you heard the news?" cried he who was called Manuel.

"News! no. What news?" exclaimed the other two, in a breath.

"Carlos de Mueyz has discovered that Gulnare's lover is a Greek Jew, and has sworn to kill him if he ever comes near her again."

"Dios mios! poor children!" said Jose, "and they are both here this afternoon. And so Carlos has just found out the truth!"

"Which he might have known long ago, had he sense enough to understand the bit of yellow in the boy's cap," grumbled Juan.

"Alas yes! but parents are blind sometimes," answered Manuel. "A good day to you, gentlemen. If either of you should see Leonidas, tell him 'tis best to love at home, else he wishes a price on his head. Adios!"

And they separated.

Twilight on the Mediterranean. Over all the sky was that soft, dim violet blue, that is so lovely and so mystical, and that one sees nowhere, save in southern skies.

It was like a dream scene, painted on canvas.

A boat drifted close to the shore, its two occupants seemingly unmindful of its course.

The hour was in harmony with them, soft, subdued and tremulous, with the low whisper from murmuring boughs and waving grasses, and amorous with sighs from balmy breezes, full of the sweetness of flowers which have been kissed by lovers.

"You will be a Christian one day, Leonidas," said the girl at length. "I am sure of it."

"I would value the being so, only for your sake. Will it make me dearer in your eyes?"

She looked at him. How supremely lovely she was. Any man might have found his happiness in such love as her face portrayed then.

"Gulnare, flower of the Pomegranate and rightly named," he whispered, "answer me—will I be dearer to you, then?"

"You cannot," she said softly and shyly. The words seemed to intoxicate him with joy. He gazed in unspoken rapture on her.

Suddenly from the rose thicket beyond the water came the sound of a violin.

They listened for some moments in silence. It was not any music they had heard before; it was something that seemed to come from the bidding of a mortal—a wild, weird melody that had all the despair of death, all the cravings of love, all the abandonment of passion.

Gulnare moved restlessly, the color came and went in her cheeks, a sigh escaped from her lips, her eyes avoided those of her companion, for it was not in human nature to hear such music unmoved.

Above the line of foliage, rising like a spectre from the waters, gleamed the pale silver of the moon; great burning stars throbbled in the pure sapphire of the sky.

As they drifted onward, toward the shore, leaf and shade fell over them in friendly gloom; his arms closed around her, with a passionate sigh their lips met, and she rested silently against his heart.

What need of words, since all of language could hold nothing sweeter!

All the happiness that life could contain was gathered and garnered into that one most exquisite hour, when, alone together upon the Mediterranean, they drifted under the shadow of the shore, with no thought for the future.

The boat's keel grated upon the sand and as Leonidas Gulnare stepped upon the beach, two figures emerged from the thick woods beyond.

"Dog of a Jew!" cried one, "dost dare to love the daughter of a Christian? Thou dog, whose ancestors drove our blessed Savior on, when he was weary and refused to let him sit, thinkest thou that I will be more merciful to thee! Hence, I say, hence, or by the blessed saints, thou'lt ne'er again see Greece!"

At the first sound of her father's voice, Gulnare drew tremblingly closer to Leonidas and in mute confidence waited for him to speak.

"Now by the faith of my fathers," he exclaimed, the hot blood mounting to his forehead at the words addressed to him, "Jew thou hast called me, but thou shalt acknowledge that a Jew can love and honor a woman, yes, often better than a Christian. It is true, sir, I do dare to love your daughter, she dares to love me, and although we differ in belief and it is in direct opposition to the rules of my religion, I shall yet call her wife."

"Never!" shouted Carlos de Mueyz.

"Never, I say! What! the child of a Christian unite to a Jewish heir? Have a care, young sir, these threats are not in vain."

The stranger who had accompanied de Mueyz, thrust his violin under his arm and drew near to Gulnare.

"Do not be afraid," he whispered to her: "you and your love shall not be separated. I promise you, remember, I promise you."

The girl stole a frightened glance at him. Was it possible that this was the weird stranger whom she had met early in the afternoon when she had stolen down to the beach with a basket of flowers to meet her lover?

Yes, it was the same uncouth figure, but how came he here with her father? Leonidas was speaking.

"Sir," he said, "it is the prejudice of race; I have yet to learn that a Jew cannot make as good a husband as a Catholic Christian. Do we ever force our wives to work? No. Do we ever break our old mosaic law, which says: 'Heed that women work not, for they are the handmaidens of the Lord?'"

He turned suddenly to Gulnare.

"Speak, tell your father," he said, "that our love is mutual. Tell him, dearest, that you will go away with me to my own land; tell him, dost thou love me, Gulnare?"

"I love you better than my life, yes, better than my soul," she answered solemnly.

"O Dios mios!" yelled the father, almost beside himself with fury, "is it my flesh and blood speaking to me? Wretch of a girl, come hither and dare not to speak to him again!"

"Padre mios!" pleaded Gulnare, dropping upon her knees, "listen a little to me. We will be so good if only you will let me marry him. You shall have nothing in the world to complain of, my father."

"Get up, thou fool!" cried her father, deaf to her prayers and entreaties, "get up I say; nothing short of a miracle would tempt me," then he softened a little. "Get up, my daughter," he said, "and come home with me; we will try and forget it all."

"Father!" the girl spoke firmly and clearly, "father, I can never leave Leonidas; he is nearer to me than all else," and she drooped her beautiful eyes before the passionate gaze of her lover.

Leonidas slid one arm about her waist, kissed her fondly and then stood defiantly waiting for Carlos to speak.

In the meantime, the strange violinist had disappeared.

The sky which, up to this time, had been so perfect, now showed signs of a storm.

Heavy clouds riven with spaces of light, were driving before the wind which had suddenly sprung up.

The waters of the Mediterranean seemed troubled as if an unquiet spirit had unexpectedly made his abode with them.

The long white line of foam rolled up upon the shore with a sound almost human. Enraged at the daring act of the Jew, the Spaniard rushed forward, stiletto uplifted. Leonidas gently thrust Gulnare behind him.

"Nothing save a miracle shall spare thee now, I swear it by the Madonna," cried the infuriated Carlos, pausing an instant with hand upraised.

All in an instant he recoiled, and fell upon his knees, a look of horror staring in his eyes.

"O Holy Mother!" he gasped, "the Jew is safe. I called upon thee and thou hast answered me," and he began saying his "Aves" with a trembling voice.

Gulnare and her lover turned and looked behind them in the direction in which the frightened man had pointed.

There, shining forth in the thick darkness from the topmost limb of a tree, gleamed a crucifix, emblem of the Catholic faith.

There were gems of various colors in it, shining like living things.

A figure was extended upon this cross and every nail was a precious stone; the crown of thorns was all diamonds.

In the side, resembling the mark of a soldier's spear, glowed a costly ruby; an emerald represented the nail in the foot; a sapphire the wound in the right hand.

Fresh with the teachings of her faith, Gulnare fell upon her knees also.

"Leonidas, beloved," she whispered, "Our Blessed Mother is speaking to us. O Padre mios!" turning to her father, "thou wilt no longer dispute on our love. See our dear Mother sanctions."

Carlos rose to his feet and advanced toward the young Jew, who stood so proudly with arms folded, waiting for the result.

"Son of an alien race!" he exclaimed, "I had intended ere another day's sun that thou shouldst sail for Greece or leave thy bones alone here. I said nothing but a miracle should save you. Mary, Our Blessed Mother, has answered me. I dare not interfere with your love for my Gulnare; I dare not, for all the hosts of heaven uphold you," and he extended his hand.

From the deep shades beyond, came the shambling figure of the stranger.

He seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the three people before him, and walked past them, his violin under his arm.

Suddenly he stopped upon the beach, where the occasional moonlight through the clouds upon the wave-wet sand, threw his weird shadow into deep relief.

He glanced about, and seizing his violin, hugged it tightly between his chin and chest.

Then he raised his bow and dashed it down like a sledge hammer upon the strings.

He seemed in accord with the elements, the swelling wavelets breaking crisply at his feet, the wind, with fitful and angry howl, driving inland the foam of the breakers, and the shriek of the retiring surge

running through several descending semitones.

The three people listened with awe. It was a scene never to be forgotten.

The distant roar of the approaching storm, the weird, wonderful music, giving glimpses into a hell, purgatory and paradise beyond the dreams even of Dante, and above them all sparkled the beautiful mystic cross.

Suddenly the stranger's words, "I promise you," flashed over Gulnare's mind.

"Who is he?" she whispered to her father.

"I know not," was the answer; "he came for a bit of food as he journeys to Palma to-night. He is an unknown. I have not even his name."

"He is a saint," thought the simple peasant girl; "he has brought Leonidas and me together."

"Oh, sir!" she cried, as the music ceased, "I will pray for you ever. You shall always have my prayers."

The stranger took her hand and raised it to his lips for a brief second.

"Gentle maid," he said, "I care not too much for prayers, they are of no service to me; but deign to give Nicolo a thought now and then, and it is the utmost he would ask," and with a salute to them all, he glided noiselessly again into the woods.

The storm which had been so long in gathering, now broke furiously.

The Jew approached the Spaniard and with both hands extended, cried:

"What I have seen to-night would have moved any man in the world to forgiveness and peace. By Abraham, I will make thee a son in thy old age, such a son as thou hast dreamed of; am I welcome? See, there is the sanction of your faith," pointing to the gleaming cross.

Carlos took Gulnare and Leonidas' right hands and joined them together.

"My daughter," he said, "and my son."

"They looked around; the sublime strains of the 'Benedicite' which have affected so many audiences, still ringing in their ears. The cross was gone, and the other moved rapidly away in the direction of the Mueyz cottage.

Two hours later, a traveller journeying to Palma and passing by the spot, might have seen lying among the tumbled stones overgrown with moss and turf, a strange figure; a lonely, haggard man, and might have heard him say to himself:

"Thou hast done one good act, Nicolo, and even that must be credited to the Virgin. None must know of the Spanish galleon which probably bore that cross down in the sea depths with it, or of the hand that resurrected it from its grave in the sand and placed it in yonder tree to-night; and yet, Nicolo, thou hast done a good act."

And then he would listen to the wind and moon in answer as though in pain.

Is he the magician who has conjured up the tempest, or has it entered into his soul and filled him with his own sad voice?

He looks the very impersonation of the storm itself, as he lies there, his uncouth form writhing with each new burst of the hurricane, his pale face distorted and his wet hair streaming wildly about his shoulders.

But the strange man is not suffering, he wants no aid.

He is merely drinking in the elemental forces which in another evening at the Grand Opera, Palma, he will give out with a power itself almost as elemental.

On the night of May 27, 1840, at Nice, an immortal musician lay dying.

The windows were open wide, the curtains of the bed drawn, and the moon, shining in the peerless glory of an Italian sky, flooded the apartment.

A young Spanish woman, in the full prime of her beauty, entered and stood sorrowfully for a moment or two gazing at the attenuated skeleton upon the bed.

At that instant the night wind gently stirred the leaves outside.

This sound seemed to affect the sick man; it brought him possible memories of his old home on the Arno, but now the Arno was exchanged for the broad Mediterranean ablaze with beauties of the night.

He moved uncessantly and opened his eyes. They fell upon the weeping woman in the doorway.

"Saint Nicolo," she cried, "it is Gulnare whom you befriended so long ago."

## Interesting Discovery of Ancient Coins.

The discovery of a large number of York coins at Neville's Cross, in the north of England, is exciting a good deal of interest. They are believed to be associated with the battle between the English and Scotch armies in 1346. The coins, all of silver, number about 300, and were discovered in an urn. A young man named Markey was bird-nesting near Neville's Cross, and near the foot of a tree saw what appeared to be a pot sticking out of the ground.

On picking it up it smashed and a number of coins fell to the ground. Taking them first to be checks, he afterward found out what they really were, and sold about forty at Durham, where they were melted down. Others he took to a town councillor of Durham, Mr. Fowler, who, perceiving that they were English and Scotch coins in a good state of preservation, bought them at a fair price. The rest, with a portion of the urn, were secured by Mr. George Neasham, of the Durham University. The urn is about nine inches high, and of mediæval workmanship. The coins are groats, half groats and pennies of the two Scottish Kings, Robert Bruce and David II. and the first three Edwards of England.

The collection of these interesting coins, all now in the possession of Mr. Fowler, includes a large number of pennies from the Royal and Episcopal Mints of Durham and York. The inscriptions show that the groats of Edward III. were struck in London and at York. They form an interesting study for numismatists, and it is probable that the collection will be transferred to a museum.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

The people of the United States have, generally speaking, but a vague idea of what it annually costs the people of Europe to maintain their respective sovereignties.

The German Emperor heads the list with a yearly stipend of \$8,400,000, which means, in other words, that every man, woman and child of the 47,000,000 of Germans who inhabit the Fatherland must pay an annual tribute of about 18 cents to sustain the dignity of the imperial crown. The Czar of Russia comes next with a civil list of \$7,320,000, or a head taxation of nearly 9 cents for each one of his 87,000,000 subjects.

The Emperor of Austria, who rules over 41,900,000 of people, occupies the third place, with an annual income of \$4,600,000 raised by means of an individual personal taxation of 57 cents, for which every inhabitant of the Austro-Hungarian empire is bound to pay to assure the personal comfort of the Emperor and the well-being of the imperial family.

Queen Victoria receives from the 37,000,000 of children which comprise the population of the United Kingdom a royal tribute of \$3,600,000, that is to say, that every member of the English, Scotch and Irish families contribute to the support of her majesty and to that of her off-spring to the amount of ten cents per head.

With a population of 29,000,000 Italy favors King Umberto with a civil list which was raised last year to \$3,000,000, or a little more than 10 cents for each individual. Spain, whose population is about 16,000,000, pays her baby King \$1,800,000 a year, or an average of 11 cents per head.

Theodore Roosevelt. A former college-mate of Civil Service Commissioner Roosevelt relates that as a student he was as quick with his fists as he was with his tongue. One day at Harvard he was to face a heavier man in the gymnasium and half a hundred fellows gathered to see the bout. The other fellow thought he would be beforehand with the prompt and agile Roosevelt, and so while they were still shaking hands he dealt Roosevelt a sharp blow with his left hand just over the ear. "Shame!" shouted the bystanders, and then "Kill him, Roosevelt!" "Smash him, Teddy!" and so on. Teddy was the only man in the room who remained apparently unmoved. He did not speak, he did not strike; he only smiled, offered his hand to the fellow again, and insisted by an emphatic bow that they should shake hands again. This done, amid the responding applause of the spectators, he gave his opponent the worst drubbing he had ever had in his life.

Seeing Under Water. A lens for seeing under water is described by its discoverer as producing an effect which is both astonishing and delightful. It gives distinct vision of objects twenty or thirty feet off, the eye's loss of extended sight when under water being because an entirely different focus is required. The spectacles which provide this can be made by putting two watch-glasses of three-quarters of an inch diameter and an inch radius back to back or with the concavities outward.

Let's See your Tongue. In this United States there is one physician to every 500 people. If this seems to be a little crowded to the new doctors who came out this Spring, we would suggest a good opening for a young physician in Gilead, where there is no physician, nor yet any balm. We don't know where Gilead is, although we know some doctors who we think ought to go there.—*Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.*

## SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

Connecticut has a new ballot reform. Chicago has 40,000 people out of work. England has 51.4 of the world's ocean tonnage.

A local option bill has passed the Michigan legislature. The town of Bar-le-Duc, France, has been innauated.

Russia has seized an island in Corea for a coaling station. The tomato packers at Bridgeton, N. J., will form a tomato trust.

Grand Rapids, Mich., makes 12,000 pairs of wooden shoes annually. A stringent bill, to regulate saloons, has become a law in Missouri.

Vallejo, Cal., is to have iron and steel works, with a capital of \$10,000,000. Russia takes of preventing the use of wood as fuel, in order to save its forests.

There are 6,000 furniture factories in the country, employing 62,000 workmen. Great desiccation prevails among the locked out miners in Illinois and Indiana.

The Indiana supreme court has decided that churning on Sunday is not a necessity. The Michigan legislature has passed a law regulating passenger rates on the railroads.

Persia has granted to Russia the exclusive right to build a railroad from the Caspian Sea to the Indian Ocean. St. Louis claims that she heads the world in the tobacco industry, and employs 2,500 hands in seventeen factories.

Newport News, Va., is to have a large shipbuilding yard, which, when finished, will give employment to 1,000 men. India cotton workers put in fourteen hours per day, including Sunday. They are allowed to enjoy five of the fifteen holidays in a year. They make about \$5 per month.

The "Montstuart" mansion of Lord Bute, near Rothsay, is said to have cost not less than \$8,000,000 and it is believed to be the largest and costliest private palace in existence.

Mrs. Henry B. Flanner of Cleveland has given to Marietta College, Ohio, a fine her

## THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

FATHER RYAN.

In the hush of the valley of Silence  
I dream all the songs that I sing;  
And the music floats down the dim valley,  
Till each finds a word for a wing.  
That to hearts, like the dove of the Deluge,  
A message of peace they may bring.

But far on the deep there are billows  
That never shall break on the beach;  
And I have heard songs in the silence  
That never shall float into speech:  
And I have had dreams in the valley  
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen thoughts in the valley—  
Ah! how my spirit was stirred!  
And they wear holy veils on their faces—  
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard:  
They pass through the valley like virgins,  
Too pure for the touch of a word.

Do you ask me the place of the valley,  
Ye hearts that are harrowed by care;  
It is far between mountains,  
And God and His angels are there:  
And one is the dark mountain of sorrow,  
And one the bright mountain of prayer!

## LINK BY LINK.

A THRILLING STORY OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

BY MAURICE LEGRAND.

### CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

In a mean obscure part of the city, two women were busily engaged in laundry work. One was a fair, plump, smiling dame, with the mild blue eyes and fair hair of the German peasantry; the other old, and wrinkled, and ugly, yet with a certain good humor in the brown, withered, old face, and cheery, smiling lips, that bore some resemblance to the girl. They were mother and daughter—they were poor, honest, hard-working women, gaining a livelihood by washing for the soldiery, and content with their black bread and cabbage soup and sauerkraut; harmless, inoffensive people, of whom none had ever said a hard word or uttered a slander.

"Haste, Gretchen said the old woman presently. "We are behind with our work to-night. You were so long on your errands this afternoon that it has put us back." The girl blushed rosily. "Whom met you in the city?" asked the old woman shrewdly. "Hans Bohmer again?"

"Yes, meine Mutter. Ach, it was he who was in sorrow and downcast to-day, for his heart is heavy for that poor French prisoner, of whom he told us last week. He fears he will die."

"Is he so ill then?"  
"Ill—yes; and so cruelly used too. Hans says it makes his heart ache to see how he suffers, and never a word of complaint does he utter, and though he is a foe one cannot help but pity him."

"Is he worse treated than the rest of them?"  
"Yes, so Hans says, and no one knows why; but the Herr Commander Niedman seems to hate him, and Hans told me to-day there is some one besides Herr Niedman, some one higher in rank, and of great power and influence."

"And does the commandant of the garrison really ill use this poor man?"

The girl nodded, and pursed up her rosy lips mysteriously.  
"Hans must be careful what he says," the old woman said, lowering her voice and looking fearfully around. "These are troublous times, Gretchen, and the police are ever on the watch. See you repeat no word of this to any one save me, or harm may come of it."

"The Fatherland would be well enough if it were not for the police," the girl said mutinously. "It is hard indeed to have to keep watch over word and action as one must do here?"

"Hush!" her mother said warningly. "What was that?" They paused in their work and listened.

A low faint knock came at the door. "Go and see, Gretchen," commanded her mother, and the girl, her rosy face pale with fear lest some of those very messengers of ill she had been abusing, were at hand, obeyed and lifted the latch. A woman's form crouched at the threshold—a pitiful pleading face looked up, and met the timid questioning gaze of the waiting girl.

"Will you let me rest, and give me a glass of water for pity's sake?" a voice entreated in broken German.

"Surely we will," Gretchen said, gently and compassionately. "Come in, do not be frightened." The stranger rose and entered the homely room with her guide.

"Mother," the girl said hastily, "it is a poor wayfarer who needs rest. She may enter?"

"She is welcome," said the old woman heartily as her kind eyes turned to the lovely shrinking face and form that followed Gretchen. "Sit down," she said, in German. "We are just about to sup; pray join."

"A glass of water is all I need, thank you," said the sweet faint voice of the stranger.

Gretchen gave her a seat by the stove, and her mother busied herself in preparing the supper, and speedily placed before the wayfarer a bowl of steaming soup and a slice of black bread. She looked up gratefully at her hostess.

"How kind you are," she said.  
"Kind? Nonsense!" the woman answered, touched inexpressibly by the gentle voice and fair lovely face; and marveling much in her honest heart what trouble or straits of necessity had driven her to seek charity in this wise.

"I am in great trouble," the stranger said, presently, moved to confidence by the kindness she experienced. I am utterly friendless and homeless. In all this great city I have no one to whom I can go, nor resting place for my foot."

"Poor child!" said the woman, compassionately. "Have you a mother?"

"No; she died years ago."  
"Ach lieber Gott! And you are so fair and so young! What will you do here?"

"I do not know."  
"You are not of our kind?"  
"No."

"And these are such bad times," said the old woman, sadly. "Every one looked at with suspicion, the police ever on the watch for spies and traitors. Are you of France? Your tongue seems to say so."

"I came from Normandy."  
"But you are well born?"  
"I am a peasant."  
"Gott in Himmel! And what brings you here? You are not a prisoner?"

"No, thank God! I was brought here against my will; but I am pursued by enemies, ruthless and unscrupulous."

"A fate worse than death awaits me."  
The woman looked at her own bright-faced, buxom daughter—a mother's compassion, a woman's pity for this friendless beautiful creature crept into her heart.

"If I can serve you in any way, I will," she said, gently. "Tell me but one thing—it is not sin that has driven you to such a fate?"

"As God hears me—no."  
"Then I will do my best to help you, if you will let me."

"You are very good," the girl said wearily, "but no one can help me, and if you go yourself into trouble for my sake, I shall never forgive myself."

"You need not fear—no trouble will come of it. Tell me, first, are you likely to be sought?"

"Yes; and by men clever and unscrupulous."  
"Do you think you have been tracked here?"

"No, I met no one. I took all the loneliest and poorest streets. I shall not be missed till to-morrow at noon."

"Gut!" muttered the old woman. "Now, Gretchen, thou art quick of wit. Dost thou think it possible to harbor this poor girl until the search is over—until some plan for her safe return to her own land can be formed?" The girl sat looking thoughtfully at the stranger's beautiful face.

"She does not look like one of us," she said, emphatically, "and her hands are those of a lady." The stranger flushed with evident embarrassment.

"Not so," she said, "my mother was a peasant—my life, till within the last few months, was simply a peasant's life. I am no lady."  
"It would be hard to believe that," said Gretchen, admiringly. "Stay—let me think. Mother," she said suddenly, "I have a plan."

"Thou wert ever a clever girl, Gretchen," said her mother approvingly. "Let us hear it."  
"You remember when Cousin Fritz was here a summer ago?"

"Assuredly," said the old woman, looking puzzled. But what has that to do with thy plan?"

"Patience," said the girl, smiling contentedly. "He left behind him his peasant's dress of the Odenwald. Do you remember that?"

"Yes, it is in my chest. I do but wait the first opportunity to return it to him."

"Well, if you, fraulein, do not object, here is a disguise for you that will defy your enemies. I am quite sure of it. To all inquiries we can say that you are a brother of Fritz—he has many—and no one will molest you. You may stay here, then, as long as you please."

"But her hair, Gretchen, and her face; it is so truly a woman's face!"

"My hair is soon dispensed with," cried the stranger eagerly, as she rose to her feet, and clasped the brown, hard wrinkled hands of her new protector. "Oh, how can I thank you enough? Such kindness and compassion to an utter stranger is indeed beyond all my powers of recompense."

"My child," said the old woman, gently, "I have a daughter too. Had Heaven willed that the fortune of war should be reversed, had she been in a strange land, at the mercy of a cruel foe, I would have prayed that God might raise up for her some such protection as it is in my humble power to offer you. Say no more."

The girl did not speak; she only knelt at the foot of her preserver, and shed such grateful, thankful tears as for long had not relieved her weary brain.

"Come and rest now," said Gretchen, kindly, "you must be tired and spent. To-morrow you will cut off your hair and assume this dress; I think you need fear no discovery then."

"Is she not clever, this Gretchen?" asked the mother, admiringly. "To think that she should have invented so wise a plan!"

"You are good—too good," said the girl, but I cannot live on your charity. You are poor and work hard—that I see. It is not fit that you should be burdened with other cares."

"Do not vex yourself. We will find the work soon enough," said the old woman cheerily. "It was but to-day I was saying to Gretchen I scarce knew how to manage the additional labor we had undertaken. We wash for the garrison, you must know." The girl started, and turned her white face and wild sad eyes on her informant.

"For the garrison," she faltered, "where the prisoners are?"  
"The same. Art thou frightened? It need not alarm thee. Thou wilt not be seen by the guard, ever; but the work is ready for thee to do if thou hast the strength and the will."

"I have both."  
"It is well. The little closet yonder will do for thy sleeping-place, and now talk no more of charity, thy wages will support thee—for the rest—"

"For the rest," said Gretchen, gay-

ly, "you bring your own welcome, Cousin Hans, for so we must call you."

"Ah, of a certainty thou chooseth the name nearest thy heart, Gretchen!" laughed her mother. "She is betrothed to a soldier, one Hans Bohmer, thou must know. He belongs to the garrison—a good man and of tender heart. He comes here sometimes. Nay, do not tremble so; thou needst not see him."

"I would wish it," the girl said eagerly. "Oh, that I might see him, hear him speak of those whose fate is so hard and cruel."

"The prisoners dost thou mean? Ah, I forgot, they are countrymen of thine."  
"Do you know any of them by name?" asked Gretchen eagerly.

"One," was the answer given slowly, painfully, while the flush of crimson that had dyed the girl's white face subsided, and left her pale as before.

"Perchance you may hear news of him then," said Gretchen. "Hans Bohmer is very kind, he tells me often of those poor men; more especially of one who has been severely used by the commandant of the garrison, for what reason Hans cannot imagine."

"Do you know his name?" asked the stranger, with a wistful entreaty in her voice that showed how momentous the question was to her.

"No, Hans never told me, but I will ask if you wish. I hope though, he is no friend of yours, for it would grieve you to hear what Bohmer recounts of his treatment."

"Is this the way that Germany treats her conquered foe?" asked the girl proudly.

"Nay, be not vexed," said the old woman gently. "It is not Germany—private grudges do not count, dear child. This case is unusual. We, who have heard it from Bohmer, grieve also for the poor man; but no one can aid him."

A deep shadow of pain crept across the face of the listening girl.  
"No one," she moaned, unconscious of her hearer's wonder. "Ah, dear Heaven! no one. Since she who loves him best is his greatest enemy."

When she had left them and gone to the rest she so sorely needed, the two women sat long by the stove discussing her strange advent.

"I feel so sorry for her," the old mother said. "A young, beautiful, forlorn thing, astray in the great cruel world like that. Ach, mein Gott! how hard it seems."

"She is not happy," said the soft-eyed Gretchen, with wonder in her voice and face.

"Happy! No, she looks to me like a beautiful, gold-plumaged, foreign bird that I once saw in a cage in the Thier Garten. It hung its head, and its soft wild eyes looked through the bars, and the children called it, but never a song or a sound had it, but just stood there and looked as if with freedom had departed all its life, so does she."

The pretty German maid sighed compassionately.  
"Will she stay with me, think you?" she said at length.

"I hope she will. Here, at least, she will have rest and safety."  
"But if they track her? The police are so clever, you know."

"My child, there was never a deed of mercy yet that the good God could not shield and protect. We need not fear. We have done no wrong."

And they kissed each other, and having said their evening prayer, lay down and slept with humble, grateful hearts, racked by no fear of consequences for that charity which "thinketh no evil."

TO BE CONTINUED.

### Ruined by a Parrot.

Mr. Brown had a "bird dog"—a very handsome hunter—and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting. It was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a dog.

His housekeeper had a parrot given to her, and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room and came up in front of the dog, looked him square in the eye, and then after a moment said: "You're a rascal!"

The dog was too much astonished to hear a bird speak that he dropped his tail between his legs, wheeled about and ran away, and from that day to this he has never been known to "point" at a bird.

### Seasickness and Love.

A beautiful damsel was recently persuaded by her admirer to elope, and the ardent pair fled in a sailboat from the wrath of pursuing parents. The lover grew sick with the washing of the waves, and at last succumbed, much to the disgust of the bride, who ordered the captain to turn the boat's head and let her land.

If more couples would try a sea voyage before marriage instead of a trip to Europe afterwards, there might be fewer unhappy marriages; for men or women look their worst when the horrible sickness of sea is upon them. —N. Y. Sunday Mercury.

### Whistling vs. Snoring.

"It is a singular fact," said a well-known merchant to-day, "that the worst case of snoring can be stopped by a low whistle. You don't believe it? Well, there's my office boy asleep now on an old box. Hear him snore? Of course you do. The dead could hear him. Now listen." The merchant gave one quick, low whistle and the fog horn accompaniment ceased instantly, although the lad still slumbered.

"What are you doing?" then asked the man of business, as he aroused his "satellite with a shake. "Nothin'," was the instant reply of the youngster. "I was just hearin' a fellow outside a whistling like blazes." —Albany Journal.

## A BRIEF SORROW.

### CHAPTER VI

"A happy New Year to you, Faith!"

"Thanks. The same to you, Tom. Won't you come in?"  
"Not now; I've no time. But how was it you didn't show up at Littleton House on Boxing night?"

"Oh, uncle Aylmer did not want me to go. He says I am too young for balls yet."

"I guess Agnes won't think so when she's seventeen. She was eager to go on Friday."

"I should have liked to go," said Faith, looking wistfully at Tom's handsome face, which was hardly as bright as usual.

"You missed something, I can tell you," he replied, without however expressing regret at her absence.

"You like balls and parties now, don't you?" she said, thinking of that dance at the Stephensons' only a few months since, which she had persuaded him to attend chiefly by holding out the inducement of her companionship throughout the evening. How everything was altered now!

"Well," he began reflectively, but stopped, frowning until his black brows nearly met. "Yes—sometimes," he added, after a pause.

"Didn't you enjoy the ball on Boxing-night?" inquired Faith curiously, wondering at his manner.

"Very much—the first part."  
"And not the last part?"  
"Not quite so well after supper as before. Things don't always happen just as you would like them, you know."

Faith agreed to this with a sigh.  
"But I haven't congratulated you yet, Faith," he went on hurriedly, leaving the subject of the ball.

"Why, what upon?"  
"Upon your new aunt, of course!" with an affection of light-hearted gaiety that deceived simple Faith. "It's all settled now, and you won't be top-sawyer much longer."

"And I am very glad," she returned, smiling. "I am very fond of Miss Tregelles, and I think she likes me, and I shall have more time for studies."

"Studies! Why do you want to cram your head with dusty old book-knowledge?"

But he did not propose the alternative that he had always suggested before when the question of the Vicar's marriage had been discussed—that she should become his wife. It was only in jest, of course, but still it had pleased her. She was hardly disappointed at the omission, knowing that all such fancies were over with him now; but she missed it, and felt suddenly lonely and sad.

"Well, I must be going," said Tom, without waiting for her reply—not interested in the conversation sufficiently to notice whether she replied or not. And he went, with a nod and a brief word of farewell, Faith standing on the step and watching him out of sight.

Ten minutes brisk walk brought him within sight of Wistaria Villa, standing on the road by itself in its enclosure of modern ornamental palings; but, before he reached it he saw, at the top of a lane near the house, and in which he and his enslaver were accustomed to promenade, a diminutive figure in seal skirns with a tall man in black, evidently just parting. Tom stopped and held his hand to his side, and Sidney Bertram raised his hat and sped away from his companion towards Tom and the village. He only wished Tom "Good morning" as he passed him hurriedly, and thought how strange he looked, still and pale, as though hardly able to breathe.

Tom went forward when young Bertram had passed on; the lady had disappeared down the lane, and he followed her.

"Nina," he gasped, when he had gained her side; and then he could say no more.

"Why, Tom, what is the matter?" she asked, as she turned with a smile and caught sight of his face.

"I don't know yet. That's what I've come to find out."

"Why Tom?"—uncertainly, half afraid of him in this mood, so entirely new to her, who knew him only as an ardent young lover, a humble dependent upon her favor.

"Nina, I saw you with Bertram just now!"

It was all he could say; but the look of dumb misery in his eyes might have touched a very hard heart. Miss Derwent burst into a silvery laugh.

"Is that all? Why, you silly boy, you quite alarmed me with that tragical face! And so you would have seen me talking to old Mr. Barlow if you had come ten minutes earlier; and he actually gave me this flower—see!" pointing to a Christmas-rose nestling amid the soft fur of her jacket.

The boy's brow cleared a little. If she had been talking to old Mr. Barlow as lately as ten minutes ago it was obvious that she could not have spent much time with young Bertram.

"Did you expect to see me?" he inquired.

"I thought you might come perhaps. Were you going to the house?"  
"Yes, unless I met you on the way. I want to speak to you, Nina."

"About something very terrible?" she queried lightly.

He nodded soberly.  
"Yes—to me at any rate. Shall we go on down here? We are less likely to be disturbed."  
Possibly Miss Derwent thought she would rather they were disturbed, with Tom looking like that—as she had never dreamt he could, or would, look at her; but, if so, she kept the thought to herself, and went on down the lane with him, apparently quite at ease.

There was a brief silence; then Tom blurted out—

"Look here, Nina—I was coming to tell you some things I have heard about you—not believing them of course—but I thought you ought to have a chance of clearing yourself; and then when I saw you with that fellow, it seemed to make all these things more true—more likely to be true—and I was—I was miserable before, but that made me savage as well!"

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Miss Derwent, with a comically doleful face. "I hadn't the least idea when poor Sydney Bertram passed the lane just I reached the top of it, loitering about and hoping that nobody would see me and guess for whom I was waiting"—with a glance up at his face—"what a dreadful thing I was doing when I responded to his 'Good morning'; and when he said it looked like rain, I agreed, though I confess I don't understand weather signs—but I never thought it was wrong! Then he said we had a green Christmas, and I was actually so wicked as to say 'Yes,' and I do believe I smiled!"—in a whisper.

But Tom was not to be inveigled into a laugh.

"That was nothing," he said, "that was only a coincidence which struck me at the moment; but I have been hearing some things about you, Nina, and—mind, I shall take your word implicitly, of course, against anybody else's—will you listen to them, and clear yourself for my sake, because it makes me so wretched to hear these things and not know how to reply to them and to crush those who say them?"

"And who are those?" she demanded, with a sudden angry light in her eyes.

"I can't tell you that!"  
"Then, if you will not answer my question, how can you expect me to answer yours?"

"I don't expect it," he returned dejectedly, as she now began to show signs of anger; "but I beg of you if you care anything about me, as you say sometimes you do."

"What has led you to doubt that I care for you—as I see you do?"

"I don't doubt it," he protested, and then struggled with himself for awhile, unable to say what he felt. "Nina," he said at last, "I wouldn't for the world say or do anything that would offend you—you believe that? I was going to tell you something just because I was so utterly wretched that I felt as if I could not live any longer without hearing your assurance to the contrary, even though I knew what that your answer would be—just to keep myself from knocking people down or pushing their words back down their throats with my fist!"—doubling up his muscular hand. "But if you would rather not hear it, I am content, now that I have heard you speak again and have looked into your face, and I will not say another word."

"But I would rather you did," she demurred, slipping her little gloved hand within his arm. He had not attempted to touch her since their meeting, and now she felt him tremble and half expected to be pushed passionately away; but he did not do so, nor did he take the confiding little hand in his and cover it with kisses as he usually did. "Tell me all," she said, "I shall not be angry—with you at any rate."

"Well," he began slowly, thus encouraged, "it was about Bartram partly—that was why I was in such a rage when I saw you with him. They said you had been carrying on with him, among others, until he didn't know whether he was on his head or on his heels; and that—"

He glanced down doubtfully at her face, which was unusually passive.

"Go on," she said very quietly—"don't keep anything back! As long as you do that your mind will be poisoned against me, and you will misconstrue every word and action of mine."

"No, I sha'n't; but I can't bear that others should—my friends—who should be your friends too!"

The poor lad was fast betraying his secret in his excitement; but Nina seemed not to notice it.

"Go on," she said, "and mention the name of those 'others' with whom it is said that I have been 'carrying on'—her lip curling.

"Oh, lots of others! And they say that Mrs. Stephenson was almost out of her mind about your flirtation with Rowland until Waring came—since then it has been different."

The poor boy stammered and flushed painfully over the story which at first he had been so ready to tell in order that it might be refuted. Miss Derwent did not show any signs of anger now, however, though she was very grave and quiet.

"You have never believed all this of me, Tom?" she said gently and even reproachfully.

"Oh, no—no!" he cried vehemently. "I told you I didn't—that I never could. It is only that it drives me mad to hear people say things, and I want you to contradict them, so that I can say you did so."

"What would be the use of that? They would not believe me, if they were determined beforehand to think evil of me—which they evidently are."

"I will make them believe it."  
"But you cannot. They might affect to believe it to pacify you; but they would only be more embittered against me, and say worse things behind your back. No, Tom, don't trouble too much about what people say, or you will never have any peace."

"But you will contradict it?" he persisted rather blankly.

"Certainly—to you; but, if you take my advice, you will not stir up strife about it among your friends—it can only do me harm. Let it alone, and be satisfied with my explanation made to yourself."

"Well," he returned looking blank and dissatisfied, "you know best, no doubt; but, if I had guessed how you would take it, I would never have pained you with the story—be sure of that."

Miss Derwent smiled and clasped the boy's arm a little closer.

"I am sure you have done all for the best," she said; "and I would much rather know what is thought of me. There are some very spiteful people here, I am aware; but I think it must be partly through ignorance and inexperience; if they had any idea of the difficulty of appearing perfectly discreet and blameless when men will not leave one alone—when they seem to forget their duties and their ties—also the unpleasantness that the object of their attentions has to bear on account of their conduct—"

"I said that was how it was," broke in Tom triumphantly. "I said you must be so much nicer and prettier than other girls here, and your manner was naturally so much sweeter, that the men were apt to mistake it for encouragement—"

"Then, if they did, the women would be sure to do so," interrupted Nina.

"Of course—through jealousy!"  
"And whom am I to accuse of that in particular?" she demanded, glancing searchingly into his face.

"Of what?"  
"Of jealousy."  
"Oh, I don't know! I'm not going to tell you who has been saying all this, if that's what you mean."  
"Suppose I tell you instead?"  
"Well," said the boy, staring down at the pale face, full of emotions which he could not gauge.

"Have I not to thank Miss Faith Freke?"

"Faith!" he cried, in amazement.

"If any one is likely to be jealous of you it is she."

"Jealous! What do you mean?" Faith has nothing to do with me, nor I with her. This is the first time I have heard her name mentioned in connection with what I have been talking to you about."

"Perhaps so. People don't always care to have their names mentioned in connection with stories which, nevertheless they have been diligent in circulating."

"But it's perfectly ridiculous! Faith has not—she doesn't want—she wouldn't think of such a thing—she's only a little girl!"

"Not too little to fancy you, Tom! And really, when I have seen you with her, I have sometimes thought that you—"

Tom arm was round her waist in a moment, the tender doubt taking more effect than all the coaxing.

"You silly little thing!" he said fondly.

"She's not good enough for you, Tom," rejoined Nina, pleadingly.

"And you are far too good; so—"  
"But if I don't think so, that alters the case, of course. Still, she need not have been so spiteful!"

"My darling girl, I tell you she has never opened her lips about it!"

"Not in your presence perhaps"—willfully.

"Look here, if nothing else will convince you, I'll mention the name of the family that has taken the chief part in it, then you will see that Faith could have had no hand in it, as they are people she has very little to do with."

"Well?"  
"Your own entertainers—the Stephensons."

"She more than any of the girls—more than Louisa herself."

There was a moment's pause.  
TO BE CONTINUED.

The Weight of Individuals.  
The average weight of a boy at birth is seven and that of a girl a little more than six pounds. When they have attained the full development of man or womanhood, they should weigh twenty times as much as they did at birth. This would make

THAT little revenue cutter is doing a rushing business in capturing illisit sealers in Behring sea.

MAHONE was unanimously nominated for governor by the Republicans of Virginia. If they will all pull together, he will be triumphantly elected.

THE Republicans are the first in the field with their state tickets in North Dakota and Montana, and they will be first to elect their candidates, too.

THE New York Times says that Senator Payne wants to be "vindicated." It would seem as if a "vindication" would be a good thing, also, for a good many of the men who voted for him.

THE Republicans of the next House have a majority of three, and one more than a quorum. When the contested cases are settled, this majority will probably be increased somewhat however.

THERE comes a report from Washington that the secretary of the treasury and the President are consulting over a measure of revenue revision which will represent the views of the administration.

A VIRGINIA bourbon politician is euphemistically described as "of large wealth and generous impulses." That sounds much better than to say he has a "bar," and is ready to tap it; but it means just the same thing to the heeler.

Four large Staffordshire, England, pottery establishments are to remove their plants to New Jersey. There is no money in the business in England, owing to the growing competition of this country, and the proprietors propose to come across and cast their lot with us.

THIS distinction must be made in the matter of pensioning honorable and dishonorable discharged veterans. While the country owes a debt of gratitude it can never repay to the men who saved it, it should visit punishment and not rewards on the heads of men who deserted it in its hour of need.

THE St. Louis Globe-Democrat calls attention to the inconsistency with which the Democrats insist that the present administration is not giving the colored element a just patronage; and yet when a negro is appointed to a small place in a southern postoffice they hasten to protest against it as if it implied an undermining of the whole political and social fabric.

PRESIDENT HARRISON did a very proper and significant thing in giving the postoffice at Hazelhurst, Miss., to Clara C. Matthews, daughter of J.P. Matthews, who was murdered at that place because he insisted upon voting a Republican ticket after the Democrats had ordered him to stay away from the polls. The man whom the lady succeeds is the one who presided over a meeting which passed resolutions justifying the assassination, and who was appointed to the office by Cleveland.

THAT is a bit of cheerful information for the Panama canal stockholders, that the creditors of the company will only receive about 8 per cent of their claims if the project stops where it is now. There is very little inducement to send good money after bad in an enterprise so near utter ruin already, and this official statement makes the probability stronger than ever that the American canal through Nicaragua will be the only one between the Atlantic and the Pacific finished in this generation.

AROUND THE STATE.

J. E. L. Miller, of Ann Arbor, wants every survivor of the United States frigate Santee to write him.

The Port Huron fair and exposition opens Oct. 1, with Gov. Luce in the rostrum, and runs four days.

Nine Sunday schools took part in a reunion at the Detroit camp ground near Belleville last Saturday.

Sebawaing husbands are staying home nights now because an alligator 20 feet long crawls around the streets.

The Bad Axe furniture company goes to Bay City.

The turners of central Michigan are holding an interesting meeting at Lansing.

The Paw Paw ladies' pedestrian club is dead. It rode itself to death on the cars.

Pomeroy's wild west show, which was owned in Van Buren county, has gone to smash down in Ohio. Chattel mortgages.

Editor Woodruff has sold the Michigan State Democrat, of Cadillac, to a publishing company, but will remain and edit the paper.

Oren Kane, the crazy Illinois resorter, has smashed the stove of Frankfort jail and set the jail on fire, so that he has to be kept in irons.

FINE JOB WORK.

CITATION FOR NON-RESIDENT OWNERS— State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. At a session of the Probate court for the county of Tuscola, held in 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.

AND 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, 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 2 chains 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.

WHEREAS, The owners of said described lands, to-wit: SW 1/4 of NW 1/4 and NE 1/4 of SW 1/4 section 30, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of NE 1/4 section 31, town 13 N of R 11 east and each of them are hereby cited to be present before this court, at the time and place last above set 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.

CITATION FOR NON-RESIDENT OWNERS— State of Michigan, County of Tuscola ss. At a session of the Probate court for the county of Tuscola, held in 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.

AND 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, 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 N 79° E, 12.03 chains from the west quarter post of section 27, and running in a southeasterly direction through sections 27, 35 and 36, town 13 N of R 11 E, and sections 12, 13 and 14, town 12 N of R 11 E, and terminating at a point 16.20 chains south and 12 links west of the NW corner of the NE 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of section 12, town 12 N of R 11 E, 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.

WHEREFORE The owners of the said described lands to-wit: The NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 and SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 section 27, the SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 section 28, the NW 1/4 of NW 1/4, NE 1/4 of NW 1/4, NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 and NE 1/4 of NE 1/4 section 27, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 of section 36, SE 1/4 of NW 1/4 section 27, SE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of SW 1/4 section 35, 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 above set 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.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the condition and payment of a certain mortgage, (whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative) made and executed by E. W. Gerrish, J. F. Street, J. R. Hooper, A. P. Cooper, N. M. Richardson, Riley Ross and Wm. N. West, comprising the board of trustees of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Michigan, for and on behalf of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Tuscola county, state of Michigan, and N. B. Haskell, of Port Green, county of Huron and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1, A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in Liber 38 of mortgages, at page 329, on November 8, 1880, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred five and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$505.98), and no sale or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Monday, December 2, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, at the northwesterly door of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building wherein the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held); the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest at ten per cent and all legal costs including an attorney fee fixed by statute, provision in said mortgage having been made for a reasonable attorney fee. The premises hereby made subject to sale are in said mortgage described as follows, viz: Lots one (1) and two (2), block twelve (12) according to plat of village of Centerville (now Caro), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan.

Dated September 2, 1889.

N. B. HASKELL, Mortgagee.

F. S. WHEAT, Attorney for Mortgagee.

Central Meat MARKET,

SCHWADERER BROS., Prop'r.

Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting.

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep bought for Eastern Market.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

DO NOT LOOK AT THIS!

FOR IF YOU DO YOU WILL SEE THAT 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.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

GENERAL STORE

OF

J. C. LAING'S

IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

WORTH!

No one claims to be an expert in every branch of business without reflecting upon his ability in any branch. An artist is not supposed to be a good judge of cordwood, nor would we go to a groceryman for advice as to fine jewels. We must treat somewhat to those with whom we have to deal, and yet we feel the influence of PRICE. We invite the closest scrutiny of our MAMMOTH STOCK OF BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBER GOODS, MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR OUR OWN TRADE, claiming that no better WORTH for the PRICE can be had.

CROSBY'S BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE.

N. B. Fall Stock Now Arriving.

SUMMER GOODS

MARKED DOWN

AT COST

AT

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE'S

New fall goods expected in a few days which we will sell cheap for cash.

Butter and Eggs wanted. Cash paid for Eggs.

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.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

---OF---

Seed Drills,

Harrowes,

Plows,

Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

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. LAING, 4-12 1/2 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 RO-4WS, Owendale, Mich.

**LOST**—On Thursday, Aug. 1, near White creek school house, a black plush wrap. 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 F. C. LEE, 7-15-2 wks.

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

**FOR SALE**—Or will trade for village property in Cass City, 160 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 P. O. Gagetown, Grant Township, Aug. 30-4.

**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.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

Report of Evergreen Union Sunday school since June 1: Average attendance, 34; Names of scholars who have learned 150 bible verses during the past three months: Edith Cragg, Minta Kitchin, Flora Cragg, May Churchill, Jennie Ridley, Maggie Coulter, Nellie Brooks, Teenie Auslander, LIZZIE WHEELER Sec.

Two weeks ago the ENTERPRISE urged the necessity of street lamps for the main thoroughfares of our village, as a preventative of accidents, etc. To illustrate their usefulness we would say that although the attempted burglary on Thursday evening last might not have been averted, yet a light on that square would have enabled the identification of the burglars. The escape of the prisoner while coming from the depot could also have been prevented had there been two or three lights along that street, so that the officer could have seen his man. Yet it is not too late now to commence operations in this line and secure the necessary lamps.

The Great Eastern Medicine Co. under the management of Dr. Hunter have arrived in town and will remain until Wednesday morning. They are giving a week's entertainment in the large G. A. R. hall which has been fitted up for the occasion. Large crowds are in attendance every evening. The admission is only ten cents and better satisfaction is given than by many shows that have charged 25 cents. A first-class band, favors us every afternoon and evening with music on the street. Everybody should take in the entertainment and be convinced that they represent what they advertise and claim to be. Their object is to advertise a medicine which will be placed on the market as a remedy which will bear competition and challenge the world. Don't miss the treat.—Unionville Echo.

W. Jennings Demorest of New York, publisher of Demorest's Monthly, has entered upon a novel scheme for the promotion of the temperance cause among the young. The proposed plan is this: The young people of a community, between the ages of 12 and 20 can organize themselves into classes of six members each. They shall choose recitations from a magazine published by Mr. Demorest. A recitation contest shall then be held by the different classes, and the person who shall be decided by the three judges the best reciter in his or her class shall be awarded a silver medal furnished by the above publisher. The successful competitors in the different classes may then compete for a gold medal. A meeting was held in the M. E. church on Sunday afternoon to organize these classes and encourage the work in this place.

Oak Bluff, one of the finest of southern Michigan summer resorts, has closed for the season. Although the season has been short the Bluff has been filled with with merry resorters from Detroit, Yule, Pontiac, Dryden, Inlay City, North Branch, Cass City, Vassar, Caro, Clifford, Marlette and Gagetown. As far as nature goes she has done more for our "Bluff" than for any other resort in Michigan, outside of Mackinaw Island. All that is required now is a little cleaning up of logs, stumps and etc., to make it a most delightful place to spend the hot months of the summer, several cottages were put up this summer. To all who expect to spend the summer of 1890 in "camp" we would advise you to look at oak bluff, before deciding at least.—Caseville Correspondence to Bad Axe Tribune.

The grain stacks of David Hammond, living just at the edge of town, on the Cass City road, were discovered to be on fire at about half past six Thursday morning, Aug. 29. An alarm was sent into town and a large number of men

soon collected at the scene of the fire. Charles Worthington had just filled his street sprinkler and drove out with it, and but for the timely supply of water, and the almost herculean efforts of the men, the barn, stored from the ground to the roof with grain, must have been destroyed, as it was situated less than ten feet from one of the stacks. There was one stack of wheat containing about 200 bushels, and another of oats probably containing 300 bushels, which were destroyed, and the loss is total. Suspicion has been directed to the young seven year old son of widow Howland, who was seen in that vicinity with a fire brand that morning. The matter is being investigated.—Caro Advertiser.

Family Struck by Lightning!

The family of Jno. Gansal, living nine miles north and one mile west of here had a narrow escape from death by lightning on Wednesday afternoon at about 3 o'clock. Mr. Gansal's father-in-law, John Beach, and Charles Bills of Caro were present and all were in the house at the time. The lightning came down the chimney, blowing the ashes out of the stove and all over the room, a basket of chips standing near the stove was scattered around like feathers. The current then tore a hole in the floor and passed into the cellar. Chas. M. Gansal, the eldest son, was sitting by the stove playing on a violin, when the lightning struck him, tearing the side and sole off of one of the heavy plow shoes which he had on, and split the top of the violin into four or five pieces, also knocked him over backwards. Mr. Beach was reading a letter, which was torn into five pieces and a clean tear made in his shoe over the instep. He was knocked senseless for about fifteen minutes. The second daughter, Deborah, aged about 13 years, was down cellar getting some wood. When found she lay on the floor apparently dead. They carried her into the open air and after a time she showed signs of recovery. She had a streak about half an inch wide from her shoulder down her side to her foot, also a slight one down her arm, which was as red and sore as if blistered. One of her limbs was black, when they found her. The house was filled with smoke and an odor like the burning of powder was visible. The rest of the family received more or less of a shock. Dr. McLean was called and made a careful examination, and feels confident that they will all recover.

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.

Notice.

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

Take Notice.

All accounts now due me must be settled by Sept. 20th, without fail, as I must have the money. E. F. MARR.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS.

GRANT.

Mrs. R. E. Gamble of Cass City was up in these parts looking after the business connected with her 80 acre farm. She is talking of erecting a barn on the same next summer, which will make work for carpenters.

Rather too much in the land of liberty when a man has only one apple tree bearing fruit and the urchins come and take the liberty of taking them away.

The fire fiends are at work and the country is again all afire around here. John McVicker's lumber yard was in danger for two days and at this writing is not free from it.

The two bachelors have dissolved partnership by mutual consent and each will occupy his own domicile. Jack will hoist the smoke stack again and the youthful community will flock around Tom on account of his violin, for music hath charms you know.

Wheat keeps moving up north every day. A few cents of difference make a great deal of odds. Don't you see the point?

Some of our good people are talking of leaving this country and going on a prospecting tour to the northern territory of Johnnie Bull's.

The Jew peddler of Bay City made a trip through the woods up here. Rags, eggs or money in exchange for tin ware or dry goods, "dat ish vats de matter."

We read about burglars breaking into people's houses and taking their gold watches and diamond pins but it won't pay them to visit this hole in the woods. The only watches here are those we owe and they can't carry them off either; but never mind, mossbacks, there may be a good time coming and then you may have diamond pins, and silverware to use.

We thought that we heard an echo of some one singing that old Scotch song of Bobby Burns called "The Campbells are coming;" but have since heard it was caused by the advent of a youngster at John Campbell's.

An agent from Bay City is on the road

taking orders for dead people's sign boards.

Wm. Heron has gone to the north-west to see the land of milk and honey. The complaints now are all about the dry weather, but it will not be very long before you hear complaints about the muddy roads.

Jack Doerr has traded his little mare with R. Gardner for a team of horses. Rather good trading.

The Grant Centre merchant came very near having a smash up on Saturday of last week. His little mustangs took a notion to go home a little too fast for the safety of his wagon and load, but Chris Segar, who happened to be ahead of them, stopped the little rats.

The P. of I. in this locality seems to take it very cool in their cause as they have not mustered in a long time.

A house is wanted on Mrs. R. E. Gamble's farm to make it rentable, as no person could rent without living on it.

Some fall wheat has already been sown so as to catch the first fall of rain which will moisten the ground and start it up strong to brave the storms of winter.

John Barns lost his youngest child on Sunday last of cholera infantum. We feel sorry to record it, John, for we know how it is ourself.

Be careful with your canines for these are genuine dogs and they are liable to become suddenly rabid and hydrophobia is very dangerous.

No boycotting in the wheat selling business is being indulged in, it is a question of dollars and cents that the farmers are at present interested in, and if they can get more for their wheat at Elkton than they can at Cass City why there is where they will all go. On Wednesday, Aug. 28 wheat sold at Elkton for 78 cts. and on Aug. 23d it sold at Cass City for 73 cts. If Cass City wheat buyers will give just one cent per bushel in advance of Elkton prices they would see at once who would be boycotted. Boycotting excuses will not fill pockets you bet.

GAGETOWN.

Still warm as ever and no rain.

St. Agatha's school was reopened on Monday.

Mr. Gifford was down to Cass City on Monday.

Mr. Youngs has gone to Detroit for a few days on business.

Prof. H. C. Edwards of Cass City was in town on Tuesday.

Miss May Miles left on Monday for East Jordan where she will remain for some time with her uncle.

No services in any of the churches last Sunday. Mr. Collins we believe was sick and unable to come and Rev. Hillas was attending conference at Leonard.

Our town is billed for two shows this week; Haine's comedy and specialty company on Tuesday eve, and Fred Locke's on Friday night.

On Thursday evening of last week a number of the many friends of Mrs. Freeman met at her residence, it being her birthday, and presented her with a beautiful album. Dancing and pedro were the social amusements of the evening. An enjoyable time was had by all.

A lively runaway was an exciting sight on our streets on Sunday morning. As Mr. McMillan was out driving with his his colt the animal suddenly became unmanageable and ran into the hitching post in front of McMillan's store, when the buggy struck the post horse the got loose and drew its owner over the dashboard but hurt him not in the least. The harness and buggy were but slightly injured.

Quite an exciting school meeting was held here on Monday night. It seems the school cannot agree as to who shall teach the school for the coming year. By a vote of the entire school district at the above meeting, a large majority voted for J. McCabb, but even this did not satisfy the board as they still disagree. We hope they will pull in their "horns" before long and engage the services of some teacher as it is now time that the students were in school instead of unning the streets.

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

Their Business Booming.

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

Henry R. Stitt has returned from Alaska without any Alaska diamonds, and resumes his former "sit" as city editor of the Lansing Journal.

Arrangements have been made with the railroad for a special fruit train to run from the Shelby peach district to Chicago during the peach harvesting season.

Mrs. Joseph Profit, the mother of three children, became so crazy over religion, at Mio, Saturday evening, that she cut her throat with a razor.

The wardrobe of the miners connected with the New York mine at Ishpeming burned Sunday morning at a loss of \$1,000.

A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER



And Funeral Director.

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

EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED.

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

I have the agency for THE

Artificial Marble Caskets.

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

CASS CITY.

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

HARNESS,

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

COLLARS.

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

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

WHIPS

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

CURRY COMBS

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

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

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 Dilman building, and am now prepared to do all work in the line of tinning. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a call. L. M. HOWEY. Formerly with J. F. 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.

LEADING CLOTHIERS OF CASS CITY.

AN OPEN LETTER!

To our Friends and Patrons: Our special sale is over, but we still continue to offer good bargains as we have just received a large line of the latest styles in dress goods and all kinds of dry goods, which we will offer at extremely low prices. Clothing cheaper than the cheapest. Boots and shoes at rock bottom prices. Carpets, curtains and ladies' cloaks in a large variety and prices lower than ever. Groceries that are good and cheap. Thanking you for past favors we kindly request a continuance of the same. Call and look over our mammoth stock and we will try and please you. Yours Respectfully, 2 MACKS 2.

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.

SCHOOL BOOKS, Tables, Book Bags, School Supplies, Etc.,

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.



Miss Halford.

Among the young ladies in Washington society who are sure to come to the front during the next season none will rank higher among the belles than Miss Halford, the daughter of the president's private secretary, of whom we give a portrait above. She is now about 17 years old and has had a very careful education. In Indianapolis she was a general favorite with all classes of society.

Has the "elixir" of life at last been discovered, and can old men be rejuvenated by a hypodermic injection of pulverized lamb in distilled water? The experiments of Dr. Hammond of New York and a number of other distinguished physicians throughout the country, based on the theory of Prof. Brown-Sequard of Paris, would lead the casual reader to think so. But before this great life-restoring "elixir" will be universally accepted it must be subjected to tests more searching than have yet been attempted. The truth is, however, that the new discovery is likely to turn out to be nothing more nor less than one of the reviving stimulants familiar in medical science, which every physician has time and again used hypodermically. It is well known that alcohol injected under the skin has a revivifying effect, providing the real elixir of life, the vital spark itself, has not burned too low. While digitalis, anodines, cocaine, and solutions of quinine are frequently used with satisfactory effect in rallying old and infirm men whose power of absorption of stimulants by the stomach has been impaired. There is nothing so far to show that the Brown-Sequard "lamb tea" is anything else but such a tonic. A real elixir means a renewal of life, a rejuvenation which calls for new teeth, new hair, new strength, new activities both physical and physiological. A real elixir should make the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, and the dumb speak. Until such a life-giving fluid shall be found, it is folly to speak of Brown-Sequard's stimulant as an "elixir."

The most pressing need of the world to-day is a cheap, smokeless fuel, or the invention of an effective smoke-consuming furnace. Prof. Chandler Roberts has made some estimates of the prodigious waste caused by the escape of smoke into the atmosphere, and his figures are startling. He calculates that the weight of the cloud of smoke pouring daily into the atmosphere of London amounts to 50 tons of solid carbon and 250 tons of carbon in the form of hydro-carbon and carbonic-oxide gasses. From the results of tests made by the smoke-abatement committee the value of coal wasted in smoke from the domestic grates in a population of 5,000,000 amounts to \$11,285,500 per year. The aggregate waste of unconsumed carbon in that city is estimated at \$13,000,000 per annum, and the damage to property caused by the smoky atmosphere is put down at \$10,000,000, while the effect upon human life and health is simply incalculable. The golden age to come will doubtless enjoy a smokeless atmosphere, but it can't seem to be in a hurry about coming.

In a pamphlet just published on Electrical Distribution of Heat, Light and Power, Mr. Harold P. Brown, electrical engineer, gives a partial list of the deaths occasioned by electrical lighting apparatus during the past two years. The list, which he compiler avers, "contains less than one-half the total number of deaths from this cause," shows ninety-nine persons killed by the electric current in one form or other. Seven of these were killed in Detroit. It is the alternating current, according to engineer Brown, that is most certainly fatal. Yet with this ghastly record of electricity's victims the wisecracks in New York are hesitating and doubting whether electricity can be trusted to destroy life.

ALL ARE RULED BY MAN.

Great Trainers Tell How They Teach Dumb Animals.

The Zebra is Hardest to Train Because He Has no Memory—Hogs are Highly Intelligent—Animals Vary in Disposition as Well as Men.

Charley White, the veteran animal trainer, entered the lion's cage at the tender age of fifteen, and handled the king of beasts as he would a tame kitten. For forty-five years he has done nothing else but train animals for the arena. His right shoulder is shrunk on account of an attempt by a big African lion to make an early breakfast off him. He has a theory that any animal can be trained, if more or less time is expended in the work. "Some animals are ruled by fear and others by affection."

"I once trained a laughing hyena, but it was a dangerous undertaking. The repertoire of these beasts is necessarily limited and the result is not worth the trouble it gives. But of all contrary and thick headed animals, the zebra takes the provender."

The mule is wise and docile compared to the zebra. I can teach a mule and obtain a perfect mastery over it, but the zebra has an indomitable spirit that is in open revolt all the time. It would require the assistance of a strong derrick to get one of these black striped quadrupeds to do one half the tricks of a horse. Besides it is lazier than the mule, and capricious as the wind. They are not intelligent enough to be taught many tricks, and their stubborn fits make them too uncertain for every day performances. A mule has a very good memory but a zebra is incapable of remembering anything. The horse is the most intelligent of all animals of the equine breed, yet it takes from six to eight months to train one thoroughly in what we call the high school of



THE TRAINER.

Spanish trotters. Some horses are naturally more intelligent than others, and on that their progress depends more or less. It is often difficult to train a horse to perform with an animal of a different species. A little pony and a baby elephant are often taught to perform together, but no one has ever seen a grown horse and a large elephant trained to do tricks together. I have been training a horse and elephant together for many months and intend to bring them out next season. One of the most difficult things for me to get the horse to do is to lie down and let the elephant walk over him. The elephant does not mind it, but the horse is frightened and has no confidence in the mastodon. It will take months of constant practice to make the horse feel secure whenever the elephant walks over him.

"Nearly every species of the animal creation has been tried by experienced trainers and educated as much as possible in the art of doing tricks. In Germany especially, there are men who devote their lives to teaching and experimenting with animals. The big gorilla monkey, supposed to be Darwin's missing link, although ferocious and uncertain in temper, has been taught to perform. There are some animals, and amphibians, that are never taught, such as the giraffe, the hippopotamus and others that are too ungainly and awkward in their movements. The antelope and chamois have been captured and put through a curriculum of study that would educate a dozen horses or elephants without having any effect upon them whatever. It is the absence of intelligence and not stubbornness that makes it almost impossible to train them. There are few training schools for animals in America, the very place where they ought to be taught."

"Is there any secret in the art of training animals?"

"None whatever. Every trainer has his method and a natural aptitude for handling animals. Perseverance and patience can accomplish more in training dumb creatures than anything else. Hogs are very intelligent compared to other animals, but dear me! it requires patience to train them. There are certain cues by which they are taught. These cues are a series of motions on the part of the trainer which can be understood. I remember that when I first saw a hog pick out cards, work sums in arithmetic by selecting the answer on a card, I was astonished. Very soon I saw that the hog was guided in everything it did by its master's movements. Now the hog has become an acrobat, jumps hurdles, rides, and tumbles in most approved style. The steer is not so easy to teach. I have two Devons now that are highly educated, but it took me months to do it. Their memories are defective. Once I taught a fine steer to go over a ladder one way and come back another. For two hours one day I tried to get him to do the ladder act, but it was impossible. I did everything. I got pulleys and hoisted him over, but it did no good; the bovine's mind could not grasp the situation, and I failed. Then I gave it up, sat down on the ring curbstone and gazed in despair upon the stupid steer. All at once, like a flash, he mounted the

stairs, went over and came back. At present I am waltzing daily in the ring with a bear and a performing goat. The bear is a nervous animal and cannot be tampered with too much. They have enough intelligence to know their master and to remember the tricks they have to do. Bruin is not to be trusted though any more than a monkey and for that reason I have to keep a chain about his neck while he is performing. The cerebral action of a monkey is as quick as that of a man and a bear, I think, comes next."

"Do you think any animal can be trained if properly handled?"

"No. There are some dogs and horses that can never be taught anything. Some men can learn easily, while others are utterly stupid, and so



TEACHING THE ZEBRA.

it is with animals. I have had fine looking lions and tigers that could not be taught a single trick. They could not learn, for it was not in them. Then I have selected a scrawny, watery eyed, fierce looking lion and taught him without any trouble. I have long held that no species of animal is harder to teach than another."

"Now the goat is obstreperous and seemingly hard to train, but constant practice will make him a fine performer. Goats have excellent ideas of how to do a thing when once taught. Often they attempt to shirk their tricks by pretending to forget, and I dare say they do frequently forget. But where the trick is performed with the trainer a well educated goat will seldom forget his part. For instance, the moment I stoop over, as if I were getting ready for some one to jump leap frog fashion over me the goat knows that he has to jump on my back and he does not hesitate. Then when I begin to stand up the animal knows that he is required to climb upon my head, and in a twinkling his four feet are planted securely on the top of my cranium. When I begin to lower my head that is a signal for him to leap to the floor. You might say that all training is objective, that is, it is not so much a process of reasoning on the part of the animal, but merely a mechanical obedience guided by the intelligence of sight."

Miss Rosa Starr has made a study of sheep, the most timid of all animals. She owns three performing sheep and they do wonderful tricks. Her account of the way she succeeded in training them is interesting. "It should be known that sheep have scarcely any intelligence, and therefore, no memory," she said. "Sheep are carried through a number of performances from day to day for months at a time until they seem to do their tricks merely from instinct. If they fail to do one trick in their repertoire it is useless to have them try it again at that performance. If I attempted to make them go back and do anything they omitted it would confuse them, and they would do nothing. Nearly all animals keep their eyes on their trainer while going through with a performance, but sheep never do. That very fact shows they lack the intelligence of a horse, a cow, or even a goat, because the latter do have an ocular intelligence, so to speak, that is wonderful. Sheep have to be taught together, they are so timid and lonely when they are separated from their mates. The way I trained the three I have, and they are the only trained sheep in America, was by petting them and getting them used to me. I handled them daily, patted them on their heads, and finally got them so they knew their names. The male sheep I found much easier to train than the female. They are affectionate in their disposition and do not require much punishment to make them obey. The fact is they are willing to obey but are too dull to remember or know what to do. I have a string attached to their necks and guide them with it by driving them over the bars. At every performance I have to exercise the same care and go through with the same



A NEW WAY TO RIDE AN ELEPHANT.

amount of physical exertion to make them perform. If I could stop, as I do while training them at rehearsals, and fondle them affectionately I could get more out of them in a public performance. It is strange, but true, that few animals like to lie down. The trainer has to throw them down frequently and hold them there. Well, I have a struggle frequently to get my sheep to lie down. Then they are anxious to get up and when the signal is given they jump up as if they were shot. Instead of a whip to pass over them I keep a stick in my hand and occasionally use

it on them, not to beat, but to let them know that I am near by and watching. If they would look at me I am sure I could train them to do many more clever tricks. As it is I have taught these three seven or eight tricks that they do twice a day."

William McGovern is a well-known seal trainer. He has devoted some years to these queer creatures of the Arctic seas, and has achieved wonderful success. He said that he begins to train a seal to perform in public by first making it familiar with the sound of the voice, and added: "A seal soon learns to distinguish a familiar voice from that of a stranger. It often takes me five or six weeks to accustom a seal to the sound of my voice, and the next process in training is to inspire confidence. I do this by taking it from the water and placing it on a platform. It is nervous and easily frightened, but I handle it gently and finally get control of it enough to show it how to do things. I have taught seals how to ring bells, play on instruments, shoot pistols and sing or howl. They are intelligent enough to know that after one trick they have another to do, and so they are impatient to get through. Their sight is splendid and if another man is present on the platform while they are performing they are sure to see him and object to proceeding further. They are easily frightened and if hurt in any way it takes a long time to restore their confidence."

Knife-Throwers in Society.

The other night five or six young men of the listless, self-sufficient variety so familiar just now dined together in a private room at a fashionable restaurant, says the New York Times. After cigars had been lighted one of them drawled:

"I'll bet, fellows, that I can throw this knife, and that it will stick in the crack of that door every time."

He arose from the table and pointed out the narrow crack between the door and the jamb, and showed how he proposed to place the knife. The five others approached the place and cried out: "We take that bet. For how much?"

"I am to have ten throws. Each time that I fail I pay a \$10 bill; if I succeed in putting the knife in the crack ten times each of you will pay me the same sum."

The young man took his position and, with a rapidity and accuracy that words can not describe, executed ten times in succession this remarkable feat.

When he had finished every one hurried with delight. Each one of his wagers being paid he pocketed a roll of bills with a just pride.

"But how did you ever learn to do this?" asked one of the company.

Then he revealed the secret. For two or three years, having nothing pressing to do and anxious to be talked about, he had given himself up to patient practice at this work. Each morning he locked himself in his room and far from prying eyes he attempted for hours to put a knife into a hole. He had to make innumerable experiments to measure the distance required, the force necessary, and the curve, but his perseverance was invincible. At first he threw the knife into the wide mouth of a Chinese jar; then into the neck of a bottle; finally he succeeded in lodging the projectile in the narrowest opening.

And yet some people say that our dudes are good for nothing and lumber the earth.

The Pennsylvania Floods.

Many very interesting and important facts bearing upon the awful Pennsylvania floods are now being made public in a definite and authoritative way, which permits a more intelligent study of the great calamity than has hitherto been possible. For example, the state weather service has published a topographical map showing the quantity of water which fell in the forty-eight hours before the bursting of the South Fork dam in all parts of Pennsylvania. In the extreme northwestern corner of the state and in a dozen counties along the eastern border the rainfall was less than one inch. A rather narrow strip just west of the Delaware river region mentioned and a large territory in the western third of the state, perhaps 30 per cent. of its total area, received from an inch to four inches of water. In the great central belt, comprising probably 40 per cent of the state, the rainfall was from four to eight inches; and in some limited districts, including the upper part of the Conemaugh valley and the region around Williamsport on the Susquehanna, it even exceeded the higher figure. The floods did their deadly work where the heaviest fall of water occurred. The bursting of the South Fork dam followed a strain the like of which it might not have been subjected to again in a century, and if the dam had not given way the flood would probably have still been disastrous throughout the fated valley. It is not remarkable that the floods did great damage in other parts of Pennsylvania, but only that such fearful rains were not more destructive.

The Baggage-Smasher.

Just now the baggage-smasher does a rushing business. He fairly glows over the devastation he creates. In his long and dark career of smashing trunks, he has evidently knocked the hoops off his conscience, and there is no remorse reckless enough to tackle his heart strings and try to play on them. No brand of trunk escapes his devastating clutch. The iron-bound chest of the drummer and the flimsy Saratoga meet on a common level, and when they do meet, the splinters fly. The drummer uses the most vigorous language he can command, and a great deal of it, while the owner of the Saratoga wrings her lily-white hands, and tucks stray bits of ruffling, etc., in the fractured corners, and sighs. The injured trunks are chucked out of a baggage car and whirled away to the next slaughter-house further up the road. The dear sweet duds, the starchy old deacon, and the grand and impressive member of the legislature, are alike powerless in the hands of the baggage-smasher.—Texas Siftings.

NO LONGER ALL GREEN.

Billiard Tables Now Covered to Match the Decorations About Them.

Rich New Yorkers now have the cloth on their tables made to match in color the frescoing of the ceiling and the furniture of the room, says the Sun of that city. An order of this kind came from the furniture house that has the contract to furnish Calvin S. Brice's elegant residence in Fifth avenue. The handsome apartment set aside for the use of Chairman Brice's billiard-playing friends was frescoed in blue and paneled in matting of the same hue, and, to maintain the harmony of color, the cloth it was reported, was dyed a dark blue instead of green, and the effect is said to be decidedly pleasing to the eye;

The example is being followed now by other rich house-owners. Women billiardplayers have more eccentric whims in this respect than the male devotees of the game. A lady who intended having a billiard-room put into her new residence near the park saw veteran John D. O'Connor about the table a fortnight ago. He showed her various patterns all covered in green. "Good gracious; that cloth will never do!" she cried. "Why, it wouldn't match our ceiling at all!"

Mr. O'Connor playfully suggested that a deal of bother would be saved if the owners would only remember that green is the best and most lasting color and have their ceiling frescoed made accordingly. The fair customer smiled and finally selected a cloth of dark gray hue from a sample exhibited on card board. Red cloth is also considerably used now in covering tables and yellow is employed also in rare cases, to match golden frescoes and hanging. The climax of oddity was reached the other day, though, in an order received from a large firm of decorators on behalf of a New York woman of means, who is fond of fifteen ball pool. It was for the most expensive style of table, to be finished with a bright yellow, with pockets lined with yellow silk, and covers of burnished brass. The billiard-table maker would not reveal the identity of the customer for whom the table was made.

The furnishing of private billiard-rooms is the most profitable of all the work now done by the billiard manufacturers. They build tables nowadays, not from standard designs, as in former years, but from special patterns designed by the furniture contractors, calling for the most elaborate and costly carving and finishing. For years the table built for Patti, and now in the billiard-room at her castle at Craig-y-Nos, in Wales, was considered the most magnificent in the world. It cost \$8,000, and was finished in satinwood and other costly woods. Exquisite hand-painted panels and the work of mother of pearl helped to make its sides things of rare beauty. But it has been surpassed in costliness and exquisite finish in the tables built for certain American millionaires. A famous New York art decorator received an order for a table that is to cost \$8,000 when completed. It is to be finished in ivory, with blue trimmings, and the cushion rails are to be inlaid with ivory and jewels. The cloth is being woven in Simoni's factory, in Brussels. The table is for the wife of a New York millionaire.

The popular taste now demands antique oak of exquisite carving for the body of the table. The pretty gingerbread work of paneling and tiling that was the rage a few years ago has been almost entirely banished. The effect of the rich carvings and old oak appears to be more captivating to the eye of the wealthy billiard-players of to-day. The billiard table of a famous millionaire in Fifth avenue, near the cathedral, is of antique oak, and is set in a room that is finished in the Moorish style with an amazing splendor of decoration. The walls are set with tiles brought from Spain and the mantels are of Mexican onyx. A cue rack with columns of onyx rises above the mantle. The billiard-room of an equally famous young railroad magnate is finished in old-gold and black hangings, with antique oak and ebony furniture. The ceiling is frescoed in old gold and black, with which the green cloth of the table matches.

Art work has also effected a revolution in the making of the cues and some of the handsomest now cost as much almost as an ordinary billiard table. The sticks are inlaid with costly woods and decorated with gold and silver to please feminine tastes. The most remarkable cue of recent years was made not long ago for a young society belle who has a liking for billiards. It was inlaid with as many as thirty different kinds of wood and the butt was set with jewels. It cost nearly \$300.

The Daughters of America.

We have passed the season of sweet girl graduation. The ribbon counters of the great dry goods stores have been besieged with impatient crowds—for each essay, each white dress, each bouquet, and each braid of golden hair must have from one to three yards of silk streaming away. The young woman reads her piece and retires. She has endured much. She knows the books. How is her health, and what is her future? Is it possible that, in the scramble to pass the huge examination, she has exceeded her strength and enfeebled her constitution? Has any reader of The Herald known a sweet girl graduate to fade like a flower after the removal of

the high lights of scholastic festivities? Has she been seen to wear a hectic flush, to give forth the characteristics of invalidism, perhaps to marry, and then soon to be on her bed of death?

Has the sweet girl graduate a real need of botany, Latin, French, drawing, literature, physiology and algebra, with never a hint of cookery, physical exercise, or deportment? In some of the private schools the manners of a young woman are wisely supervised, but does our public school system undertake as much? And if the young man of twenty-five take a wife and rent apartments, has the state prepared the young woman as best it might do to cook his vituals, keep his house, and undertake all other duties of the American wife? If the young American wife be the best of wives does she owe her skill to her botany, to her algebra, to her trigonometry, to her prize essay on human understanding? Or has good mother nature vindicated her daughter despite the red tape, headaches and half a dozen stairways of the approved good seigniors who devote their lives to the purposes of state education?

Knowledge is power. An ability to turn knowledge to account is fortunate to the greater extent as the population is greater. To be able to cook well is a valuable acquisition in a community like Chicago, and so of almost all the branches of instruction and useful attainment. Now if there be 30,000 maidens between 16 and 21 years of age, and the state set out to educate them, shall it in reason teach all of them botany, trigonometry, Latin, Greek, French and metaphysics, excluding the arts of housekeeping, the ethics of civilization, and the measurements of justice? Should a thorough school be a theatre for the survival of the fittest, requiring of the scholar every hazard of her health? Has the school something clearer than health to give to the maiden?

Are too many hours and too many days spent at school, so that the daughter of Chicago has no time for play, and no time for the kitchen and the parlor? Or are the 30,000 maidens each to have a servant? What is the state to do with the servants? Are they to be foreigners from now on, forever?

Probably the best interests of the United States of America lie in a reform of the scholastic programme laid before the female pupils. It at least seems reasonable that they should graduate from school in their normal physical condition, equipped for the battle of life which they, as well as their brothers, must enlist upon. False teaching is a serious error of a state when it proceeds by set rule and allows no individual aberration from the official line.—Chicago Herald.

Victoria's Interest in Funerals.

I hear that the Queen has recently been concerning herself with the arrangement of Royal funerals, and that Her Majesty has caused a long memorandum on the subject to be drawn up, with a variety of new orders which extend to the most minute details. In future the body of a defunct male member of the Royal family is to be placed in the coffin in an attire of quite different material to that worn by a deceased female, and married people are not to be treated the same as the unmarried. The Queen's solicitude extends even to the making of the coffins, and there are copious directions concerning them. Embalming is absolutely prohibited.—London Truth.

A Strange State of Affairs.

An army officer told me a strange story the other day of a brother officer who was graduated with him from West Point many years ago. Shortly after leaving the Military Academy, he married a pretty girl. For a time things went smoothly, but John Ranleycorn, who has killed more soldiers than have ever fallen in battle, got the best of him and he went to the dogs rapidly. Finally he threw up his position in the army, deserted his young wife, and for years never was heard of. At last news came to the poor woman that the worthless wretch was dead. After a time she married another officer, and they moved out to a station at one of the far western posts. But it turned out that her first husband was not dead. In fact, after years of debauchery and aimless wanderings about, he had reformed. He then began to make inquiries for the woman he had deserted; but nothing was known of her. After a long and fruitless search he was forced to the conclusion that she had given up the struggle. He came to Washington, where, through the assistance of some influential friends, he procured an appointment in the army. Then, believing himself free, he married again and took his wife to the frontier post to which his first wife was living. Upon meeting, the shock of mutual recognition, the deep shame of the terrible situation, I leave you to imagine. What could they do? The question has not yet reached a satisfactory settlement.—Washington Letter to New York Tribune.

Doctors and Doctors.

First Citizen—"Why don't you get Doctor Brownstone for your son? He must be a good physician for he has a large practice among the Four Hundred."

Second Citizen—"Oh, he wouldn't do at all. I want a brain specialist."—New York Weekly.

BEAUX AND THEIR USES.

Women Value Them as They Do Novels or a Comedy.

My mother used to talk about my beaux, and perhaps for her sake I am fond of the quaint, old-fashioned word.

But let me say in the beginning that it has a distinct meaning of its own, and should not be misapplied.

Hood says: "I remember, I remember, When my little lovers came, With a posy, or a cherry, Or some new invented game."

Well, he does not mean lovers, at all, he means beaux. One may have a beau, a lover an admirer, an adorer, or a comrade, but seldom may combine any two of these in one individual, and never all five in any one epoch of her life, for the beau is the special attribute of girlhood, and seldom develops the exacting tenderness of the lover, the blind delusions of the admirer, the infatuation of the adorer, or the honest sympathy and helpfulness of the comrade, who, however, does often develop camaraderie into friendship, perhaps after all the most satisfying relationship between man and woman.

But the beau! The beau! What is he? Who is he? What is his origin, habitat, sphere or action?

Let us describe him first by negatives. He need not be young—in fact, "an old beau" is a well known character in fiction, drama and real life.

He need not be handsome, although he invariably thinks he is. He need not be intellectual or learned—in fact, I never knew a beau who was either, although I have known some men of whom other men said, "He isn't half such a fool as he looks."

He need not be brave, for nobody expects courage or leadership from him; nor need he be a business man, for he is usually found spending the money his father or some one else has accumulated for him.

In fact, the beau reduced to poverty and real work is the most forlorn of objects, reminding one of a performing canary bird, or an industrious flea, or a poor little trained poodle, or any other helpless and harmless little animal coerced into unnatural labor and foreign pursuits.

Not that I mean to speak severely of the beau, for I don't in fact, I like him and value him, and should be really sorry to miss him out of the world, but he has his limitations, poor dear, like the rest of us, and one hates to see him pushed up to the wall that defines those limits.

Moreover, there is a positive as well as a negative formula in the recipe for a beau. He must be good-natured, and always ready, if not with a smile, at least with a sipper; he must be quick at repartee, even though a mild one; he must have a good memory, and a certain adhesiveness of touch which will enable him to pick up the floating gossamer threads of society talk, and carry them to just the right quarter for repetition.

He must never forget anybody's connections, relationships, friendships and enmities, and never by any chance step upon anybody's toes, or anybody's remotest frills. He must discover and keep the narrow path between harmless gossip and perilous scandal, and while always having something interesting to say, never say anything that could be repeated to his own or anybody else's detriment.

He must be sentimental to the extent of remembering the favorite flowers, colors, and perfumes of the lady to whom he is for the moment attentive, and making graceful little offerings in harmony with those tastes. He must have sufficient tact to be always where he is wanted, and to skillfully efface himself in the presence of a lover or a favored admirer or adorer; for one of the peculiarities of the beau is, that he has his season, like the mushroom, and is not at all acceptable out of it.

But even as one will sometimes capriciously prefer salted, dried or pickled mushrooms to fresh and tender vegetables, there will be intervals in life, perhaps to its very end, when one turns from a grand passion, from the pedestal whereon one's adorer places one, even from the solid satisfaction of a comrade's honest sympathy, and finds a whimsical pleasure in the conversation, the compliments, the chit-chat of a beau, and finds the same rest and refreshment in his society as in that of the last fashionable novel or the lightest of society comedies.

We have spoken of the beau as an adjunct of early girlhood, because it is only an ingenue who could be content in the society of a beau, or who expects anything serious of him, or dignifies him into an ideal. Young girls never classify the men who surround them on their entrance into society; they are all heroes of romance, they are all possible lovers and husbands, and the beau, being the most obvious and the most demonstrative figure in this new world, is often pitched upon by the debutante as her ideal, and she is sometimes a good deal disappointed in finding how woefully too small he is for the "giant's rope" she vainly would fit upon his shoulders.

Occasionally the girl is herself a female beau; not a belle, for that is quite another thing, but a trifter, a butterfly, an ephemeron—a personality answering precisely to that of the beau. In such a case the two become, not friends, for to be a friend requires characteristics neither of them possess, but familiar acquaintance, even comrades in a certain sense, and spend

a great many idle hours together in just the way one sees a couple of butterflies hovering and dancing over a sunny pool or a bed of mimigonette, happy while the fine weather lasts, beaten down and lost in the first wind of adversity.

I do not think the beau often marries; it seems to me in glancing through my acquaintance on both sides of the water that he is generally a bachelor, or if not, poses as one. In effect a beau is generally mildly but intensely selfish under his smiling and courteous surface; he wants his money for his own pleasures, and he has a fastidious horror of all the annoyances and disillusionments of marriage; add to this that he is neither the creature of impulse nor of passion, nor at all capable of a self-forgetful love, and the question at once arises, why in the world should he marry? And the answer is, he don't—that is, not often.

But although only the young girl believes in her beau as anything more than a beau, he is both valued and cherished by older women to whom, as I have implied, he serves as a recreation, an anodyne, a refuge from those relations of life whose depth and intensity make them as often the misfortune of our lives. I am, in fact, very fond of my beaux, and don't hesitate to acknowledge it; but not for the world would I let them know that I consider them as beaux pur et simple, since probably not one of them but would be offended, for the world has grown so false in our day that no man is contented to "see himself as others see" him, but poses as something else.

It was not so in the days of our grandmothers, when Beau Nash and Beau Brummell, and host of their imitators, were not only content, but proud, to fill the role of a beau and were only distressed lest they should be taken for something else.

Wouldn't it be possible to revive this guild-spirit, and start a new school of professional beaux—men who, finding themselves adapted by nature and inclination for the profession, should educate themselves for it, study up the old masters of the art, and embroider upon their methods all the added finesse and enterprises demanded by the advances of the age? It is really a subject worth considering, and I recommend it to the notice of my young male friends, several of whom show a very pretty talent in that direction.

But, pending this new departure in the history of beaux, let me implore all my female friends to be more precise in their classification of their male acquaintance, for it is really a grief to hear a tender, romantic, Browningsque adorer spoken of as the "beau" of his idol, or to have one's solid, practical, congenial comrade dubbed by so trifling a name, or to insult the sweet illusions and loftier ideals of a pair of lovers by calling "Romeo" the beau of "Juliet." "Mercutio" was a beau, if you please, and died with a jest upon his lips; but one can not imagine him in "Romeo's" place. No, my dear girls, don't be shipshop in your nomenclature; and, although you may be surrounded with beaux, don't fancy them lovers, or even sincere admirers, for your true beau admires nobody very much except himself, although a part of his profession is to assume the part of an admirer, not to you only, but to the other dear five hundred toward whom he will flutter in the course of the evening.

Don't tell him that you don't believe a word he says, and don't try to get upon solid ground with him and find out how far he is really sincere, for he does not know himself, and it is bad taste and bad policy to force any man to a confession of ignorance, even to himself. Nor can we break butterflies on the wheel, or build houses of soap bubbles; so be content to take the beau as a beau, and value him for his real uses and merits, which are not to be despised.—Mrs. Frank Leslie, in Cincinnati Times.

"The Face at the Window." "This letter is to my husband," she said as she licked on a stamp at the window in the corridor of the post-office.

"Yes'm." "Will it go out to-day?" "Yes'm." "By first mail?" "Yes'm." "He ought to get it day after tomorrow?" "Yes'm." "And I ought to have his letter by Saturday?" "Yes'm." "It isn't over weight?" "No'm." "And if he gets it, and if I get his answer by Saturday, I can write—"

"Please don't obstruct the window, ma'am; there's forty people waiting." "Oh! there are! That's always the way of it. I can't get a word of information out of this postoffice, try as I will. Good day, sir! I'll go across to Canada after this!"—Detroit Free Press.

They've Got the Wrong Woman. Belva Lockwood has been elected a member of the Peace Congress in Paris. Peace! Why, good land, it hasn't been how long since she was running for President. Well, it's all right, maybe. Nothing makes a fellow so peaceable as a "tarnal good lickin'." Except the Prohibitionists; it makes them worse.—Burdette in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Lucky Russian.

Arkansas Traveler, Chicago, Ill., Aug. 3. The reports of the July 10th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company show that one-twentieth of ticket No. 42,758, which drew the first capital prize of \$500,000 in that drawing, was held by Abraham Weinger of 401 South Canal Street, Chicago. A traveler reporter called at Mr. Weinger's place of residence and was informed that he had just gone to New York city, where it is expected that he will meet his wife, who is now on her way to America from Russia. From Mr. Weinger's friends and neighbors it was learned that he is a Russian by birth, about twenty-eight years of age, and that he has been in America but sixteen months, most of which time has been spent in Chicago, where he has followed the occupation of a tailor, which is the trade to which he was brought up. Mr. Weinger received his \$15,000 from the express company a few days after the drawing. It was learned that Mr. Weinger has been a frequent patron of the lottery, but until now without success. Mr. Weinger has been all of his life a poor man and it is to be hoped he will make good use of his suddenly acquired wealth.

Jist to be in Keepin'. "Ye're braw the day, Jock," observed a man to a Scotch grave digger who was on his way to perform the grim duty of preparing a place of sepulchre for a resident in gaudy necktie, clean mousin "breers" and carefully blacked boots.

"Ay, man," the bethral replied; "I'm gannit aff to get a grave ready for the farmer's wife that deod' yesterday." "Weel, what d'ye bursk up like that?" "For ma ain satisfaction, man. When I hae work for a pair body I set out onyway; but when it's a weel-tue-dae person wha's like tae be pit in a braw coffin wi' bonny ornaments a' about it, I like tae gie myself a dress up, jist tae be in keepin' wi' sic grandeur."

Not of His Raising. "Uncle Ben, your son was fooling around my hen-coop last night, and came very near catching him. He had his hand on a chicken, but let it go when he heard me." "Boss, did yer say he had a hand on a chicken an' den let it go?" "Aid."

"Den 'twar'n't none ob my son. Dat nigger war n't none ob my raisin'."—Timo.

Confidence Begot of Success. So confident are the manufacturers of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that it will do all they represent, in the cure of liver, blood and general diseases, that, after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past, they now feel warranted in selling it (as they are doing through druggists) under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit could be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the diseases for which it is recommended was ever before sold under a guarantee of a cure or no payment.

In all blood taints and impurities of whatever nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, eruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by this wonderful medicine. Scrofulous diseases may effect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones, causing "joint-rheum," or "white swellings," or "hip-joint dis-ease," or "sprain" of the lungs, causing pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myriad forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used perseveringly and in time.

Its thousands of cures is the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Good for Ohio. Four native-born Ohio men have been presidents of the United States, and their wives were all natives of Ohio—Grant, Hayes, Garfield and Harrison. Mrs. Hayes was the most eminent, Mrs. Garfield the most learned of the ladies who ever occupied the White House up to Mrs. Harrison's time.—Dayton Journal.

A Fairy Tale. A famous woodsman once boasted that he could find the line between wisdom and return by the same path. Being tested, he carried with him a slender thread, which should serve as a guide for the return trip. Reaching the end of his journey, he lay down to rest. While he rested came the point of daybreak and he awoke upon his thread and chanced it into two shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Throngs of people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he read upon the train the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

Would You Believe. The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives the following notice: "The advertisement of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for coughs and all throat and lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after the first dose. Don't hesitate! Secure a bottle to-day to keep in your house or room for immediate use, or take it with you. Price at all druggists. Large size 50c and \$1.

Mrs. Harrison would like a little more of "Home, Sweet Home" in the White House. Cut Rates to the West. Cheap tickets to all points in Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory (Oklahoma), Texas, and other States and Territories in the West, will be sold by the Santa Fe Route from Chicago and other points along the line, on August 6 and 20; Sept. 10 and 24 and October 8.

For particulars ask your Ticket Agent or write to John J. Byrne, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Santa Fe Route, Chicago. Grand Harvest Excursions. Will run via the Wabash line to points in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Dakota, Colorado, and all parts of the west, on August 20, September 10 and 24 and October 8, 1889. Rate one fare for round trip. For particulars apply to nearest Wabash ticket agent.

It is met that the Sandwich islands should be populated by the descendants of Ham. University of Notre Dame. Among the educational institutions of the United States there are but few that have advanced as rapidly as the University of Notre Dame—established over forty-six years. It rapidly passed to the front rank and has each succeeding year kept pace with the demand of the time. No better educational institution can be found anywhere, which the large and increasing patronage it enjoys from all sections of the country testifies. Parents contemplating placing their wards at school will obtain full information and catalogue by addressing Rev. T. E. Walsh, Pres. University Notre Dame, Ind.

Few men are ever so tired in these hot days that they cannot lift a schooner. Excursion to Potoskey and Traverse City. Tuesday, Sept. 3rd, over Detroit, Lansing & Northern R. R. Special trains through without change, \$5 for the round trip from Detroit, \$4 from Lansing, \$3.50 from Ionia and Saginaw, and proportionate rates from all other cities en route for ten days. If you cannot get particulars address John R. Wood, Trav. Pass. Agt. D. L. & N., Detroit, Mich.

These be the days when even sober men may be seen clutching at straws. E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

Through Sleeper Daily to Texas Points.

On and after August 11, 1889, the C. B. & Q. R. R. will run in connection with the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Ry. from Hannibal, a sleeping car from Chicago to Galveston, Texas, without change, thus making a new short daily line between Chicago and Sedalia, Ft. Scott, Parsons, Denison, Ft. Worth, Waco, Austin, Houston, Galveston, and other points in Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and Texas. The sleeper will leave Chicago on the Burlington's fast train "Eli" at 5:45 p.m. daily, connect with C. B. & Q. train leaving Peoria at 8:20 p.m. daily except Sunday, and reach Texas points many hours quicker than any other route. Through tickets can be obtained of ticket agents of the Burlington Route and connecting lines. P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt., C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

Belgium's Hatless Monarch. Leopold, king of the Belgians, is a sworn foe of tobacco and an ardent supporter of the Belgian anti-tobacco league. He is, as well, a man of "simple and severe way of life." He rises early, breakfasts sparingly, and—a rare thing on the continent—takes his morning tub with all an Englishman's fervor. His wide sympathies embrace vegetarianism in their scope, and his most notable passion, perhaps, is for going about without a hat. Whenever the weather is suitable King Leopold goes abroad in his garden as hatless as Adam, exulting in his freedom from the conventionality of a headpiece. He has some strange craze about the wind's action on his brain, and he puts his craze in practice whenever possible. In fact, occasionally the intelligent kind marked him for her own. He is a linguist of rare acquisition, and is always deep in the study of some new language or other. Music is one of his aversions, but the sister art of painting finds in him an appreciative and enthusiastic amateur. His face is strong and stoutheaded, without being handsome, and a beard of appropriate regal length sweeps his chest.—London Court Journal.

Whisky in Melons. A gentleman who has tried it vouches for the fact, "Taking a gallon jug of whisky he passed a cord through its cork, which dropped to the bottom of the jug. The wine was then introduced into a watermelon vine by slitting the vine and the wine permitted to produce only two melons. When the melons were matured they were served at a party and became to six gentlemen. The effect was astonishing. The gallon of whisky got in its work. Not a drop of the liquor remained in the jug when the melons were ripe.

He Knew Him. A man, well known in his native town as always being behindhand in his affairs, was driving rapidly down the street and accidentally ran over a colored man. Unable to stop his horse after the accident, the driver, true to his nature, yelled out: "Hi, there! Get out of the way!" Upon which the darkey, not being very much hurt, picked himself up as quickly as possible, and hallowed back: "Fo' de Lo'd's sake, boss, yo' ain't comin' back agin, is yo'?"—Life.

The proper name of the humble bee is humble bee. But humble as he is he won't allow himself to be sat upon. Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Lomax, Excelsior Passenger Agent Union Pacific Railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

When Shakespeare remarked, "All the world's a stage," the world was rather slower than it is nowadays. This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

Jokes about the iceman do not go in Greenland; the ice there is 6,000 feet thick—delivered at the door free. The pedagogic keeps school until the heated term comes on, and then he keeps cool somewhere else. Ever since 1864 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbin's Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

Even Wall street cannot defy natural laws. When the "short" is "squeezed" he is shorter—very much so. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants. "MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Illinois Central Railroad

Excursions South.

For a free copy of "Southern Home-Seekers' Guide," "Farmers' and Fruit Growers' Guide to McComb City, Mississippi," address the undersigned.

A. H. HANSON, J. F. MERRY, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt., Chicago, Manchester, Iowa.

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

Belgium's Hatless Monarch. Leopold, king of the Belgians, is a sworn foe of tobacco and an ardent supporter of the Belgian anti-tobacco league. He is, as well, a man of "simple and severe way of life." He rises early, breakfasts sparingly, and—a rare thing on the continent—takes his morning tub with all an Englishman's fervor. His wide sympathies embrace vegetarianism in their scope, and his most notable passion, perhaps, is for going about without a hat. Whenever the weather is suitable King Leopold goes abroad in his garden as hatless as Adam, exulting in his freedom from the conventionality of a headpiece. He has some strange craze about the wind's action on his brain, and he puts his craze in practice whenever possible. In fact, occasionally the intelligent kind marked him for her own. He is a linguist of rare acquisition, and is always deep in the study of some new language or other. Music is one of his aversions, but the sister art of painting finds in him an appreciative and enthusiastic amateur. His face is strong and stoutheaded, without being handsome, and a beard of appropriate regal length sweeps his chest.—London Court Journal.

Whisky in Melons. A gentleman who has tried it vouches for the fact, "Taking a gallon jug of whisky he passed a cord through its cork, which dropped to the bottom of the jug. The wine was then introduced into a watermelon vine by slitting the vine and the wine permitted to produce only two melons. When the melons were matured they were served at a party and became to six gentlemen. The effect was astonishing. The gallon of whisky got in its work. Not a drop of the liquor remained in the jug when the melons were ripe.

He Knew Him. A man, well known in his native town as always being behindhand in his affairs, was driving rapidly down the street and accidentally ran over a colored man. Unable to stop his horse after the accident, the driver, true to his nature, yelled out: "Hi, there! Get out of the way!" Upon which the darkey, not being very much hurt, picked himself up as quickly as possible, and hallowed back: "Fo' de Lo'd's sake, boss, yo' ain't comin' back agin, is yo'?"—Life.

The proper name of the humble bee is humble bee. But humble as he is he won't allow himself to be sat upon. Send two cents in stamps to E. L. Lomax, Excelsior Passenger Agent Union Pacific Railway, Omaha, Neb., and secure a handsomely bound copy of Outdoor Sports and Pastimes, containing complete rules for Lawn Tennis, Croquet and Base Ball, free. Just issued.

When Shakespeare remarked, "All the world's a stage," the world was rather slower than it is nowadays. This is the age of wonders, and the average American citizen is no longer surprised at anything. If you want to experience that sensation, however, just write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and hear what they have got to say of the success of some of their agents. They have got the goods that sell, and any one out of employment will consult their own interests by applying to them.

Jokes about the iceman do not go in Greenland; the ice there is 6,000 feet thick—delivered at the door free. The pedagogic keeps school until the heated term comes on, and then he keeps cool somewhere else. Ever since 1864 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbin's Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

Even Wall street cannot defy natural laws. When the "short" is "squeezed" he is shorter—very much so. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

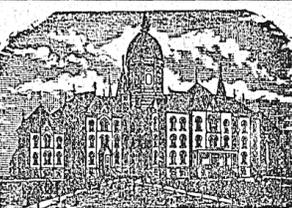
"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

New Way. Don't rub the dirt out of your clothes because your ancestors did. Keep up with the times. Try modern ideas for saving labor. James Pyle's PEARLINE leads all of those which pertain to cleanliness. Labor-saving directions on every package. What is it that frays your collars, cuffs and shirts, and pulls off the buttons and strings? What is it that ruins your paint? It's the old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, to make clean. PEARLINE does away with most of the rubbing, so it saves the worst of the wear, on the clothes, the paint, and the woman herself. Millions now use PEARLINE. It is the modern soap, and a fair trial will convince the most skeptical of its merits. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers. Beware.

Excelsior Springs, Mo. Unequaled as a health and pleasure resort. Finest Watering Place hotel in the west. The waters will positively cure all kidney and liver diseases, dyspepsia, diabetes, female complaints, skin and blood diseases, etc. For handsomely illustrated descriptive pamphlet, apply to P. Chandler, G. P. & T. A. "Wabash Line," St. Louis, Mo.

The King of the Cannibal islands used to have many domestic broils when he cooked his servants.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. SHORTENS LABOR. LESSENS PAIN. DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME. The 4th collegiate year will open Tuesday, Sept. 3. The spacious and elegant buildings have, during the past year, accommodated more than 1000 students. Every facility is afforded for acquiring a thorough knowledge of Classics, Mathematics, Law, Science, and Music.

A thorough commercial course is also a feature of the institution. Special advantages will be placed within the reach of those desiring to study LAW. THE MINN Department, for boys under thirteen, is separate. Catalogues giving full particulars will be sent free on application to Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., President, Notre Dame P. O., Ind.



ASK FOR THE OLD RELIABLE. THE BEST. NO TAKE OTHERS. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Excellent for Cuts, Bruises, Burns or Scalds.

