

Cass City Enterprise.

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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.

WANTED

**MEN TO WORK
ON RAILROAD**
At Owendale, Mich.

\$16 to \$20 a Month and Board.

JNO. G. OWEN.

THE EXCHANGE BANK!

E. H. PINNEY,

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ed.

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Anywhere in the United States or
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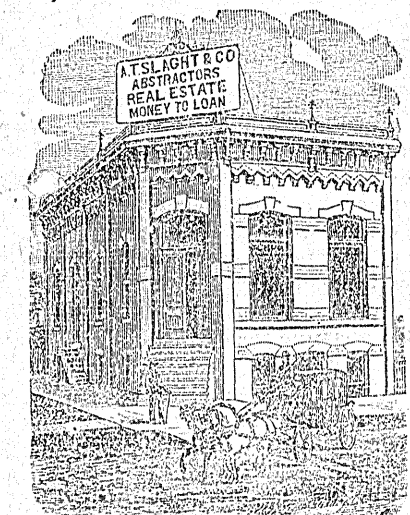
Accounts of Business houses and
Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates
of Deposit.

A. H. ALE, Cashier.
Pinney's new block, Main St., Cass City.

Abstracts of Title.

To all Lands in Tuscola county.
A. T. SLAUGHT & CO.,



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
Machine 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.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that
for years we have been selling Dr. King's
New Discovery for Consumption, Dr.
King's New Liver Pills, Buckley's Arnica
Salve and Electric Bitters, and have
never had a complaint that fell as well,
or that have given such universal satis-
faction. We do not hesitate to guaran-
tee them over time, and we stand ready
to refund the purchase price if satisfac-
tion results do not follow their use.
These remedies have won their great popu-
larity purely on their merits. Fritz
Bros., druggists.

I. O. O. F.

Cass City Lodge, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. L. HITCHCOCK, N.G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.

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

K. O. T. M.

Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the 1st Friday
evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
W. D. SCHOOLEY, Record Keeper.
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Cass City Bank!

ESTABLISHED APRIL 18, 1882

We solicit business from small deposi-
tors. We will pay you a liberal rate of
interest for your money. We have spec-
ial facilities for investing saving deposits
and intend to make this a special feature
of our business.

Parties who have Real Estate Loans
maturing this fall will do well to call on
us. We are making very low rates on
Mortgage Loans. It is much more con-
venient for people residing in this section
to pay their interest at their home bank
than to be obliged to send it to Caro,
Bad Axe, or elsewhere.

School districts intending to issue
Bonds to retire present issue, or to build
new buildings, we invite you to call and
see us. We have funds to invest on this
class of security at VERY LOW RATES.

We have recently purchased a modern
Burglar Proof Safe and are now building
a Fire Proof Vault to receive the same.
When completed, we invite our friends
and customers to call and inspect the
finest "lock-up" in this county.

C. W. McPHAIL, Proprietor. O. K. JAMES, Cashier.

CITY NEWS.

Additional local on 5th page.

Where is Chas. St. Mary's pet coon?
Chas. St. Mary and John McDougall
Sundayed at Caro.

Heavy frosts are visible to the naked
eye every morning.

Willie Winegar, of Jackson, is making
his brother, Joseph Winegar, a visit.

S. Edwards has moved into his recently
purchased home on Segar street.

W. H. Hebblewhite took a load of
butter to Bay City market last week.

W. I. Frost made a trip to Bay City
this week with a load of dairy butter.

Dick Clarke took in the Bad Axe races
on Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

W. L. Parker, of the Caro marble
works, was in this city on business on
Tuesday.

A. McGilvary is now at home again as
the mill at Owendale has been shut down
for the winter.

It will be well worth your while to
read Frost & Hebblewhite's change of
ad in this issue.

Will Brown Sundayed at his parental
home in Cumber. Must become attrac-
tion out that way Will.

The county poor board settle their
yearly account with the board of super-
visors this week at Caro.

James Sheridan has severed his con-
nection with the Sheridan House, and is
at present located at Owendale.

Harve Hamilton left this city on
Tuesday for Bay City, where he will seek
employment of some kind.

Chas. St. Mary informs us that he in-
tends putting in a barber shop outfit in
his billiard parlors in the near future.

Miss McLean, who has been making
Rev. McArthur and family a visit, has
returned to her home in Mayfair, Ont.

J. D. Crosby, the wide awake boot and
shoe merchant on main street, has a
change of ad. in this week's issue. Read
it.

Walter Bloom has rented the building
near the depot of S. Edwards. He will
use the same in connection with his
poultry business.

Walter Bloom has been in Creel this
week superintending the loading of several
cars of lumber which he recently pur-
chased of John Campbell of that place.

The freight trains on the P., O. & N.
R'y. is late coming into this city now-a-
days, caused by the superfluous amount
of grain and stock that is being shipped
over the road.

Miss Clark, who has been visiting in
the city of Detroit for the past few
months, returned home on Friday last.
She has resumed her studies in the high
school again.

The weather has been very fine this
week.

E. H. Pinney and wife were in Caro on
Tuesday.

Two bus lines now run from the hotels
to the depot.

Perry Fritz made a flying trip to Caro
on Wednesday.

Chas. Spencer has put down a drive
well on his place.

House cleaning is being indulged in at
the Tennant House.

J. F. Seeley, of Caro, was in town on
Tuesday on business.

D. A. Holmes made a flying trip to
Kingston on Tuesday.

Did you take in the races at Bad Axe
on Tuesday and Wednesday?

Henry Stewart was at the county cap-
ital on Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. King Work is assisting her hus-
band in the postoffice this week.

John Sheridan was in Bay City and
Saginaw the latter part of last week.

There will be no services on Sunday
school at the M. E. church on Sunday
next.

Placards, "to rent," adorn the win-
dows of A. D. Gillies' store on main
street.

An assault and battery case was on
the docket in Justice Wale's court on
Monday.

Mrs. Jas. McArthur's mother, Mrs.
Bowers, of Port Huron, is the guest of
her daughter.

L. A. DeWitt is finishing the house he
recently purchased of J. N. LaRue on
Segar street.

Our devil reports having in stock sev-
eral hundred old newspapers that he
wishes to sell.

Jas. McLaughlin, of Sanilac Centre,
a brother of Robt. McLaughlin, Sunday-
ed in this city.

Miss King, of Arkona, Ont., is visiting
her aunt Mrs. Huffman, six miles north
east of this city.

Three wedding parties were the guests
of Landford Gordon at the Tennant
House last week.

C. W. McPhail and wife, accompanied
by E. F. Marr and wife, visited relatives
in Caro on Sunday.

Some of our main street sidewalks
want repairing very bad. Where is our
street commissioner?

Five car loads of stock will be shipped
from here to-morrow morning. Quite a
showing for one week.

Miss Kate McClinton will begin to
teach school in District No. 3, Novesta
township, on Monday.

Thomas Sheridan is expected home
to-day from Houghton county where he
has been since last March.

J. H. McLean has purchased the cream
horse from John Cunningham. Consi-
deration \$200. He is a dandy.

J. W. Macomber has been doing some
fine artistic lettering on the front of the
store of 2 Macks 2 this week.

W. D. Schooley is doing a hustling
business in the harness trade this fall.
He is an honest man to deal with.

P. R. Weydemeyer was in Caro several
days this week attending a meeting of
the board of supervisors of Tuscola
county.

The nights are getting longer, but the
young man who occupies half of a parlor
chair with his girl every evening doesn't
realize it.

Homer Weydemeyer, having obtained
a position on the F. & P. M. R'y. at
Melvin, left for his new field of labor on
Monday.

The closing of a bustle factory has put
600 girls out of employment, and there
is no knowing how many more it has
put out of shape.—Ex.

Daniel McGilvary and A. D. Gillies are
repairing the M. E. parsonage. New
windows, new siding and repainting will
comprise the main features of the work.

Arthur Randall, who was so danger-
ously ill, is now some better, and good
hopes are entertained of his recovery.
He is at his grandmother's, Mrs. Conk-
ling.

The Washington House at Gagetown
is no more, having been closed by the
proprietor, Joseph Gage, he having de-
cided that it does not pay for the want
of patronage.

The flag will be hoisted when the
school board succeeds in procuring a
suitable staff and getting the same in its
proper position on the belfry on the
school building.

Schwaderer Bros. shipped \$2,151.85
worth of cattle and hogs to the Buffalo
market on Saturday morning. What's
the matter with the cattle and hog
market of our little city?

One of the latest and meanest frauds
perpetrated on the public is a polish for
silver and plated ware put up in small
boxes. The so-called polish is nothing
but cement which sells for \$2.50 a bar-
rel. Don't buy any polish from peddlers,
gin.

Thos. Hebler, of Tuscola, was calling
on friends on Friday last.

John McCracken, of Deford, made us
a very pleasant call on Monday.

A. Frutchey, the hustler of Deford,
called on Cass Cityites on Tuesday.

J. H. Striffler is in Caro attending a
meeting of the board of supervisors.

Our streets are crowded with teams
from the surrounding country every
day.

Robt. Walker, D. Manton and Geo.
Richmond, of Inlay City, were in the
city on Saturday.

Arthur Warner has gone to Northern
Michigan where he will remain during
the winter months.

Rev. N. B. Andrews was duly installed as
pastor of the Presbyterian church on
Tuesday eve. Rev. Hill of Vassar officiated.

Elder Boyd, of Greenleaf, attended the
installing services of Rev. N. B. Andrews
at the Presbyterian church Tuesday
evening.

J. A. Conlon will lead the services at
the Christian Endeavor on Sunday even-
ing, subject, "Our Duty." Let there be a
great turn out.

P. W. Brown was under the treatment
of Dr. McLean Tuesday evening, but as
he is composed of genuine pluck, he was
attending to his duties Wednesday
morning.

A. H. Browne, of the ENTERPRISE, is
spending the week at his parental home
in Lexington, having been summoned
there by the alarming condition of his
sick brother, R. O. Browne.

There is an excellent opening here for
a manufacturing establishment of some
kind. Address letters of inquiry to this
office and we will promptly answer the
same, giving the true situation.

We were in error last week in the item
stating that Jno. Marshall succeeded in
capturing 32 prizes on his stock at the
local fairs. The item should have read
John Murphy, instead of Marshall.

Frank Richards took dinner at the
Tennant House on Saturday. He was
on his way to Bad Axe with his running
horse, Mont Eagle. He was accompan-
ied by the world renowned rider, Samp-
son.

Miss Jennie Read left on the morning
train Monday to teach school in District
No. 6, Kingston. She will without doubt
make a success of pounding knowledge
into the heads of the "kids" as she has
the required ability.

The official copies of the constitutions
of North and South Dakota have been
received by President Harrison, and it is
expected that on the 23rd inst., the
President will issue a proclamation ad-
mitting them to Statehood.

Kerosene may be applied to boots and
shoes that have become hardened by
water to make them pliable again. It
is also recommended for washing windows
most satisfactorily in the proportion of
a tablespoonful to two quarts of hot
water.

Married, at the Presbyterian parson-
age, Cass City, by one ceremony, on Oct.
16th, Geo. O. Quick of Fair Haven,
Mich., to Miss E. Matilda Harder of same
place, also W. L. Harder of Fair Haven,
to Miss Catharine J. Gill of Brookfield,
Mich., by Rev. N. B. Andrews.

J. W. Gordon is doing everything in
his power to make it pleasant for the
young people who attend his skating
rink during the week. He has had the
floor thoroughly cleaned, and the skat-
ers will now find the rink devoid of dust.
Remember he will have the same open
to-night.

You will notice by reading the new ad.
of Holmes Bros. on another page that
they have decided to retire from the
mercantile business, and as they will
close out their entire stock of goods.
They offer their whole stock at very low
prices. Give them a call and secure a
bargain.

"It is not generally known, but never-
theless a fact," said a well known physi-
cian, "that chewing gum will produce
freckles and pimples. I have even
known cases where a woman has chewed
to such excess that she became pigeon-
toed and hump-back. Tobacco chewing
is not quite so clean, but it is far less
dangerous."

Under the new tax law, the board of
review is to be elected by the people, two
members to act with the supervisor, one
elected each year, and to hold office two
years, instead of being appointed by the
town board as heretofore. At the elec-
tion next spring, however, there will be
two members elected, one for one year
and the other for two years.

Considerable misfortune attended the
flux-growing at Berne Junction this year
and the parties interested will suffer
somewhat of a loss. The wet weather
of the spring prevented sowing a portion
of the crop and injured the growth of a
portion of what was sown. It is now
going through the rotting process, and
the work of manufacturing will soon be
in.

An exchange gives the following which
should be remembered by all as it might
be the means of saving life and prop-
erty: Fires resulting from burning oil
are inextinguishable with water, but
may be readily smothered by throwing
flour on the burning oil. If clothes are
set on fire by spilling oil or by bursting
of a lamp, a handful of flour thrown on
immediately may be the means of
quenching the flames and thus saving
life.

Mrs. J. H. Stevenson, of Argyle Centre,
has an elegant wreath on exhibition
at the postoffice which she has made
out of Berlin wool. She intends to dis-
pose of it by selling 100 tickets at 25
cents each. After the tickets have all
been sold they will be placed in a box
and the person holding the first ticket
drawn from the box will be entitled to
the wreath. Tickets can be had at
2 Macks 2, T. H. Hunt's and at the post-
office.

San Beach votes to bond herself for
\$10,000 to aid manufacturers who may
wish to locate within her limits. Cass
City will have to wake up to something
of the same nature, as a good manufactur-
ing plant of any kind adds greatly to
the business of any place. With a good
factory here that would employ some of
our laboring men, who have to seek em-
ployment of some kind elsewhere, our
hustling little city would be second to
none of its size in the state of Michigan.
Who will be the first to make a move in
this direction.

Two weeks ago we published a list of
the students who had contributed to
the flag fund, but owing to lack of space,
we were obliged to omit some names but
promised our readers to publish the full
list the following week, and by an over-
sight we failed to do so. The following
are the names of students whose names
did not appear in our last report: Milla
Ostrander, Dottie Leonard, Willie
Lyman, Hugh Walters, Addison West,
Amy West, Myron Fancher, Willie Zin-
necker, Ella Merideth, Duncan Monroe,
Bertha Wood, Mable Outwater, Maud
Sailor.

Some person who has had experience
long enough to reach a conclusion says,
"that no insect that crawls can live un-
der the application of hot alum water.
It will destroy red and black ants, cock-
roaches, spiders, bedbugs and all the
myriads of crawling pests which infest
old houses during the heated term. Take
two pounds of alum and dissolve in
three quarts of boiling water, let it stand
on the stove until the alum is all melted,
then apply it with a brush when nearly
boiling to every joint and crevice in your
closet, bedsteads, pantry, shelves and
the like."

An oyster supper will be given at the
Presbyterian parsonage Wednesday
evening, Oct. 23rd under the auspices of
the Ladies Aid society. Rev. and Mrs.
Andrews, in behalf of the society, extend
a cordial invitation to all their friends
in town, and especially to those in the
country to come and enjoy a pleasant
evening at the parsonage and have a
dish of oysters, cooked or raw, or both
if desired. Supper 25 cents. The pro-
ceeds are to go towards paying for the
parsonage and they sincerely hope that
their friends will come out and help them.
Don't forget the date, Wednesday even-
ing Oct. 23rd.

Michigan, through its legislature, has in
addition to providing a house for her
disabled veterans, provided for the care
of their families, outside the home. It
authorizes a soldier's relief fund in each
county, the members of the commission
to be appointed by the judge of probate,
to consist of three persons, two at least
to be old soldiers, their term of office be-
ing three years. A tax not exceeding
one-tenth of a mill on all taxable prop-
erty creates the fund, and the commis-
sion, together with a representative
from each township, village or city
board, meet annually before the first of
May to determine the amount to be
paid to each soldier or sailor entitled to
aid.—Ex.

The old-fashioned fair has lost its
charm as the small attendance to coun-
try fairs proves conclusively. Let the
farmers turn their attention to horse
and stock shows. Successful farming
has become a science and the crop report
of the product of the farm, so far as
grain and vegetables are concerned, is
quite sufficient to satisfy the progressive
farmer. But the noblest servant of man,
the horse, must be seen to be appreci-
ated. The cows, hogs and sheep should be
kept on the list for the annual stock
show. Much of the interest in the
largest onion orgolden pumpkin has sub-
sided, except when well cooked. Let the
farmer exhibit the horse and the choicest
of his herd and do the oratory himself.

Last Monday as Alfred Randall was
driving his team of horses along by his
farm west of the village they suddenly
became unmanageable and ran away,
the wagon striking a stump in its rapid
transmission along the road, which
caused the box to leave its bearings,

throwing the driver to the ground, hurt-
ing him quite badly. He now carries his
left arm supported in a sling.

J. W. Higgins and Silas Fletcher re-
turned home on Monday. They have
been in Northern Michigan for several
months past.

Some unscrupulous villian, with a con-
science as dark and gloomy as an Afri-
can forest, stole Chas. St. Mary's pet
coon on Sunday last.

The board of supervisors met in Caro
at 10 a. m. Monday and elected John
Holliday temporary chairman and ad-
journd until 2 p. m., at which time they
met and elected J. B. Darbee permanent
chairman, they then took a recess of two
hours after which the chairman nomi-
nated the following committees: Ways
and means—Purdy, Varnum and Len-
nox. Equalization—Colling, Lapree, Ber-
ry, VanBuren, Eckfield, Wilson and
Boreland. Settle with county treasur-
er—Belknap, Burroughs and Hunter.
Claims and accounts—Holliday, Hinkley
and Rogner. Roads and bridges—Leach,
Haines and Hofmeister. Rejected taxes
—Striffler, Meidlein and Haines. State
and county tax—Kennedy, Hunter and
Lennox.

A strange story comes from Port Hur-
on. In substance it is this: Something
less than a year ago a young married
woman of that place swallowed a plate
containing three false teeth. She experi-
enced no trouble over the accident. About
two months ago she gave birth to a
child. When the child was about one
month old it was noticed that there was
something wrong with its mouth. A
doctor was called, and finally a medical
council was held, the physicians being
greatly puzzled. They determined to
perform an operation, which was done,
with the result that the hard substance
in the mouth proved to be the plate
swallowed by the mother. It is con-
sidered a very mysterious affair. This
story comes from the Commercial-Tri-
bune, and you can believe or not, as you
like.

Dr. Deming has been engaged during
the past few weeks in making extensive
repairs on his farm house south of the
village. Last Thursday evening as he
was engaged in drawing away the tools
and other property of the workmen,
he accidentally drove the horses through
a small ditch in front of his premises
which resulted in Elder Deming, and the
workmen who were with him at the
time, being suddenly thrown from the
wagon, Elder Deming striking in such a
manner as to cause the fracture of one
of his ribs. It was thought by some at
the time of the accident that the fall
would prove fatal, but he is, at the time
we go to press, getting along very nicely
under the treatment of Dr. Deming. The
other gentlemen received no injuries. The
doctor was the only gentleman who suc-
ceeded in retaining his equilibrium as he
remained in the wagon.

Gone Home to Rest.

Died, on Tuesday evening at eight
o'clock at the residence of her daughter,
Mrs. D. McIntyre of this city, Mrs. Robt.
McKenzie. Mrs. McKenzie had been ly-
ing on a bed of sickness for the past few
weeks and her children and friends had
entertained fears of her death, which at
last occurred as above stated.

Deceased was born in Scotland in
1800 and emigrated to the county of
Oxford, Ont., in the spring of 1847, where
she remained until 1874, when she took
up her abode to with her children in this
place, where she led a very contented
life up to the time of her death. She
had been a very active and staunch
member of the Presbyterian society for
several years and had been in the habit,
although very feeble, of attending the
Presbyterian church of this place quite
frequently, always being kindly assisted
by her youngest son, A. A., who admin-
istered to her many wants as a very
faithful and obedient son. She leaves
three sons: A. A. McKenzie; Cass City;
Hugh McKenzie, Sandusky; and Wm. Mc-
Kenzie, Detroit; and two daughters: Mrs.
Dougald McIntyre of this place and Mrs.
Morrison of Ontario to mourn the loss
of their loving mother.

The funeral services were preached by
Rev. N. B. Andrews at the Presbyterian
church Thursday afternoon at three
o'clock. The remains were taken, on the
evening train the same day, to Kintore,
Ont., for burial, that being the place
where her husband is buried. Her chil-
dren have the sympathy of all,

To Whom It May Concern.

EDITORS OF ENTERPRISE.

DEAR SIRS:—Some evil disposed person
having circulated a false report that we
were not fully satisfied with Dr. J. M.
Truscott's medical services during my
wife's sickness, we wish it known far
and near that no doctor ever employed
in our home we have liked better than Dr.
Truscott. He is a thoughtful, careful
physician, and a perfect gentleman in
every sense of the word.

Yours Respect



Mrs. Alexander.

Very few English novel writers are better known on this side of the Atlantic Ocean than Mrs. Alexander, and we dare say our lady readers will be pleased to see the portrait of one who has so often given them pleasure. Alexander is only a nom de plume assumed by her before she was sure of her literary success; her real name is Mrs. W. Hector. She is already a middle-aged lady, with a rather heavy face, and looks more like a good homely housewife than a woman who is able to draw upon her imagination for any amount of difficult characters such as we find in her novels. Her most successful works of fiction are: "Her Dearest Foe," "The Wooing O. T." and "Ralph Wilton's Heir."

About four years ago Father Butler, a Catholic priest of Jersey City, N. J., eloped with Miss Brady and was married to her. He has now reached the nether depths of the soul's anguish, and humbly petitions the bishop to be permitted to enter the seclusion of a monastery where he may devote the future to doing penance. It is inevitable that when a priest allows worldly passions to overcome religious scruples, and yield the surrounding convictions of a life time to the impulse of a moment, that he will have occasion to repent his lapse from virtue with torture of spirit. Men may not with impunity outrage all the moral guards to their nature; and no greater violence to the spiritual grace that lifts man above the beast can be done than is done when priest or clergyman sacrifices his holy function to the weakness of the flesh. The outward visible sign of the hell within may not be always distinct, but no man lives in peace with himself who is conscious of honor's loss, or whose conscience whispers to him, "Recreate, recreate."

There has been considerable talk lately about the embarrassed financial condition of the Johns Hopkins university of Baltimore, and the probability of its being closed. It is true the school has suffered heavy loss by the shrinkage of Baltimore & Ohio railroad stock, but its finances are in much better shape than the alarmists who have raised the cry suppose. The president of the university says that there is at present sufficient money to meet all demands for the next three years, and that it is absolutely certain that means will be provided to allow the school to continue the same broad and generous plan as it has always maintained for the education of American young men. The citizens of Baltimore have too much pride in the university to allow it to suffer for want of funds.

Washington Territory women have enjoyed the right to vote under the territorial form of government, but at the coming election the lords of creation propose to ignore the women altogether. The women, however, have risen in their might and propose to fight the matter. The election officers do not intend to accept the votes of the weaker sex, so the women propose to have separate ballot boxes in which to deposit their votes, and then ask the court to decide whether or not their ballots shall be counted. It will be a nice question of law for the judges of the new state to decide, and the outcome is awaited with much interest. The women are determined and have a well organized force to see that every woman does her duty.

All of the South American nations, San Domingo alone excepted, have accepted the invitation of the United States to participate in a congress of American nations called to discuss the trade relations of the various countries. The reason San Domingo refuses to come is because the United States senate failed several years ago to ratify a treaty negotiated by representatives from that country. The San Domingans are making a mistake, a fact which they will realize soon enough, without being told of it.

MISS HILDRETH.

"I must have a peacock, John," said Miss Hildreth, as she met her man-servant on the lawn. "He would look so finely on the balustrade with his feathers spread or trailing them over the green sward. I really must have one, John."

"They be an awful nuisance, marm," demurred John. "They'd never stick to the balustrade. They be as hard to manage as children, an' that's a fact."

"They keeps up an awful squalling, Miss," put in Jane, the maid, when the matter reached her ears. "They'll be worse than Miss Noyes' guinea hens and Miss Dunn's parrot, or them children of Parson Miller's—I never did see such neglected plaques as they can be," she added irrelevantly. "I wonder their mother don't rise in her grave. But the poor man—what does he know of the care of babies, with his sermons and his prayer-meetings, and his parochial visits and his poor! He's off to this wedding or that funeral, or he's reading the word to the sick and blind. It's a shame there's no women folks but hired help to look after 'em up, and pinning on their clean collars wrong side out and upside down. I s'pose he was thinking of free will and election, like as not."

"I wish him joy of them," said Miss Prudence. "I prefer the peacock."

The first night after the peacock's arrival, however, Miss Prudence never closed her eyes, or the bird his mouth, so to speak; but when he pranced across the lawn in the morning light, Miss Prue thought she would rather lose her sleep than the sight of so much beauty.

"Miss Dunn says she will have to lay in a stock of chloral and bromide, if you're going to keep the peacock," Jane reported; and Mrs. Noyes herself dropped in to suggest that he could be killed and stuffed.

"He'll be quite as decorative," said she, "without disturbing the neighbors."



A SMALL URCHIN WOULD APPEAR WITH THE BIRD IN TOWN.

Every two or three days a small urchin would appear with the bird in town, and remark demurely: "Your peacock strayed over to Dickens', and I've fetched him along home," for which civility sundry pieces of small change would be disbursed.

"And who are you?" she asked, when the same youngster had performed the same benevolent service some half-dozen times.

"I! Oh, I'm Parson Miller's boy."

"Why, you're um—I reckon so."

"I shall have to shut him up," said Miss Prue. "His traveling expenses will ruin me."

By this time the poor bird had lost much of his fine tail feathers in the process of being run down by the Miller brothers and their contemporaries, and presented a ragged appearance which went to its owner's heart. So he was shut up in a temporary pen till he should learn better ways; but Miss Prudence, going to look after him one afternoon, found the two Millers inside the pen, chasing him about to display his plumage while their little sister stood outside and clapped her hands, and with a crowd of other children stood peeping between the slats.

"What are you doing, children?" she cried.

"Oh, we've been reading about peacocks, and they need exercise," vouchsafed the eldest Miller.

"It seems to me that you need a stick," said Miss Prue.

"Father don't approve of whipping," chirruped the youngest, "do you, father?"

And Miss Prue lifted her eyes and met those of the Rev. Austin Miller, which wore a startled, perplexed expression, while the color palpitated across his face.

"My children have annoyed you," he said, with the hesitating tone which begged to be gainsaid.

"They have only annoyed the peacock," answered Miss Prue, dropping her gaze, and flushing rosy red in her turn.

"I came in search of these rogues," he went on. "Bridget was sure they were in some mischief—I did not expect to find you."

"No, of course not," said Miss Prue, in a voice studiously matter-of-fact.

"I have read, somewhere," the Rev. Mr. Miller pursued, "that the only real happiness which ever arrives to us springs up quite unexpectedly in our path—it is not the result of search. I dropped the thread of my sermon, against my will, at a critical point to pick up these little folks. I have my reward."

"You are very easily satisfied," returned Miss Prue, in the same remote voice. She was hardening her heart against the persuasive tones which had once been like the music of the spheres to her.

"No, I am not easily satisfied. I have never been satisfied with myself—with some hasty actions of my own, I should say, Miss Prudence, you have never forgiven me?" he spoke half-questioningly, as if he would fain be contradicted.

"I never thought of it as anything to forgive," she said, and her voice melted and broke a little in spite of herself. "I see now that the fate of providence was kinder to us than I believed. I don't think I was intended for a domestic life," as her eyes fell upon the three harum-scarum children in their torn frocks and mischief—the children who might have been her own but for their mother's double-dealing.

Austin Miller smiled a little sadly as his glance followed hers.

"They are tormentors to the neighbors, I fear," he said; "but they are all the comfort I have," holding a hand to them. "Come, children, make your bow to Miss Hildreth, and tell her you are sorry."

"But we are not a bit sorry," said little Amy. "The peacock is so beautiful, we are glad we combed. We mean to do it again."

"Truth is no longer at the bottom of a well," said Miss Prue, with a real smile dimpling her face as she said good-by.

If Deacon Brickett could have seen the manuscript of Mr. Miller's sermon as he reflected in his study that evening, he would have supposed that the words, "Come again,

dear dream," scrawled on the margin, referred beyond a doubt to the dream of Jacob when he saw the angels of God ascending and descending.

"Them there Miller boys be enough to drive you to glory, an' no mistake," declared Jane a few weeks later. "I wouldn't be their mother—no, not if you'd give 'em to me."

"They are not mine to give," said Miss Prue. "What have they done now?"

"Done? They've gone and broke the peacock's eggs, to see the little peacocks, sure's you're alive. They expected to find 'em full-fledged, long tail and all. Amy's gone home crying."

"And where are the boys?"

"Mr. Miller, he's going to send 'em to bed without their supper, and serve 'em right. Their mother's shirked all the both of 'em, sure enough!"

"Without their supper—poor things!" cried Miss Prue. "Why, it's only 3 o'clock of a summer's day. I remember when I used to be sent to bed by daylight when I was little and naughty, and it always seemed to me a horrible injustice. Jane, run over to the parsonage, and tell Mr. Miller he will do me a favor if he will—"

"Baste 'em soundly," put in Jane.

"Jane! how inhuman! He will do me a favor if he will let them off this time."

"Now, Miss Prue, if you'd write it yourself—sure's you live—excuse me, miss—but I ain't got the face to carry that message."

And it so happened that the Rev. Austin Miller found himself dreaming over a perfumed note, in his study, while his sermon on "The Mistakes of a Christian," lay forgotten before him—dreaming of the first note he had ever received from Miss Prue, fifteen years or so ago, the words of which started out from some hidden corner of his brain, where they had been sleeping unknown to him; dreaming of the dewy evenings in the rose garden of the old parsonage, where he studied divinity and she taught the children their A B Cs; of Sundays, when they sang together in the choir; of their stroll home through green, sweet scented lanes. He wondered if, indeed, he was the hero of those dreams, if he had ever been so happy. The first parting, the first estrangement, wrung his heart anew as if they had happened only yesterday. What a foolish thing their quarrel looked like to-day, seen by the light of years and knowledge! Yet he had been the first to make an overture toward reconciliation, thank God! If she accepted his overture she was to write and say so, but no word had come to him in reply. What hours of dark suspense lifted their shadows before him; how the whole world had seemed bleak and unprofitable without her! And in a season of weakness, when his wounded heart could bear no more, he had accepted the sympathy and comfort nearest at hand, and had finally married Letty Carew, because she loved him, only to wake up one day to find that he owed all his unhappiness to her. Miss Hildreth had indeed answered, had given Letty the letter to mail—they had been intimate friends in those days, intrusted with each other's heart-beats—and Letty had detained the missive that would have healed the breach. How did he know this? Years after it tumbled out of a drawer of old letters, and confronted him with its familiar address. Miss Carew thought she had secured herself for all time by burning Prue's letter, but she tossed the wrong envelope into the grate. Austin Miller had lived his sorrow over again after this discovery; he had walked with it and wrestled with it without getting nearer happiness, and had long ago made up his mind to do without it. But he had thought it due to Prudence Hildreth to send her word that by an accident her letter had come to hand five years too late; he said nothing of Letty's share in the matter, but Prudence understood all. These memories had been revived by Prue's hasty note asking him to forgive the children for breaking up the pea-hen's nest! Her children, too! He was at the point of carrying the note to his lips when his eyes fell upon his sermon, "The Mistakes of a Christian," and lest this should be one of them he threw it into the waste basket. He looked at the clock; he had been idle two whole hours. "Of what was he thinking?" he asked himself; "where was he drifting? an anointed priest, the example and counselor of sinners?" At least he could go and thank Prue with a clear conscience; as for the children, they were already in bed, technically speaking, and having such a capital pillow fight that they agreed to get into mischief every day of their lives, and be punished.

After that Mr. Miller often found himself dropping in, on one pretext or another, at The Elms, to ask Miss Prue to play over the air of some new psalmody, that he might join her in the congregational singing; to lend her the latest volume of religious thought; to beg advice about the children. Sometimes he came bringing those unruly infants, with their brown hands full of peacock feathers and their little hearts full of impudence. They and the peacock were now the best of friends; he ate from their hands and endured their petting, which was much like punishment, with heroism; if he staid away they hunted him out and brought him home in triumph.

"Those children might as well live here," said Jane.

"And their father, too," added John.

"Not a bite of sweetbread can I keep in the larder; and when they tear their frocks they go straight to Miss Prue, and she mends them before Bridget scolds 'em, just as if they'd be her very own."

"A fine stepmother she'd be making," observed John. "They do be saying in the village that it's her cap she is setting for the parson."

"That's just the way of the gossips! If a man takes to a woman it's always she that's a-setting of her cap for him. The parson ought to ask 'em to pick out a wife for him and suit themselves."

"And then, there's others who says it's her money," persisted John, who, like a fair historian, was bound to state both sides; "an' that he come here a purpose to marry her."

"A great deal they know about it," cried Jane. "I heard him tell her, with my own blessed ears, that when he was called to this 'ere parish he never dreamed that she lived here. They must have knowed each other, you see, when they were young, afore Miss Prue come into her great-uncle's property and came to live at The Elms; for I hear 'em talking now and again of folks that don't belong hereabouts. And she says, 'do you remember the day we went hither and the day we went yon?' And he says, 'I remember, I remember,' and looks away from her face. I thinks, myself, he must have been an old beau of hers. I sees 'em together a heap, you know, bringing in the tea things, and the lamps, and pottering 'round."

"At the keyhole," laughed John.

"And I've never found 'em love-making once, though I steps quiet-like, John, as you

know, and it isn't like opening a door to push the portiere aside."

It is true the Miller children were a great deal at The Elms, and gave their father frequent excuse to follow them; and it is true that there were few congenial souls in the parish and village, add what so natural as that he should see more or less of his pleasant neighbors, with whom he could journey back to the past? Indeed, they never talked of to-day or to-morrow; it was always yesterday whose praises they sang, whose skies they extolled, whose pleasures they coveted. He was nothing like a lover, to be sure, except in preferring her society, and yet it was a happiness to Prue to see him there, to know that he would come to-morrow. It was toward night, on one summer day, that Miss Prue, looking out on the lawn, where the shadows of the leaves were dancing, saw Mr. Miller—no unusual sight—coming toward her door. He had been out of town a whole week on business; Bridget had confided to Jane that he had "gone away sudden," after a telegram in a yaller wrapper come for him; but he had been at home several days without darkening, or, to express her feelings better, illuminating Miss Prue's door. Naturally, she wondered what his errand had been; if he had had a call to leave the parish; and at that thought her heart stood still.

"You have been away," she said, after the first greetings.

"Yes. I hope you did not suffer from an invasion of young Millers during my absence."

"We met, but we missed you," she admitted. "I hope your vacation was a rest and recreation to you."

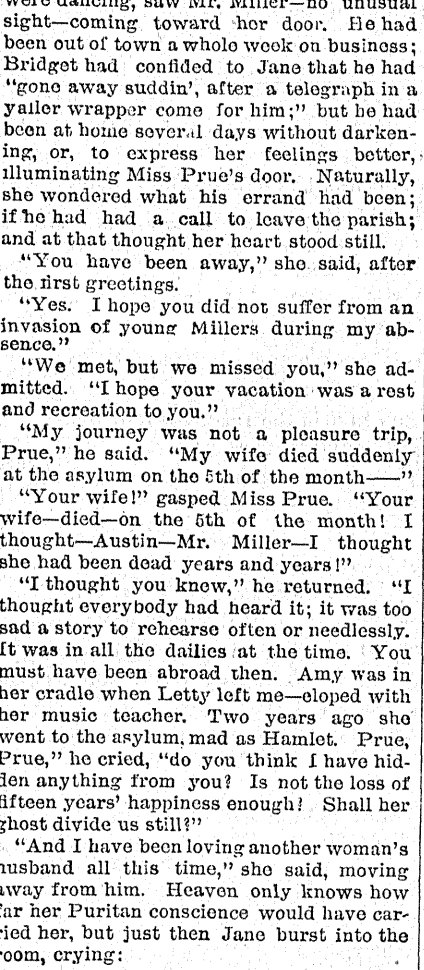
"My journey was not a pleasure trip, Prue," he said. "My wife died suddenly at the asylum on the 5th of the month—"

"Your wife!" gasped Miss Prue. "Your wife—died—on the 5th of the month! I thought—Austin—Mr. Miller—I thought she had been dead years and years!"

"I thought you knew," he returned.

"I thought everybody had heard it; it was too sad a story to rehearse often or needlessly. It was in all the dailies at the time. You must have been abroad then. Amy was in her cradle when Letty left me—died with her music teacher. Two years ago she went to the asylum, mad as Hamlet. Prue, Prue," he cried, "do you think I have hidden anything from you? Is not the loss of fifteen years' happiness enough? Shall her ghost divide us still?"

"And I have been loving another woman's husband all this time," she said, moving away from him. Heaven only knows how far her Puritan conscience would have carried her, but just then Jane burst into the room, crying:



JANE BURST INTO THE ROOM, CRYING.

"It's little Tom Miller—the peacock fell into the river, and Tom jumped in to save him—and the bird's safe—but Tom—the cramp took him—John's brought him up the bank—"

And then Jane fainted away. It was hours before consciousness returned to Master Tom, and weeks before the roof of The Elms could be exchanged for that of the parsonage, owing to a fever which succeeded. Mr. Miller and Miss Prue passed many a watchful night at his bedside, and many a day of sickening dread; but it was a year and better before Miss Hildreth could forgive herself for having loved another woman's husband and before a wedding which had been belated fifteen years took place at The Elms.—Harriet Prescott Spofford in the Continent.

Edison's Close Call.

Had the King of Italy monkeyed with Edison's telephone instead of his phonograph the chances are that we should be short on the count. Just imagine him calling up the royal hand organ grinder and hearing a woman five miles away shout, "Well, I tried it on last night and it is entirely too short in the basque." And then comes the roar of a butcher: "Can't fill that order 'smorning; we're all out of pigs' feet."—New York Herald.

Why Gould Squeezed Field.

Everybody knows how Jay Gould got his clutches on the promoter of the Atlantic cable, says the Boston Advertiser, but not every one knows the entire story of that deal in Manhattan.

The story goes that shortly after George Gould's marriage with Miss Kingdon the Gould family attended an opera at the Metropolitan opera-house in New York city. The Gould party met the Field family leaving the latter's box. Mr. Field cordially greeted everybody except young Mrs. Gould, whom he deliberately ignored. On the way home the young lady, who felt mortified over Mr. Field's action, suddenly burst into tears. The rest of the family attempted to console her, but the elder Gould said nothing. When he went down-town the next day, however, he set about investigating Mr. Field's affairs, and found that the latter had been borrowing heavily on his Manhattan stock. The rest of the story is well known. From what one knows of the different parties concerned the anecdote seems very plausible. Mr. Field would be particularly apt from his own family experience to object and to show his objection to what he considered a misalliance, and Mr. Gould certainly thinks enough of his daughter-in-law to punish any man who would attempt to slight her.

THE GREEN DRAGON.

The Mock Parliament That Holds Its Sessions There.

A walk of two minutes down Fleet street brings us to a tall new freestone building labelled on the lamp "The Green Dragon," and wearing the appearance of a public house and tavern, which it is. Across the window is inscribed in permanent letters: "The Temple Discussion Forum. Established 1667." And underneath is posted up every morning a paper announcing the subject of the evening's debate, and inviting strangers to enter and engage in the discussion. This is the oldest, by more than a century, of the existing discussion forums, and until recently was the most crowded and most interesting of them all. It is no longer so resorted to by the debaters and habitués of the old type, their falling off is probably due to two causes: first, the recent death of Mr. Ross, the chairman who had watched over its councils for more than twenty years with great ability; and, secondly, the modernizing and beautifying of their assembly room has, perhaps, caused the old habitués to feel themselves no longer at home under the old roof.

My knowledge of the place, even from tradition, does not go beyond the period when Mr. Ross, the veteran chairman, guided its councils. "Old Ross," as he was affectionately called by his disciples, was a remarkable man in many ways. Not only was he an admirable speaker, but, as chairman, he possessed great tact, discernment and coolness, which were sometimes put to the severest tests, as I shall presently show. He was a man of profound and varied knowledge, one of the best Greek scholars in the kingdom, a strong and graceful writer, and a contributor to several of the leading periodicals of London, including, I think, the Times. With all these qualities he possessed another that eminently fitted him for his post; he knew how to combine the easy going ways of the Bohemian with the refinement of a gentleman, to be genial and responsive yet dignified and firm, to the most motley assembly, it seems to me, that was ever gathered together in one room.

It was quite by accident that I discovered the place one evening many years ago, when I dodged into an open doorway to escape a sudden shower.

Down a long passage was a leather padded door with an oval glass window in it marked "Discussion Forum." I shall never forget my surprise and delight when I found myself within, seated upon a bench of adamantite hardness and looked about on the quaint old room. It was long and narrow and low between decks like the cabin of a ship, and also like a ship, it had forms, or settees, along each wall behind a row of mahogany tables, and above, near the ceiling, was a row of square port holes for windows. Two centuries of soot and tobacco smoke had dyed the floor, the walls and ceiling, the wooden bottomed chairs and forms, to nearly the same color as the rude old fireplace. At the top of the room, on a great mahogany and horsehair throne, sat the chairman, Old Ross, in his long gray beard like the figure of Father Time, but with a glass of steaming toddy before him instead of the traditional hour glass and a very large pipe between his teeth. On the wall above Old Ross hung a quaint old mirror, flanked by a fine portrait of George Washington on one side and on the other by an elderly gentleman in the costume of 1830 and wearing various jeweled orders and decorations. The further decorations of the wall were limited to framed placards with various tempting inscriptions. Here and there were served in huge pewter tankards, spirits in glasses, hot water in antique metal pots with lids, replenished now and then from a steaming kettle on the hob. These delicacies were distributed by two perspiring waiters in druggled evening dress, who flew about balancing trays of glasses and pewters in a wonderful manner, and mumbling in undertones to their customers: "Two of Scotch for you, sir. Thanky, sir."

"Pint of bitter; sir. Tuppence change, sir. Thanks." "Hot water, sir? Yes, sir"—all in a breath. Everything in the room spoke of a bygone age, when the world was not so rectangular and commonplace as it is now.

But if the room was fascinating, what shall I say of the people who sat smoking at a score of tables, waiting for the debate to begin? It was a company that would have delighted Hogarth and thrown Lavater into a frenzy. Such variety of heads, of physiognomy and make up, such strongly marked character and clear cut individuality and wonderful clothes, one might go far to see. Here a swell from Mayfair cheek by jowl with a burgomaster from the docks, a colored student from the Temple, a prosperous merchant; opposite, a Strand shop-keeper, a printer, a journalist, a lawyer, in a row. The same diversity extended all round the room, and there seemed to be no two men alike. As at the Congresses, there were always many elderly men who looked as if they had passed their whole lives here, and much of the speaking was by them. Old Ross used generally to make the opening speech himself at 9:30, and at 10 o'clock there was hardly a vacant seat in the room. Later than 10 one could not expect more than standing room, and I have known many to stand contentedly for half the even-

ing listening to the stirring speeches made by these veteran statesmen when it happened to be a "field night," for the debates were often brilliant in those days and would have done honor to the House of Commons at its best.

After the *coup d'état* of 1851, and the sudden leap of Prince Louis Napoleon into the throne of France, the occupant of the famous horse hair throne in Fleet street called upon his little Parliament to consider what should be the attitude of England toward the new Emperor. Their deliberations, which lasted for several evenings, and were conducted with a good deal of acrimony, came somehow to the ears of the Emperor, and he considered the matter sufficiently important to be referred to in a diplomatic communication to the British Government. The joy of the "House" when this news became known may be imagined. It was a proud day for Old Ross and his followers, who never tired of alluding to it in their speeches in after years, and the tradition of it will be handed down as long as there is a Green Dragon.—John Lillie, Harper's Magazine.

In the Light-House.

The light in the light-house tower Goes round and round and round, Like a fiery eye which searches For that which is never found;

The sea, on the rocks beneath it, Calls still for what does not come; While the heart of the light-house keeper, Yawns ever, but ever is dumb.

The sea-birds dash on the lantern And flutter, die in the night; In useless, vain endeavor To reach the beacon light.

The winds cry out forever For that which no quest may reach; But the keeper's strong desire Is far too deep for speech.

Night after night in the lantern He sets the light aglow; Night after night complaining He hears the waves below.

He hears the wind's fierce crying And the sea-bird's death note shrill; But the pain of his love's denial He suffers and is still.

—Boston Courier.

Another Sort of Thing.

Miss Arabella Liephey—"I do not mind your poverty, George. Until your fortunes mend, I could be happy in your wealth of affection, and in some vine-clad cottage—"

Mr. Wardoff—"Pardon me, dear; you know I am only a poor city clerk, and cottages are out of the question. Do you think you could be happy in a third-floor-back furnished room, with a sewing machine buzzing overhead and some fiend below cooking cabbage?"

"Miss Arabella—"May be, George, dear, we'd better wait, after all."—Puck.

The Toothpick Habit.

The great American habit of toothpick chewing is responsible for a very large number of human ills. Of course I refer more particularly to the practice of chewing wooden toothpicks.

And when I modify my statement in this way I don't have any hesitation in reiterating that the wooden toothpick is an engine of destruction. If you have ever noticed these things much you have observed that a good many people who take their meals at restaurants or hotel cafes and rush out immediately afterward to business snatch on the way a toothpick, sometimes several of them, and thrust the little wooden spears into the mouth. In nine cases out of ten they don't use the toothpick quickly and as a matter of business, but they retain it in the mouth after all necessity for its functions has ceased. They chew on it and wobble it about under the jaws, and finally the piece of wood is reduced to a ragged pulp, and then it is usually cast away. Very frequently small particles of the wood are swallowed and I know one man who was in the habit of eating his toothpick. I became acquainted with him because he wanted me to give him something to heal his stomach, which was really in a lacerated condition. The small particles of wood that are swallowed frequently lodge in the walls of the stomach somewhere and induce gastric disturbance, I know several cases which proved fatal. A man may go on chewing toothpicks for fifty years and never suffer any ill effects, but his less fortunate neighbor may chew them for a few days and die on account of it. I tell you a fact when I say that lots of troubles with the digestive apparatus and lots of more serious ailments may be, and have been by me in many instances traced to the use of toothpicks as I have pointed out. The habit, I notice, is one that is growing rapidly, and, aside from the fact that it is an illbred and rude custom, it is to be detested on hygienic principles. I found the other day that some restaurants dip their toothpicks in some aromatic fluid, like cinnamon, and this tends to cause a big spread of the toothpick chewing habit. The person who puts one of these prepared sticks in his mouth could hardly resist the temptation to chew on it. It's an awful habit and I'd like to see people stop it.—Boston Herald.

A Question of Slippers.

Bobby—Ma, I've pretty near out-grown my slippers, haven't I?

Mamma—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby—And say, ma, how long will it be before I outgrow your slippers?—Omaha World.

Columbus discovered America and Edison invented the phonograph, but it remained for Dr. Bull to invent the remedy of the age, "The Cough Syrup," the kindly cure.

A child hatched at York, Pa., first saw the light of day through three eyes. It had two months, but did not know how to use either, and died.

"Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, while Porphyro upon her face doth look" and wonders what has swelled it so. When he finds it is neuralgia, however, it does not lose his head, but having twenty-five cents in his inside pocket, he buys a bottle of Salvation Oil.

Won Big Money.

St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings, Aug. 29. At the recent drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, \$50,000 of the first prize was won by three St. Louisans, and \$3,000 of the third capital prize of \$50,000, also came to two lucky St. Louisans.

August Kalmeyer, who is the proprietor of a saloon at the southwest corner of Sixth and Franklin avenue, held a one-twentieth part of the \$3,000 prize. A Star-Sayings reporter called upon Mr. Kalmeyer at his saloon this morning, and found him in excellent humor. Mr. Kalmeyer said: "I never played the lottery in my life before, but just a few days prior to the last drawing a friend of mine, whose name I cannot mention, came to me, and he said: 'Henry, poor people are getting rich in this lottery game.' I said I knew that, and he said: 'Let us go in a half dollar each on a ticket this month.' The next day we purchased the ticket—the number of it was 75,345—and I was never so astonished in all my life as when I heard that it drew \$2,500. I got the money a week ago, and gave my friend his half. I intend to keep the money in my business, but my friend, I guess, is having a good time for I haven't seen him since."

Mrs. Amelia Partenheimer, who resides at 913 Monroe street, was also a winner to the extent of \$2,500, she having held another twentieth ticket of the \$3,000 prize. Mrs. Partenheimer, in conversation with a reporter to-day, said: "It was a great surprise to me to win that much money, but I believe that you are bound to win at it some time, sooner or later. I have not played the lottery much; but I thought I would play it last month, at all hazards. My husband was very glad when he heard that I had made the winning. I guess I will use a good deal of the money on more lottery tickets."

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ODDITIES OF MEMORY.

Some People Who Remember Everything and Others Who Can Keep Nothing in Mind.

The varieties of memory are as remarkable as its vagaries, says All the Year Round. There is, for instance, so wide a range between Niebuhr, the great statesman, and a certain divine that one can scarcely recognize the same faculty in each. It is said of Niebuhr that he remembered everything he had read at any period of his life; and it is said of the reverend doctor that he forgot he had been married within an hour or two of the interesting event.

John Wesley had a remarkable memory, and at 85 even it was still vigorous. Andrew Fuller could repeat a poem of 500 lines after hearing it read once or twice, could recite verbatim a sermon or speech, and enumerate the names of the shop signs from the temple to the end of Cheapside, with a description of the principal articles displayed in each shop window.

Before the days of shorthand reporting "Memory Woodfall" used to attend the house of commons and after listening to a debate would reproduce the whole without taking a single note. The same power was possessed by William Radcliffe, the husband of Mrs. Radcliffe, the novelist.

Both Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott had prodigious memories, yet neither of them could compare with Baronius of Middleburg, who knew by heart the works of Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, Homer, Aristophanes, and the two Plinys. If this was an example of "rote" only we have in Mezzofanti, the celebrated linguist of Bologna, one of the most striking instances on record of what, by way of distinction, we may call intelligent memory. He was described by Lord Byron as "a walking polyglot, a master of languages, and a Babel of parts of speech." At the age of 50 he was thoroughly versed in fifty languages—perfect in pronunciation, idiom, grammar, and colloquialisms—and before his death he added twenty or thirty more to the list. He used to say himself that he never forgot anything that he either heard or read.

It is recorded of La Fontaine, noted for his absent-mindedness, that he once attended the funeral of one of his most intimate friends and shortly afterward called to visit that friend. When reminded by the astonished servant of the recent death he was as first terribly shocked, and then remarked: "True; of course; I recollect now I went to his funeral."

A curious instance of memory in sleep is related by a French writer on dreams. He says he once saw in a dream a number of men passing out from a feast. He observed them all very attentively, and the face of one struck him so much that he remembered it after waking. Exercising his thoughts as to where he had seen the face before, he at last recollected having seen it some days previously in a book of fashions which he had carelessly glanced at and cast aside.

Reichenbach, a German writer on mental phenomena, says: "Walking, I can not without whatever effort recall the features of my wife, who died some twenty years ago; but if I think of her in a dream, and her image is represented, I get the same with such accuracy that I have again before me every expression of her fine features in all their loveliness."

Fiothe, a German psychologist, mentioned the case of a musician, a good composer, who once omitted to note down a melody which occurred to him. Afterward he could not recall it; but later he recollected it in a dream, and with full harmony and accompaniment, and on waking was able to retain it until he wrote it down.

There are endless stories of the hiding places of the missing dead, and so forth, being revealed in dreams. Let us take one as typical.

A landed proprietor in England was involved in a lawsuit in consequence of a claim upon his father's estate which he was firmly convinced had been discharged. Judgment, however, was about to go against him as no voucher could be found. But one night, in a dream, his father appeared to him and said that the papers relating to this affair had been placed in the hands of a solicitor he had not generally employed but who happened to be engaged for this particular business. In the dream the father said that if this person had forgotten a matter which was already rather old he would be reminded of it by the mention of a Portuguese gold coin, concerning the value of which there was a dispute at the time. The dream was curiously verified, as the solicitor only did recollect the circumstance on mention of the gold coin. He was then able to produce the missing papers and the son gained the suit after all.

Both Plato and Aristotle have noted that in old age the recollections of childhood are renewed; and it is recorded of Kent that in his old age, when general memory was decayed and infirm, he had vivid recollections of his youth.

Most of us probably have witnessed some affecting instance of an aged person living in the scenes of the long past, with a mind almost blank to the present. This is latent memory reawakened, but with powers of consciousness limited by an enfeebled brain.

Sir Astley Cooper gives an account of a remarkable instance of cerebral

eccentricity. A soldier who had been wounded in the head fell into a long stupefaction until he was restored to speech by an operation in the hospital. But when he did speak it was in an unknown tongue, which none about him could understand. By and by a Welsh woman was brought into the hospital and she at once recognized the language of the sick soldier as her own tongue. He had not been in Wales for thirty years, yet he now spoke his "long-forgotten" language fluently, and could in fact not recollect any other. And, strange to say, when completely recovered the English came back to him and the Welsh was once more forgotten.

Even at the very entrance of the "valley of the shadow," the memory plays strange tricks. Goethe told Eckermann that he once knew an old man who in his very last moments began to recite beautiful Greek sentences. These he had been made, as a boy, to learn by heart for a special purpose; but for fifty years had not uttered them. They were there in his memory, though, all the same and some unexplainable cerebral action suddenly gave them form and expression.

It is computed by scientists that since one-third of a second suffices to produce an "impression" in 100 years a man must have collected in his brain 9,467,280,000 copies of impressions, or, if we take off one-third of the time for sleep, 6,311,520,000. This would give 3,155,760,000 separate waking impressions to the man who lives to the age of 50 years. Allowing a weight of four pounds to the brain and deducting one-fourth for blood and vessels and another fourth for external integument it is further computed that each grain of brain-substance must contain 205,542 traces or impressions.

It Never Fails.

They had been friends and neighbors for fifteen years, but in an evil hour one of them put a telephone into the house and insisted that the other family should make use of it whenever occasion required. It was the old, old story. After about a month there was a coldness, and two weeks later even the respective servant girls made up faces at each other over the back fence. Then the new minister called at one of the houses, and as he was about to depart after his visit he inquired:

"Let me see? Don't the Spondulicks family live next door?"

"Spondulicks! Spondulicks!" repeated the lady. "Just wait and I'll ask the cook. She knows all the wash-women in this neighborhood!"

And when the new letter-carrier left mail for the other family, he said:

"There must be a family named Giggback up this way somewhere. Ever hear of them?"

"Giggback! Giggback! Let's see. I'll ask my Tommy if that wasn't the name of the man who wanted to take care of our horse and run our furnace next winter?"—Detroit Free Press.

Has Had Its Day.

Notwithstanding some scattered cases, which seem to demonstrate the success of the so-called elixir of life—which cases may indicate the influence that a keen love of life and a strongly hopeful and imaginative mind can exert upon the nervous system—the craze is evidently approaching a close.

The Report, when the Brown-Sequard "discovery" was first announced, classed it with the blue-glass fad, and the method of restoring a decaying spinal cord by stretching it. Notwithstanding the very evident fact that no stretching of the spinal cord could be done without a previous dislocation of the vertebrae, thousands of unfortunate people grasped at the hope that by being suspended by the neck, the progress of that dreadful disease locomotor ataxia could be checked. The Brown-Sequard injection followed rapidly upon the dissipation of the hopes aroused by Dr. Chacot's suspensory apparatus; and when, in the course of a few weeks, the injection shall be found useless, some other plausible piece of nonsense will be brought to the front and have its day. Human nature always has run after the wonderful and delighted in the mysterious; and, until some elixir shall be invented which imparts common sense to the patient, quackery will have its brief but profitable triumphs.

Usually these crazes do not do any permanent harm. The blue glass is ornamental if not useful, and the suspensory apparatus breaks no necks if it stretches no spinal cords. But we fear that the Brown-Sequard process will result in the wider use of that already too widely used instrument of ruin and death, the hypodermic syringe. When doctors say that the Brown-Sequard injection produces no better effects than one of cocaine and brandy for example, are not many persons likely to be tempted to test the effect of cocaine, morphine, etc., not knowing that a test or two transforms a freeman into a slave, that the morphine habit is formed before the user knows he has it, and that once formed it is never broken off?—San Francisco Daily Report.

Singular Cause of Death.

A peculiar cause of death is reported from New Haven. A young man of exceeding promise died there from cerebral meningitis, which was brought on by the salt water that got into his ears while bathing.

Gloves of Human Skin. "Gloves which are sold as kid are often made of human skin," said Dr. Mark L. Nardyz, the Greek physician, of 716 Pine street, yesterday. The skin on the breast," continued the physician, "is soft and pliable and may be used for the making of gloves. When people buy gloves they never stop to question about the material of which they are made. The shopkeeper himself may be in ignorance, and the purchaser has no means of ascertaining whether the material is human skin or not. The fact is the tanning of human skin is extensively carried on in France and Switzerland. The product is manufactured into gloves, and these are imported into this country. Thus you see a person may be wearing part of a distant relative's body and not know it."

Then the doctor drew from a drawer a brand new pair of black gloves. "There," he said, "is a fine article made from the skin of a child. As the hide of a kid compares with that of a goat, so, of course, does the skin of a child compare with that of an adult, and it is much sought in France for glove purposes."

"The skin on a man's back makes good sole leather," said the doctor. "Nature has protected man's spine by a skin which is much heavier than that on other parts of the body. Here is a piece of well tanned skin from the calf of a man's leg." And the doctor displayed a bit of white leather, strong and thick.

In a museum in Belgium are the bodies of six members of one family. They were all buried in a tanyard, and when they were exhumed years afterward the skin, flesh and even the bones were well preserved, so thoroughly tanned were all the parts. These specimens are in a better state of preservation than are the Egyptian mummies.

A few years ago General Benjamin Butler effectually checked the tanning of human skin in Massachusetts, and since that time the business has ceased. The few samples of tanned human skin now obtainable were made by scientists as an experiment.

Dr. Nardyz formerly possessed a fine pair of slippers made of the skin of a member of the genus homo, but his wife did not like the idea of her husband literally wearing a dead man's shoes, and so one day they vanished. The doctor does not say a word, but he thinks he knows who is responsible for their disappearance. — Philadelphia Record.

About the only birds that have not been driven out by the English sparrow are the dove, the eagle and the tail-bird—Murray's Weekly.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Thieves at Franklin, Neb., carried off the 1,500-pound hammer of a pile driver.

A New Departure from ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from the derangement of the liver or stomach, as indigestion or dyspepsia, biliousness or "liver complaint," or from impure blood as boils, blotches, pimples, eruptions, scalp diseases, salt-rheum, scurfiness, sores and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on a fair trial, it doesn't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and cure it.

Public Printer Palmer discharged 38 employees from his office the other day.

Good Men Wanted. We call your attention to Brown Bros.' advertisement appearing in another column. They are the largest Nursery house in America and offer paying employment.

The Granite Mountain mine in Montana has yielded \$7,000,000 worth of silver since 1884.

Those who use Dobbin's Electric Soap each week, and their name is legion) save their clothes and strength, and let the soap do the work. Did you ever try it? If not, do so next Monday, sure. Ask your grocer for it.

John Brown, a Negro of Macon county, Georgia, in a few days caught 554 rats in a pot of water.

Entire freedom from injurious drugs makes "Tan-til's Punch" the cigar most popular.

"The race is not to him who doth the swiftest run, Nor the battle to the man who shoots with the longest gun."

"All the same" a long gun does count, and "the tallest pole gets the persimmons." If you are not satisfied with your equipment for the race for financial success, or position in the battle of life, take our advice and write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and our word for it they will show you how to get a first start, with the best possible chance of winning some of the big prizes.

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

Gold has been found almost within the city limits of Tacoma, W. T. There is great excitement over the discovery.

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

A potato weighing two pounds and ten ounces is one of the curiosities exhibited in Arostook county, Maine.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Drug-gists, 75 cents.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Only One Bottle.

Fort Wayne, Ind., August 23, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich. GENTLEMEN—Having suffered severely for some time with rheumatism, so that I was unable to work, Messrs. Dreier & Bro. recommended Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. After taking one bottle I was entirely cured. I have recommended your remedies frequently to my friends with like results.

L. C. ZOLLINGER. Ask your druggist for it. We have personal knowledge that the above statement is correct.

DREIER & BRO., Druggists.

CONCLAVE, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The Triennial Reunion to be Held in Washington (D. C.) Oct. 8th to 11th, 1889, inclusive.

Tickets for this occasion via the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway, will be sold at One Fare the Round Trip, conditions and dates of sales as follows: At all stations on and east of the Missouri River, Oct. 8d to 5th inclusive, good for going passage not later than trains arriving in Washington Oct. 8th, and for return passage to starting point on or before Nov. 2d, 1889; at stations in Kansas and Nebraska, Oct. 8d to 5th, good for going passage not later than trains arriving in Washington Oct. 8th, and for return Nov. 3rd, 1889; at Colorado points, Oct. 1st to 4th inclusive, limited going, to Oct. 8th, and for return, to Nov. 5th, 1889. Stop over allowed only on return coupons at junction points east of Buffalo and Pittsburg. Persons desiring to go or return via New York, can do so by paying \$10 additional. To secure sleeping accommodations via C. & N. Y. R. R., applications should be made at once. No effort will be spared by the Rock Island to make the trip of every person passing over its line on this occasion satisfactory and pleasant. For tickets or further information, apply to any of our representatives, or address John Sebastian, General Ticket & Passenger Agent, at Chicago.

It the Sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

The new imperial palace in Strasburg, just finished, cost \$500,000, and is reckoned among the finest built by the imperial family of Prussia.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

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

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

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F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

RAIN! RAIN! RAIN!



If there's one set of men who appreciate a good waterproof coat it's the farmer. He knows that a "Fish Brand Slicker" costs him less per year than any garment made. Did you know it rains or snows one day in three the whole year through? A "Fish Brand Slicker" makes every day a pleasant day to his lucky owner. Go anywhere with it in rain, hail, sleet, snow, or blow, it is a coat and water proof. Costs less than rubber, and is ten times as long. Rubber is good for show days, but will rip in a week. If you want a coat for hard wear and hard weather, get the "Fish Brand Slicker." Every good thing has its imitation, so has the "Fish Brand Slicker." Look out. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bloating. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Malaria, Drowsiness, Bad Taste, Headache, Stomach Troubles, and all the ailments of the Liver. They regulate the Bowels and cleanse the blood. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

TAR-OL

A new method of compounding Tar. SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 stamps for 1 sample and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 stamps for 1 sample and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 stamps for 1 sample and all Skin Diseases.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for Diamond Brand, in red, marked with a diamond. It gives the best of results. Take no other. All pills in patent bottles, with wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send for particulars, testimonials and "Reflector" for Ladies. Write in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chicago Chemical Co., Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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

BASE BALL

Chadwick's Manual. 7 in x 5 in. 70 pages. Fully Illustrated. Sent Free by mail. Address Theodore Tilton, P. O. Box 120, Philadelphia, Pa.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES.

A SURE REMEDY FOR ASTHMA, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the ailments of the Throat and Lungs. Write J. L. Stowell, Boston, Mass.

PENSIONS

Write J. L. Stowell, Boston, Mass. for particulars. Pensions, Old Soldiers, Invalids and Widows. Claims a Specialty. Mention this paper.

HOME STUDY.

Book-keeping, Penmanship, English, etc. etc. Send for particulars. BRYANT'S COLLEGE, 431 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$5

to \$5 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brown-Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

MAGIC REMEDY

Will cure Blood Poison when used only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

W. N. U., D.—VII—40.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

MEN WANTED

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Permanent positions guaranteed. Stocking and shoeing specialties. Good pay. Write at once to BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, 6 to 7 Times Bldg., Chicago, Ill. (This house is reliable.)

DWIGHT'S COW BRAND SODA OR SALT RATUS

TO MAKE A— Delicious Biscuit. Ask your grocer for COW BRAND SODA OR SALT RATUS. ABSOLUTELY PURE.

All over the House

cleanliness and satisfaction reign where James Pyle's Pearline is used. House cleaning and laundry work is not dreaded. The china, glassware and windows are bright and not clouded—servant, mistress and the woman who does her own work—all are better satisfied, and this is why—PEARLINE produces perfect cleanliness—with less labor than anything known—it has all the good qualities of pure soap—more besides—has no bad qualities—is Harmless and Economical. Try this great labor-saver. Beware of imitations, prize schemes and peddlers. PEARLINE is never peddled, but sells on its merits by all grocers.

AROUND THE STATE.

Escanaba demands that Sam Stephenson hustle his stumps and get the town a public building.

Menominee claims 13,000 inhabitants. She has got about 10,000 and is doing well at that.

David Elliot's home at Shelby burned. No insurance. Loss, \$1,500. Incendiarism is suspected.

Geo. S. Ross was killed on the Wash road near Halloway on Sunday afternoon. He once lived at Ridge-way.

There is talk of moving the Lake Shore car shops from Adrian to Air Line Junction, a few miles out of Toledo.

The examination of Draper S. Green for stabbing Frank Green in a saloon row was adjourned at Holly Monday until Oct. 25.

It is now understood that Bishop Foley has decided to postpone the establishment of a German Catholic church in Port Huron.

Chas. P. Russell of Kalamazoo, dealer in picture frames, was stricken with paralysis four weeks ago and died Monday night, aged 73.

The wrecks of the Bessemer and Schuykill completely blocked the entrance to the Portage Lake canal so that no vessels can pass in or out.

The laundry run in connection with the Lakeview hotel at Devil's Lake, Lenawee county, was demolished by a boiler explosion Monday morning. Loss, \$1,000. Cause of explosion a mystery.

Goy. Luce has appointed Albert I. Huggeth of Battle Creek and C. M. Wood of Anderson additional Michigan delegates to the farmers' congress to be held at Montgomery, Alabama, next month.

Eleven tenements at East Saginaw, valued at \$1,000 and owned by G. French, burned Tuesday morning. The houses were occupied by laborers, who are now homeless. Sparks are believed to have caused the fire.

Owen Bros., clothiers of Flint, are about to close out their business there. The firm are large manufacturers at Rochester and have many retail stores around the country. They have been in business at Flint for four years and seemed to be doing well.

A saloonkeeper named Seigis Wood was stabbed at Michigamme in the right breast at 8 o'clock Sunday night by John Waind. The assailant was then clubbed into a state of insensibility with a beer mallet by Wood. Both men are in a dangerous condition and the recovery of either is doubtful.

Jas. Neal, a farmer living near White Lake, lost his barn and their contents by fire, which originated from a threshing machine engine. The loss was fully \$2,500 and was insured for \$1,000. Neal's grain stacks were burned three years ago from the same cause. It is attributed to burning wood in the engine instead of coal.

Inez Sexton, an erratic lady, who was known in Michigan 10 years ago as a prominent vocalist, the daughter of the late C. G. Sexton of Grand Rapids has married a San Francisco lawyer, who managed the large estate of her deceased husband through probate for her. This is the lady's third matrimonial venture.

Miss Mary Race, 18 years old, is in jail at Adrian, charged with persistently trying to injure or kill Jas. J. Jones of Riga. She threatened him with poison and shooting. No particular cause is known for her conduct, except what may be found in the statement that she is a reader of flashy novels. Her examination occurred yesterday.

Goy. Luce has returned from his Upper Peninsula trip. He had heard nothing of the fifty-seven round fight between Murphy and Ryan near Grand Rapids last Thursday, and when his attention was called to the same he said: "I will write to both the sheriff and prosecuting attorney of Kent county and if I find that the published statements are borne out by the facts, I will direct the arrest and prosecution of all parties concerned in the fight."

Emerson A. Chamberlain, an insane patient in the Pontiac asylum, whose home is near Shelbyville, Allegan Co., hanged himself with a sheet in his room by putting a stout stick in a ventilating shaft and putting the cloth over it. He was 46 years old and has been there six years. His family has before shown suicidal tendencies. His

brought here he took his three-year-old daughter to a stream and drowned her, and after coming here abstained from taking solid food for forty-six days.

Our Country's Future.

Our great National Questions, is the title of Mr. Habberton's new book, treating of some of the more important social, political and business questions of the day. The work embodies the opinions of more than one hundred of our national leaders, and is, on this account, of much more than ordinary interest. Not only in what he has written, but also in bringing together the opinions of such eminent men as Bishop Foss, President Harrison, Ex-President Cleveland, Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Wayland, Hoyt Talmage, Conwell, Bishop Potter, Powderly and others, concerning these vital topics of the day, Mr. Habberton has done the public a good service. We understand that the book is to treat of marriage, divorce, the rum power, labor, annexation, our coast defenses, speculation, sorrows of the city poor and other topics that would naturally have a bearing on the present and future prosperity of our people.

This volume will give to the reader a vast fund of information on all these subjects that are so frequently coming up in the newspapers and periodicals, and the man who reads it understandingly, will find himself well informed on all these important questions of the day. Not only this, but he will have his information from the most reliable source. The authorities quoted are eminent in Church and State, they have devoted years to the study of these subjects, and their suggestions and notes of warning should be carefully read and heeded by all who are interested in the continued stability and prosperity of our country. We know of no other book that will contain so much late reliable information on these topics.

Mr. Habberton is a popular author and bright journalist, and in all, this volume will be found exceedingly interesting and suggestive. Sold only by subscription.

International Publishing Co., Chicago.

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.

GOOD FARM

—IN— EXCHANGE FOR STOCK!

The south half of southwest quarter of Section 12, Elkland. Price, \$2,000. \$200 Cash; \$600 in Cattle, Horses or Sheep. Balance on 7 per cent interest.

J. F. SEELEY.

Agent, Caro, Mich.

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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. P. Street, J. R. Hooper, A. P. Cooper, N. M. Richardson, Kiley 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 Crescent, 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 88 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 suit 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, 1880.

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He can Supply your Wants.

ARRAY OF THE BALL.

Toilets for the Hops at the Summer Hotels.

PICTURESQUE DANCING GOWNS

For Matrons and for Maids—White Dresses and Diamonds—The Sheen of Silk, the Witchery of Lace and the Poetry of Flowers.

The most brilliant display of beauty and fashion to be seen in midsummer is witnessed in the ballroom of a great summer hotel at one of the fashionable resorts when the evening is well under way and the dance music sounds. There seems to be a continually increasing tendency toward more richness of dress at all public entertainments, and at the hops the long rays of light sent out by the jewels, the blending of soft rich colors, the gleam of fair white arms and uncovered shoulders, the gay and spirituelle combination of tulle and flowers, the shimmer of silks and the splendor of brocades make a picture bright with color and variety.

White is the principal wear, as it has been in London and Paris throughout the season, and diamonds blaze from the hair, the neck and the front of the gown. Often the portion of the bodice that is trimmed with lace from shoulder to shoulder is one mass of gems and more than one great lady wears a diamond stomacher. It cannot be said that the glitter of so many jewels is universally becoming. The flashing, glowing, scintillating suns of life and light and color suit only a moderate proportion of faces and those of the more dignified and stately order. However, there is an imposing appearance about the sparkle of so many jewels that prevents examining too nicely into the mere becomingness of the display.

A notable feature of the hop gown is its revolt against New York conventionalism. In August in the ball room we get for the first time the empire and the directory fashions unsubdued, unmodernized, not reduced to rigid uniformity by dressmakers' rule. New York is not a picturesque city; it has been under the dominion of the tailor gown too long. New York hates the suspicion of being extreme. It takes the directory coat and makes an old-fashioned polonaise of it; it takes the Josephine robe and turns it into a prim bodice with a broad sash.



WHITE SILK AND BROCADE.

Artistic simplicity is with the buds the order of the day. White muslin, the girlish fabric that Miss Edgeworth's and Miss Austin's and Washington Irving's heroines affected is once again the very height of style, and it is made in the most youthful manner possible. The more juvenile and ingenious the debutante can look the more closely she approaches her ideal. The muslin is frequently that exquisite silk muslin which falls in such graceful folds. It is made in empire fashion with the border finished in daisy petals or edged with a band of embroidery in Greek designs. The bodice is folded softly across the bosom and has no garniture but a broad muslin sash which may be ve, six or seven yards long. If the debutante is slender it is wound about her waist two or three times and then let at the back in an enormous bow with long ends. The sash of the season is simply astonishing. The debutante lifts and minces under it much as the two-year old did three or four seasons ago.



NEW COIFFURES.

White is the wear, but the tints of colored gowns are so soft and delicate as to seem copied from the pinkish-white Newport roses, the wisteria blossoms and the greenish-blue of the summer sky above the sunset. An ideal summer ball gown showed five unhemmed airy skirts, one above another, all a faint blue gauze, with pink hedgehedge bordering the fourth and veiled the fifth hanging over them. Each skirt fell straight all around from a daisy of pompadour brocaded in patterns of roses and leaves on a bluish-white ground. This bodice is half low and the neck, with elbow sleeves and slender and corsage sprays of ferns and wild roses.

A dress in the Louis XVI style re-

called by the grace of its color and design, the days when Marie Antoinette and her ladies clad with fantastic elegance appeared as beings of another sphere. It was a naiad's dream of water green crepe covered with a form of lace and touched with floating suggestions of pink. Draperies of old venetian point lace undulated about the skirt, disposed in shell-like loops at the back, in panels at the sides. Knots of pink satin ribbons joined by festoons of ribbon circled and shimmered rosi through crepe and lace. The bodice was of plaited crepe, finished off with a puff of lace and pink ribbons at the back. In front a fichu of laces crossed over the bust, was fastened by loops, of ribbon. The flat sleeve of crepe was covered with lace and knots of pink ribbon.



NEAT BALLROOM TOILETS.

Another gown bringing in the witchery of lace and delicate textures was of lilac crepe and creamy embroidered net, falling in straight folds at the back; on one side was a floral panel, the blossoms embroidered in silk of the softest hues brightened with gold thread and combined with that subtle art which we have copied from the orientals, which subdues the tinting only to enhance the effect. The embroidery was repeated on the edge of the skirt, where it was partly veiled by a lace flounce headed by a ruche of crepe from which fell a cascade of pink and lilac ribbon. The coat bodice was of embroidered net, the basque of which formed a peplum knotted behind. The face revers showed an embroidered waistcoat barred by three rows of pink and lilac ribbon. The full sleeves reached just to the bend of the arm and were edged with lace and trimmed with small bows of ribbon.

Heavy gold embroidery appears on the beautiful white cashmere and veiling evening gowns. Fine white cashmere draped over a gold embroidered white silk skirt makes the prettiest combination of materials possible. Plain tulle, it is fair to say, has entirely superseded the fancy and beaded kinds. Some of the richest summer evening gowns are of black gauze of lace or net over black silk and gold or silver embroidered.

The hair is longer dressed in the towering, aigrette-adorned puffs of a year ago. A low classic knot bound with a fillet, a simple knot at the back of the neck, an arrangement of braids on back of the head with curls twisting about the neck and ears, and a dozen low and half low arrangements admitting the use of flowers and ribbons are the summer styles.

The summer sorties-de-bal are gorgeous, some of them being made of thin white materials like veiling or challi adorned with cascades of lace and tied with ribbons.

Significant Facts.

In April, 1789, the first ruler of this nation was inaugurated. On that day history records that churches throughout the country were opened for divine service and Washington himself attended such a service as a preliminary to taking the oath of office.

In the same year France also became a republic, in flames and blood. After the nobles and king had been swept away, the maddened populace cried out, "A bas le Dieu!" "Down with God!" Christianity was formerly renounced and a vile woman was set up for public worship as the goddess of reason.

Each nation celebrates this year the centenary of the birth of a great constitutional movement. Here, as 100 years ago, religious services have been held in every city and village, sects of many differing names giving thanks to the same Heavenly Father.

The population of the country has increased to over 60,000,000, and stretches from sea to sea, a vast belt of fertile farms, of happy homes, thriving villages and splendid cities, guarded only by an army of 28,000 men. Such a spectacle of a prosperous partnership of men of all nations the world has never before looked upon. No reasonable man can doubt that this prosperity is largely due to the freedom given to every citizen to serve God according to his own conscience, and to the recognition of him by the whole nation.

France celebrates her century by a great exhibition. On the 14th of July she will observe the hundredth anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille; but in her commemoration no place is found for any religious ceremony. She recognizes no God as her ruler.

France has the largest national debt in the world. During the century she changed her government again and again. Her cities are heavily garrisoned and her people are burdened by the expense of a "peace" army of more than 500,000 soldiers.

These surely are significant facts. In the light of them let Americans rejoice in their heritage and be jealous of everything which looks toward a practical surrender of their faith in the God of nations, without whose favor neither numbers nor wealth, nor even a general diffusion of intelligence, can secure the permanent welfare of any people.—Youth's Companion.

Trained Himself.

"I say, Kaynine, what's become of that bright dog you were going to train?"

"Haven't you heard? Why the brilliant little rascal trained himself."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, indeed. You'll find his remains scattered over the railroad track at Ludlow.—Yonkers Statesman.

RALPH'S APOLOGY.

The Lesson Taught by a Mother's Love and Devotion.

As Ralph Darrow rode slowly through the main street of the little country town of Greenfield one September day, feeling very impatient that the stout oak stick he carried could not urge old Dolly into a pace faster than a jog-trot, he heard the big clock on the Baptist church strike twelve.

With the first stroke the blood sprang to his face like a flame; but by the time the last had struck, he was as pale as it is possible for a sun-burned country lad to become. Twelve o'clock and it was only six when he left home after his early breakfast to go to Silas Ashton's on an errand; and his mother had urged him to make haste back, reminding him that it was Monday, and the water must be brought from the well for the washing. Ralph had expected to be away little more than an hour, for it was only two miles to the Ashton farm; but after attending to the errand he had gone to look at Luke Ashton's rabbits, and then to try shooting at a target with a brand new pistol, which proved such interesting sport that the time slipped away without his really being conscious of it. The recollection of his mother's charge to return as soon as possible did not occur to him until he heard an impatient neigh from Dolly, grown weary of standing at the hitching-post. He left then without further delay, but his conscience troubled him very much on the way home; and the discovery that it was twelve o'clock filled him with dismay. Not only did he feel sure of a severe whipping from his father, but he knew his mother must have suffered great anxiety about him, probably imagining that he had met with some accident. He was not surprised as he drew near home to see her standing at the gate, looking anxiously down the road.

"Ralph, my dear boy," she said, as soon as he came within speaking distance. "I have been so worried about you. What kept you so long?"

"I got to shooting at a target with Luke and forgot all about the time, mother," answered Ralph, in a low voice, his face expressing his shame and contrition.

Mrs. Darrow was silent a moment, and then, as Ralph sprang from the saddle, she laid her hand tenderly on his shoulder.

"I am glad, very glad, for your sake, dear, that your father happens to be away," she said, gently. "He left home just after you did, and will not be back until to-morrow."

Ralph drew a long breath of relief.

"But—who drew the water, mother?"

"I drew it, my son."

"Oh, mother, and carried it all to the house?"

"Yes, my dear, there was no one else to do it, you know. Your sisters are too small to help me much."

Not a word, not even a look, of reproach! As Ralph led old Dolly to the barn and threw down some hay from the loft for her, he almost wished his father had not gone away, for perhaps if he had received a thrashing he would not have felt so utterly wretched as he did now.

A whipping was no novelty to Ralph, for his father was a stern, hard man, who believed in the use of the rod as a means of discipline, and never spared it. Ralph was an only son, and a bright and talented boy, but he could not recollect ever having received a word of love or praise from his father, whom he feared and avoided. But he loved his gentle, brown-eyed mother. She was always loving, tender and merciful, and shielded him from his father's wrath whenever it was possible for her to do so, sorrowing much that she could not convince her husband that it was better to govern through love than fear.

As Ralph entered the kitchen after feeding Dolly and saw the weary, worn look on his mother's face, he felt more conscious-stricken than ever, and could not eat the dinner she set before him.

"But it isn't as if I was always running off and having fun," he said to himself, trying to find excuses for his conduct. "I hardly ever get an hour to myself. It is work, work from morning to night, and an awful crime if I'm idle even ten minutes. And it isn't fair. I don't believe any other fellow would stand it a single day. And I might beg on my knees from dawn to dark, and father wouldn't give me a pistol! I believe he'd thrash me if I only mentioned such a thing!"

And thinking thus, raking up one by one all the injuries of which he had been the victim, and comparing his life with that of several of his friends, Ralph at length arrived at the conclusion that after all he had not been guilty of anything very wicked in spending the morning at Luke Ashton's and that he had been foolish to allow his conscience to trouble him for even a moment.

And after that whenever it pricked him a little he refused to listen to it, and felt angry and impatient that he could not forget the whole matter. And he offered no apology to his mother.

"So much would not be expected of me if I were not always so willing to work," he thought, resentfully. "Father ought to have a cistern dug, and a pump in the kitchen, like Mr. Ashton's. Luke never has to bring water from the well, and I don't see why I should."

Two or three days after the visit to Ashton's, Ralph had the misfortune to sprain his right arm in jumping from a beam in the barn, and in spite of the most diligent rubbing with a liniment warranted to "cure all sprains, bumps and bruises in short order, he suffered a deal of pain and passed a sleepless night. He was standing in the barnyard the next morning feeding the hens, when his father came out of the stable leading the handsome black horse he always rode when going on a day's journey.

"This stable is in very bad condition, Ralph," he said, as he tightened the girths of the saddle. "It looks as if it had not been cleaned for a week. Be sure to attend to it to-day. The sooner you get at it the better."

"But, father, I have sprained my arm, you know. I couldn't handle a shovel to save my life," cried Ralph. "Can't I hire old Moses to do it?"

"No. It is your work, and you must do it."

"But, father—"

"Not another word, sir," interrupted his father, in a tone which always sent the blood from Ralph's heart. "I want the work done and I want you to do it. Your sprained arm is merely an excuse to be idle. If this stable is not cleaned when I return to-night I will give you cause to regret it; and I positively forbid your allowing Moses to touch it."

He sprang on his horse and rode off at a gallop, heedless that his son had sunk upon a heap of laths, and had covered his face with his hands to conceal the tears that started to his eyes.

Mrs. Darrow had been standing by the kitchen window, and heard all that had passed. She now came to where Ralph lay, and bent lovingly over him.

"It would not be possible for you to use your arm, I know, my son," she said. "It would be of no use to try."

"Oh, mother, it gives me pain to move it ever so little. But what can I do? You know how terrible father will whip me if the work isn't done, and he won't believe I'm not able to do it."

"Don't worry about it now, Ralph. We will try to find some way out of it. I want you to go to Greenfield after some groceries I need, and when you return we will talk about the stable."

"Talking won't do any good, I'm afraid, mother," replied Ralph, as he rose, and went to put the harness on Dolly. "And I must take the whipping, I suppose."

He drove to the kitchen door on his return from the village two hours later, and lifted from the light wagon the basket of groceries he had brought.

"Where is mother?" he asked of his little sister Jennie, who was skipping rope in the back yard.

"I don't know—she's been gone ever so long," answered the little girl. "I guess she's in the stable hunting eggs."

As old Dolly's hoofs struck the stones of the paving at the entrance to the barnyard, the doors of the stable were thrown open, and Ralph saw his mother standing inside, a shovel in her hand.

"Back so soon, Ralph," she said, cheerily.

But Ralph did not answer. He sprang from the wagon, gave a hurried look about the stable, and then, with a strange, choking sensation in his throat, threw himself upon a pile of hay by the barn stairs, and burst into tears.

"Ralph! Ralph! my dear boy!" and his mother bent over him, her own tears falling fast.

"Oh, mother! mother! Why, why did you do it?" he cried, when he could speak.

"Because I love you, my son, and would save you from a punishment you do not deserve. It was not so very much to do, my dear; I am not so tired as you suppose."

"Not very much! Oh, mother, it was a hundred times too much to do for me," and then Ralph sat up and, with arms about his mother's neck, uttered in broken words that apology he had longed but been too proud to make.

And what a load was off his mind when it was done, and his mother's tender kiss of forgiveness was on his cheek! You may be sure that as long as he had a home beneath his father's roof, Ralph never again neglected a duty to his mother.

It has been over forty years since this incident happened which I have related, but in telling it to me only a few days ago, Ralph—grown gray and wrinkled—could not restrain his emotion as he spoke of the long dead mother to whom he owed the only love and tenderness his childhood ever knew.—Florence B. Hallowell, in Chicago Standard.

The Great Salt Lake Climate.

Dr. Niles, of Salt Lake City, writing to the Medical Record on the climatic treatment of consumption, enumerates among the requisites of a suitable climate for pulmonary invalids an altitude of 3,500 to 6,000 feet, dryness, equability, plenty of sunshine, freedom from sand and wind storms, comparative coolness. He considers that the region of Great Salt Lake offers most of these benefits and that there is an additional advantage of possible salt water bathing for those cases in which it is useful. He remarks that even in the most favorable localities (climatic) consumption may occur as a result of bad hygienic surroundings, habits of living, etc., and that practically there is no ideal climate, or climate that is bound to cure all cases of consumption.—Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.

AN AWFUL SPECTACLE.

Watching the Deadly Tarantula Making Up Its Mind to Bite.

We had camped down on the plains of Texas one noon to boil a cup of coffee and get a bite to eat, and while Private Malony was getting the coffee ready, three or four of the men stretched out for a quarter of an hour's sleep. There were seven of us, United States Dragoons, searching for horses which had broken away, and "Big George," as we called him, who was a sergeant, was in command. I was very wide awake, having caught sight of a snake moving off as we came up, and as the sergeant lay on his back, his face sheltered from the sun, I looked him over and admired his proportions. He was a man who stood exactly 6 feet tall in his stockings, weighed 218 pounds, and it was no trick at all for him to take two of the strongest men in the regiment and hold them at arm's length or dance them about like puppets.

It might have been ten minutes after he lay down that I suddenly caught sight of a tarantula on his breast—the largest and most horrible looking specimen I ever saw, and I lived for seven years among them. The sergeant had on the regulation cavalry jacket, and it was buttoned all the way up. He lay on the broad of his back, arms down beside him, and I had no sooner caught sight of the spider than I saw that the man's eyes, which I could see under his red handkerchief, were open. He saw the tarantula perhaps before I did. I turned my head to the right, and Malony, who stood upright at the fire, was looking at the sergeant with face as white as snow. I turned to the left, and the two other men who had not sought sleep were also gazing in horror.

Not one of us dared move. Should we do so the spider might spring away in alarm, but the chances were that he would bite before doing so. I was only a foot away from the sergeant's feet and on a line with his face, and I could look into his eyes and read his thoughts. He was a game man. He had been tested over and over, but never in such a manner. How would he stand the ordeal? The spider had a curiosity regarding the brass buttons on the jacket. He hovered over the fifth one from the top for three or four minutes. I read in the sergeant's eyes surprise, repugnance and calculation. I carefully watched the muscles of his face. He might as well have been dead for all the movement I could detect.

Now the spider moves up a button—now back two. Those shining metals are a new sight to him. As he moves up again I read anxiety. Not a finger moves. His chest heaves as regular as the beats of a clock.

Now the spider moves up to the second button from the top and shakes himself nervously. He is right under the sergeant's clean shaved chin and not over a foot from his eyes. Now fear comes to the man's eyes and I see beads of perspiration start out on his big red hands. He has been hemmed in by Indians, chased by hungry wolves, lost on the trackless plains without losing his nerve. It is going now. The spider shakes itself and the look of fear gives place to one of terror. We know and the sergeant knows that the insect is angered and that its next move will be upward.

The coffee is boiling over into the fire, and two or three of the horses are looking at us in an interrogative way, as if puzzled at our attitudes. I fairly ached to shout—to spring up—to do something, but I dared not move a finger.

Flash! The great spider jumps into the center of the handkerchief spread over the sergeant's face and glides here and there in wonderment. The sergeant's eyes express hope. The horrible thing may leap from his face to the earth. No! It crawls slowly down to the lower edge of the handkerchief, and the sergeant's eyes speak horror and desperation, and his hands are as wet as if plunged into a bucket of water. Now the spider crawls off the handkerchief onto the sergeant's chin, and for thirty seconds is entirely motionless.

The man is doomed. His eyes tell me so. His soul is sick with horror, but what nerve to hold himself down and take the chances! Not one man in a million could do it. Not a muscle moves; not the slightest change in the heave of his breast. He is in more torture than the man at the stake, but his nerve is not broken.

The spider suddenly shakes itself, inflicts its bite, and is gone like a flash, springing clear over one of the other men. Then with a scream of despair the sergeant springs up, eyes full of terror and face distorted, and goes rushing away on foot over the plains. We saddle up and pursue, but he dodges, turns and twists about, and it is an hour before we can catch him. Then he sinks helplessly down, and inside of two hours is dead.—New York Sun.

His Own Grandfather.

There was a widow and her daughter-in-law, and a man and his son. The widow married the son, and the daughter married the "old man." The widow was, therefore, mother to her husband's father, and consequently grandmother to her own husband. They had a son, to whom she was great-grandmother. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be either a grandfather or a great uncle, this boy was one or the other. He was his own grandfather.—Medical Classics.

The Duty of Health.

"No point in the warfare against diseases," writes Dr. Richardson, "is so important as that of getting the women of the household to work heart and soul after good health in the household. Fresh air and wholesome nourishment, regular hours and happy surroundings would cure many irritable nerves, prevent many a fit of passion and brighten up many a sluggish and torpid mind."

In their capacity of health preservers women should insist upon all over whom they have any influence attending to regular bathing, for without it the skin can not long remain in a healthy state.

If the house-mother, as the Germans call her, is worried and irritable, the children become dull, depressed and also irritable; the husband grows discontented, and either adds to the general worry or seeks his pleasures out of doors. Many women look upon devotion to their households and neglect of themselves as heroic, and glory in sufferings endured, as they think, for the benefit of their husbands and families; but if they injure their health by such self-imposed injuries the loss to their families is very serious.

The best and cheapest physicians are Dr. Quiet, Dr. Diet and Dr. Merryman, but they are not consulted by some women as much as they ought to be. Often a woman will go on laboring at whatever she may have in hand when aching head and limbs and tired eyes have long ago indicated that rest was needed. She says that she does not care what she eats, and that anything will do for her. She hurries through her meals, and either runs about or begins to work directly after eating. "This is not the way," says Dr. Diet, "to keep a good digestion." Dr. Merryman prescribes exercise in the open air, and as much change of scene and amusement as is compatible with honest work.

Women ought to be the preservers of the health of others, but this they can not be if they neglect their own health. "Get healthy!" writes Emerson; "no labor, pains, temperance, poverty nor exercise can gain it must be grudging. For sickness is a cannibal which eats up all the life and youth it can lay hold of, and absorbs its own sons and daughters. I figure it as a pale, wailing, distracted phantom, absolutely selfish, attentive to its sensations, and afflicting other souls with meanness and moppings, and with ministrations to its voracity of trifles."

Wanted to Make Himself Safe.

Out in Dakota territory the Norwegians are all republicans, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer; and nothing thus far has been able to swerve them from their allegiance to that party. One Col. John Ely was a democratic member of the last Dakota legislature. He was taken very sick some time during the session and it was thought he was about to die. Capt. Tom Edison and other friends attended him and one evening Tom walked in and asked:

"Well, John, how are you getting on?"

"Poorly, mighty poorly, Tom. I'm afraid I'm going to die," said Ely.

"I don't know but you will," replied Edison. "You look awful bad, John."

"I know it, I know it," said Ely. And in a few moments he added: "Tom, there's one thing I want you to do for me if I die."

"What is it?" asked Edison in a sympathetic tone, getting ready to receive a deathbed commission.

"Tom," said Ely, "if I die I want you to see that I am buried in a Norwegian burying-ground."

"What—what's that for?" ejaculated Edison.

"Because," said Ely, without a break in his solemn manner, "because the devil will never think of looking for a democrat among the Norwegians."

The White House Mortgage.

An old claim against the government held by Virginia comes to the surface. A Washington dispatch says: Recent agitation about the building of a new and more extensive presidential mansion has brought to the surface an old mortgage on the White house that has been forgotten or lost sight of for a long time. W. B. Harlow, secretary and treasurer of the Mount Vernon avenue association, is the man who brings forward the claim. In an interview about the proposed new executive mansion he says: "I am glad to see the matter agitated, and I hope it will be taken up and pushed by congress. When it is, our association, to whom the Virginia legislature has transferred its claim against the government for money borrowed by General Washington to build the present structure, will present that claim and ask for payment for the old before it commences the new. The claim, which is for \$120,000, has never been denied by the government, nor can it be, for we have the promise of the government made through Washington to pay the money back to Virginia should it ever be able to do so. We will not perhaps ask that the claim be paid in money, but will probably suggest that congress defray the expense of building the proposed national highway to Mount Vernon. If they agree, we will transfer the Virginia mortgage on the White house as a contribution to the project."

A Philadelphia bootblack meets the russet shoe fad half way with the sign, "Boots blacked yellow."—Boston Gazette.

BROWNE BROS.
FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1889.

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. Bonds, mortgages, etc.,
carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass
City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

DR. J. H. McCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur.
Graduate of V. University 1865. Office
first door over Price's drug store. Specialty—
Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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

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

DENTISTRY.
T. 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.

Three Cent Column.

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

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

FOR SALE—A coal stove in good order. En-
gine of W. I. Frost, or of Howe & Bigelow,
7-10-2 wks.

FOR SALE—One four-year-old mare, Sound
Good driver. Buggy and harness,
H. W. ROBINSON, Cass City.

LOST—In Cass City on Friday, Oct. 4th, a
short-haired dog, black in color, with white
breast, medium size. Finder will leave the
dog at this office. 9-11-2 wks.

FOR SALE—Three Shropshire (wold) male
lambs, fit for service. Price from \$6 to \$8
apiece. Wm. MARTIN,
Three and one-half miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Two colts 7 months old. Will
sell cheap for cash. FREDERICK KRAFF,
1 mile north and 1/2 mile west of Cass City,
10-18-2 wks.

LOST—A pocketbook, between Cass City and
L. M. McIntyre's, 1 mile west and 1 mile
north of Cass City. Finder will please leave the
same at this office or with E. L. ROBINSON,
8-10-1.

FOR SALE—The best store in Kingston re-
cently by Cass L. Soper and the ground un-
der which the same stands. Will sell on re-
asonable terms. For further information call on
or address H. H. MILLER,
9-11-2 wks. Kingston, Mich.

LOST—About three weeks ago, ten sheep (all
ewes) from my farm one mile east, one
north and one east of Cass City. Any person
knowing the whereabouts of these sheep, who
will inform J. H. Stridder, of Cass City, of the
same, will be liberally rewarded.
10-18-2 wks. Fred BURR, Cass City.

THE BEST GOODS
— FOR THE —
LEAST MONEY

Is The Motto of
J. F. HENDRICK
The Jeweler.

REPAIRING—
CLEANING—

A Large and Choice
Stock for the Fall Trade.

An Important Letter to E. F. MARR.

Mr. E. F. MARR,
Cass City, Michigan.

DEAR SIR—We this day ship you
bill of Ladies' Cloaks, amounting to
nine hundred and seventy eight dol-
lars, which we wish you to sell. You
will find every garment marked in plain
figures and at a price that will surely
sell them as it is just a trifle above what
it cost to manufacture them. We will
allow you seven per cent on all goods
sold, and you can return all unsold
goods by May 1st, 1890. This will
enable you to control the cloak trade
in your town, as you will, no doubt,
have the largest and most complete line.
Your customers will soon see the differ-
ence in paying the usual 30 per cent
profit that is charged by retail dealers
and our mode of dealing with them.
It is a matter of dollars and cents with
them and they will appreciate it. You
will see that you have a complete as-
sortment of children's girls' and ladies'
cloaks of the latest designs and patterns.
Our motto is "to sell and keep the
stone rolling." Hoping you will give
your attention to the business we are
Respectfully yours,
TROY CLOAK MAN'F CO.,
Aug. 3, 1889. Buffalo, N. Y.

TO THE LADIES.
I would say that I will be only too
pleased to have you call and examine my
stock of cloaks. Yours Respectfully,
E. F. MARR

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

Crisp and Spicy News Gathered
by the Corps of Cor-
respondents of the En-
terprise.

GAGGETOWN.
Harvest home festival at Grace church
yesterday.

The building of a heading factory here
is reported as a fizzle.

Postmaster Comstock will serve meals
to travelers as the hotel is closed.

Miss Nelson will occupy the old Spon-
enburg building as a dressmaking shop.

Arthur Crouse's fever has become ty-
phoid, and fears are entertained for his
recovery.

Mr. Gifford has left for Flint, from
there he takes his wife to Florida in
search of health.

Monday night May Ella, daughter of
Thos. McHale, after 1 week's illness died
of inflammation of the lungs.

Andrew and Ella Armstrong, accom-
panied by Jas. Snody of Uby visited at
the parental home over Sunday.

A hot air furnace is being placed in the
Catholic church, and a drain is being
constructed to carry away the surplus
water from around the church.

That part of the LaFlamboy building
recently occupied by Wm. Moody is be-
ing painted, etc., preparatory to being
occupied by N. Sponenburg as a drug
store.

GRANT.
A school difficulty to be settled on
Saturday eve. the 19th, at district No.
4.

Geo. Hopkins is finishing up his road
before freezing, as it is in a swampy
place.

A gentleman from Bad Axe was up
here trying to buy up all the hogs in this
vicinity, he pays 25 cents more a hun-
dred than Cass City buyers.

on for the numberless hogs to be
the coming of spring, as mossbacking
brings the money in too slow.

Now for the clover hulling and the
stove wood is the next thing on the pro-
gram, and look out for lots of snow this
winter and get your stockings knitted.

A wagon load of live freight went to
Sheridan on Saturday eve. We do not
know what for, but anyhow Jack was
along with them and don't you forget it.

John Castle has been up in this corner
and done up the threshing for us. Will
Cosgrove is doing up the threshing in the
east corner to make them feel happy
also.

F. S. Ross, of Caro, was up through
Grant looking after his pump business,
and he finds it a hard matter to pump
up much money as that kind of wells are
nearly all dried up.

CUMBER.
Ugh! where's my overcoat?
J. F. Spring visited Roseburg last
week.

Alex. Brown and wife are the guests
of his father, Jos. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lowe are at pre-
sent traveling through Canada.

Mrs. Geo. Hiller is very low. Small
hopes are entertained of her recovery.

J. A. Graham is improving the ap-
pearance of his store by building a sub-
stantial foundation.

A surprise party was held at Joseph
Brown's on Thursday evening last.
Everyone enjoyed themselves.

A number of our citizens took in the
oyster supper at Argyle, Monday even-
ing, which was a pleasant affair. Tom
says he saw "nary" an oyster.

Misses Martha Whitefield, Florrie
Jordan, Cora Crech and Alex. Brad-
shaw are convalescing under the treat-
ment of Dr. McNoughton of Argyle.

Mrs. M. Ewing returned home
from Ontario, Wednesday evening,
having spent the summer at her old
home in Colbourne, a place she has
not seen for thirty years.

Cumber purposes giving the public
another treat. This time it is an oys-
ter supper. Time, Friday evening.
Bill, fifty cents. All the oysters you
can eat and good music and speeches

CREEL.
(Last week's Correspondence.)
E. McCullough and wife visited Cass
City on Friday.

David Coulter is improving slowly from
his severe sickness.

Peter Bartholomew and Will Hamlin
exchanged horses last week.

Mrs. Albert Ross is on the sick list.
We have not learned the trouble yet.

Jim. McCullough and D. Chisholm reg-
istered at the Sheridan House, Cass City,
Monday.

Ralph Ballagh has the job of hauling
the sand for C. S. Graves building at
Owendale.

Geo. Ricker attended the fair at Bad
Axe last week carrying away several
prizes on his wheat and thoroughbred
stock.

B. Woodroe and Thomas Hall have
made their appearance once more in our
midst. They now occupy part of Sam.
Good's residence.

B. F. Browne, of the ENTERPRISE, was
making his friends in this place a call on
Tuesday, also attending to the interests
of Browne Bros., Cass City, Mich.

Carnivorous animals are frequently
observed by some of our youths of late.
There will be a general raid some of
those nights. Watch a little out.

Geo. M. Cross reports the job let by
Commissioner Burress, Saturday last,
of digging and clearing 60 rods of ditch
west of the quarter line for 55 cents per
rod.

Richard Hughes and James Moore at-
tended the Bad Axe fair the past week.
Richard got second on his stallion and if
fair play had prevailed he might of got
first.

Joe. Bilistine, of Gaggetown, passed
through this place on Saturday with a
large drove of sheep and lambs, en route
for the White farm where they will re-
main until the drove is completed.

James Johnson has hired the thresh-
ing outfit of Wm. Hamlin, paying three
dollars per day for the use of it, while
the latter gentleman will now go hulling
clover. Bill is a hustler and generally
gets to the front.

Professor Andrews, of Bad Axe, was in
this place on Saturday paying the
highest market price for hogs yet offered
by any of our local buyers. He bought
most all of the hogs in this vicinity, real-
izing \$3. per cwt., live weight.

ELLINGTON.
Fine weather.
Cool winds from the north.

Nice weather for farmers to finish up
their fall's work.

John W. Ostrander is able to be out
around once more.

Miss Pearl Hobert is now able to be
out of doors again.

Wm. Ostrander, of Cass City was in
this place on Tuesday.

Ozias Hutchison is again so as to be
around, but unable to do any work as
yet.

Mr. and Mrs. Alva Phelps of Columbia
were callers at Henry A. Bailey's last
Sunday.

It is still fashionable to thresh grain
and clover seed, and will be for some
time yet.

Wm. Bailey has bought the northwest
forty of the southwest quarter of sec-
tion fourteen in Ellington,

met at that place on Monday.

Peter Molonzo and Geo. Duham of
Fairgrove, spent Monday night and
Tuesday forenoon with friends in Elling-
ton.

Herman Oterle and Alonzo Deahmer
started together last Saturday morning
for the north woods to work this
fall and winter.

School commenced Tuesday morning
of this week in Dist. No. 2, under the
charge of Mr. Haines, son of Ambrose
Haines, of Tuscola.

School is running in district No. 4 this
township, which leaves but one district, in
Ellington, No. 5, without school. There
will be none taught in that district un-
til next spring.

Rev. E. Roblin, of Cass River circuit
went to Fairgrove last Saturday to aid
Rev. Windrom in his quarterly meetings
on that circuit Saturday and Sunday
last.

Mrs. Libbie Southworth says she
would like it very much if the person
who stole her ducks would return them
again. She thinks stealing is poor busi-
ness anyway.

Preparations are being made to fence
the west and south side of the school
lot of district No. 1. Inability to get
the wire, to build it at the voted annual
meeting, has detained the building of the
same. The posts are in the ground and
will be fitted and set ready for the wire
when it comes.

FOR SALE!
One yearling Colt, price, \$65; one
suckling colt, price, \$35; two young
cows, \$20 each.

M. C. TANNER,
Two and one-half miles east of Gage-
town. 8-5-1mo.

SALESMAN WANTED

SALARY AND EXPENSES PAID
or liberal commissions to local
men. Outfit free. No collecting. Per-
manent positions guaranteed. Experience
unnecessary. Choice of territory if
apply at once. L. P. THURSTON & Co.,
Empire nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED.

Live Poultry, for
which I will pay the
highest cash market
price. Also hay and
oats. W. P. BLOOM.
Cass City, Mich.

DRUGS, DRUGS!

Come to Fritz Bros.
for pure drugs and pat-
ent medicines. New and
fresh supply received
every week. The best
quality of insect powder
and all vermin extermi-
nator, Chemicals, pure
Cream of Tartar, Mus-
tard and essential oils.
Also School Books blank
Books, Tablets, and Sta-
tionary of all kinds.
Students remember us
when in need of anything
in this line. Special
attention given to the
filling of prescriptions.
Farmers bring your re-
ceipts to

FRITZ BROS.,
DRUGGISTS.

A. A. McKenzie, Undertaker

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets and
Undertaker's Supplies on hand.
EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED.
Burial Robes, Crape, Gloves, etc., al-
ways in stock, at lowest prices.
Good Hearses 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.

REDUCTION SALE

AT

A. FRUTCHEYS,

DEFORD, MICH.

Having sold my property in Deford to a cou-
ple of parties from Otter Lake, Mich., and
they having a large stock on hand
and wishing me to reduce my stock
in order to make room for their goods
I will offer to the people of Deford and
residents of the surrounding country

GOODS AT COST

For the Next Ten Days

--INCLUDING--

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, GRO-
CERIES, HARDWARE, ETC.

I quote a few prices: Salt, 75 cents per barrel; Nails, \$2.00 per Cwt
Lime, 80 cents per barrel and other articles in the same proportion.

Highest Price Paid for Butter and Eggs.

Parties wishing to purchase their winter goods should not fail to pay
a visit during my last thirty days in Deford.

A. FRUTCHEY.

MAKING A POINT!

We make a point of insisting upon the dis-
tinction of Cheap Clothing and

CLOTHING CHEAP.

The City is full of the former, but there is lit-
tle of the latter.

WE HAVE CORRECT CLOTH-
ING FOR ALL MEN AND
BOYS CLOTHING SUITA-
BLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS
AND OCCUPATIONS.

Never have better goods been shown, nor a greater varie-
ty of fine goods been seen. Our new stock is all bright and
clean and fresh, and at prices you cannot resist.

McDOUGALL & CO.

Save Money! Port Huron

MARBLE

WORKS,

By Buying Your

HARDWARE,

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES,

PAINTS, OILS,

PUMPS, ANVILS,

NAILS, ETC,

OF

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

WORKS, 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street,

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

FIRST LOVE.

OWEN MEREDITH.

Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed—
Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
And then we women cannot choose our lot.
My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer;
He has his father's eager eyes, I know,
And they say, too, his mother's sunny hair.
But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
And I can feel his light breath come and go,
I think of one—heaven help and pity me—
Who loved me, and whom I loved long ago.
But bloom us women not if some appear
Too old at times and some too gay and light.
Some griefs grow deep; some woes are hard to bear.
Who knows the past, and who can judge us right.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

"I do not think Mr. Gerrard at all mad," he said cheerfully; "and his meaning is very plain—he does not object to me."

I uttered a cry of hysterical delight, which mother echoed with an exclamation of passionate scorn.

"You think that good news, poor misguided child! You are inclined to congratulate yourself and thank him, I suppose, Irene?"

"Why—yes, mother! Why should I not," I asked, looking helplessly from one to the other of the two, who seemed to understand while I was so completely in the dark, "if uncle Archie has been kind and reasonable?"

"Kind and reasonable!" exclaimed mother, with a despairing groan. "Oh, yes, my dear—he has been very kind, very reasonable—he has not deceived or played with us in any way!"

The tears were coursing down her flushed cheeks now; her indignation and anger were fast yielding to hysterical grief.

We were now in the drawing-room, and mother had sunk into an easy-chair. I knelt beside her, trying to soothe and induce her to explain, though naturally enough, I too was in a state of intense excitement.

"Let me read the letter, or shall I read my own?" I whispered. "You are paining and perplexing me, mother, and you might set your fears at rest with a word. Either uncle Archie consents, or—"

"He consents then!" interjected mother, with a fresh outburst of tears. "But, wait a moment, child—there is no need to shower benedictions upon his head! He consents because he has no longer any particular right or reason to object; he was married himself last week."

CHAPTER III.

A few minutes' silence followed mother's tearful speech; then the tragic calm was broken by the most incongruous and out-of-place sound possible, nothing less than Dick's bright, boyish, irrepressible laughter.

Mother responded to that irreverent laugh with a shuddering sigh, and I looked round at my unsympathetic lover with reproachful eyes; but he was not in the least abashed, only favored me with an encouraging nod and smile, and came over to mother's side.

"Now look here, Mrs. Gerrard—we must not go making a tragedy out of all this," he said with a practical air. "I should not have laughed, I admit; but really the joke was a little bit too good. Mr. Gerrard has managed to turn the tables upon us with a vengeance, has he not?"

"Oh, it is cruel to make us the laughing stock of Ludleigh now, after having deceived us like this for so many years. For myself I would not mind; but Irene, my poor Irene, every one will pity her."

I chanced to look up and meet Dick's bright glance just as poor mother made her helpless lament, and somehow found myself smiling too. If I had been not only deprived of my much-talked-of heiress-ship, but turned out of house and home, I do not think I should have considered myself a very pitiable object.

"Do not fret for me, mother," I said cheerily, and without the least effort; "and do not grudge poor uncle Archie the happiness that has come so late in life."

"Happiness!" mother echoed, with a scornful sob. "You are talking like a child, Irene. He does not deserve to be happy, and will not be; of course he has been duped by some clever adventuress—one of the dreadful creatures that abound, I am told, all over the Continent; and, depend upon it, he will soon see her in her true colors—will soon discover the horrible blunder he has made. But, in the meantime, he will bring her home to the Hall—I shall see her where I have hoped to see you, Irene. Oh, it is of no use talking, child—I can find no consolation in the whole affair!"

"But I can; and so will you, by-and-by, when you have got accustomed to the queer idea," observed Dick, with the patient, persistent cheerfulness that was overcoming even mother's indignation and sense of injury at last. "You are a sensible woman, Mrs. Gerrard, with plenty of pride and pluck to keep you up; and, though no doubt you feel a bit sore at first, you will soon get over that, and join Irene in welcoming her uncle's wife."

"Never—never!" murmured mother, turning her face away, but the words were uttered in a listless manner, so that there seemed but little finality about the protest; and Dick was not disconcerted at all—he even ventured to parody her phrase.

"Yes, soon—soon—I am a true prophet, believe me! For my own part," he went on with a swift change of tone, "I am delighted at the turn things have taken—delighted and relieved since they clear a great difficulty out of my way. You do not know, Mrs. Gerrard, what a terrible and appalling person the Squire's heiress was to me long after I had given Irene Gerrard my whole heart. More than once—nay, more than a dozen times—I vowed to myself that I must conquer my love and give up all hope of winning her."

Dear Dick—dear, brave, generous Dick—how noble and handsome he looked, with that bright flush on his bronzed cheek, that eager sparkle in his eyes! I could hardly see him for my tears—tears of purest joy and pride and gratitude. I seemed then, for the first time, to understand how great my triumph had been—how overpowering was the force of that love that had conquered his pride and drawn the sweetest tenderest words a woman ever listened to from his reluctant lips. And there were people who would pity me—even my own dear mother was disposed to think me ill-used and worthy of commiseration because uncle Archie had taken a wife in his old age, because I should be a little less rich than I had expected to be by-and-by! I could have laughed aloud at the absurd idea. As though such a trifle could matter to the proud and lucky girl who, some time in the happy future, would be Dick Martin's wife!

Dick noticed and answered my smile, and went on brightly—
"Fate and Irene were a little too strong for me, Mrs. Gerrard—and somehow my secret was told. I do not know how; perhaps her eyes asked it if her lips did not."

"Dick, how dare you?" I interjected blushing vividly at this libel on my maidenly self. "I remember that afternoon if you do not. I know you startled and took me completely by surprise. I thought you were going to say something about the game or the weather, as we stood resting under the tree, and quite suddenly it was that."

With which lucid explanation I retired behind mother's chair.

"Oh, was it, my dear? No doubt you are right—as I told you, my memory is a little misty on that point. All I can clearly call to mind is your answer, which, while it made me wildly happy, filled me with a feeling of remorse—I was asking you to give up so much for my sake; for, in my sober and reflective moments, it seemed to me that Mr. Gerrard must inevitably suspect my motives and object to me, and that I must either rob Irene of all she had grown to look upon as her right or give her up. I was not strong enough to suppress my love for her, nor vain enough to think I could make full compensation for all her losses, if I persisted in claiming her hand. But thank Heaven it will be all smooth sailing now!"

"Thank Heaven, then, Dick, for uncle Archie's wife, since she has helped us out of our terrible difficulty. But I am not flattered, sir, to find that you took me with such extreme reluctance after all."

Dick laughed, not making the least attempt to defend himself. Mother looked at us with a puzzled smile, and said, in a half-reproachful tone—

"Well, well, young people are queer creatures. I suppose you two care for nothing while you have each other."

"And you, mother," cried Dick and I; and, though poor mother shook her head and did her best to maintain her role of gentle martyrdom, she could not help being pleased with the spontaneity of our reply.

"You are good children," she said, looking from Dick's face to mine; "but I cannot understand you, all the same. I thought Irene, at least, had some love for the old Hall, and would regret being shut out from the house in which her father was born."

"Indeed I should, mother," I broke in, indignantly. "But why should we contemplate being shut out from the dear old place? Do you think uncle Archie's wife will be such a Gorgon as to object to the visits of her husband's nearest relatives—or that he has married some wholly unrepresentable creature?"

"Heaven knows what he has married!" mother answered bitterly, and I seemed to measure all the depth of her disappointment as I heard the harsh words fall from her gentle lips; for as a rule, she was most charitable in all her judgments, and always set her face against scandalous gossip. "Heaven knows whom he has married. But we can hardly imagine that he has made a very wise or prudent choice. When men of his age fall in love, there is no supreme act of folly that they will not commit."

"Well, let us hope that uncle Archie has not been tempted to do anything that is not for his good," I said with a successful attempt at cheerful unconcern; "and, at any rate, until she makes her appearance and says or does something to convict herself, let us give Mrs. Archie the benefit of the doubt."

Dick nodded approvingly at me; and from that time, and through the busy weeks that followed, I kept persistently to that argument, with the result that I persuaded mother to make the best of the unfortunate event and answer uncle Archie's apologetic letter with a few cold but friendly words. More I could not extort; and even this concession cost me much coaxing and her many tears.

"I cannot pretend that I think he has behaved well—and I will not, Irene. He does not think it himself," she said, as she directed the letter with a reluctant hand. "For your sake, and for the sake of old times, I will not quarrel; but, having treated us as he has, he cannot expect com-

pliments and congratulations from me."

"I felt there was some justice and truth in her words, and, though I would not make the admission, did not attempt to controvert them. Uncle Archie's letters were not only unquestionably apologetic—they were curiously reticent. He told us that he was married and that his wife was young, but of her name and antecedents said simply nothing."

Naturally the curiosity felt on this point was not confined to ourselves, but was shared by all Ludleigh, through which the news of the Squire's marriage spread "like wild-fire." Never had the gossip of the place had so fine a feast of wonder and conjecture; and, I am sure, my ears, as well as those of my uncle and my unknown aunt, should have tingled from morning till night if there was any truth in the old saying.

Dick had gone back to his temple chambers to plunge with double zest into the work that was for two now; and mother shut herself up and refused to see all callers for a fortnight; so I had to bear the brunt of all the gossip, to answer all the questions, and to endure the scarcely-veiled pity of my kind friends as best I might. I found the condolence especially just a little trying at first; but, by dint of a natural cheerfulness of disposition, I got through the ordeal at last, and, I believe, won a general verdict that "poor Irene Gerrard bore her disappointment singularly well"—and perhaps, in the circumstances, that was as much as I could expect.

It was not until the day preceding that fixed for Uncle Archie's arrival home with his bride that I succeeded in coaxing mother to show herself once more among her friends at Mrs. Marshall's afternoon-tea; and then our arrival caused quite a flutter in the well-filled dressing-room—where about twenty ladies—young, old and middle-aged—were, as I well know, enjoying the *affaire Gerrard* with quite as much heartiness as their tea and cake.

Indeed I heard the sharp voice of Mrs. Knyvett, the attorney's wife, as we followed the trim little maid into the room.

Yes, I am sure there will be a sensational scene of some kind to-morrow. Irene carries off her disappointment very well; but the poor old lady has not the spirit to conceal her disgust. Depend upon it, she will either refuse to go to the Hall, or, if Irene makes her give in on that point, she will say something cruelly sarcastic to the bride."

I felt my cheeks flush as I listened to the spiteful words. I knew Mrs. Knyvett had no cause to love me, seeing how persistently she had tried to catch Dick Martineau for one of her girls; but I felt indignant at the meanness of her revenge, and still more resentful of the familiarly repeated "Irene," when the spiteful creature had never called me anything but "Miss Gerrard" to my face.

However, angry as I was, I forgave her the next moment, when mother said, with brightening eyes and flushed face which told me she too had heard—

"Never mind Mrs. Knyvett, Irene. I have been a very silly old woman, and deserve to have unpleasant things said about me; and for you—well, I think all Ludleigh is aware of her grudge to you."

The next moment she was shaking hands with Mrs. Marshall, and distributing nods and smiles among the rest of the company in quite her old duchess-like, faintly patronizing fashion—a fashion that did not seem to please the more malicious-minded among them at all. I saw Mrs. Knyvett and Miss Green exchange glances of dismay, and I smiled contentedly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

The small boy had been only a day or two in attendance at the kindergarten, when he approached his father, showing a great deal of indignation.

"Papa, that isn't a good school. I don't want to go to that school any more."

"Why, my boy?"

"Well, do you know what the boys at that school say?"

"What?"

"Well, papa, they say they ain't any Santa Claus. That it's not true; they ain't any such thing. Papa, there is a Santa Claus, isn't there?"

The father thought a moment. Then he concluded he would tell the child the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So he took him on his knee and told him how it was a pretty fabrication, made up by fathers and mothers who loved their children to make them happy; and fathers and mothers were the real Santa Claus. The small boy listened in silence. This was a shock to him, because, I suppose, like older and more inexcusable people, he felt that he had been making a painful exhibition of his ignorance. He slid down from his father's knee and walked across the room to the door. He opened it and stood holding the knob for a moment in a kind of deep thought. Then he turned and looked at his father.

"Say, papa, have you been filling me up about the devil, too?"—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Terra Haute Express: First Bohemian—What luck did you have with the item you sent to the *Police Gazette*? Second Bohemian—They sent them back; said they were indecent. First Bohemian—I told you when you showed them to me no paper would print such stuff. Second Bohemian—If I get them printed, don't you fear. I'll send them to the *New York Society papers*.

New York Sun. Agents—Sir, let me sell you a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in twenty-four volumes. Mr. Dole (interrupting). I have no use for it at all, my man. I have just graduated from college.

FROM EIFFEL'S TOWER.

Lessons from the Exposition on the Banks of the Seine.

The great exposition in Paris, toward which the whole world has been moving, will illustrate what patriotism and national pride can accomplish. The vast palace built by Frederick the Great after the seven years' war to show Europe that Prussia was not bankrupt was a bagatelle to this triumphant achievement of France. One stands appalled at the financial resources of a nation which has for thirty-five years poured out its blood and treasure in one continuous stream, yet here, in the year of our Lord 1889, can present a universal exposition of such magnitude and grandeur that it is safe to say that all other national efforts in this direction are now surpassed.

The buildings, or rather palaces, erected for this exposition are a sufficient study without considering the treasures they contain. The daring engineering feats, the unique combinations of warmly tinted terra cotta and iron for vertical walls, the enameled domes, the colossal figures and decorations in high relief, the charming and tasteful colorations of interior surfaces, all testify to the transcendent, artistic, inventive and executive ability of the wonderful French people.

The engineering exploits violate in many cases what might be called axioms. An arch has always been rigid at its crest; a tower has always been broad, thick and solid at its base; and just in proportion to the span of the arch or the height of the tower have the keystone and base been ponderous. Here in the hall of machines, with a truss arch span of 500 feet, the crest of the arch is in no way united, but the two elements of the arch simply lean against each other, a transverse steel roller receiving the enormous pressure of contact.

The base of the arch, instead of widening out and being heavily grounded in masonry to stand lateral stress, comes down to a point and rests daintily on a cast-iron plate with a circular bearing. These audacious contrivances are to permit expansion and contraction, and the whole vast roof, over a sixth of a mile long rises and falls with every change of temperature. The usual conception of a tower a thousand feet high requires a base so dense and broad that vision and circulation would be obstructed, yet here is the great Eiffel tower resting on light, airy arches of such stupendous proportion that the eye has unimpeded range and thronging thousands stream beneath it in every direction.

A description even of the chief merits of the interior display is well nigh impossible. A most wonderful and complete exhibition is made in every department of human effort. The students of science, art, mechanics may here find material for exhaustive monographs. One may see in a building devoted to the liberal arts the development and progress of every industry illustrated by a wealth of material and ingenuity of demonstration that is bewildering. It would be enough, for example, to show a series of violins from the earliest form to the perfected Stradivarius; but here we behold not only the successive stages in the development of the violin, but the well-worn workroom of the violin-maker, with benches, tools and all the appliances involved in the construction of the instrument, as well as different portions of the violin in various stages of completion.

The successive stages in the history of man are shown with a skill little short of marvelous. To Mr. Hamy, director of the Ethnological Museum of the Trocadero, the exposition is indebted for this instructive exhibit. Lifelike models, strikingly realistic, give one an idea of paleolithic man hammering out his rude stone implements at the mouth of the cave, and round about are scattered bones of extinct animals and other accessories to complete the illusion. Graphic figures of men of the neolithic and bronze and iron ages are encountered as you pass through this great building devoted to the development of humanity as shown by the various industries and arts.

The student of ethnology finds ample material for study. Not only the life of prehistoric and ancient peoples is set forth in that ingenious and picturesque way in which the French excel all others, but the living examples of various races are seen here moving and acting. This department covers a large area; with negroes of various tribes in huts made by themselves; Cochins Chinese, with buildings as brilliant in color as they are grotesque in form; Japanese, with their strange music and dancing; Tonkinese, performing feats on horseback, and many trades of these races are carried on to the delight of admiring crowds.

In the main exhibition grounds one may walk through a Cairo street lined with buildings, many of which have been brought from Egypt. Here is the metal worker, the potter, the wood turner, with his head bent down within an inch of his big toe, with which he holds the turning chisel. Barbaric sounds come out from buildings where troops of Morocco musicians, Abyssinians, Egyptians, with wild music and barbaric dancing, entertains an ever changing audience.

Something may also be learned from the history of habitation. Under the direction of Mr. Charles Garnier an attempt has been made to give full-size

ed models of the houses of various races, ancient and modern. A Persian house, constructed after the suggestions of M. Dieulafoy, an ancient Assyrian house, an Egyptian house, and, indeed, all nations are represented to a ridiculous traversery of a North American Indian's wigwam. Some of these reproductions are doubtless correct, but, judging from the house of the Japanese, it is evident that M. Garnier did not take the trouble to consult any competent authority. He has endeavored to answer adverse criticisms by saying that he intended to represent a Japanese house 2,000 years ago; but this makes the caricature laughable. His Chinese house is equally inaccurate and unworthy.

The application of fictile ware to building purposes occupies a large space. The importation of this material, which never decays or corrodes, becomes most impressive as we look at the immense range of uses to which it can be adapted. Among the objects are a large variety of roofing tiles, some with glass inserted in the tile and others made entirely of pressed glass, and mouldings, friezes, dados of terra cotta, ordinary bricks with one end glazed, and a great variety of useful and ornamental devices, illustrate the employment of fired clay in building in ways generally undreamed of.

The exhibition of the city of Paris occupies two large buildings, and here is displayed all the paraphernalia of city administration. Fire engines, ambulances, models of schools, pedagogic material, hospitals, full-sized models in the ground showing pipes and traps; maps of Paris showing by different shades of color the vital statistics of the city, such as the percentage of deaths by disease, suicide and violence, make a most wonderful and instructive display. The maps showing high death rate, illegitimate births and violent deaths have some correspondence indicating the kind of people with which these conditions are associated, while suicide indicates another class in a different part of the city. The contents of these two buildings alone would repay a month's study.

Viewed from the summit of the Eiffel tower, that marvelous achievement of modern engineering, the scene is overwhelming. The Champ de Mars, the colossal structures that invade it, the vast areas inclosed, the Seine imprisoned and its bridges confiscated, the Trocadero attached, the Invalides assimilated. The bewildering outburst of color, the inconceivable gayety and animation of the scene, all produce an impression on the mind such as no humanly contrived spectacle ever effected. All the occasions of spectacular delight that have ever been known, whether they sprang from the industry of a people or the pride of a conqueror, pale into insignificance before the display now made in Paris. To see it and to absorb its variety, day by day, is a liberal education and a most potent and irresistible incentive to progress and endeavor. Over a quarter of a million persons have visited it in a single day; and it is not too much to say that each one was better for it, had added to his sum of knowledge and derived some new and wholesome impulse.—*New York Sun.*

Height of Great Sea Waves.

Carefully repeated experiments made by an experienced English navigator at Santander, on the north coast of Spain, showed the crest of the sea waves in a prolonged and heavy gale of wind to be 42 feet high; and allowing the same for the depth between the waves, would make a height 84 feet from crest to base. The length from crest to crest was found to be 386 feet. Other estimates of the waves in the South Atlantic during great storms give a height of 50 feet for the crests and 400 feet for length. In the North Sea the height of crest seldom exceeds 10 feet and the length 150 feet.—*Scientific American.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

There is nothing we are more apt to parade before others than our kares and sorrows, and there is nothing the world kares so little about.

If you have any doubt about the vast amount of virtue that the last generation possess, go and study the epitaphs in the grave-yards.

Take affability, good sense, honesty, and good breeding, mix them together, and shake them well, and you have the ingredients for a gentleman.

The good things a man does are hard to remember, the evil things are dreadfully easy.

The world seems to be governed by example; there is hardly any one so low down the scale but what he has his imitators.

Truth can stand alone, but a lie has to lean on something, generally another lie.

He who seeks fame will have a hard road to travel, and poor fare when he gets there.

There is nothing that grows so fast, and reaches maturity so quick, and begins to decay so soon, as a mushroom. It would be well for sum pholks to think of this.

Flattery is like counterfeit munny; if it is well executed it passes, people give and receive it, in small amounts, by common consent.—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Sharpleigh says her husband and the moon are great cronies, always together, but Mr. S. has one decided advantage over his lunar companion—he gets full every night.—*Epoch.*

TUTORED BY THE CZAR.

A Student Who Was Coached in Latin by the Emperor of Russia.

A student of medicine now at the Berlin university was once tutored by Alexander III., the czar of all the Russias, says a Berlin letter to the *New York Sun*. It happened in this wise: For some time during the Russian-Turkish war the headquarters of the present czar, then the heir apparent, were in the house of the rich Jewish banker, Jacob Nissim, the uncle of the young Russian student of medicine now in Berlin. During his residence there the prince became quite intimate with the Nissim family. He was very fond of music, and Mme. Nissim played the piano with rare cleverness. All the time that he could spare from his official duties the prince passed in her drawing-room. Not infrequently she accompanied on the piano the Russian love songs which he sung in a deep baritone voice, long since famous at the St. Petersburg court.

One afternoon he noticed that Mme. Nissim played perfunctorily and looked very unhappy. In response to his inquiries she told him a long story about her very perverse little nephew who played hooky all the time, hated his teacher, and couldn't learn Latin. She had just looked over the small boy's Latin composition, and had found every sentence lurid with the teacher's corrective red ink. Although she knew nothing about Latin, the amount of red ink in her nephew's exercise book had convinced her that he was a dunce and a disgrace to the Nissim family. The prince comforted her by promising to take a hand in the education of the naughty young Nissim, and to have him up in the first grade at school in no time. He was true to his word. He captured the small boy immediately after supper every night, set him down to a table in his uncle's library, and compelled him to write Latin till the little child didn't know the difference between tempus and fugit. Then, during a short recess, the prince told him Russian bear stories and all about camp life. The last half hour of each evening was devoted to correcting young Nissim's Latin and rewriting the exercises.

A few weeks of this coaching made wonderful changes in the boy's school record. He quit playing hooky because he wished to obey the big prince who told him to quit it. His Latin composition was almost untouched by the teacher's red ink. Eventually the prince put him just where he had promised Mme. Nissim to put him—in the first school grade.

Young Nissim has not forgotten much concerning his early association with Alexander III. Unlike most Russians who have studied abroad, he still has a long, broad, and deep place in his heart for the czar. His memory is full of interesting reminiscences of the peculiarities of the czar in the days during the Russian-Turkish war. The czar was then subject to terrible headaches. He refused to treat them with doctors' prescriptions, but whenever it rained he ran out of the house bare-headed and held his head under the dripping eaves. He considered the falling drops a sure temporary cure for his ailment. The prince was much fonder of his relations than are most princes. The walls of his study in M. Nissim's house were half covered with their pictures. He watched anxiously for every post in which he expected to receive letters from his immediate family. After removing his quarters to a village several miles from M. Nissim's house, he sent to the city daily for his unofficial letters. Upon leaving Plojeschi he gave his small pupil some twenty volumes of medical literature, which the young man still has, and plenty of promises of future aid. Mme. Nissim received from him a diamond bracelet. Papa Nissim got nothing.

Works Both Ways.

Citizen (to lawyer)—"I want your advice in a suit I am about—"

Lawyer—"Excuse me, but a fee of \$20 will be necessary before discussing legal matters."

Citizen—"Certainly; there you are. My suit is against Smith. He agreed to—"

Lawyer (pocketing the money)—"I am sorry, sir, but you are a little too late. I have been retained by Smith."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Honors That Are Meaningless.

The present state of college honors is a ludicrous farce. The least possible glory attached to the reception of a degree has vanished. Men of ability either decline such honors or more quietly accept them and put them in pigeon-holes. In England academic titles stand for something; in Germany for more, but in this country they are a nuisance. The college picks out by reference men of no ability, inferior fellows who need a compliment and then exacts pay for them. Not one doctorate in 500 is given without a quid pro quo. As a rule a stipulation is made, or implied beforehand, that the honor will be paid for in influence or money, or both. As a rule, the programmes of this world are made up by those who do not care for ability—they are looking out for cash or fashion. They are biased, rather, away from ability. It makes them too much trouble, is not easily controlled and is occasionally quite useless.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

KINGSTON.

Cold nights.
Butter 15 cents.
Apples, 40 cents.
Potatoes, 40 cents.
Take in your potatoes.
John Pool is out again.
All quiet on the Potomac.
Everybody is busy. A good sign.
Injun summer. Take advantage of it.
Fine weather. Better undress your corn.

If you want a cheap horse just call on J. S. Torrey.

Geo. Mott of North Branch was in town last week.

No sonorous voices break the stillness of the night.

Now is the time to do little odd jobs without cold fingers.

Mr. Linnendoll broke ground last week for his fence mill.

John Millikin and John Booth took in the sights at Caro Tuesday.

Dan. Ross has bought of the Odd Fellows the old site on Ross street.

Geo. McKay of Marlette appeared for the defendant in the hay press case.

Geo. Meidlein is in Caro attending the meeting of the board of supervisors.

Wheat still continues to pour into the elevator from all over the country.

C. L. Soper is putting a stone wall under his house, and Jas. VanWagoner swings the trowel.

John Booth, Jr., smiles on the receipt of a good big pension from Uncle Sam. 'Tis well.

H. H. Miller is busy laying a stone foundation under his house. Making up for Jim's defects.

Jno. Ryckman and Alf. Davis are building fence machines for Mr. Linnendoll, while he is getting the building ready.

W. H. Wilson and Wm. Warner of Flint were in town last week. They reviewed a hay press owned by Mr. Warner.

J. M. Torrey returned from Flint on Monday, where he had been to see his father, who was ill, but is somewhat better this week.

W. J. Reid has sold his pile of fine pine lumber to Geo. Howell of Caro and is now busily engaged drawing the same to that place.

Our mill continues to draw custom. Mr. Parmeter from near Cass City was here on Tuesday, with a grist and went home well pleased.

Mr. Smith, a piano tuner from Lapeer was in town this week, setting several pianos at concert pitch, and Mr. S. is adept at his profession, and a gentleman.

Lawton Brumley and Miss Anna Johnson, both of East Dayton, were set up in housekeeping on Tuesday of this week, by Rev. Beach. They contemplate going to Canada.

Neighbor Slicking's cow happened to tread the turf of neighbor Wells and said bovine was soon looking through the cracks of a strange stable, looking for home, but alas, not until the strong arm of the law clothed with a writ of replevin, and manipulated by a constable was she released.

A bee for the purpose of making the house of A. Gabert in a more comfortable manner for the winter, was had on Tuesday, but owing to the short notice given it was not largely attended. Mr. Gaber has been laid up all summer with a felon on his thumb. The object is a worthy one and should have been better attended.

WILMONT.

A. Upthegrove Sundayed in Caseville. Wm. and Henry Downey started for Saginaw Monday night.

Geo. Taylor and Wesley Hack started for Oscoda county Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred. Rayworth of North Branch is visiting friends in town.

Our blacksmith shop will be opened now in a few days by John McArthur.

Mrs. Murcheson is attending a meeting of the Latter Day Saints at Juniata.

Mrs. T. J. Hawkins started on Wednesday for a visit with friends in Alma, Ont.

Tom, Hawkins is home for a few days. He says shoveling gravel is hard work.

Jas. Upthegrove and family returned home Friday evening from a three months' visit with friends in Meade.

DEFORD.

Patron fire. Musical bells.

Louis Sole visited at Wilmot the first of the week.

Mr. McCain has his new house ready for plastering.

Elmer Bruce and Jos. Hack have gone to Oscoda county.

Gordon McCracken left for the pine woods on the 6th, inst.

Frutchey is preparing to leave this

place in the near future.
Female book agents are around trying to gull the honest toilers.

Mrs. L. W. Vorhees has gone to Oakland county to visit her parents.

They talk of building a new school house down in district No. 2, Novesta.

A fine job of grading was done on the school grounds in district No. 4, Kingston.

Wilson & Valentine are hulling clover. So far as learned these seeds have turned out fairly.

Messrs. Harner and Guy of Novesta have each erected log houses on their claims.

A Port Huron horse thief called on us last week, but left before we knew his mission.

School commenced on the 14th in school district No. 6, Kingston, with Miss Jennie Reid as teacher.

Up till the last few days there has been a scarcity of machines in this locality but latter there is more than a sufficiency.

Laboring on the first day of the week may not appear well in the eyes of many but where do we find it severely criticized in the new testament.

Les. Vorhees is searching for a work horse, his team having been broken up since he sold the "white shadow of the low lands" to Jas. Forshee.

The local papers are giving the new election law: How a chute must be built at the mouth of the polls to run in the electors singly and keep them from coming in contact with their fellowmen for the time being, but says nothing of the law on electioneering.

The Cass City correspondent of the Caro Democrat says Deford has one shyness. You are mistaken, brother, we have monied men, but their hearts are large, and they seldom make change for less than a nickel. Would such men "demand a pound of flesh"?

Last week some of the boys set out to watch for "bar" over in Eli Leek's neighborhood, and scattered out in different corn fields. Geo. Mosher selected Mr. Thorp's field and towards morning bruin made his appearance, George gave him lead, but not with any fatal effect, for the varmint made good his escape in the darkness.

Oats continue to move from this locality and north of here to Marlette, but the secret of the big prices is the oat meal mill. We believe that the buyers on the line of our road pay all they can for grain. It is unreasonable to suppose that any buyer will drive away business from his own town by paying low prices when he well knows that the farmer can go elsewhere. Some of the parties who are drawing their oats to Marlette, a distance of 18 1/2 miles, and getting 22 1/2 cents a bushel have been offered 21 cents at Deford.

The Cass City House.

Having recently refitted and remodeled this modern brick hotel, I now announce it open to the public. I have furnished it through out with the best of Furniture, and it is thoroughly equipped with everything for the convenience of guests. Good barn, sample rooms, and telephone in connection with the house. Free bus to all trains. To my farmer friends I wish to state that the hotel is open to your patronage: I invite you to call. My hotel is strictly first-class.

FARM FOR SALE

Owing to the increase of my bees and wishing to go into the bee business on a larger scale when I can give it more attention, I offer my farm of 100 acres all improved, well seeded and fenced, and under a good state of cultivation, five good never failing wells of water at convenient points, a young bearing orchard of choice fruit, consisting of apples, plums, grapes, etc., a comfortable house, 2 good frame barns. Close inspection invited. Would trade for smaller place. For full particulars, call on the owner on premises, 3 1-2 miles north of Cass City.

WM. MARTIN.

DR. ELMSLIE & CO.

NORTH WASHINGTON AVENUE, Corner of Genesee Ave., East Saginaw, Mich. Dr. Elmslie & Co. are a company of regular graduated physicians who have devoted many years to the study of Chronic, Nervous and Special diseases. The physician in charge of this office is a graduate of one of the best colleges in the United States, and is registered in both hemispheres as an M. D. This enables them to treat all private troubles with excellent results. All sufferers applying to them will receive their honest opinion of their complaint. No experimenting; no mercury used. They will guarantee a positive cure in every case they undertake, or forfeit the sum of \$500; the reason for so doing is this—where there is no organic disease, and nothing but an inorganic trouble, or, in other words, a conglomeration of symptoms producing certain results, there is no reason why it cannot be removed if the proper remedies are applied, therefore they guarantee. They wish it distinctly understood that they do not claim to perform impossibilities, or to have miraculous powers; they only claim to be skilled and successful physicians, thoroughly informed in their specialty—Chronic and Special Diseases of men and women. People at a distance can, by explaining their trouble in detail, be treated at their homes. The course of treatment will not, in any way, interfere with their business. Absolute secrecy in all cases. Charges moderate. Consultation and advice free. Address, Dr. Elmslie & Co., Michigan Central Railroad block, corner Washington and Genesee Avenues, East Saginaw, Mich. Office hours 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m., week days only Rooms 1, 2 and 9.

Notice to Carpenters.

I wish to let the job of siding up the west side of the printing office. All material to be furnished by parties doing the work.

C. W. McPHAIL.

MEN! MEN! MEN!

We want a large number of energetic, reliable men to act as agents for the sale of a full line of first-class Nursery Stock which is guaranteed true to name. We hire **ON SALARY** and all expenses paid by us, or if preferred on commission. The work is steady and our terms most liberal. No experience is necessary as we furnish full instructions. For particulars address, (stating age), R. G. CHASE & CO., The Chase Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE

Having sold my Mercantile Business at Deford I now offer my farm of 200 acres for sale. There is 130 acres improved. Good Fences, Building and Wells. All kinds of Fruit. Twenty-five acres of Wheat in the ground. Three miles east and one mile south of Deford; 9 miles from both Kingston and Cass City. Price \$5,000, \$2,000 down; balance on easy terms.

A. FRUTCHEY

LONDON, ENO & KEATING

Manufacturers of
SASH, DOORS, FLOORING,

BLINDS, SIDING and MOULDING.

Window and Door frames to order on short notice. Scroll Sawing also done.

New mill near the P. O. P. A. Railroad Depot.

Home References!

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LIVER SYRUP.

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

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

J. ETHERINTON'S
PAIN KILLER.

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

J. ETHERINTON'S
COUGH CURE.

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

J. ETHERINTON'S
Celebrated EYE WATER.

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

All Communications Should Be Addressed To

JOHN ETHERINTON,
CASS CITY, - - MICH.

HOPE DEFERRED

Maketh the heart sick. The Storm of People rushing to the WILMOT MILLS is breaking the last Barrier, and our Competitors are Giving Up even the Miserable Hope. The reason is Plain, Nowhere can such Flour be found as at the WILMOT MILLS.

TO THE FARMERS!

I desire to announce, as new wheat is now ready for flouring, that I am doing all kinds of custom work, and as I keep a stock of flour on hand I am prepared to exchange the same for grists, and thus save you time.

My mill will be open day and night, (for accommodation) and you are invited to bring wheat to the

Kingston Mill,

and get 39 POUNDS of No. 1 FLOUR for a bushel of No. 1 wheat. My prices are as low as the lowest.

Aug. 1. O. A. BRIGGS.

\$65.00

WITH LESSONS FREE.

No shoddy Organ with weak tone, but a solid black walnut one with 22 reeds. Warranted 7 years.

Organ, Stool, Book & Lessons \$65.00.

C. M. MORRIS,
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M'GINNIS HOTEL

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

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Central Meat MARKET,

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Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting.
Cattle, Hogs and Sheep brought from Eastern Market.
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

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

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, October 18.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	73
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	66
do No. 2 red.....	74
do No. 3 red.....	69
Oats.....	18@
Beans hand-picked.....	1 00@1 40
do unpicked.....	90@1 25
Rye.....	30@
Barley.....	75@
Clover seed.....	3 00@3 25
Peas per bushel.....	30@
Buckwheat.....	25@
Pork.....	3 50@3 65
Butter.....	16
Eggs.....	17
Wool.....	20@

PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with HENRY O'REAR'S MONTHLY, the Greatest of all Family Magazines, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a present of a Pattern of this Handsome Jacket. This Pattern will be worth 30c, as it will be so elegantly illustrated with a large illustration and full description. We must at once send at once to our friends a copy of this Pattern. We will send it to you free of charge. Write for it at once. It will be sent to you at once.

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Palace Steamers, Low Rates and Quick Time for
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MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY, 10.00 A.M.
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DETROIT MICH.

Now FOR BUSINESS!

Business Men, Mechanics, Farmers! As the Crops are now gathered and being threshed, giving a good Yield, all are feeling Prosperous and as a result Good Times must naturally follow. I would therefore, Recommend to you all that now is the time to give your Several Orders for a Spring Delivery of Nursery Stock. Think over what you want, as I will Soon Call on you for your Orders. The stock will be supplied from Moulson & Son, Rochester, N. Y.

H. W. ROBINSON,
Cass City, Mich.

Something New,

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

BREAD

And All PASTRY GOODS.

I will also have a first-class LUNCH ROOM

In Connection. Hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

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

J. N. La RUE.

West of Cass City House.

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

Pontiac, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad.

PINE TABLE NO. 16.

GOING NORTH.			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac.....	A. M. 9:30	P. M. 6:00	A. M. 8:00
Oxford.....	11:15	7:00	8:45
Dryden.....	12:22	7:50	9:25
Imlay City.....	1:08	8:10	9:45
North Branch.....	2:50	9:02	10:32
Clifford.....	3:20	9:22	10:52
Kingston.....	3:58	9:45	11:12
Wilmot.....	4:18	9:58	11:22
Deford.....	4:35	10:07	11:31
Cass City.....	5:10	10:25	11:40
Gagetown.....	5:45	10:42	11:50
Owendale.....	6:10	10:55	12:20
Berne.....	7:00	11:42	12:42
Caseville.....	7:30	12:00	1:00

GOING SOUTH.			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Caseville.....	P. M. 4:00	A. M. 8:00	A. M. 5:00
Berne.....	4:19	8:19	5:30
Owendale.....	4:42	8:42	6:05
Gagetown.....	4:55	8:55	6:30
Cass City.....	5:10	9:10	7:10
Deford.....	5:26	9:26	7:35
Kingston.....	5:34	9:34	7:50
Clifford.....	5:45	9:45	8:15
North Branch.....	6:01	9:58	8:58
Imlay City.....	6:18	10:05	9:40
Dryden.....	6:58	10:45	11:10
Oxford.....	7:18	11:20	11:50
Pontiac.....	7:52	12:00	1:26
Pontiac.....	8:30	12:30	2:30

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.

TIME TABLE.
Trains going North.

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
East Saginaw.....	Depart 8:00	4:20	10:10
Reese.....	8:30	4:50	11:13
Fair Grove.....	8:50	5:10	12:22
Unionville.....	9:25	5:45	1:15
Selawing.....	9:25	5:45	2:18
Bayport Junction.....	9:40	6:00	2:50
Bayport Junction.....	9:40	6:00	3:03
P. O. & P. A. R. R. Crossing.....	10:06	6:24	4:00
Elkton.....	10:10	6:35	4:40
Robinsons.....	10:25	6:45	5:10
Had Axe.....	10:45	7:00	5:40

Trains going South.
No. 1, No. 3, No. 5.
A. M. P. M. A. M.
Bad Axe..... Depart 6:40 3:20 7:20
Robinsons..... 6:55 3:35 8:00
Elkton..... 7:05 3:42 8:27
P. O. & P. A. Crossing..... 7:14 3:52 8:47
Bayport Junction..... Depart 7:20 4:03 9:53
Bayport Junction..... 7:32 4:03 10:03
Bayport Junction..... 7:37 4:13 10:13
Selawing..... 7:51 4:30 10:33
Unionville..... 8:02 4:44 11:20
Fairgrove..... 8:24 5:10 12:17
Reese..... 8:49 5:31 1:15
East Saginaw..... Arrive 9:20 6:00 2:26
This is the only direct route