

Cass City Enterprise.

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One Dollar Per Year.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROWNE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

The subscription price of the Enterprise
is \$1.00 per year in advance. If not paid
in advance, it will be collected for at the
rate of \$1.25 at the expiration of that time.

One of the best advertising mediums in
Tuscola county. Rates made known on
application at this office.

Our job department has recently been
increased by the addition of a large quantity
of new type, making it complete in every
respect. We have facilities for doing the most
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.
J. O. G. OWEN.

THE EXCHANGE BANK!
E. H. PINNEY.

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RESPONSIBILITY, \$30,000.

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Buys and Sells Drafts available
Anywhere in the United States or
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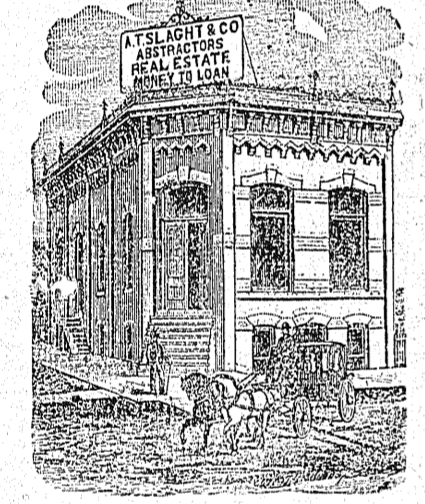
Accounts of Business houses and
Individuals Solicited.
Interest Paid on time Certificates
of Deposit.

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

Abstracts of Title.

To all Lands in Tuscola county.

A. T. SLAGHT & 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
constantly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE
The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank
Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

WANTED.

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

Cass City, Mich.

1:0:0:0:
Cass City Lodge, No. 208, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.

J. L. HITCHCOCK, S. G.
J. A. Fritz, Secretary.

4: A. M.
Milo Warner Post, No. 242, 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 & 3rd
Friday evening of each month at 7:00. 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 depositors.
We will pay you a liberal rate of
interest for your money. We have special
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.

To Our Readers.
If the Enterprise does not appear as
usual, we humbly wish our readers to
bear with us, as both editors of this
paper have been at their parental home
in Lexington this week, caused by the
death and burial of the brother, R. O.
Brown.

CITY NEWS.

Additional local on 5th page.

S. Bostford was in Caro on Tuesday.
G. A. Stevelson and wife were in Caro
Thursday.

J. Leonard drove to Bad Axe on Sat-
urday last.

Grain still continues to pour into the
elevator here.

Mrs. Pomeroy of Caro was in the city
on Friday last.

Eph. Meredith of Tyre passed through
here on Monday.

As usual, the rink will be open this
(Friday) evening.

A. A. McKenzie took in Cumber and
Tyre on Monday.

Typhoid fever is prevalent to an alarm-
ing degree in Caro.

Remember A. A. McKenzie's auction
sale next Tuesday.

Jas. Fox of Caseville made Cass City a
visit on Friday last.

J. F. Emmons was in Inlay City on
Monday on business.

Jas. Outwater has received another
large invoice of organs.

Quite a large crowd attended the rink
on Friday evening last.

Supervisor Striffler resumed his duties
on the board Monday.

Alfred Coyville of Watrousville was in
the city on Friday last.

J. D. Brooker and Miss Mamie Bader,
visited Caro on Tuesday.

Do not forget that we take wood on
subscription at this office.

Miss Kate McClinton commenced her
duties as teacher Monday.

Don. Wiles, our "devil" is at home un-
der the care of Dr. McLean.

C. L. Wheeler, of Portland, Me., was
in this city on Monday last.

D. L. Davis of Pontiac was in the city
on Monday last on business.

Miss Ada Butler, who has been on the
sick list, is slowly recovering.

Miss Eliza Burkell, who has been very
ill with a fever, is convalescing.

Chas. Stevenson was in Caro on Fri-
day and Saturday of last week.

Don't forget to attend A. A. McKen-
zie's auction sale on Tuesday next.

E. Metcalf has again returned to this
city after an absence of several months.

Jas. Kelley is now behind the counters
in McDougall & Co.'s store on Saturdays.

W. P. Bloom is buying considerable
live poultry now-a-days. Give him a
call.

Mrs. W. S. Fritz, and Miss Lillie Hess,
of Caro, visited T. H. Fritz on Sat-
urday.

Frest & Hebblewhite made another
large shipment of butter on Monday
last.

Quite a number of new attendants at
the young people's society of Christian
Endeavor.

Dr. H. Orr of Caro was called to this
vicinity Monday to attend a sick ox
for Jas. Quinn.

E. McGeorge has traded his thorough-
bred setter dog off to Mt. Clemens parties
for a pointer.

Mrs. J. H. Striffler and children vis-
ited in Caro on Friday last. Mr. Striffler
returned with them.

B. F. Browne and E. C. Toland of the
Enterprise force spent Saturday night
and Sunday in Caro.

Jas. D. Brooker intends starting a
henery in the near future. He already
has the park enclosed.

McDougall & Co. report a cash trade
of \$170 on Saturday last, besides that
which was sold on time.

Arthur Warner, who is now on the
road for a sulky plow company, spent
Tuesday night in the city.

Mrs. H. Kaufman, of Dawson, Da.,
a sister of Mrs. H. S. Wickware, is mak-
ing her sister and friends a visit.

W. P. Bloom is at present busily en-
gaged loading the lumber he recently pur-
chased of John Campbell of Creel.

Arthur Randall, who has been confined
to his bed with fever, as stated last
week, is able to be around again.

There was no preaching in the M. E.
church on Sunday last on account of the
dedication services at Bethel church.

Chas. Gaffney of Detroit, who has been
stopping at the Tennant house for the
past week left for Bad Axe on Saturday.

Quite a number from this place attend-
ed the services at Bethel church on Sun-
day, also the social on Monday evening.

J. D. Brooker and Henry Butler had a
suit at Freiburgers on Monday, and ad-
justed things satisfactorily to both parties.

M. Beach has purchased of John Bau-
cus the latter's farm, situated just op-
posite the depot and will take immediate
possession.

The attendance of our school is great-
er now than any time since it was or-
ganized, and new pupils are coming in
every week.

Do not fail to hear Rev. Frazee's lec-
ture on "The W. C. T. U., Its Place and
Power," at the M. E. church next Wed-
nesday evening.

The Bad Axe races did not pan out
very well. The purses hung up were quite
large, but the attendance and entries
were very small.

The atmosphere was quite smoky last
week, owing to the forest fires in the sur-
rounding country, but it has cleared off
and is now quite pleasant.

Did you ever notice that the greatest
fault finder is the one whose affairs are
the least liable to bear inspection with
reference to the same point.

Michigan has about 7,500 school
houses, accommodating over half a million
scholars, and the school property is
worth about \$13,000,000.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hinkley of the
township of Arbelia Sunday with G. A.
Stevenson and wife. Mr. Hinkley is the
supervisor from that township.

Wm. Hatton is attending to the en-
gine at the round house now, on ac-
count of his brother not having full re-
covery from his recent illness.

Rev. N. Dickie, formerly pastor of the
M. E. church of this place, but now lo-
cated at Freeland, Mich., was calling on
his many friends here last week.

The famous Brooklyn Tabernacle, of
which the Rev. DeWitt Talmage, D. D.,
is pastor, was, for the second time in its
history, destroyed by fire last Saturday.

The oyster supper on Wednesday
evening, given by the ladies of the Pres-
byterian church, was largely attended,
the receipts being twenty-five dollars.

We are informed that through the fail-
ure of Packard & Co., bankers at Reed
City, the W. C. T. U. will lose about \$900.
The state funds being deposited in that
bank.

A. A. McKenzie and Mrs. Dugald Mc-
Intyre returned on Saturday evening
from Kintore, Ont., where, as hereto-
fore stated, the last sad rites were held
over their mother.

The pupils expect to celebrate the
raising of the flag this week, by exer-
cises, consisting of songs, recitations and
declarations, all of which are of a
national character.

Mrs. Bowers of Port Huron and her
daughter, Mrs. Taylor, of Florida, who
have been visiting Mrs. Jas. McArthur
for the past week or more, returned to
Port Huron on Monday.

A. Frazer and family of Strathroy,
Ont., arrived in town last week, to pur-
chase a farm and take up their abode in
this vicinity. Mr. Frazer is a son-in-
law of John G. Watts of Grant.

J. W. Lang, Matthew Ambruster and
Kelsey Curry of Unionville were in the
city on Monday with loads of clover
seed in search of a market. Cass City is
getting quite a reputation as a market-
ing place.

S. Gilchrist is attending the annual
meeting of the Sunday school con-
vention, which convened at Vassar on Tues-
day and continued three days. He was
accompanied from here by Rev. Reeves
of Caseville.

The man is rich who doesn't want
more than he has means to get. Some
one has said that riches consist in the
abundance of things a man does not
want, and there is a great big chunk of
solid wisdom in the saying.

Dr. McClinton shot a mink while out
hunting on Tuesday morning. The ani-
mal was of fair size and the fur was of
good quality and the Dr. feels quite elated
over securing the prize, as they are very
scarce in this part of the country.

Miss Vinda Predmore, of Lansing, who
has been visiting relatives in this city
for some time past, will return to her
home in Lansing in a few days. Miss
Mona Morris will accompany her and
visit relatives in the above place for a
short time.

At the recent session of the Presby-
terian Synod of Michigan, and which was
held at Kalamazoo, a new Presby-
tery was formed and named "Flint." It
consists of the counties of St. Clair,
Huron, Sanilac, Lapeer, Tuscola, Genesee
and Shiawassee.

Simon Stahl is so delighted over his
newspaper prospects as publisher of the
Unionville Echo that he has "gone and
got married." The event took place at
Marlette last Friday evening, and the
lady of his choice is Mary E. Payne, of
that place.—Caro Advertiser.

The directors of the Detroit expo-
sition have decided to hold their fair next
year from Aug. 26 to Sept. 5, inclusive.
The total receipts of the exposition this
year were \$124,181.97 and the expendi-
tures were \$95,000, leaving a balance of
\$29,181.97. A dividend to stockholders
will be declared.

The Dolphin, built by John Roach,
the famous shipbuilder, and which was pro-
nounced by a former secretary of the
navy to be "structurally weak," has
just returned from a cruise of 58,000
miles, occupying three years and nine
months, sound and strong, without a
sign of weakness anywhere.

A. A. McKenzie will offer for sale at
his farm, 1/4 of a mile south of Cumber
on Tuesday, Oct. 29, a large number of
horses, cattle, sheep, farming implements,
etc. Farmers wishing anything in this line
will do well by attending this sale. You
will find a list of the articles in his ad. in
another column on this page.

Parents, if you have any desire to
have your young boys grow up as they
should, look to them. If you allow them
to go on as they please they may turn
out to be just the opposite of what is de-
sired. You may think they are all right,
but the time will come when you will re-
gret that you did not draw the reins
tighter.

We are in receipt of the "Industrial
edition" of the West Branch Times, for
which we are thankful. It contains a
history of Ogemaw county, and gives a
list of all the business houses of that
hustling little town, and shows that the
publishers, Weeks & French, are not
only enterprising business men, but that
they are interested in the welfare of the
town.

Mrs. Chas. Tuckey, who, it will be re-
membered, moved to Dakota last winter,
arrived here on Tuesday noon, having
been called here by the serious illness of
her son, Arthur Randall, and has decid-
ed to remain here for the present. Mr.
Tuckey is expected to return in the near
future, as the country does not suit him,
the crops in that state having been a
failure this year.

Frank Rogers, of Marlette, has been
engaged for some time in surveying the
township of Evergreen and setting up
new corner and quarter posts. He has
used vitrified stone posts in this work
and they have proved so satisfactory,
that since finishing the township work,
he has been called upon to locate and
mark the boundaries of more than a
quarter of the farms in the township.

Every farmer, every business man,
every mechanic and every laborer in the
country should receive their local paper
regularly. One bushel of wheat will
nearly pay the subscription price for a
year, or less than a day's work will ac-
complish the same result, and in that

time you will secure many scraps of in-
formation that will be of practical use
to you, which you could gain in no other
way.

Master Thomas, the 4-year-old son of
Richard Hughes of Brookfield, while
playing with his playmates on a rail
fence, had the misfortune to lose his bal-
ance and fall off, and in trying to save
himself from falling, pulled one of the
rails with him, which fell heavily on the
little fellow's stomach, inflicting injuries
from which he died that (Monday) even-
ing. A. A. McKenzie of this place had
charge of the funeral, which occurred on
Wednesday, Rev. Andrews officiating.

A powerful temperance story serial is
now being written by Col. Thos. W.
Knox for publication in the Toledo
Weekly Blade, to commence early in
December. Col. Knox is well known as
the author of the "Boy Traveler" series,
and his new story will be a revelation
to people of all classes on both sides of
the temperance question. Send postal
card to Blade, Toledo, Ohio, for free
specimen copies containing opening
chapters. Send names of all your friends
also. See advertisement elsewhere.

At the recent convention of Univers-
alist societies the question of establishing
a resort in some portion of the state was
agitated, and was referred to a commit-
tee. Dr. Mills, of this city, comes for-
ward and offers to donate a site on the
lake shore, between Gratiot Beach and
Lakenort. The offer is a good one, and
if accepted, will give to the society one of
the finest locations in Michigan. With the
establishment of this resort the entire
lake front of 12 miles would be lined
with cottages, etc.—Port Huron Times.

One of our exchanges speaks of a mil-
linery store kept by a very estimable
lady, and says the editor, "was gratified
to see her stocking up." The editor
says he was never so astonished in his
born days as he was, when the paper
came out, to meet the millinery lady
and have her strike him across the brow
with an umbrella and tell him he was a
liar and that she would tell his wife. He
didn't know what she was mad at and
he had to read the item over a hundred
times to see if there was anything spite-
ful in it.

Two covered wagons from the far west
arrived in town last week Friday, and
for a time created considerable interest.
Upon interrogating the occupants it was
found that three years ago they had
gone from Huron county to Kansas by
rail, expecting to get rich. Each year,
through some cause, either by drouth,
chinch bugs, cyclone or hot winds, their
crops had been ruined and they had
grown poorer, until about six weeks ago
they packed their earthly effects into
these wagons and started to the place
from whence they had come. Here is a
lesson for the dissatisfied farmer.—Caro
Advertiser.

The November number of Godey's
Lady's Book is here on time, as usual.
Godey is always ahead in all its depart-
ments, and this month shows up in an
especially good number. The publishers
promise a real Xmas number for Decem-
ber, when a new and powerful serial will
be commenced, entitled "\$5,000 for a
Wife." This promises to be of rare in-
terest, founded upon incidents in real
life. Any person sending their address
and two cent stamp will receive a cut
paper pattern free. Send 15 cents for
sample copy to the publishers, Philadel-
phia, Pa., and see the attractions offered
in the prospectus for 1890.

R. G. McLaughlan, who has so efficient-
ly filled the position of clerk in J. C.
Laing's store for the past month or two
severs his connection with that institu-
tion this week in order that he may ac-
cept a position as traveling salesman for
the J. W. Fales Paper company of Det-
roit, and will leave the first of next
month to take his new position. The
many friends of Mr. McLaughlan will sin-
cerely regret his departure from this
place, as he is not only a very accommo-
dating clerk, but a gentleman who is held
in the highest esteem by all with whom
he comes in contact. We learn that
his family will retain their residence here.

In her annual report, Mrs. Rounds,
president of the Illinois W. C. T. U.,
says: "Again and again we are assailed
with the declaration that the Woman's
Christian Temperance Union is a political
party. Most emphatically I deny the
charge, for in the very nature of the
case we cannot be." And yet at the De-
catur convention last week Captain
Hatch, Chairman of the Illinois Prohibi-
tion State Central committee, was in-
vited to a seat on the platform, and
Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, president of the
Iowa W. C. T. U., was entirely ignored
although she attended the convention
to bear fraternal greeting to the Illinois
Union.

The Portland Observer says: "The
latest swindle is a machine for cutting
corn and shocking it, and it is introduc-
ed to the unsuspecting farmer by a man
who produces a pin about eight inches in
length with a double eye, which, by an
extra twist of the wrist, would tie a cord

of shock corn in fire shape. He gives it
to the farmer and agrees to allow him
and his boy to run the machine. Then,
of course, a receipt is signed, large letters
showing one needle free and the small
letters prove to be an order for one
gross and an agreement to pay \$285.
The agreement is discounted at the first
bank and the farmer has to walk up and
pay it.

Robt. Little was arrested on Monday
afternoon by Constable Fern on a war-
rant sworn out by Chas. St. Mary, charg-
ing him with the stealing of a billiard ball
from the parlors of the latter. On be-
ing arraigned before Justice Winegar, the
accused plead guilty to the charge and
was fined \$3 and costs, amounting to
\$6.70 in all, or be confined in the county
jail 10 days. He chose the fine and was
placed in Constable Fern's charge until
the same was paid. Mr. Fern accom-
panied Little to his home in Novesta to
procure the money, Little going into a
bedroom to get it, but instead of re-
turning, made his escape through a
window and has not been heard of since.

In all acts of carelessness there is noth-
ing more reprehensible than a careless
handling of dangerous drugs. In every
household there should be a safe and
separate place for their keeping. They
should be plainly labeled, and under no
circumstances, whatever, should they be
placed elsewhere or mixed up with other
bottles or packages. Whenever empty
bottles should be taken off and new ones
put on. No one should trust to their mem-
ory in a matter of such vital importance.
It is inconceivably strange that those
who hold their loved one's lives in their
hands take so many chances with such
deadly agents as dangerous drugs. There
is but one safe method of dealing with
them—have a place for them and a cast-
iron rule for keeping them there.

Under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.,
the Rev. Mr. Frazee, of Caro, will
deliver his popular lecture, entitled "The
W. C. T. U., Its Place and Power." All
persons who have had the pleasure of
hearing Mr. Frazee once, will be glad of
this opportunity to hear him again,
those who have not been so fortunate,
may receive an intellectual treat, such
as is not often accorded to the people of
Cass City, by attending this lecture,
which will be given in the M. E. church,
Wednesday eve., Oct. 30th. This lecture
is well worth 25 cts. admission, but, hop-
ing thereby to secure a crowded house,
and that a greater number may have
the pleasure of hearing it, the admission
has been reduced to 10 cents; children
under 10 years of age, 5 cents. Doors
open at 7 p. m. lecture to commence at
7:30, standard time. Tickets are for
sale at the postoffice.

The dedication of Bethel church, at
Karr's Corners, took place Saturday
and Sunday, Revs. Dickie and Reeves of-
ficiating Saturday, and Rev. Dr. Potts, of
Detroit, on Sunday. The people of that
vicinity are to be congratulated on their
success in the building of such a fine and
spacious church, and paying for the
same, which cost about eleven hundred
dollars. The subscriptions Sunday
amounted to nearly six hundred dollars
and on Monday evening the ladies of the
church, served a chicken pie supper, for
which, it is said, about a thousand chick-
ens were killed, and netted thirty four
dollars more for the good cause. After
all had done justice to a bountiful sup-
per, a pleasant program was rendered,
consisting of addresses a, reading by S.
M. Gilchrist, which was amusing in the
extreme, and music by Cass City M. E.
choir, after which the benediction was
pronounced and the large crowd who
had assembled in the good work went on
their way rejoicing.

Auction Sale.

The undersigned will sell at Public Auc-
tion at his farm 1/4 of a mile
south of Cumber on

TUESDAY, October 29, 1889,

At 10.30 o'clock, a. m., the following
described property to wit:

One horse, 7 y's old, 1 mare 7 y's
old, with foal, 1 horse 1 y'r old; 1
p'r of mares 5 y's old, 4 milch cows,
2 two-year olds, 5 calves, a number
of hogs, 1 set of heavy double har-
ness, (nearly new) 2 set of light dou-
ble harness, 1 set single harness, 2
p'r trucks, 1 platform wagon, 1 top
buggy, 1 road cart, 1 hay rake, 1
p'r knee bobs, 1 plow, 1 p'r spring
tooth harrows, 1 cultivator, 1 corn
cultivators, 1 Champion mower, 1
Thomas horse rake, ferks, rakes, al-
so 14 sheep.

TERMS: All sums of \$5 and under,
CASH; over that amount
11 months time on good approved en-
dorsed notes with interest at 7 per cent.
Five per cent off for cash. Cash must be
paid for the hogs.

A. A. MCKENZIE.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN may find it difficult to change from a law-breaker into a law-maker.

WHAT Lord Wolsey does not know about our civil war can be found in any good history of that conflict.

MRS. CLEVELAND recently shot a deer in the Adirondacks. Who says she is leading an aimless life?

A YOUNG Napoleon of the rail has cropped into prominence at Williamsport, Pa. A colored boy has there been jailed for stealing a locomotive.

REV. ELLIS HOWELL of Marshall, Ill., has officiated at one thousand weddings. If marriage is a failure, Mr. Howell has a great deal to answer for.

It is estimated that \$30,000,000 were spent by Americans in Europe this summer. We must have a World's Fair in 1892 to settle the balance of trade.

If it is true, as Queen Elizabeth said, that a lie is only an intellectual method of meeting a difficulty, what an intellectual lot the Niagara Falls navigators must be!

THE bloodthirsty Chinese Highbinders, whose lawless deeds are on the increase in San Francisco, should be bound to keep the peace—tightly bound around the neck.

THE wicked flea has invaded Boston, and the Herald devotes half a column to a description of the annoying little acrobat and his activity. Boston is getting to be a lively place.

THERE is one peculiar thing about all big gales, when viewed from the standpoint of the storm-driven vessel master—they are invariably "the heaviest in twenty-five years."

THAT popular mystery known to the world as a heavy dragoon is still more a mystery since the appointment of Victoria, R. et L., to a colonelcy in one of her grandson Billy's Prussian regiments of horsemen.

It is reported from France that hides are there being tanned by electricity, at only one-half the cost of the old process. The hides are placed in a revolving cylinder full of tannin, through which a strong current of electricity is made to flow.

THE alligator has become an article of commerce, and consequently he will soon be forced out of existence. His hide is used for leather, his teeth for trinkets, and his flesh—all except that of the tail, which is a dainty among the negroes—is fed to the hogs.

WHEN the Austrian Emperor saw the review of Spandau he learned for the first time that the smokeless powder which was used with such good effect had been invented by an Austrian apothecary and offered to the Austrian government, but had been declined.

It is said of Sol Smith Russell, the popular actor, that "he takes care of his money." This statement makes unnecessary the accompanying fact that Sol has residences and business blocks. We can all have houses and business blocks if we take care of our money.

No doubt it would be very agreeable to many of us to be relieved of the cares and anxieties incident to the struggle for existence, but we may pay too high a price for the exemption. Struggle, even though attended by pain, is better than stagnation, the loss of individual liberty and galling slavery.

IN Paris the ordinance against scattering circulars and other papers in the streets is so rigidly enforced that an American who, having read a letter on the street, tore the envelope in two and threw it down, was made by a gendarme to pick up the scraps on pain of arrest for violating the city ordinance.

WOMEN as a class are not great logicians, but an unbroken community of logicians would be about as enjoyable a place of residence as the penitentiary. Logic is a good thing; but the world can get along better without it than it can without taste and intuition. In these qualities woman is immeasurably man's superior.

A NEW use for electricity has been discovered. It takes the place of the sand box on locomotives. The current from a small dynamo passes into the drive wheels of the locomotive and increases the friction at the point of contact with the rails. The Reading Railroad Company has made the experiment and pronounces it a success.

A GERMAN writer deplors the crowds of young men in the universities. He says that the result is that the young men are educated into a distaste for labor, while the professions are too crowded for success in that direction. Hence a dangerous class in the community, of constantly increasing strength. There is a good deal in what the German says.

FARM AND HOME.

Making Small Farms Valuable.

The margin of profit, in grain crops at least, is now so small that there is no gain in adding acre to acre in the hope that a larger area in crops will increase the profit. Whatever extension of acreage is made is almost necessarily at the expense of the yield, and a very slight decrease in the crop per acre is now sufficient to take away all profit and entail positive loss. On every large farm there is more or less land that its owner would really be better without, though in most cases it would be difficult to convince him of the fact. Sometimes it is said that farmers should concentrate their efforts on a few acres, and let the rest lie in grass and produce what it will with little or no expense. These less productive portions of a farm well its acreage, and possibly give their owner a comfortable feeling that he is doing an extensive business, but it is not so much of a satisfaction when he finds that he could have more money if owning fewer acres.

There is a too general lack of faith in the capacity of land for improvement in its ability to produce. Farmers set the limit far too low. Only market gardeners and fruit growers have any adequate idea of the amount of money that can be made from a small place. When five, ten, or even twenty acres are mentioned, the general idea is that a farmer cribbed and confined in so small an area will do well if he can get a living. And by the usual attending circumstances this view is correct. The farmer who limits his efforts to so small an area as this generally does so because he has not money to buy more. In most cases the small farmer is as heavily in debt, proportionately, as he who owns a much larger area. Yet it is over his few acres rather than his large debts that the small farmer is most apt to chafe. He complains that he has not land enough to do anything with, and if he can not buy more he will rent or work some neighbor's land on shares. —Practical Farmer.

Seeds and Seed Saving.

The first step in seed saving is to start with a good selection, the labor of another's hand. Whether you have made such must be determined by observation and comparison. If your plants are inferior to those you see elsewhere, do not save seeds from them, but cast them aside and commence anew.

If your several strains are superior to others, carefully select the best flowers for seed; do not choose the first, neither the last, as the most perfect forms and positive colors will be developed in the intermediate stage of the plant's existence, as it is then that the plant has the greatest vitality and power of reproduction.

Do not allow the plant to ripen more seed than you may require for the next year's planting. This will allow the plant to throw its whole strength into the perfection of the seed you desire to save. Cut off all others as soon as the flowers fade. If the plant is allowed to ripen seed freely, it will soon cease blooming, having accomplished its mission. If not allowed to ripen seed it will continue to flower the whole season. As a means of a reproduction, a single capsule of petunia, or of balsam of any desired color, will be amply sufficient for the next year's stock, and the same is true of most other flowering plants.

Hard Churning.

Sometimes, when you have had a big churning and were in a hurry, for some unaccountable reason you could not make the butter come. The cream appeared all right, the temperature was all right, but turn and turn as you would there were no signs of butter. It was the same rotating churn you had been using all along, you could see nothing unusual, only the butter would not separate from the milk. Perhaps, after a long time, you got a more or less imperfect separation of the butter, and was glad to take it out and get the morning's job off from your hands, thanking your stars that you had at last found relief. But, to save your life, you could not tell what was the matter, and perhaps it never has occurred to you. You had a big churning. Why did it not occur to you that you did not have a big churn? Your churn was too small for the amount of cream, and hence turning it over and over did not agitate the cream enough; so the butter was a long time coming. Had you divided your mess of cream into two batches, you could have done the same work in half the time, and much more satisfactorily. An overloaded churn is often the cause of slow churning, although not the only cause. The churn ought never to be more than half full of cream, and then you should be careful not to turn it too fast or too slow, but just fast enough to cause the cream to drop from side to side with a thudding swish, that indicates concussion as well as agitation. Always be sure that the churn is large enough for the mess of cream that you put into it. If you are, it will often save you much time, perplexity and vexation.

Winter Barley.

Some thirty years ago winter barley came highly recommended as a profitable crop in places where winter wheat had then lately failed on account of the weevil. It was at this time quite ex-

tensively grown near Cincinnati, in Ohio, and also in Kentucky and Tennessee. But experience soon showed that it could not stand severe freezing, as wheat could, and after one year's trial its culture was abandoned. The winter oats grown in some southern states are, we apprehend, equally unfitted for northern climates. The truth is, the south cannot grow spring oats or barley, as the grain rusts so badly. By sowing them in the fall and trusting to luck to their wintering safely, some kind of a crop may be expected. There is home use for all and more than all the oats the south can grow, but it can never compete successfully with the north in growing barley.

Poultry Pickings.

Charcoal is a wonderfully useful article to feed poultry. It acts on the blood and tones it up, the results of which are readily noticeable in the bright color of the comb and wattles and activity displayed by the chicken itself.

Turkeys should be given full range, as they destroy thousands of insects at this season, when foraging.

The Scotch creepers are a short-legged breed of fowls, compact, excel in breast meat, cannot fly high, lay well and mature early. There are two varieties, the white and the barred. They are nearly as large as the Plymouth Rock.

Watering with Cold Water.

Great injury is often done to house and garden plants by dousing cold water from the well or thrown from hydrants over dooryards; but as it is sprayed, it is more or less warmed by contact with the air before it reaches the leaves, and still more before it goes down to the roots of the grass. The plants that are most apt to need watering, melons and cucumbers, need heat even more. To pour water of 20 to 30 degrees lower temperature than the surrounding air about their roots gives the plants a chill, which more than counterbalances any good the watering may have done.

To Preserve Flowers.

Ladies who surround the stems of their corsage bouquets with moistened powdered willow charcoal, which may in turn be wrapped in moss or cotton, will find their flowers remaining fresh long after the departure of all beauty from those of their less thoughtful neighbors. The same substance placed in the bottom of the vase in which flowers are kept will be very useful, provided the stems are cut off with a sharp knife once or twice a day.

A Friend.

Comment but sparingly whom thou dost love, But less condemn whom thou dost not approve; Thy friend, like flattery, too much praise doth wrong, And too sharp censure shows an evil tongue. —Sir J. Denham.

Where is Home.

That is not home, where day by day, I wear the busy hours away; That is not home where lonely night, Prepares me for the toils of light: 'T is hope and joy and memory give A home in which the heart can live. —Conder.

Josh Billings's Philosophy.

A true friend is one who ain't afraid to tell us of our faults.

Tru generosity konsists in knowing when to give and when not to.

Health iz like munny; we never have a true idea ov its value until we lose it.

The man who has sworn not to forgive has uttered the wust oath he kan take.

There has been no man kreated yet who has been superior to all others in everything.

The most dangerous person in this world iz the one with the most tallents and the least virtue.

Real poverty, that cums upon us from no fault ov our own, is the most greavous thing to bear.

If you are going to help a man do it rite off. Promised help loozes one-half its aroma by evaporation.

Genius seems to be the faculty ov doing a thing excellently well that nobody supozed could be done at all.

There iz in sum men a grate deal ov humor that iz like the frolick in a puppy—don't mean ennything in particular.

"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." Here iz an investment for yure munny, where the rate ov interest iz the highest and the sekurity undoubted.

One grate difference between a phool and a wize man iz this—the phool gaps at and then swallows almost everything he sees, but the wize man looks upon most things in this world as perfectly ridicilous.

A Self-Sacrificing Cat.

A cat in Mississippi recently gave up its life to save the community. The river was very high and the dike which had been built to keep out the waters had given way in one place, when the cat happened to pass by and, realizing the condition of affairs, crawled into the hole and stopped the flood. It is estimated that \$50,000 and a number of lives were saved by the heroic animal, and the villagers have built a beautiful tomb of red granite, with mice carved in relief, over her remains. No one but an American cat could have thought of this.

COMMUNISM IN OHIO.

A Religious Colony Based on Community of Property.

About eighty miles south of Cleveland, in Tuscarawas county, O., is a quiet, quaint little village called Zoar. It contains about 300 inhabitants, and the population has neither increased nor decreased to any noticeable extent for more than three quarters of a century. This obscure communistic colony was founded in 1817 by Huber and Ackermann, two Germans, the former a native of Wuertemburg, and the latter from Bavaria. They, with a few followers, all Germans, chose this location, comprising some of the richest land in Ohio, and named the village Zoar, because they looked upon it as a place of refuge from the world, which they termed Sodom and Gomorrah.

The first two houses which Huber and Ackermann built, in 1817, are still inhabited by descendants of the pioneers. They are queer-looking structures, built of logs and mortar, and contain but one large room each, sparsely furnished. The windows are small, each containing nine panes of glass, about six inches square. One of the first things that attract the stranger's eye is the tile-covered roofs, which are on all the houses erected prior to about 1860. The art of tile making died out in Zoar then, and since that time slate and shingles have been used. The houses are of different styles of architecture—some large, others very small, but nearly all neat in outward appearance and commodious within.

But what of the people? They are frugal and industrious, strongly attached to their beautiful village home, and content to live free from the cares and worries of the busy, struggling world outside. They evince no desire to amass wealth, but work for the community, which owns and controls not only the village proper, but thousands of acres of fertile land outside. The money received goes into one common treasury; the necessaries of life, including food and clothing, are furnished by the officials, consisting of three trustees and a committee of five, who are annually elected by ballot. Outsiders are employed to help in their work, and are paid regular wages; but no one can reside permanently in the community unless he become a member. Those who wish to do so are received on probation for one year. At the end of that time, if found to be of unimpeachable character, they can join the lower class of Zoarites; and later on, if so disposed, may become members of the first class, giving them a right to vote for officers, and all other privileges.

Nearly all the present members were born in Zoar. Outsiders are not willing to exchange the ambition to amass wealth and reap political honors for this quiet life, with all its blessed freedom from care and anxiety. The young men, too, long for the gayeties and excitements outside, and leave to make their fortunes elsewhere. Those that remain profess to be perfectly satisfied, and claim that want and jealousy are unknown among them. It is but the truth to say that their looks and manners do not belie their assertions.

There is nothing peculiar in their religious belief. They accept the Old and New Testaments, and have services Sunday, both morning and evening. They have no minister, but generally one of the older members is chosen to read a chapter from the Bible and make a few comments. They have no ceremonies of any kind, and their place of worship is not called a church, but a congregation house. It is a very plain structure inside and outside. Their only holiday is Christmas, and on that day their services are not different from those on Sunday. In marriage, the contracting parties procure a license, according to the laws of the state, and the justice of the peace, who is a member of the community, ties the knot.

In politics they are nearly all republicans—probably not over half a dozen democrats. They are not prohibitionists. From the grapes and hops they raise they make their own wine and beer, and sell it at their bar. They are more German than American in the observance of Sunday; but their bar is closed on that day, though there is nothing in the laws of the state to prevent their keeping it open then and reaping a rich profit from the many strangers who stroll through the village. They drive a brisk trade, however, in lemonade and cakes on Sunday in the picnic grounds. They own a large hotel and accommodate many summer boarders, a large proportion from Cleveland.

Years ago their rules were very strict, and the members all dress alike, in plain clothes of the simplest cut. Simplicity in dress is the rule now, but they are not uniformly attired. The women wear plain calico and straw hats, all of their own make. They manufacture their own wool garments; they own a tannery, prepare their own leather, and make their own boots and shoes. Each family raises its own produce. If any are in need of money for any reason they make application for it. All the balance goes into the treasury, and is expended in improving the roads, erecting buildings and for other public benefits. They run a flouring mill and sell a large quantity of the product as well as wheat. They have two woolen and two grist mills. They also derive a handsome profit from the cattle they

raise and sell. Every person in the community knows his place, is assigned to his duty, and performs his work according to his ability. They have two good schools where English and German are taught. The proceedings in council and their religious services are both in German. They talk to their children in the same language. Altogether they are a cheerful, kind-hearted people, satisfied to live by themselves, independent of the help of others. Their quiet, secluded life may not accord with the desires of most men and women, but it has its advantages, and they appear to have reaped the full benefit thereof.—Congregationalist.

Use of Cats' Whiskers.

Every one must have observed what are usually called the whiskers on a cat's upper lip. The use of these in a state of nature is very important. They are organs of touch. They are attached to a bed of close glands under the skin, and each of these long and stiff hairs is connected with the nerves of the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding object is thus felt most distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side in the lion as well as in the common cat; so that from point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body. If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect light we shall as once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him, through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body; they prevent the rustle of boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass through too close a bush; and thus, in conjunction with the soft cushions on his feet and the fur upon which he treads (the retractile claws never coming in contact with the ground), they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness greater even than that of the snake, that glides along the grass and is not perceived till it is coiled round its prey.

The Domestic Doctor.

Scarlet fever has been spread through a library book, used by a hospital nurse.

Lemon-sage is very good in the early stages of colds. This is an infusion of sage mixed with hot lemonade.

The right side should be the position chosen for sleep, as it aids both digestion and the circulation of the blood.

For a sprained ankle take caraway seed, pound it, put it in a tin basin with a little water, put it on the stove and stir until it thickens, then bind it on the ankle; it will take out the inflammation and ease the pain.

Goose oil rubbed on the throat and chest is an old-time remedy for croup, but after its use the child must be kept well covered and away from draughts, as it is very opening to the pores, and the least cold often proves fatal.

The Annals of Hygiene has discovered there is nothing that so quickly restores tone to exhausted nerves and strength to a weary body as a bath containing an ounce of aqua ammonia to each pail of water. It makes the flesh firm and smooth as marble and renders the body free from all odor.

It is rarely easy, and almost always very difficult, to persuade the sick to take nourishment in sufficient quantity, and the successful nurse must be rich in expedients. Her persuasive power must be great. She must be patient, and yet firmly persistent, until her whole duty is done. There are certain general rules for her to observe. A few of them we will give. All foods for the sick should be of the very best quality, well cooked, palatably seasoned and attractively served. A savory dish will always sharpen the appetite of one in health, and it must have a stimulating influence upon a delicate patient, to whom the flat and insipid preparations usually offered are loathsome and even nauseating. Surprise is frequently a useful element in dietetic treatment of the sick. Something unexpected will often be acceptable, when were the patient consulted and advised of what was being prepared for him, would take away all the appetite for it. Cooking in a sick room is, of course, always forbidden, nor should the smell of food be allowed to reach the patient if it is possible to prevent it. Absolute neatness in the service of food is a prime consideration. There is more to a patient in clean napkins, spotless china, etc., than many think. A slovenly nurse is out of place anywhere.

If the doctor orders that certain foods be given hot, he means that they should be hot and not merely warm, in which condition some are very insipid.

An American Express in Europe.

If the report be true that some Americans are about to organize an express company to cover the European continent, it is the best piece of news that travelers have heard lately. The native European expressman is slower than cold molasses and needs melting. —Boston Herald

The Whole Truth.

Judge: "Miss, what is your age?" Witness: "I am past 20." Judge: "You must be more explicit." Witness: "Well, I am between 20 and 30." Judge: "No more trifling. State your exact age." Witness: "I'll be 30 day after to-morrow." —Omaha World-Herald

TALK OF THE DAY.

"Did you ever fall in love?" "Yes, but I got out—with the assistance of her father."

An unsinkable boat has been invented, but it has not yet been adopted by the United States navy.

A Sad Situation—"He owes everything he has to me." "That's bad. He owes a great deal more than he has to me."

First dude—"I have terrible news. Charles is dead." Second dude—"How did he die?" First dude—"His cane fell on him."

A western pioneer gallantly remarks that "the lady prisoners in our jail are about the most desperate lot we have seen in a long time."

A Father's Feelings—He—"What did your pater say when you told him we were engaged?" She—"Oh, you must not ask me to repeat such language!"

Friend—"Do you still continue to send matter to the newspapers, Cholly?" Cholly—"Yes; but it's merely for good faith, and not necessarily for publication."

Sappy—"I think I shall, aw, nevah have to stuvuggle for gweatness. Aw, I was born gweat, doncher know?" Crusty—"Great Scott! how you must have shrank!"

Tom Bashful—"Say, Jack, can you give me any light on the subject of making love?" Jack Beenthere—"Tom, my boy, no light is needed. It's better in the dark."

Jack—"Charley, why don't you propose to the Widow Green's daughter? She's rich and is regarded as the pearl of her sex." Charley—"I know it, my boy, but I dislike the mother of pearl."

"Oh, I am the flower that blooms in the spring," sang an intoxicated individual as he lay on the sidewalk. "You don't seem to possess the self-raising qualities," said the cop who gathered him in.

A crisis in Spain—"Moi gracia! The baby has the stomachache." Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—"Woo-o! Call the Secretary of the Interior."

"Don't you know how to spell?" asked the exasperated teacher of the extremely phonetic boy. "Oh, yes," said the boy, "I know how to spell well enough, but the men who made the dictionaries don't seem to."

"This seems like a sweet dream," he rapturously remarked as he lingered with her at the door step. "It doesn't seem like a dream to me," she replied, for a dream soon vanishes, you know." He vanished.

In the restaurant—"See here, waiter, there's a roach on this butter," said a guest at an east side restaurant. "Just chuck him down a little furdur so he can't git away an' I'll tend to his case when I git froo wid dis gent."

"Yes, sir; I lost my way down in Texas, and for three days wandered I knew not where, until at last I discovered to my great joy a man hanging by the neck from the limb of a tree. Then I knew I was once more in a civilized country."

"Then, Miss Antique you cannot be my wife?" said the young gentleman to the ballet girl to whom he had proposed and by whom he had been gently rejected. "No, Mr. Dood. I cannot be your wife, but I will be a grandmother to you."

"Now remember, Belinda," said Mrs. Sharpley to her daughter just married, "violence in anything is unladylike. Of course you will sometimes disagree with your husband, but always hit him with the soft end of the broom."

Visitor (at insane asylum)—"Who is that fine looking man making stars, crosses and things out of letters?" Attendant—"Oh, he was the editor of a children's column in some paper. One week he lost the answers to the puzzles and tried to solve them himself."

His idea of modesty—Customer—"Why are you so unassuming that you never make comparisons between your goods and those of other houses?" Manufacturer—"Because modesty is the best policy in business. You see we never admit that there is any comparison at all."

Mr. Briggs—"I wonder what women will do next? I see in the paper that the women in the east are ruining their health nowadays by eating tea." Mrs. Briggs—"Do you suppose it is any worse than eating coffee? Every night you come home munching coffee, and it seems to make your nose redder and redder, to say nothing of the looks of your eyes."

Mrs. Brisko—"Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?" Little Johnny (stopping his play)—"Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription and said he'd call again before night." Mrs. Brisko—"Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby."

She Can Outride a Comanche.

Miss Johanna Kemler, a belle of Paradise Valley, Nev., has set out for Paris. She rides any animal that wears hair and hoofs, and cares no more for a saddle than does a wild Indian. She is as much at home on the side of a galloping steed as on his back. With her horse at full speed she can pass under his neck and come up on the other side, a feat that few Comanches care to undertake.

Wife—"Is the moon full to-night?" Husband (looking out)—"No. From its shape, though, I should think it was on a border." Boston Herald.

MAKE CHILDHOOD SWEET.

Wait not till the little hands are at rest
 Ere you fill them full of flowers;
 Wait not for the crowning tuberoses
 To make sweet the last sad hours;
 But while in the busy household band,
 Your darlings still need your guiding hand,
 Oh, fill their lives with sweetness!
 Wait not till the little hearts are still
 For the loving look or praise;
 But while you gently chide a fault,
 The good deed kindly praise.
 The word you would speak beside the bier
 Falls sweeter on the living ear;
 O, fill young lives with sweetness!
 Ah, what are kisses on cold, clay lips
 To the rosy mouth we press,
 When our wee one flies to her mother's arms
 For love's tenderest caress.
 Let never a word of blame keep
 Your heart from the joy each day should reap,
 Circling young lives with sweetness.
 Give thanks each morn, for the sturdy boys,
 Give thanks for the fairy girls;
 With a dower of love like this at home
 Would you ride the earth of pearls!
 Wait not for death to gem Love's crown,
 But daily shower life's blessings down,
 And fill young hearts with sweetness.
 Remember the homes where the light has fled,
 Where the rose has faded away;
 And the love that grows in youthful hearts,
 O, cherish it while you may!
 And make your home a garden of flowers,
 Where joy shall bloom through childhood's hours,
 And fill young hearts with sweetness.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"Dear Mrs. Gerrard, it is such a pleasure to see you out again," said Mrs. Marshall fustily. "Even Irene and the doctor could hardly persuade us you were not really ill when you shut yourself up this lovely weather."
 "And even refused to see your friends," put in Clarissa Greene, with a girlish laugh shaking her flaxen curls.
 Mrs. Knyvett, conscious that her last speech had been cruelly audible, was for the moment reduced to silence; but she could always trust the carrying on of any contest she was engaged in to this her bosom friend.
 Mother smiled, paid great attention to the measurement of her sugar and cream, then turned with polite interest to Miss Greene.
 "I beg your pardon! You were saying—Oh, yes—it is quite delightful to get out to see my friends again! But I am afraid I should hardly have found courage to venture so far to-day but for the fact that I must go much further to-morrow."
 "You mean to the Hall?" queried Mrs. Marshall, fixing her good-natured eyes with vivid interest upon my mother's face.
 "I think Mrs. Marshall was one of the few people in Ludleigh who did not hope for an exciting feud between the Dover House and the Hall."
 "To the Hall, certainly. I should have preferred going to the station as a complement to my young sister-in-law; but, with my cold and the uncertainty of trains, Irene thinks it better to wait at the Hall."
 Irene, amazed at hearing her opinion glibly quoted on a subject she had never discussed, wisely smiled acquiescence. I calmly left the matter from that moment in my mother's hands; since she had begun to fight the battle in such spirited fashion, there was no need for me to interfere.
 "Oh, much better—much better!" agreed all the company present in a chorus, and Mrs. Marshall put in as a solo—
 "We are so anxious to hear about the new Mrs. Gerrard! She ought to be perfection, you know, being bride of a man who has been a bachelor for so long. You are not offended Mrs. Gerrard? I am sure no one wishes the dear Squire all happiness more sincerely than I; but one must have one's little joke—he-he—and six-and-five is a little late to marry, is it not?"
 "Better late than never!" Mrs. Knyvett chimed in; and Clarissa Greene looked full approval at a sentiment she did not choose to echo with her lips. "I am quite convinced Mrs. Archibald will be a great addition to Ludleigh society. The Squire has in all things such excellent taste!"
 "As he showed in his first choice," observed Clarissa, with a titling smile; she could not restrain the natural impulse that prompted her to say a spiteful thing about the man who, having been free to choose and exposed to the full power of her fascinations for more years than she cared to count, had yet gone far afield to find a wife.
 But, if Clarissa Greene was spiteful, mother for once was more spiteful still. She put down her cup, turned her eyes innocently on the old maid's face, and murmured in her most dulcet tones—
 "Oh, that sad old story! But even there I believe his taste was unimpeachable. Of course, I never saw Miss Maxwell; but my husband always spoke of her as a singularly beautiful girl. Do you remember her, Miss Greene?"
 Even I felt the cruelty of this. Clarissa Greene owned to thirty at the very most, and probably was not quite ten years more; whereas uncle Archie's jilting had occurred fully forty years ago. Miss Greene's face grew scarlet, her eyes filled with angry tears, and she tossed her head as she answered, with a most hysterical and unmirthful laugh—
 "Really, Mrs. Gerrard, you must be dreaming! How can I possibly remember things that took place ages before I was born?"
 Mother could only murmur a slight apology, which did nothing to heal the smarting wound; and soon after she and I rose to go, leaving as I rather ruefully felt, our characters behind us.
 "Well," mother asked with a malicious twinkle in her eyes, "did I rise to the occasion and assert myself sufficiently to-day, Irene?"
 "I could hardly help laughing at her

tone of innocent triumph.' It was so pleasant to see her looking her own bright cheerful self again after the doleful depression of the past few weeks.
 "You were simply splendid; but just a little savage, mother. I had no idea that you kept such a reserve store of spite to draw upon at will! Poor Miss Greene—I shall not easily forget her face!"
 "Miss Greene deserved a snub," returned mother placidly, accepting my words much more as a compliment than as a rebuke. "I am glad you persuaded me to go to the Marshalls' this afternoon, Irene. It is well sometimes to see ourselves as others see us. I did mean to be a little stiff and frigid toward Archie's wife; but, if only to put Mrs. Knyvett in the wrong, I shall receive her with effusion and constitute myself her warmest companion now."
 CHAPTER IV.
 Mother kept her word, and, more than that, remained not only cheerful, but in a state of apparently pleasurable excitement all through that evening and the next day. Six o'clock was the time named for the arrival of Uncle Archie and his wife; and half-past five found us at the Hall, ready to receive and do all honor to the home-coming pair.
 The stately old house was looking its very best, with its quaint gabled roof, its red-brick, ivy-mantled walls, and its diamond-paned casements. The great door stood wide open, showing the entrance-hall with its scintillating men in armour, its carved oaken ceiling, and broad shallow stairs with the famous carved balusters. It was a familiar picture, but one that never lost its charm for me—I loved the old house so dearly; and, as I stood looking at it then, I began to wonder how it would strike the young stranger, and what sort of woman she was who would soon be installed as mistress there.
 It was a dangerous train of thought, and one I did not care to encourage. I turned into the long drawing-room, and found mother anxiously consulting the Sevens clock, which was solemnly ticking away the seconds on the high mantelboard.
 "I felt sure my watch was slow, Irene!" she said, turning her flushed face to me at my entrance. "The time seems to drag so! I wish they would come—don't you?"
 I did, and said so very heartily; for to wish them here was to wish the meeting over; and to that first meeting I looked forward with distaste and distrust. It was rather absurd to look at mother in her pretty cap and becoming black satin dress, with the ready smile hovering about her lips and the light of pleased expectancy in her eyes, and then remember all the pains I had taken to console and reconcile her to the thought of what actually seemed to please her to-day.
 At last, just as the silver chime of the timepiece told us that it was six o'clock, we heard the roll of wheels in the drive, and entered the hall just in time to see the carriage drive up to the door, and uncle Archie assist a lady to alight—a tall, slender, fair-haired woman, of whom one could only see as yet that she wore a close-fitting tailor-made traveling dress, had a gauzy veil about her face and throat, and moved up the steps with languid grace.
 At the first glance, I thought uncle Archie looked even less like a bridegroom than I had imagined him; his handsome face had a worn, anxious, haggard expression I did not remember seeing there before; but I suppose had been a little anxious as to his reception; for, as his eyes fell on mother's pretty smiling face, with its look of eager and ungrudging welcome, his own brightened and he came toward us with a haste that left his bride lagging several paces behind.
 "Gertrude, this is kind—this good of you indeed!" he cried with grateful fervor. "I hardly expected this!"
 He broke off there; for the slender graceful figure stood beside him now, and a little rippling silver laugh came from behind the misty veil.
 "Have you forgotten me, Archie?" asked a clear, soprano voice, which, in spite of its silvery tone, was mocking and unsympathetic—or so, at least, it seemed to my sensitive ears; but I may have been wrong, for mother still wore her pleasant welcoming smile, and had evidently suffered no repellent shock.
 "Forgotten you? No!" answered Archie hurriedly. "Gertrude, this is my wife—Estelle. Estelle—Mrs. Walter Gerrard—and my niece Irene."
 The veil was not raised; but the head was bent most gracefully in acknowledgement of the introduction, and, in answer to mother's forward movement, the veiled cheek was presented for the proffered kiss and the clear voice said languidly—
 "Dear Mrs. Gerrard—dear Irene—you are very good! I will thank you presently; but I am so tired now—might I be taken to my room?"
 It was a rebuff, softly spoken, but quite unmistakable. I saw the pretty pink flush on mother's cheeks change suddenly to scarlet; heard uncle Archie's short, impatient sigh; and then I knew low fallacious all our fondly nursed hopes had been—how absurd was the magnanimous position we had taken up.
 One of the servants came forward at a sign from mother, to show Mrs. Gerrard and her maid upstairs; but the new mistress of the hall waved her back, and said, with playful imperiousness, to the tall grey-haired man standing in the background and looking miserably aware of the undignified part he played—
 "No! Come, Archie, you can show me to my rooms!" Then, turning to us with a sudden exaggerated gracious movement, she added sweetly, "I will not say good-by, Mrs. Walter. You will stay and dine with us of course?"

Uncle Archie grew very red, tugged angrily at his gray moustache, and, I am sure, muttered something savage beneath it; but he did not dare to disobey, and meekly followed his tyrant up-stairs, looking so absolutely wretched that I really did not know whether to laugh or cry.
 As for mother, she was literally speechless with indignation. I led her back into the room she had left in such single-hearted good nature a few minutes since, established her in a comfortable chair by the window, poured out a cup of the tea that had been prepared for the travellers and stood ready on the silver tray, and then—rather awkwardly, I fear— essayed to speak a few words of consolation.
 "Never mind, mother," I cried, cheerily, "you behaved beautifully! At least, I was proud of you; and poor uncle Archie was grateful, I am sure."
 "Poor Archie, indeed!" mother echoed, sobbing as she drank her tea. "What can he have possessed himself? What can he have seen in that—that excessively ill-bred and ungracious person to make him marry her?"
 "Oh, hush, mother—it is not fair to judge any one on a first interview!" I said coaxingly. "Mrs. Gerrard may have been cross or tired. We may like her very much on better acquaintance."
 "Never!" mother answered emphatically. "Did you hear her invite us to dinner? Did you hear her call me 'Mrs. Walter' by way of putting me in my place at once? It is of no use talking, Irene—you cannot deceive me! You like her no better than I do—nor never will."
 "At least I shall try for Uncle Archie's sake; and so will you, mother dear. You must not forget our compact of yesterday—you and I against all Ludleigh as the champions of Uncle Archie's choice."
 Mother shook her head and smiled a protesting smile.
 "Do not remind me of that, Irene! I thought myself so magnanimous then; I made so sure that Archie and his wife would be only too glad to avoid family disagreements and accept the olive branch if we extended it; but I see I was only a foolish old woman."
 Uncle Archie came in just then; so she finished the sentence in a hurried whisper, and did her best to smile and look as though everything had gone smoothly and well. But the result was not very successful; and my heart ached for poor uncle, who met our glances with a wistful appealing expression in his kind sorrowful eyes.
 "No, thank you, my dear," he said wearily when I offered him a cup of tea; and I thought as he sat in a low chair with the glow of the sunset falling upon his gray hair and worn face, that I was right in my first idea—whatever else matrimony had done for him, it had certainly aged him by ten years.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Work Among the Lepers.

The publicity recently given to the late Fr. Damien's work among the lepers of the Sandwich islands brings to mind the noble and self-sacrificing heroism of the Catholic sisters of mercy among these people. A recent number of the Honolulu Bulletin gives an account of this:
 "The Rev. Fr. Leonor of the Roman Catholic mission visited America in 1883 to seek out a sister for the management of work among the sick people generally, including the care of the Wailuku hospital, but especially among the lepers of this country. He applied to over 50 orders, and Superior General Marianne of the Franciscan order at Syracuse, N. Y., was the first to offer herself for the most attractive station. This mother even eagerly embraced the commission, bringing six sisters with her. Upon her original term of enlistment expiring, the Rev. Mother Marianne, at her own earnest solicitation, was retained at the head of the work of charity, for this purpose resigning her high office of superior general of the order. The sisterhood have charge of the Bishop home (founded by the Hon. C. R. Bishop) on Mo'ohai, and lately two sisters have gone over from Honolulu to assist the mother in the care of the boys' home. There are 54 girls now in the Bishop home, who by excellent behavior show appreciation of the benefits of the institution. The boys' home, having over 100 motherless boys, will no doubt soon, under the additional help referred to, be reported as a model of comfort, cleanliness and neatness. Consider these ladies, reared with tender care amid the refinements of wholesome society up to the age of discretion, leaving the quiet seclusion of their chosen convent homes, among scenes to which nature attached them, and of disposing of the rest of their lives in the fetid atmosphere of a leper house in a strange land. This they do for the mitigating of the sufferings of the unfortunate people smitten with the hope-dying plague. Father Damien was a spiritual comforter to these people, hence his duties did not necessarily bring him into such constant contact with the disease as that to which these sisters are subjected. Their ministrations being devoted chiefly to the alleviation of bodily pain and discomfort, and they will naturally be exposed to the greatest danger of infection.

Senator Hoar delivered an address on Canadian annexation before the Massachusetts club in which he took the ground that it is unwise to discuss too frequently the question of annexation, and declared that in the fullness of time the result would be attained. He said that Great Britain is trying to make of Canada a link in the great chain which she is weaving around the planet for commercial and military purposes.

Hibbard's Strengthening and Rheumatic Plasters.

ARE A REVELATION TO THE WORLD, AND ARE THE ONLY GENUINE RHEUMATIC PLASTERS.

Nine-tenths of all troubles which require the aid of plasters are rheumatic in their nature. A change of weather or a sudden draught causes a cold which develops into muscular and that into inflammatory rheumatism. And yet, there has never been such a thing as a distinctly rheumatic and strengthening plaster, and hundreds have died suddenly where rheumatism has attacked the heart, whose lives might have been saved had this plaster been applied in season. They are constructed on purely scientific principles and are purely vegetable.

Prepared by Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich.

Emperor William of Germany has just become an active member of the Goethe society, which has its headquarters at Weimar.

Hark! the sound of many voices
 Jubilant in gladdest song,
 And full many a heart rejoices
 As the chorus floats along:
 "Hail the Favorite Prescription!"
 How the happy voices blend,
 "Wouldst thou thy head despoil of—
 Woman's best and truest friend."
 Well may it be called woman's best friend, since it does for her what no other remedy has been able to do. It cures all these delicate derangements and weaknesses peculiar to females. Cures them, understands! Other preparations may afford temporary relief, but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription effects a permanent cure. It is guaranteed to do this, or the money paid for it will be promptly refunded. It is the great remedy of the age.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

A Chinese doctor in San Francisco is said to enjoy an income from the practice of his profession of \$8,000 per month. He has been in America nearly thirty years, and many Caucasians are among his patients.

An English paper states that some days ago there was an earthquake at Warsaw in which lasted four centuries. The suit was over a forty-acre piece of uncultivated land. It was commenced in 1490, and, curiously enough, brought to an end by amicable arbitration.

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.

James Lester, a veteran of the war of 1812, is thought to be the oldest pensioner in Connecticut. He lives at Lyme and is in his ninety-ninth year.

Old smokers prefer "Tansill's 1 inch" Cigar.

Mr. Cunningham-Graham will soon move in parliament that after the death of the queen the kingdom shall be abolished and a radical democracy be established in England.

All that we can say as to the merits of Dobbin's Electric Soap, pales into nothingness before the story it will tell you itself, of its own perfect quality, if you will give it one trial. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

James Russell Lowell says he is glad to get back to his old London quarters in Radnor place—and right from Boston, too! This is worse than changing one's religion.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for coughs and colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and \$1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

Four tramps were put up at public auction in Missouri, the purchaser of each being entitled to his services for four months. Two of them brought \$3 each, one 75 cents, and no bidders for the fourth.

A Fancy Date.

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 shining ribbons of steel. It was a railroad. Thronged with people whirled past him in luxurious cars, and he laid upon them in the mystic legend: "Wisconsin Central!"

In her breach of promise suit against Charles Ray, Hannah Jeffreys, a Hartford domestic, said he was the seventh chap who had promised to marry her and then went back on his word.

Clark & Anderson's Luck.

Omaha (Neb.) Bee, August 18:
 "There's luck in odd numbers," said Rory O'More, and Rory might have added that occasionally an even number strikes it rich. Clark & Anderson, proprietors of the Monitor Restaurant, 604 South Thirtieth street, think so at least; for they held one-fourth of ticket No. 15,169 in the July drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, and when the wheel stopped it was found that 15,169 had drawn \$50,000, hence their share was \$12,500.
 It happened this way, I said. Mr. Anderson to a reporter, "Clark and I were not very well fixed, and I remarked one evening let us invest \$5 in the Louisiana State Lottery. I was in favor of buying five tickets, but he said: 'No; let us buy a fourth, and if we win we will get something.' So we purchased. I looked anxiously for the list, and when it came and I found we had won I was actually paralyzed. We collected the money through the Pacific express, and it came to hand as promptly as if it had been one of Jay Gould's checks were getting cashed. No, we are not going to Europe; we will stay right here, put a little more money into our business and see if we cannot increase our gains. As a matter of fact the cash will help us out amazingly."

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

As iron expands with the heat the Eiffel tower is said to be five inches taller when the temperature is high than it is in the cool of the day.

Ely's Cream Balm
 WILL CURE
 CATARRH
 OF THE
 EYE
 IN
 10
 DAYS
 Price 50 Cents.
 Apply to each nostril.
 ELY BROS., 56 Warron St., N. Y.

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

Low Wallace says there is more pleasure for him in a day's literary work than in a generation of politics.

F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O. Proprietors of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by druggists, 75c.

Bridge Over the Indus.

The Sukkur or Lansdowne bridge, recently erected over the River Indus, has a main span made up of two cantilevers of 310 feet each and a suspended truss of 200 feet making a total span of 820 feet, the longest of its character in the world. The Indian Engineer says that in this long span, weighing 3,300 tons, the expansion between the abutments amounts to nearly 8 inches, and the nose of the cantilever moves horizontally up and down stream about 2 inches in the course of each day as the one side or the other of the bridge is exposed to the direct rays of the sun. This bridge has, beside the great span, three others of 278 feet, 288 feet, and 94 feet respectively, of ordinary girders resting on piers founded on the rock. Work was commenced in 1883-4, and all except the main span was finished in March, 1885. The stazing for the main span was started January 18, 1889 and was finished January 30; erection was commenced February 5. The engineer was Sir A. M. Rendel, and the builders were Westwood & Baillie, of Poplar, London. The total cost of the whole bridge was \$1,528,800. It carries the Indian State Railway over the Indus River.

An Important Discovery.

Bliffers (reading)—"Science now recognizes a condition called 'intoxication by radiation.' Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim had touched nothing alcoholic, but had simply been in the company of drinkers."
 Whiffers—"Gee Wilkins! Cut that out. I want to show it to my wife."
 —New York 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.

A monstrosity in the shape of a calf with four eyes, four nostrils and four ears, and which like a fish, is exciting the citizens of Jennings township, Fayette county, Ind.

DR. JACOBS OIL
 THE GREAT
 REMEDY FOR PAIN
 CURES PERMANENTLY
Lumbago
 SOLD BY
 Druggists and Dealers.
 THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE GOD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES
 ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.

It is so digested that the most delicate stomach can take it.

Remarkable as it is, it is not a medicine. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
 is acknowledged by Physicians to be the finest and most perfect preparation for the relief of
 CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, AND CHRONIC COUGHS.
 ALL DRUGGISTS, SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR
 IS A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFLIGATE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, AND IRRREGULAR MENSTRUATION.

IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED.
 BOOK "TO WOMAN" MAILED FREE.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA GA.
 SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"OHIO"
 TUBULAR WELL AND PROSPECTING MACHINE famous for excellence where others have failed.

SELF-CLEANING.
 Drills 60 to 90 times a minute.

CATALOGUE FREE.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH OF THE EYE IN 10 DAYS. Price 50 Cents. Apply to each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warron St., N. Y.

WANTED TO SOLICIT ORDERS FOR REFRIGERATE NURSERY
 J. H. HUNTER, 100 N. Main St., Chicago, Ill. (This house is reliable.)

JOSEPH H. HUNTER

Frosted feet may be cured in one or two days by the use of Salvation Oil, the great pain destroyer. For sale at all druggists 25 cents.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage receives \$50 for each lecture he delivers on his present tour.

Our local politicians are making active arrangements for the next campaign. They ordered a box of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and feel confident and happy.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
EPPS'S COCOA
 BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which will save us many doctors' bills. It is a by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every attack of disease. Hundreds of subtle malarious taints floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may conquer this enemy by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure Cocoa and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*
 Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pounds. Beware of cheap imitations. **JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.**

SICK HEADACHE
 Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Headache. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nauzea, Dizziness, Nervous Brovwnness, Head-ache, Sick-ness, Colic, &c. Do not touch anything in the Month, Count, Tongue, Pain in the Side, or the Liver. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
 CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
 Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ERTEL'S VICTOR
HAY PRESS
 Most rapid, durable and economical. So warranted or no sale. Capacity six to two tons per hour. Descriptive circulars free.
 GEO. ERTEL & CO., Manfrs. Quincy, Ill., or La Crosse, Wis.

CHAMPION BALING PRESSES.
TAR-OID
 A new method of compounding Tar.
SURE CURE FOR PILES, SALT RHEUM
 and all skin diseases. Send 3 stamps for full particulars. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50c. **Manfrs. HESS & CO., Agents, Des Moines, Ia.**

DROPSY
 TREATED FREE.
 Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands cases. Cure patients pronounced hopeless by the best physicians. From first done symptoms rapid relief. Remedies used in less than 24 hours all symptoms are removed. Send for free book of testimonials of miraculous cures. Full details furnished free by mail. If you order trial, send 10 cents in stamps to pay postage. DILL, H. H. 211 East 11th St., St. Paul, Minn. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF COAT
 This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the World.
 Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Price, A. J. Tower, Boston.

JOHN V. MORRIS'S PENNYROYAL PILLS.
 Red Cross Diamond Brand.
 The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand. Beware of cheap imitations, and with hucksters. Take no other. Send 6 stamps for full particulars. Write for "Ladies'" in letter, by mail, name, address. **J. H. MORRIS, Manfrs., Philadelphia, Pa.**

JOHN V. MORRIS'S
 PENNYROYAL PILLS.
 The only reliable pill for sale. Safe and sure. Ladies, ask Druggist for the Diamond Brand. Beware of cheap imitations, and with hucksters. Take no other. Send 6 stamps for full particulars. Write for "Ladies'" in letter, by mail, name, address. **J. H. MORRIS, Manfrs., Philadelphia, Pa.**

CALLOS CURERS
 It is the only remedy Guaranteed by Contract, signed and executed before a Notary Public, and is the only of the law, to Permanently Cure all disorders of the feet, caused by salt rashes or excessive and untimely work. Send for particulars. **The Von Mohl & Co.'s American Agents, Cincinnati, O.**

BASE BALL
 7 in x 5 in, 30 pages. Contains all the information and applications enclosed one (1) sent free. Apply by addressing **Theodore Holland, P. O. Box 120, Third-Park St., N. Y.**

SHREWD MEN who know what's what "want to handle our extra 'best' cigars. We have the only extra 'best' cigars in the city. Particulars free to right parties. Express only. Name our new 'best' cigars. Address, **'XO L'LOI EN-GLAVING CO., 226 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ills.**

Home Study Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Spelling, etc. taught by mail. Low rates. Circulars free. **RYAN'S COLLEGE, 41 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.**

OPPIUM Exhibit. The only certain relief for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. **W. N. U., D.—VII—41.**

MAGIC REMEDY will cure Blood Poison where other remedies fail. Guaranteed. Sent only by Cook (Kenedy) Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

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

AROUND THE STATE.

Robert M. Kohler of North Branch died on Sunday of an abscess. He was a German and one of the oldest and most prominent farmers in the vicinity.

The Standard coal mine, west of Jackson is filled with water, and all efforts to pump it out have thus far been unavailing. About 50 miners are idle.

Frank Everest and Chelora Camfield were out hunting rabbits near Pine Grove on Sunday, when Everest accidentally shot Camfield, killing him instantly.

The expenses incurred in the trial and conviction of R. Irving Latimer, the matricide, as presented to the board of supervisors Monday, amounts to 1,586.95.

The Detroit, Lansing & Northern depot at Portland was entered Monday night by burglars. The safe was cracked and \$75 secured. Other buildings were entered. There is clue to the burglars.

Cynthia B. Jones, aged 60 years, a book agent from Chicago, was found dead Monday noon last at Dr. Tuttle's in Jackson with morphine on her tongue and lips. Poverty was probably the cause of the suicide.

C. H. Blashfield, a teamster of Battle Creek, took three ounces of landanum Monday and died the next morning. Family troubles is supposed to have caused the deed. He left a letter directing the final disposal of the body.

Mrs. John Obery of Negaunee committed suicide by cutting her throat with a case knife Monday evening. She had been sick with typhoid fever for the past five weeks and became despondent. She leaves a husband and one son.

Griffith's flouring mill at Pickford has been burned to the ground. The mill had only been in operation a few days. Fire is supposed to have caught from the furnace. There was considerable grain in the building, all of which was destroyed. The mill was not insured.

Herman Blashfield of Battle Creek aged 40 years of age, who had been deserted by his wife and children, committed suicide on Sunday night by taking landanum at the home of his sister in that city. He left a note intimating that financial discouragement has caused the act.

Geo. Davis, the young Clio horse thief, who has kept the Ingham and Genesee county officers busy during the last two weeks, was taken to Lansing Monday for trial in the circuit court. Tuesday afternoon he became violently insane in the city jail, and throw the officers about right and left. He will probably be taken to an asylum.

Forest fires are raging about Coleman to an alarming degree and much anxiety is felt. Saturday, as John McDonald was driving to town, accompanied by his little son, a burning tree fell on them, knocking McDonald out of the wagon and killing the boy. Mr. McDonald's injuries are very severe, but he will probably recover.

A cave-in occurred in one of the Jackson mines shortly after 1 o'clock Monday. The heavy timbers were crushed by the weight of the superincumbent mass of rock and sand, and gave way without warning. Jerry Thomas and Frank Bamford were caught under the rock. Thomas was rescued, badly hurt, a few hours later, and Bamford was taken out dead that evening.

Last February Wm. Wiard was sent to Iona for twenty days for stealing clover seed. His wife went to live at the home of her brother-in-law at Okemos. Monday Wiard hid in the brother-in-law's barn, and when George Groye, the hired man, entered struck him savagely over the head with an iron bar, presumably mistaking him for his relative, Wiard fled as soon as he discovered his mistake. Grove will recover.

Michigan's latest boom town is Nessan City, in Benzie county. Less than three months ago where the town now is, there stood a thick, dense forest. The trees of the forest have been sawed up and shipped away; the stumps dug up; streets laid out and houses built. The town now can boast of a hardwood sawmill giving employment to forty men and boys daily; a new flouring mill is being erected at a cost of \$10,000; a general merchandise store is doing a good business and more coming.

Eighty of the calvary riders who followed Custer during the war met in Lansing Tuesday and held their first reunion. They are the remnants of the noted Seventh Michigan Cavalry. A business session was held Tuesday afternoon and the following regimental officers elected: President, Jas. L. Carpenter, Blissfield; secretary, J. Q. A. Sessions, Ann Arbor; treasurer, George P. Cobb, Bay City. A vice-president was also chosen from each of the twelve companies of the regiment. The reunion ended with a camp fire the same evening.

The trial of Reimund Holzhey, highwayman, murderer and general desperado, will occur at the term of the Circuit court to be held at Bessemer next week. Prosecuting Attorney Howell will conduct the case for the state, Henry J. Gerphede, of Chicago, and T. C. Chamberlain, Bessemer, will conduct the defense. There will be plenty of money spent by the defense and it is strongly hinted that a large sum has been raised by thugs and toughs of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan to keep the champion desperado of the district from state prison.

A Santa Fe engine, No. 631, which had been leased by the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railway, blew up at Battle Creek, at 4:40 Tuesday morning, two miles west of Haskell's, killing the fireman, John Hadden, instantly, and scalding the engineer, Thomas Callahan, so seriously that he will die. Hadden is a native of Canada, coming from near Stratford. Callahan's relatives live at Flint. Both were single men, living in this city. Hadden was blown out of the cab and over a fence. The body will be brought to this city and forwarded to Canada for burial. Callahan was taken to Valparaiso, Ind., where he lies in an unconscious condition. His mother, sister and brother, passed through the city on their way to Valparaiso this afternoon.

Paladn Waakly Blade!

1889.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

The most popular Weekly Newspaper in the United States, the largest circulation, and the only strictly Weekly that ever succeeded in obtaining and holding year after year a circulation in every state and territory (and nearly every county) of the United States. All the news, best departments and more first-class, entertaining and instructive reading than in any other dollar paper published.

Announcement Extraordinary.

In December we shall commence publication of one of the most powerful temperance serial story of modern times. The well known author of the Boy Traveler series of books, Col. Thos. W. Knox, is now engaged in writing this story, for which we pay a royal sum. We want this story to have the large circulation it deserves. In the interest of humanity, parents should see that their children read it, and especially the young men of every community in this broad land should be urged by those who have an interest in them to read this story. The other features of the WEEKLY BLADE need not be stated here. They are well known. Send for a free sample copy and see for yourself.

Speaking of Specimen Copies

We invite every reader of this paper and every reader of this county, to write us for two specimen copies. First, write us a postal card immediately for a specimen copy of the WEEKLY BLADE that you may get a full description of Knox's temperance serial story, "THE TOTALLER DICK." Second, write us again about December 1st for another free specimen of the BLADE, and we will send you a paper containing the opening chapters of the story. Send the names and addresses of all your friends and neighbors at the same time.

Confidential to Agents.

Anybody can earn TEN DOLLARS VERY quickly by raising clubs for the BLADE. We are now paying the highest amount for clubs ever offered by any newspaper. We want agents everywhere. Write us for confidential terms to agents. Address,

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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, Wiley 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, Michigan, and Huron and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1, A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in Liber 38 of mortgages, at page 329, on November 8, 1880, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred and ninety-eight hundred and thirty dollars (\$598.30), 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. N. B. HASKELL, Mortgagee. P. S. WHEAT Attorney for Mortgagee.

A FEW FACTS!

There is a Great Advantage in Buying where you have the Largest Stock to select from.

The chances of securing What you Want and at the Prices you Want to Pay are greatly increased. The store selling the most goods gets the lowest prices in buying.

The firm that buys goods up into the thousands can buy much cheaper than one buying a few hundred.

It is therefore not necessary to emphasize the fact that if you are in want of BOOTS, SHOES, SOCKS, FELTS and RUBBERS there is no place where you can do better as the following prices will show:

Men's Boots at \$1.75 and upwards.
" Calf Boots 2.00 "
Women's Lace Shoes 1.00 "
" Button Shoes 1.00 "
CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House,
CASS CITY.

NEW FALL GOODS,

Our Fall Stock of Cloaks will arrive this week, and we Invite you to Call and Examine our Line and get our Prices.

2 MACKS 2.

WALL PAPER!

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

SCHOOL BOOKS!

A full line of of Harpers' books always on hand.

BLANK BOOKS!

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

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

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

CITY DRUG STORE.

Residence over store.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

GENERAL STORE

—OF—

J. C. LAING'S -

IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

CLOSING OUT SALE.

The undersigned having decided to go out of the merchantile business offer their

ENTIRE STOCK

of merchandise and store fixtures, also one span of mares, 5 yrs old.

Any person wishing any thing in the above line will do well to call and see the firm of

HOLMES BROS.

P. S.—All parties owing the firm are requested to call and settle the same at once, and all parties holding due bill are requested to present the same at once.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS 30

We will sell to our patrons one pound of Un-colored Japan "T" for

TWENTY CENTS

The same tea we have been selling for 25 cents.

CALL and get a pound.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

ATTENTION.

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

HOWE & BIGELOW.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

—OF—

Seed Drills, Harrows, Plows, Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER.

He can Supply your Wants.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 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. Deeds, mortgages, etc. Notary Public. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

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

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

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

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

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

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING, 142 IV. Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE—A coal stove in good order. Enquire of W. I. Frost, or of Howe & Bigelow, 7-9-2 wks.

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

FOR SALE—One new milk cow, horse or horses to exchange for extra or other stock. S. J. MARSHMAN.

FOR SALE—Three Shropshire-Cotswold male lambs, fit for service. Price from \$3 to \$5 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 KRAPE, 1 mile north and 1/2 mile west of Cass City. 10-18-2 wks.

POST—A pocketbook, between Cass City and Malone McIntyre's, 1 mile west and 1 mile north of Chamber. Finder will please leave the same at this office or with E. L. ROBINSON, Cass City. 8-20th.

FOR SALE—The drug store in Kingston occupied by Chas. L. Somer, and the ground upon which the same stands. Will sell on reasonable terms. For further information call on or address H. H. MILLER, Kingston, Mich. 9-11-2 wks.

POST—About three weeks ago, ten sheep and a cow 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. Striffler, of Cass City, of the same, will be liberally rewarded. FRED BERN, 10-18-2 wks. Cass City.

THE BEST GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY

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

CLEANING REPAIRING

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 dollars, 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 difference 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 assortment 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., Buffalo, N. Y.

Aug. 3, 1889.

Licensed to Wed.

- The following are the marriage licenses furnished us by the county clerk for the week ending October 23: Geo. H. Turner, Almer, 24; Maggie Church, Juniata, 20; Augustus Feesler, Ellington, 39; Ella M. Darbee, 32; Wm. Sampson, Akron, 28; Ida Kinckerbocker, Akron, 21; Lawson M. Brumley, East Dayton, 30; Anna J. Johnson, East Dayton, 29; Walter E. Castle, Watertown, 26; Fanny Webster, Burlington, 23; Gabriel G. Dufort, Akron, 26; Cora Hemenway, Wisner, 19; John Bosman, Jr., Caro, 33; Louisa McKinnon, Caro, 19; Wm. Harrington, Reese, 26; May Doone, Reese, 22; Merton Harris, West Fremont, 21; Clell Raymond, East Dayton, 21; Alva L. Murpley, Arabela, 20; Ella M. Player, Akron, 20; J. K. Gibson, Juniata, 53; Maggie J. Daub, Juniata, 49; Franklia Truax, Fremont, 27; Mina Anger, Mayville, 29; Lewis C. Sloat, Juniata, 23; Lettie Blackmore, Mayville, 17.

All parties having claims or due bills against the firm of Holmes Bros., are requested to present the same on or before the 21st day of October.

All parties owing the firm of Holmes Bros., are requested to call and settle on or before the 21st day of October. Boys going to the woods, E. F. Marr, Cass City, can save you money on your underwear and heavy goods. Give him a chance.

Overalls for 25 cents, a good working shirt for 25 cents, a child's wool hat for 25 cents, men's stiff hats for 25 cents, men's suits for \$3.00, in the way goods are selling at E. F. Marr's Cass City.

When visiting town please call and shake hands with E. F. Marr, the hustling Cass City clothier, Cass City, Mich.

Call in and see if I lie when I say that I have the largest and most complete stock in the county, and prices, yum! yum! so low. E. F. MARR.

Those Pulch cloaks at E. F. Marr's are the nicest I ever saw, and oh, how cheap.

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.

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.

Remarkable Rescue. Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a helpless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well and now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Fritz Bros' Drugstore, large bottles 50c. and \$1.00.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS! Crisp and Spicy News Gathered by the Corps of Correspondents of the Enterprise.

CUMBER. Miss Jennie Hord, of Strathroy, who has spent the summer with her uncle, M. McIntyre, returned home this week.

T. M. Bradshaw made a trip to Coldwater this week. He was placing the Ball children in the Orphans' home of that city.

Forest fires are raging in this vicinity. Mrs. A. Caruthers arrived home Saturday evening from Canada, where she has been making an extended visit with her parents.

Robt. McDonald, of Port Huron, is doing a rushing real estate business here. He wishes to announce to any one desiring a farm, that he can suit them, and that he can be found at T. M. Bradshaw's any time.

The M. E. church realized \$20. from the oyster supper Friday eve. The crowd was not as large undoubtedly as it would have been, had the farmers not been in so much danger from the forest fires. Those that were there seemed satisfied with the entertainment provided.

The crumb social on Saturday evening took the "cake" for fun, everyone enjoying themselves immensely. The most laughable features of the evening were the songs given by "Irish Jim" and the Cumber minstrels. It showed us very plainly that we have great talent in our own neighborhood. "Irish Jim's" performance provoked streams of laughter from the audience.

CREEL. Al. Ross is on the sick list.

D. Pherson entertained the boys to a logging bee on Monday.

C. S. Graves and daughter Emily, of Owendale, visited Cass City Saturday.

Jim McAllister and Johnnie Gillies, are both suffering from malarial fever.

Mr. Chrisholm's family was in Cass City Friday, getting their physiog taken.

Wm. Bures visited Kilmanagh on Saturday last with an eye to commissionership.

Ronald, Gage's own's enterprising miller was in this place on Friday, hunting for teams to haul wood.

James Chisholm has purchased a handsome 2 year old horse from Wm. Bures, for the sum of \$130.

A logging bee at Ralph Ballagh's on Friday of last week. The boys stacked up seven acres in good shape.

John Campbell has a new man loading lumber at Owendale the past week. W. P. Bloom of Cass City attends to the culling part.

Johnson boys have purchased a complete threshing outfit, and are now on the war path for threshing and hulling clover. Success boys, for such enterprise.

OWENDALE.

The wife of W. Woodrow, of this place, died on Tuesday of last week after a short illness.

James McAllister, who has been sick for the past three weeks with malarial fever, has fully recovered so as to be around once more.

Miss Catharine J. Gill was married on Wednesday of last week, to W. L. Harder, of Fair Haven, by the Rev. N. B. Andrews, of Cass City.

Miss A. McKeo returned home after a seven months visit in Ontario. Her sister Maggie accompanied her on a visit to her parental home.

The health officer, we understand, has made several reports of typhoid fever to the state health officer, as well as other contagious diseases.

The trustees of Presbyterian church are about to put on an addition to the same, as we notice a large amount of building material going from this place.

Business is dull just now owing to the mill being shut down for the winter. More news next week and something about the new railroad and the prosperity of Owendale.

One or two of our citizens have caught the western fever, and when it arrives at a certain pitch, they will not try to shake it off until they arrive in Washington Territory.

Thomas Hughes, aged 5 years, son of R. Hughes of this town, fell from the top of a fence on Monday evening last receiving bodily injuries to such an extent that he died in two hours afterwards.

The installation of the Rev. N. B. Andrews, as pastor of the Presbyterian church, took place on Wednesday of last week. Rev. Hill, of Vassar, and Rev. Boyd, of Sheridan, officiated. Rev. Hillas, of Gagetown, was also present and took part in the opening exercises.

Your newsy, breezy, spunk, clean-rim paper, comes to us weekly, like a nice, clean white necktie "dominee." First, I merely glance at the locals; second, to see what is the golden text for this week, but nothing for the young and prosperous little village of Owendale, nor yet Brookfield, except some gleamings from little Creel. Now Mr. Editor, I think that Owendale is entitled to a representative through the columns of the Enterprise, owing to the number of readers up here, and throughout the township, it has many warm friends, who are desirous to see it prosper and the township fairly represented through its columns.

GRANT.

Mr. Archer done up the outside finishing on Tom Walters' house.

That was right John, stick up for yourself. We are no summer coons, you bet.

Tony Doerr went to Bay City with his dressed hogs, for which he realized \$6.00 per cwt.

A number of our boys are off to the lumber woods, taking with them their violins.

Karr's Corners was lively on Sunday last, because the new M. E. church was opened at that place.

Very dry weather at present, but it is expected that we will have a spell of wet weather very soon.

Jas. Russell, of Elkland, makes us a friendly call once and a while, and is a welcome visitor. Call again, James.

The man that talks to himself will not quarrel with his companions about the subject of which he is talking about.

A cheap way to take a newspaper is to call at the postoffice and ask for some persons paper, and take it home and keep it.

Horace Richards is acting as foreman for E. Morrison at present. Keep out of his way Elias, or he will run over you over in Brookfield.

A. Martin has rented Thos. Walters' house for this winter. Ab. can't go to the lumber woods this winter, for you know it would be so lonely at home.

Frank Richards, of Grant, says he would like to shake hands with that Frank Richards of Caro. Call around, Caro Frank, until we see who you are.

The school difficulty was settled on the 19th, to the discomfiture of the non-residents. Everybody can't break up the school laws to suit their own conveniences.

The Howlets can be heard every night which means a storm is coming before long, and we have no doubt but what it will be a wet rain, although we have heard of dry rain.

The saddest thing we ever read of in the history of any town or village was that of the young molder of Cass City, John Finnegan. It is no wonder the poor boy said before he died, "Oh boy's this is hard."

There is on Mrs. R. E. Gables 80, a splendid never-failing spring of mineral water, which has been neglected, and is now in an awful condition. There is water enough flows from it to supply the whole neighborhood, both man and bet.

Mr. Eyers' cow strayed from Gagetown back to her old home, where he found her. He had quite a hunt before he found her, traveling from Creel to Brookfield, and then to W. Richard's in Grant. It seems as if there is no place like home.

Look out over there in Brookfield or some one may give you the slip before long, as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and if it should happen, some one will be going around like a motherless child, with the under lip hanging down below the chin.

GAGETOWN.

Miss Gage, of Detroit, is visiting at this place.

Tuesday night, Maggie B., wife of Wm. Eyre died. Cause of death, dropsy and kidney trouble.

The old red building is being repaired preparatory to being occupied by Hookins for tonsorial rooms.

Pat Quinn, of Elmwood, came to town last week and was arrested and fined for being disorderly.

The funeral of Richard Hughes' little boy, who fell from the fence and died shortly afterward, was held on Wednesday.

At the last meeting of village council, Louis Leonhard was appointed president, to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of E. Robertson.

5,000 Agents Our Country's Future Wanted For

A bright, new book embodying reliable opinions from 100 of our National Leaders, including Bishop Foss, Miss Willard, Pres't Harrison, Ex-Pres't Cleveland, Bishop Foster, Cardinal Gibbons, Talmage, Powderly and others concerning Marriages; Divorce; for Woman's Sake; Rum Power; Labor; National Defence; Rights and wrongs of the Farmer; Immigration, Annexation; Speculation; Great Dragon Trusts; Sorrows of the City Poor; Our Country's Great Concerns; etc. Endorsed by the Pres't. Selling immensely. Rare chance for widespread success. Act at once and write for terms and outfit, INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 134 East Van Buren Street, Chicago.

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

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

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

DRUGS, DRUGS! Come to Fritz Bros. for pure drugs and patent medicines. New and fresh supply received every week. The best quality of insect powder and all vermin exterminator, Chemicals, pure Cream of Tartar, Mustard and essential oils. Also School Books blank Books, Tablets, and Stationary of all kinds. Students remember us when in need of anything in the line. Special attention given to the filling of prescriptions. Farmers bring your receipts to FRITZ BROS., DRUGGISTS.

A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER

By Buying Your Hardware, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, PAINTS, OILS, PUMPS, ANVILS, NAILS, ETC., OF J. L. HITCHCOCK.

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

GREAT REDUCTION SALE AT

A. FRUTCHEYS, DEFORD, MICH.

Having sold my property in Deford to a couple 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, GROCERIES, 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 distinction of Cheap Clothing and CLOTHING CHEAP.

The City is full of the former, but there is little of the latter.

WE HAVE CORRECT CLOTHING FOR ALL MEN A BOY'S CLOTHING SUITABLE FOR ALL OCCASIONS AND OCCUPATIONS.

Never have better goods been shown, nor a greater variety 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, PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop.

Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES, MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILDING STONE.

I carry the largest stock of Monuments in eastern Michigan, and I can furnish the best goods for the least money of any dealer in Michigan. Correspondence solicited. J. L. HITCHCOCK. WORKS; 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street

DAVY CROCKETT.

The Man Who "Could Whip His Weight in Wild-Cats."

The recent celebration of the anniversary of the birth of Davy Crockett has attracted public attention to one of the most remarkable men who ever lived in this state, says the writer in the Nashville American.

In looking through an old scrap-book to-day I found several copies of the Ariel, a literary and critical gazette published in Philadelphia. The number of Jan. 23, 1829, contains the following story of Davy Crockett, which may not prove uninteresting just at this time:

"Davy Crockett, a Tennessee member of congress—the facetious Mr. K. of Ohio tells a good story in which this congressman from the wild woods of Tennessee figures as the hero. The reader will suppose Davy returned from the first session he had the honor of representing the people in congress. He is to suppose, further, that Davy has fallen in with a number of his constituents at a raising and is giving them an account of his visit to the president."

"The first thing I did," said Davy, "after I got to Washington was to go to the president's house. Thinks I, who's afraid? If I didn't I wish I may be shot. Says I, 'Mr. Adams, I'm Mr. Crockett from Tennessee.' So says he, 'How do you do, Mr. Crockett?' and he shook me by the hand, although he knew I wasn't the whole hog for Jackson. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. Not only that but he sent me a printed ticket to dine with him. I've got it in my pocket yet. If I haven't I wish I may be shot. [Here the printed ticket was exhibited for the admiration of the whole company.] I went to dinner," said Davy, "and walked around the long table looking for something that I liked. At last I took my seat just beside a fat goose, and I helped myself to as much as I wanted. But I hadn't took three bites when I looked away up the table at a man called 'Tash [attaché]. He was talking French to a woman on 't'other side of the table. He dodged his head and she dodged hers, and they got to drinking wine across the table. If they didn't I wish I may be shot. But when I looked back again my plate was gone, goose and all. So I just cast my eyes down to 't'other end of the table and sure enough I seed a white man walking off with my plate. Says I, 'Hello, mister, bring back my plate.' He fetched it back in a hurry, as you may suppose, and when he set it down before me how do you think it was? Licked and clean as my hand. If it wasn't I wish I may be shot. Says he, 'What will you have, sir?' And says I, 'You may well say that after stealing my goose,' and he began to laugh. If he didn't I wish I may be shot. Then says I, 'Mister, laugh if you please, but I don't half like such tricks upon travelers. If I do I wish I may be shot.' I then filled my plate with bacon and greens, and whenever I looked up or down the table I held my plate with my left hand. If I didn't I wish I may be shot. When we were all done eating they cleared everything off the table and took away the table-cloth, and what do you think—there was another table under it. If there wasn't I wish I may be shot. Then I saw a man coming along carrying a glass thing with a glass handle below, full of little glass cups with something in them that looked good to eat. Says I, 'Mister, bring that here.' 'Thinks I, let's taste 'em first. They were mighty sweet and good, and so I took six of 'em. If I didn't I wish I may be damned.'"

The Ariel of Feb. 7, 1829, contains the following: "The Hon. David Crockett, member of congress from Tennessee, who has been made the hero of a most laughable story by a waggyish Kentucky editor, has taken that matter so seriously to heart as to publish certificates of his conduct on the occasion alluded to. Mr. Clark of Kentucky and Mr. Verplanck of New York have both certified that his conduct at the president's house was 'marked with the strictest propriety.'"

The Middlesex Gazette noticing him in the following manner gives something betwix a caricature and a true picture of Mr. Crockett and a large portion of his constituents:

"In some of the western states great muscular force is an indispensable requisite in a successful candidate for public favor. This Mr. Crockett—or, as he is familiarly termed, Davy—possessed in an extraordinary degree, and while his competitor was telling the people of his great merits Davy was giving practical evidence of his by grubbing up stump which two ordinary men would have abandoned in despair. This striking demonstration of statesmanlike qualities was irresistible to the yeomanry of Tennessee and the election of our worthy Davy was carried by acclamation."

"While on his way to Washington he assured his companions that he could wade the Mississippi with a steamboat on his back, whip his weight in wild-cats, and ride a streak of lightning bare-backed." Davy is the man who proposed to whip all the animals in a menagerie, consisting of a lion, a parcel of monkeys, and a zebra. On a certain occasion he said he intended to speak in the house of representative, for he saw no reason for being diffident, as he could flog any man in it."

In this connection it may not be inappropriate to relate an anecdote of Davy which I remember to have read and which has been recently credited to Tom Corwin of Ohio.

EDISON STUMBLED ON IT.

How the Wizard of Menlo Park Happened to Invent the Phonograph.

"I have never seen in print a true account of how Thomas A. Edison first conceived the idea of the phonograph," remarked an electrician who was at one time in the wizard's employ to a New York World reporter. "The phonograph is the wonder of the world, and one of the few inventions which envious rivals have not charged Edison with having stolen. In fact, even his bitterest rivals for fame, all of whom appear to harbor the idea that it is their duty to detract from his reputation for genius and honesty, as a rule concede that Edison did really invent the phonograph. It is an interesting story how he came to invent it. Many years ago, when Edison was still at Menlo Park and working night and day for fame, he devoted months to perfecting the telephone, and undoubtedly did more than any other inventor to make it practical by introducing the carbon plate into the transmitter. While experimenting on diaphragms for the telephone, Edison had constructed a number of small sheepskin drumheads, to test their value as diaphragms as compared with metal and other substances."

"To some of these sheepskin diaphragms he had attached a small metal needle, which was intended to project towards the magnet and assist in conveying the vibrations caused by the human voice. The sheepskin diaphragms did not fulfill Edison's expectations and he discarded them and, as usual with appliances he decides to be useless, they were thrown aside to be removed with other rubbish."

"His assistants soon discovered that by holding the sheepskin diaphragms in front of their mouths and emitting a guttural sound between the lips a peculiar noise approaching music could be produced. It was something similar to the alleged music produced by covering a comb with thin paper and humming a tune on it. In passing one of the men engaged in playing on a diaphragm one day, Edison playfully attempted to stop the noise by touching the projecting metal pin with his finger, and no sooner had he done so than he gave one of his peculiar starts. 'Eh! What's that?' said he, which so astonished the performer that he dropped the diaphragm. 'Do that again,' said the 'Wizard,' and it was repeated, and again his finger touched the pin to his evident delight. He went about for sometime asking one after another of his assistants to hum or sing against the diaphragm, and finally he got them talking against it, he all the time touching the pin lightly with his finger."

"I have it," said he, finally, and he retired to his den and commenced drawing diagrams for new machinery, which his assistants speedily made, and a few days later the first phonograph was put together. It was a crude affair, the pin making an impression on wax and it talked imperfectly, but it did well enough to show Edison that he was on the right track, and he rapidly improved it until now it is very nearly perfect. A hundred men might have felt the vibration of that pin attached to the piece of sheepskin, but it took an Edison to instantly realize that the vibrations might be made to indent a soft substance and be susceptible of reproducing the exact sounds of the human voice that caused the different vibrations. The phonograph was regarded as a toy at first, but it sold for a million dollars recently."

"Faded Hopes."

"I'd like to ask you, sir," said the young man, in hesitating tones, "might I—might I—marry your daughter?"

"Humph," replied her father. "You might."

"Thanks, sir."

"You might, I repeat, but it would be one of the most inexplicable accidents that ever happened in this county."

Vegetables and Fruit.

People need to be frequently reminded of the fact that if they make a practice of using a variety of vegetables and fruit as a part of their ordinary diet, the doctor will not be needed to prescribe for them so frequently. Asparagus is a strong diuretic and forms part of the cure for rheumatic patients at such health resorts as Aixles-Bains. Parsley is also useful as a diuretic, and those requiring such aid should make free use of it. Carrots are understood by the peasants of Savoy to be a specific for jaundice, and, although they are thought to be hard of digestion, it is only the yellow ones that are so. Onions are admitted to be rich in those alkaline elements which counteract the poison of rheumatic gout, and people who are of studious or sedentary habits should make a free use of them. Gently stewed and served with other vegetables. The stalks of the cauliflower, if properly cooked, also serve a like purpose. Celery has acquired a great reputation as a remedy for rheumatism, and in many cases has proved beneficial. Many other vegetables are useful, not only for their special medicinal properties, but as general regulators of the bowels and as correctives, and without they contain valuable elements of nutrition which should commend them, apart from every other consideration.—Queenslander.

The Doctor's Lamb.

A doctor had a little lamb
That close to him did stick, sir;
One day he slew that little lamb
And made his famed elixir.

He said a wondrous drop or two
Kept old folks young and slick, sir;
And then he tried it on a few,
Who have since been deathly sick, sir.

Why He Was Glad.

"Cholly," said one dry-goods young person to another on the hotel promenade at Bay Ridge, "I'm so glad, doncher know, that they don't have real beer at this place." "Why?" "Because you can get brown-soda-water and look weal devilish and never get a bit drunk, doncherknow."—Washington Capital.

FAMOUS ENGLISH TRAMPS.

Some of the Great Men Who Have Walked a Great Deal.

It is calculated that Wordsworth, in his many years of sauntering, must have traveled a distance of 180,000 miles, says the Youth's Companion. What sights he saw during such prolonged and delightful wanderings only those who have the poet's mind and eye can even guess.

Charles Dickens was a confirmed tramp, and no doubt acquired his experience of "life on the road" from actual acquaintance with all sorts of vagabonds and odd characters, such as frequent town and country lanes and highways.

One of the most remarkable of unprofessional walkers was Prof. Wilson, the "Christopher North" of literature. His fine physique and great endurance prompted him to the performance of wonderful feats, which seemed to him entirely a matter of course. He once walked forty miles in eight hours, and at another time walked from Liverpool to Elloray in twenty-four hours, a distance of eighty miles. It is good to think of the long, unwearying strides with which he spun along, his blood bounding with healthy pulses, and sending invigorating waves to the active brain.

Henry Fawcett also was a tireless walker, and one who when deprived of sight did not for a moment think of relinquishing this among many forms of exercise. His was a familiar figure on the roads about Cambridge, and there is no exaggeration in saying that few men blessed with all their senses could enjoy nature more thoroughly than he.

Southey, worn and preyed upon by mental application and the practical anxieties of every day life, found his greatest relief in tramping about the country, listening to what nature had to tell him and learning contentment from her stability. John Stewart Mill delighted in pedestrian tours, and Charles Lamb, though he loved town better than country, was one who believed in sweeping cobwebs from the brain by brisk and continuous walking.

The Wheel of Fortune.

Life in the metropolis is a large kaleidoscope, full of startling changes. I was riding on a Third Avenue car yesterday when a poor pencil peddler was helped to a seat. I soon observed that he was quite blind in one eye and that the other was affected. He tendered the conductor three pencils instead of a fare and the latter, after some hesitation, generously said: "Keep them; I'll pay your fare myself."

Half a dozen passengers at once offered to pay for him, but the conductor refused, and rung up the fare. The peddler was an intelligent fellow. "Sixteen years ago," said he, "I was in business. I had two liquor stores; one near the Grand Opera House on Sixth Avenue, and another on the east side. I paid \$187.50 a month rent. Over the store was a suite of rooms—a very plain suite, too—occupied by Mr. Grant, the father of Hugh J. Grant. Hugh was a student at St. Francis Xavier College then, and his father, although well off, was far from wealthy. I could draw my check for \$20,000. I had a fall and dislocation; business grew bad; my sight began to fail, and, to make a long story short, here I am at 43 years of age forced to peddle pencils for a living, while the young lad who used to come to the rooms over my store is the Mayor of New York. But I have had my share of the good things of life, and I've seen the best there is in it. There was a time when I seldom missed a merrymaking; and I was in demand among the politicians, too; for there were few of them who didn't know Jim McCue. Now they have all forgotten me. Well, we must all hand in our checks some time, I suppose, and I'm willing, whenever the good Lord is ready."—New York Graphic.

A Snake in a Mowing Machine.

John Serean of Derry township, Westmoreland county, Pa., while mowing grass in his meadow the other day noticed a big blacksnake protruding his head far above the grass. Mr. S. kept his eye on the serpent nearly all the forenoon, but, missing him after awhile, he began to wonder where the reptile had gone, when lo! his mowing machine came to a stand still, and on his making examination as to the cause he discovered the huge blacksnake twined about the cutter-bar, stopping the motion.

The Trouble with College Gifts.

Yale is experiencing a trouble which smaller institutions of learning are familiar with—the tying up of funds given the university so that they are not available for the current expenses and most pressing needs of the institution. Thus three-quarters of a million dollars which Yale has received in the last three years has been devoted to necessary buildings, while hardly a dollar has been given that can be used in paying the salaries of professors, or enlarging the scope of the work done. The man who gives to any college will make no mistake if he do so unconditionally, leaving the money to be applied where it is most needed.—Springfield Rep.

Explicit Directions.—New Hired Man—"How much water do you give the stock?" Dairy Farmer—"Make it half an-half."—Puck.

JERSEY'S CLOSE-FISTED CRESUS.

Economical Ways of John I. Blair, Who Has a Fortune of Forty Millions.

When an examining attorney in a recent litigation put to John I. Blair, the sage of Blairstown, N. J., the question as to the extent of his wealth he blushed, stammered, shuffled uneasily, evaded the inquiry and finally modestly blurted out: "I believe I am worth somewhere between \$40,000,000 and \$60,000,000." That his wealth amounted to not less than the latter figure to-day is beyond doubt says the Philadelphia Record, though he will never speak of his riches unless absolutely forced to do so. Born eighty-seven years ago, the son of a struggling farmer, "lord of his presence and no land beside," by his own individual efforts he has accumulated this enormous fortune, until he is now one of the foremost figures in America's coterie of financial kings. He carries his burden of years with the ease of a vigorous man of threescore, and conducts his business with a shrewdness and foresight that men of half his age may well envy.

His habits of industry are marvellous. Every morning at 5:30 he may be found at his desk—unless, indeed, he is flying away towards Nebraska or Iowa or Kansas, where are located his chief railway concerns. It is nothing to him to pack his shabby gripsack and set out for the west at a moment's notice, travelling day and night until he reaches his destination. He rarely retires before 10 or 11 o'clock, and his entire day is devoted to business. Visitors are always kindly received, and if they have come to ask alms he listens patiently to their tale, and gives as his judgment, tempered with charity, dictates.

At one time Mr. Blair was president of nearly twenty railroad and improvement companies in the west, among them the Fremont, Elk Horn and Missouri Valley, the Missouri Valley and Blair Railway and Bridge Company, the Iowa Falls Contracting Company and the Sioux City and Pacific Land and Town Lot Company.

A hard worker all his life, Blair boasts that he has never attended a horse race or a baseball game, and has only once been at a theater, that being over half a century ago. He has dabbled little in politics, though he is an ardent Republican and contributes heavily to the campaign funds. In 1856 he was induced to run for Governor of New Jersey, and the \$60,000 that the campaign cost him he will never cease to regret. No sooner was his defeat made known than he fiercely declared that he must have that money back by hook or by crook. In less than two months he had gone into a coal pool and cleared exactly \$60,000. Blair then announced himself satisfied, but vowed he would never again run for office. He, however, succumbed so far as to become a member of the Town Committee, which position he has held for some years. Not one of his fellow-committeemen display half the rigid economy in managing the town's affairs that characterizes his conduct.

A Cover That Will Stay.

"Say, uncle Rab, Ise hearn dat Peeter Wilyum Johnsens hez kivered his house agin. Yis sah, he hez for a fac."

"I declar, he hez a mouy hard time ter git a kiver ter stay on dat house. De fus time he kivered hit wid prayer-hay, an de nex time wid third rate shingles."

"Well, he got a kiver on dis time dut ull stay till de las day in de ebenin."

"Spose he kivered hit wid tin dis time?"

"Sah, you am badly off on dat spose."

"Wot den?"

"He kivered hit wid a morgige."

Fruit As a Medicine.

Fresh, ripe, perfect, raw fruit is safe and healthful at all seasons of the year, and amid the ravages of disease, whether epidemic, endemic, or sporadic, general, special or local. Under proper restrictions as to quantity, such fruits as named will cure diarrhea, aid in removing a colic, cold, fever, or any other disease whose treatment requires the bowels to be kept freely open; for this effect fresh ripe fruit is acknowledged to have the requisite properties; but to be used advantageously in health and disease, the following rules are imperative: Fruit should be eaten ripe, raw, fresh and perfect. It should be eaten in moderation. It should be eaten no later than 4 o'clock in the afternoon. To have its full beneficial effect, nothing else should be eaten at the time the fruit is taken. It is to the neglect of these observances that erroneous impressions prevail in many families, and to an extent, too, in some instances, that the most luscious peach or apple, or bunch of grapes is regarded as that much emboded cholera and death.—Journal of Health.

His Conscience Approved.

Minister—I'm glad, Bertie, to see that you've kept your promise to me and came to church today instead of going fishing.

Bertie—Yes, sir.

Minister—Don't you feel better than if you had gone to the creek?

Bertie—Yes, sir, 'cos pa said if I follored him today he'd lick me good.

SUPERFICIAL SURVEY.

The queen of Greece is one of the finest of swimmers.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's favorite diet is bread and butter and pineapple. An Indiana man has been killed by a mosquito bite. It has not since sent in its bill. Chicago's international exposition stock will be taken twice over before congress meets. There is said to be little doubt in England that Sir Edwin Arnold will be the next laureate.

Cincinnati wants her waterways improved. Some of her other ways need improvement also.

It is rumored that Queen Victoria thinks of bestowing the Order of the Bath on Thomas A. Edison.

Gen. William Mahone is a man of slender figure and small stature, almost to the verge of effeminacy.

Judging from the antics of the lawyers in the Cronin case they are bound to have a jury if it takes all winter.

White Horse, the Crow chief, is dead and will never be seen again even if one meets a regiment of red-haired girls.

Dr. Brown-Squard should give a stimulant of some kind to his waning boom. The Elixir of Life is on its last legs.

Thomas Harrison, "the boy preacher," is forty-three years old. He is about 5 feet 6 inches in height and very slender.

Kentucky's latest feud resulted in the killing of three men and the sending to the penitentiary for life of two others.

A Boston man is operating some very valuable mines in Bolivia. The dispatches fail to state whether they contain beans or diamonds.

Bismarck is suffering from inflammation of the veins. As parliament is about to open he is probably working up one of his heated veins.

Mrs. Harrison recently remarked that if a woman loses the society of her husband she should never encourage him to become a public man.

Gen. Robert C. Schenck, who made a reputation as a soldier, diplomat and poker artist, will be 80 years old should he live to October 4.

Allice Liebmann, aged 9, is astonishing London critics with her skill on the violin. Musicians more than 10 years old are becoming quite rare.

The Grand Army declines to recognize the sons of veterans. It does seem almost beyond belief that the children have got big enough to bear arms.

Mr. Looney, of Ohio, has been arrested on the charge of forging notes and mortgages. His name suggests a defense which is sure to acquit him.

Max O'Rell, the cute little Frenchman, having patted Brother Jonathan gently on the back, and thus put him in a good humor, will return to America next winter to lecture.

If the potato crop in New England has been greatly damaged by continued wet weather, the mass of consumers will have to eat the imported article from Scotland and Nova Scotia.

Lynchburg, Va., is not as thickly populated as it was. Two of its "prominent bankers" have just left town with their banks and the people are too poor in consequence to follow them.

President Harrison informed certain young ladies at Deer Park recently that Baby McKee's name is "Benjamin." He had been annoyed because the girls called the youngster "Benny."

A young man from Bement, Ill., has just skinned the smart men of Knoxville, Tenn., out of large amounts of forged paper. They have yet to learn down there that the pen is mightier than the sword.

There is said to be a scheme in New York for playing baseball games there in the winter. The idea includes the erection of a mammoth iron and glass structure, to be at least 100 feet high.

Victoria Morosini, the daughter of the millionaire who married her father's coachman several years ago and starred on the stage, has done satisfactory penance for her social sin, and is again with her father.

A New York saleswoman has just received \$3,500 by the will of a crotchety old woman whom she had treated politely. Now let all the saleswomen, and salesmen, for that matter try civility on speculation.

Charles Dickens, the reader, has a long novel in manuscript which he has never had the courage to publish. He realizes that his work would be compared with his father's and he does not dare to brave the test.

There was quite a social event at the parlors of a San Francisco lady in the Palace hotel the other night. Two blue-eyed ruffians fought for a purse in the presence of the hostess and some of the first families.

In the Woman's Journal, a California correspondent answers Frances Willard's query, "Why do women neglect the newspaper?" "Because they have not even a dime except as they ask it of their husbands."

The London times, in discussing Gen. Sheridan's Memoirs, remarks that "he saw an amount of service and experienced a number of exciting adventures such as cannot, probably, be matched by the oldest and most adventurous veteran now living in any European army."

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is an ardent student of Hebrew and a great admirer of Jews and their literature. On her recent visit to Venice she gave a private audience to Signor Cuen Porto, chief rabbi of the Jewish community, and received him in the most charming manner.

The Louisville Courier-Journal is never pleased at anything that is not political. It says that the objection to a large watermelon crop lies in the fact that the rinds are scattered about the street and make work for the garbage man, and appeals to Secretary of Agriculture Rusk to develop a new variety of melon which may be eaten rind and all.

Gen. Albert Pike, the head of all the Masonic orders and rites in this country, is in his 60th year. He was born in Boston, and was graduated at Harvard, went west in 1831, served in the Mexican war, and was a confederate brigadier in charge of the Cherokee Indians. He is an old newspaper man, but has been practicing law in Washington for many years.

While the Shah was in Paris recently he visited the Wild West and took passage in the Deadwood coach. The king of kings is described as delighted with the attack by red Indians. His only regret seemed to have been that he could not be given a real hot, reeking scalp as a souvenir. He offered his own barber for the operation, but Col. Cody smilingly declined the suggested sacrifice.

A STOLEN HOLIDAY.

"Curses," Tommy Smith used to say, "are like blessings; they sometimes come in disguise." When he said this he was thinking of his marriage.

Tommy Smith was a youthful barrister without fortune and without practice. Previous to his marriage he had earned a precarious livelihood by writing for the press; since he had had a wife he had lived very comfortably on her income. Still, at times he regretted, or pretended to regret, the old days. Then, as he was accustomed to say, he might occasionally have to go without his dinner, but he always had his full liberty—a thing which, since his marriage, he certainly had enjoyed to an extremely limited extent.

"Ah, my friends," he used to say to his old chums of an evening, as he prepared to start for the domestic hearth. "Ah, my friends, to love me, there's nothing in this world can compensate a man for having to go home for his tea."

Though Tommy was, no doubt, kept strictly at home, still he contrived—during the day, if not during the evening—to see a good deal of his former associates. On the plea of attempting to work up a practice at the bar, he induced his wife to consent to his retaining chambers at the Temple. To these he wended his way every morning, and there he spent many a pleasant hour, chatting over olden times with old cronies who dropped in to have a glass of wine with their prosperous friend. Mrs. Smith knew nothing of these little diversions, and Tommy well aware that she regarded the friends of his bachelor days with suspicion and dislike, took good care that she should know nothing of them.

One bright summer morning Tommy was sitting solitarily in chambers, wishing he had somebody to talk to or something to do, when an old acquaintance and namesake dropped in. Mr. Tom Smith, the new-comer, was a journalist who, having been for some time past out of employment, had called very frequently on Tommy, chiefly for the purpose of affecting small loans. To-day his errand was different and more pleasant; it was to inform his friend that he had at last obtained an appointment. The editor of the Comet had commissioned him to go to the South of France, and there witness and report upon certain army maneuvers which were about to take place. Mr. Tom Smith knew as much about military affairs as he did about the music of the spheres; but he had full confidence in his own power of writing a series of brilliant articles on the maneuvers.

"By George," said Tommy to his namesake, when he had heard his news, "I envy you. What wouldn't I give to be able to spend a week rollicking about the south of France in this splendid weather?"

"Why not come with me?" asked the pressman.

"Come with you?" repeated Tommy, in amazement. "Don't you know that I'm a married man?"

"Well, so am I," answered the pressman.

"Ah, but you're different," replied Tommy. "You're off on business. I only wish I had some business like it to get me a little liberty." And Tommy sighed.

The pressman reflected in silence for a moment. Then he said:

"Why don't you pretend to have business?"

"Eh! I don't understand you," responded the startled Tommy.

"Well, listen, and you soon will," said the pressman. "A little device has just occurred to me that will get you a pleasant holiday, if you like to use it. By an extraordinary coincidence, we both possess the uncommon cognomen of Smith; not merely Smith, but Thomas Smith. Now look, this letter from the editor—and he drew out the letter of appointment from his pocket—"Is addressed simply to Thomas Smith, Esq. Now, prima facie, that applies as much to you as to me. Why not take it home with you and tell your wife that it does apply to you? Tell her, in fact, that you have been appointed, pro tem, a special correspondent of the Comet, and that you must leave at once for the south of France. There would be nothing improbable about it. She knows you were at journalism before you married. And then you can draw the long bow about the honor and dignity of the appointment. She knows nothing about it, and will quite believe you."

"By George!" exclaimed Tommy, breathless with excitement at his friend's startling proposal.

"I think it would work very easily," said the journalist.

"But when I'm away she might find out the deception," objected Tommy.

"How?" asked Mr. Smith.

"She might make inquiries at the Comet office."

"Well, what could they tell her there? All old Buffer—the editor—knows of me as that I'm a journalist and I'm called Thomas Smith."

Tommy reflected a moment.

"Perhaps she might want to come with me," he said, at last.

"Pooh! pooh!" replied Mr. Smith. "You must put your foot down on that. Tell her that life in French camp is a frightful thing for a lady—that you couldn't hear of her being in such a place."

"If she by any accident found the trick out," said Tommy doubtfully, "there would be the deuce to pay."

"But she can't find it out," replied Mr. Smith, "that's simply out of the question. To tell you the truth, I believe it's far more likely to do you good with her than harm. If you only managed the thing properly—tell her a few crams, you know, about being tired doing nothing, and wanting to make a name for yourself, and the good it is likely to do you in your profession—she'll swallow it all—she'll think you're a regular hero."

"But then," said Tommy, "I would not be admitted to the camp; the French authorities would not give passes to two correspondents from the Comet."

"Oh, that's easily arranged," answered the journalist. "You needn't go to the maneuvers at all. You enjoy yourself at Paris. It will be very jolly, and I'll send for you to your wife a telegram from the camp each morning, saying that you haven't time to write and all's well."

"Tommy had not at first been altogether taken with the project, but this last consideration—this prospect of a fortnight's holiday in Paris—was too much for him. With some hesitation he accepted the letter from the Comet, and with it in his pocket and a flutter at his heart, turned his face homeward, where the wife of his bosom was awaiting him.

When he informed Mrs. Smith that he had been appointed a special correspondent of the Comet at the French maneuvers, she appeared incredulous. When he showed her the editor's letter she was quite upset. At first she would not hear of his going away. Then she calmed down a little and consented to it on her being permitted to go with

him. It was only after a long struggle that she abandoned this ground, and consented to his going alone on condition that he was away not longer than a fortnight, and that every morning he sent her a telegram.

The next day Tommy started for France. Mrs. Smith was too much upset to see him off. At Charing Cross he met his namesake, and together they traveled to Paris. There they parted company, the journalist going south to report on the maneuvers, Tommy remaining in Paris to enjoy the many pleasures of that gay capital.

Tommy enjoyed himself thoroughly. He knew Paris well, and loved it better; and now he had a more favorable opportunity than he ever had had before of experiencing all its delights. Hitherto when there he either had too little cash or too little freedom. Now he had as much as he desired of both, and this unusual state of affairs enabled him to attain to something like ideal bliss.

The days flew past on golden wings. Without a care to trouble him, or a want unsatisfied, Mr. Tommy Smith spent his time lounging about the pleasant boulevards, sipping coffee in the cafes, dining in luxurious state, frequenting the theaters, and reading the Comet. The last was his only serious duty, and it must be admitted that he did not neglect it. He always remembered that, when he returned to the wife of his bosom, he should have to pass himself off as the writer of the articles descriptive of the maneuvers, and so he felt that it would be well to know what those articles contained. Accordingly, every night before going to dinner, he made it a rule to purchase a copy of the Comet, while over his dinner he read and reread all that was said in it of the French army maneuvers.

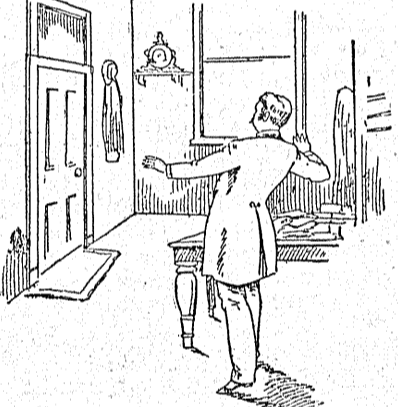
Nearly a fortnight had elapsed, and Tommy was anticipating with regret the speedy termination of his stolen holiday. Seated at his dinner, he was turning over the pages of the Comet, which, as usual, he had purchased for his day's study, when his eye caught a paragraph which made him start.

As he glanced over it his face turned ghastly pale. Calling for a glass of brandy he hastily drank it; and then, to make sure that he was not mistaken, he read the paragraph carefully through a second time. There could be no doubt as to its meaning. It ran as follows:

"FRENCH ARMY MANEUVERS—DREAUFUL EXPLOSION.

"Tuesday morning—This morning an ammunition wagon of the defense force exploded with fearful violence, killing several soldiers and civilians who were in its vicinity."

"Later—it is announced that Mr. Thomas Smith, special correspondent of the Comet, is among the dead."



"I WONDER WHO IT CAN BE!"

When Tommy Smith read of the announcement of the correspondent's death he was doubly horrified. He was horrified at the poor fellow's fate, and he was, if possible, even more horrified at his own situation. The deception he had practiced on his wife must now be laid bare; no further concealment was possible. All he could do was to return to England with the greatest expedition and humbly make a full confession to her and implore her forgiveness. It was not a pleasant task, but it could not be shirked.

The next morning he packed his portmanteau and started homeward. His intention was, on arriving at Charing Cross, to go straight to Norwood, see his wife, and have the ordeal over as soon as possible. That was his intention when he started, but by the time he had reached Charing Cross it had altered.

His courage, strong enough in Paris, had quite disappeared in London; so, after much hesitation, he determined to pass that night in the Temple, and put off his explanation with his wife until the next morning, when he hoped his nerve would be restored.

Rolling himself up in his traveling-rug, he stretched himself on the sofa in his chambers. There he spent a miserable, sleepless night, such as it seldom before had been his hard luck to endure.

Morning had come. He had got up and dressed, and was preparing, with a doleful heart, to set out for Norwood, when a knock sounded on the oak.

"Who can that be?" he asked himself in surprise. It's vacation time; and, besides, everyone knows or thinks I'm out of town. I wonder who it can be?"

A second knock sounded.

Feeling very uncomfortable—for he had guilty forebodings that the summons meant something unpleasant—Tommy went to the door. To his amazement and consternation, the person knocking was his wife!

"So, you're not dead?" she said, quite coolly.

Evidently she had found out the deception, and knew that the person who had really perished was not her husband.

"No, dear," answered Tommy, meekly.

Mrs. Tommy gazed at him a moment in silence, uncertain apparently what more to say; while Tommy stood still, feeling very guilty and still more uncomfortable.

"Aren't you glad I'm not dead, dear?" he at last ventured to inquire.

"No, I'm not," answered Mrs. Tommy, fiercely.

Tommy gave a start of terror. This reception was even worse than any he had anticipated.

Both husband and wife remained silent for a few seconds after this little outburst; but Mrs. Tommy was only gathering her strength together in order to express her opinions with due precision and emphasis. Tommy knew that. He had seen her do that before. It was a pretty, deliberate little way she had. He waited with fear and trembling till the storm should begin. At last it started.

"You are a ruffian, sir; a scoundrel," she said, speaking slowly and deliberately, "I have just come to tell you that—"

"How very considerate!" interrupted Tommy, who felt that he must put on a bold face.

"I have just come to tell you that," repeated Mrs. Tommy, "before I give you to the police."

"To the police!" exclaimed Tommy, in amazement.

"Yes, to the police," repeated Mrs. Tommy, almost fiercely.

"What are you talking about?" asked Tommy, angrily. "I have done nothing that the police can touch me for."

A look of sublime contempt passed over Mrs. Tommy's features.

"You are trying to brazen it out," she said, quietly. "It's no use. Everything has been discovered; and if ever a man deserved to be convicted, you're he."

"Upon my word, Lily," said Tommy, in bewilderment, "either you're out of your wits or I am. Do you really think a man can be sent to jail simply for a little bit of a frolic such as I have indulged in?"

"A little bit of a frolic!" cried Mrs. Tommy, in horrified tones. "Did you ever mortal hear anything like that? Sir, you are a perfect monster! I thought you wicked enough before this; but such horrible callousness is more than I anticipated in my worst moments. Such a sin, and crime, and shame a mere frolic!"

And the lady paused, out of breath with her own vehemence.

Tommy gazed at his wife in utter bewilderment.

"Now, look here, Lily," he said, "be reasonable. Let us forget and forgive what's past, and be friends again. I'm sure I'm very sorry if I've deceived you in any way."

"Forget and forgive!" repeated Mrs. Tommy, with horror. "Good heavens, what a man! He has ruined my life and disgraced me for ever, and this is the way he talks of it. Talks of it as if it were the merest little indiscretion! Sir, such brutal levity is even more repulsive than your crime. I tell you, now, once for all, that although I will not give you to the police, as I should, still, never again shall I look in your face. Good-bye, and good-bye forever!"

And, without a moment's pause, Mrs. Smith turned and rushed frantically down the stairs; and, before Tommy could say or do anything, she had disappeared from his view.

"Well," said Tommy to himself, as he turned back into his rooms and shut the door behind him; "well, I have always consistently maintained that all women are mad; but I'm blessed if I ever saw one so utterly stark raving mad as Lily appears to be. I didn't expect a very flattering or agreeable reception from her; but I never imagined she would go on like this. 'Ruined her,' 'disgraced her,' 'give me to the police.' Surely she is out of her senses or I am. By George! it's just possible that it's I that am. After such a time as I have had of it my wits may be wandering, and the whole thing may be a dream or a delusion. What between one thing and another I feel quite silly. Really I shouldn't be surprised if I proved half out of my mind!"

And Tommy walked over to the mirror and began to examine his features in it, to see if he could detect any traces of insanity.

He was engaged in this interesting occupation when another knock sounded on the door—a knock of such terrific violence that it made him jump into the air.

"Heavens!" he muttered to himself, as soon as he had recovered his equilibrium. "Heavens! there's no delusion there! She's come back again, I suppose, madder than ever. What the deuce is she hammering the door with? She must have got hold of a poker!"

And Tommy paused, and wondered and reflected.

"I don't think I ought to open the door," he said to himself. "It is not pleasant to have her hammering at it like that; but it's better than having her sparring at me in here. It's no agreeable thing to encounter a mad woman with a poker. Good heavens, how strong she is!" he exclaimed, as the tremendous knocking was renewed. "I always knew she had muscle, but I never imagined she was up to the like of that. There she goes again. By George, if I don't open she'll bang the door in! If any of the fellows are in above I'll be disgraced for life. Just imagine what they'll think when they see my wife battering at my door with a poker or something! Good heavens, she's starting again!" I must open. Hi, there," he cried out, "stop a minute! I'll capitulate! I'll open the door!"

With these words he drew back the bolt and opened the door. When his eyes fell upon the person who had knocked, his face became ghastly pale and his eyes started almost from their sockets. He staggered backward across the room, and when he came to the wall he leaned against it weak with excitement and fear. He raised his hand to wipe the cold sweat off his brow.

"Oh, heavens!" he muttered as he did so, "it is as I feared. My wits are gone! I've become subject to horrible delusions! I'm a driving idiot."

Meanwhile, the person who had knocked so vigorously entered the room. It was no other than Tommy's double—the correspondent who was reported to have been killed by the explosion at the French maneuvers.

The correspondent showed no sign of surprise at Tommy's obvious consternation. He looked just as if he expected it. Not only so, but he manifested no pleasure at meeting his old friend again. On the contrary, he gazed in a fierce, threatening way upon Tommy, as if he had come to upbraid him for some wrong or to charge him with some crime.

So from his first words it appeared he had.



"HEAVENS! THERE'S NO DELUSION THERE!"

"You miserable scoundrel!" he began, "you did not expect to see me alive, did you?"

"No, Smith," answered Tommy, in a faltering voice, "I thought you were dead."

"But you see I'm not," cried the correspondent. "No, I have come back, you see, when you least expected me. I have come and, by Jupiter, I'll have it, too!"

"I—I don't quite understand," said Tommy, striving hard to recover from the shock which the sudden entrance of a man who he thought was dead had given his nerves.

The correspondent gazed on Tommy with fierce contempt.

"You don't understand," he repeated; "well, I'll soon make you, you miserable ruffian, to attempt to put your crimes off on what you believed to be a dead man's shoulders!"

"Surely," muttered Tommy to himself, as he again wiped his forehead, "surely all this is a dream or delusion."

"Oh, no, sir; it's neither; it's downright fact," cried the correspondent. "I'm here all right, and I'm here to have this matter settled. I thought at first that there might be some mistake, but your terror shows that there is none. I want to know, sir, what is the crime you have perpetrated under my name! What is the crime, sir, you have attempted to escape from by putting it on a supposed dead man's shoulders! I demand to be told, sir; and if you don't tell me this very moment, by Jupiter, I'll hand you over to the police!"

While the correspondent was addressing Tommy thus, the young barrister was gradually recovering from his fear; and anger at the language applied to him was rapidly gathering in his bosom. By the time the correspondent's tirade came to an end, Tommy was in a perfect fury.

"Look here," he said desperately, "I may be wandering in my mind, and you may be a rife delusion, but I'm blessed if I'll stand any more abuse from anybody. My wife has been here already this morning pitching into me, and now you come calling me a ruffian, and talking about the police. I'll stand no more, I tell you; and, anybody or anything that tries it on again will better look out!"

To show that he was in earnest, Tommy divested himself of his coat and began to roll up his shirt sleeves.

This demonstration of energy and resentment had a calming effect upon the correspondent. He regarded Tommy for a few moments in silence. Then he spoke:

"Well," he said, speaking in soothing tones, "perhaps I have spoken too hotly. At any rate, before we come to blows about it, we had better make the point in dispute between us more definite."

"Very well," said Tommy, carelessly, as he proceeded to turn down his sleeves and put on his coat again, "I'm ready for anything. What is it you want?"

"I want an explanation of this," said the correspondent, taking a telegram out of his pocket. "I suppose you know that just the day before I was to leave the French maneuvers, I, by some blunder, or other, was reported as among those killed by the explosion of an ammunition wagon. Well, I heard nothing of it till the next day, when I at once telegraphed to old Buffer, of the Comet, that it was wrong, and that I was starting that evening for England. To my surprise and horror I received this reply. And he handed the telegram he had taken from his pocket to Tommy.

It was from the editor of the Comet to the correspondent, and its contents were as follows:

"Everything is discovered. If you come home it will be my duty to have you arrested and tried for your disgraceful crime."

"Well!" said Tommy, when he had read this.

"Well," continued the correspondent, rather awkwardly, "I couldn't understand what he was driving at; so, when I reached Paris, I went to your lodgings to see if you knew anything about it. As you were my double, it occurred to me that it might refer to something you had done. When I reached your Paris lodgings I found that you had suddenly and unexpectedly left them. That looked suspicious; and, when joined to your terror at seeing me this morning, and other things, I came to the conclusion that you were trying to shield yourself behind me."

"Well, you were mistaken," replied Tommy, sententiously.

"What did you do in Paris?" asked the correspondent.

"Nothing—except enjoy myself in a mild way."

"And you can not explain this telegram?"

"No; no more than I can explain my wife's conduct this morning."

"What?" asked the correspondent, suspiciously, "has she, too, been charging you with a crime?"

"Yes, she has," answered Tommy. "She came here this morning and began talking to me about my being a criminal, and her duty being to inform the police, and all that sort of nonsense. Well, I can stand a good deal of that kind of thing; but still, when you started on the same line my patience gave way and I became vexed."

"Hum, yes; quite natural, I suppose," said the correspondent, in a reflective way. Then, after a pause, he asked Tommy: "Now you're quite sure you did nothing wrong since you went to France with me?"

"Why, hang it!" cried Tommy, angrily, "do you think I'm so much in the habit of committing crimes that one slips out of my memory in a day or two?"

"Well, well!" said the correspondent. "You see from the statements of both your wife and Mr. Buffer that a crime has been committed, and if it was not committed by you it must have been by somebody else using my name."

"Yes, I suppose so. Unless you committed it yourself."

"Now, now, Smith, don't be vicious," expostulated the correspondent. "I am sorry if I have hurt your feelings, but you must admit that my mistake was only natural. Let us think no more about it, but develop our attention to the queer behavior of Buffer and your wife."

Tommy was rather hot-tempered; but no man was ever more appeasable. In his case the old maxim invariably applied, and a soft answer never failed to turn away his wrath. And now the correspondent's apology for having taken him for a criminal was sufficient to restore his good humor. Without further parley he clubbed his wits with his friend's in the most affable way, in order to try and discover what could be at the bottom of Mr. Buffer's telegram and Mrs. Tommy's recriminations.

Their efforts to solve this mystery were not successful. Suggestion after suggestion was made, discussed and rejected. After an hour or more spent in this way they were as much in the dark as ever.

"Well, well," said Tommy at last, tired of fruitless guessing, "I suppose all we can do is to go to Mr. Buffer and demand an explanation. It may only be a trifle after all. Both my wife and he are a little addicted to exaggeration. They belong to the class that call a common assault blue murder."

"Quite so," replied the correspondent. "I shouldn't be surprised if the whole thing turns out to be merely that they have discovered the fraud we practiced upon them."

"I shouldn't be surprised; and from the way my wife behaved I should say that has been discovered."

"I wonder how it came out," queried the correspondent.

"I don't know," replied Tommy; "but out it is; and I have a strong suspicion that that's all that's wrong."

"Well, if that is all that's wrong," said the correspondent, with a dogged air, "all I can say is, that there will be trouble. Such a trifle as that is no justification for such a telegram as this. Buffer will have a fork out, I can tell you, if there's nothing more serious than that. I'll go round to the office at once and demand an explanation."

"You certainly should," answered Tommy; "and, as I'm more or less implicated, I'll go with you if you like."

"All right; let us start at once. Buffer will just be arriving at the office about this time."

Without further ado the two Messrs. Smith started out, arm-in-arm, to interview the editor, and discover from him the ground of the charges preferred against them.

CHAPTER III.

The correspondent was right in his guess that the editor would be just reaching the Comet office about the time that the two Smiths left Tommy's chambers. He had, in fact, just taken his seat in his sanctum when the office boy announced the correspondent's arrival, and his desire to see Mr. Buffer.

"Send him in at once," said Mr. Buffer.

In a moment the correspondent made his appearance, accompanied by Tommy.

"Good morning," he said to the editor, who surveyed him with a stern countenance. "I have just reached London this morning and have lost no time in coming to you, with my legal friend here, to demand an explanation of this outrageously libelous telegram of yours." Here he produced the telegram, and laid it on the editor's desk. "I suppose," he added, "you do not deny you dispatched it to me?"

"I do not," replied Mr. Buffer, briefly.

"What is your justification for it?" asked the correspondent.

"I have ample justification," replied the editor.

"Tell me it, then," cried the correspondent, angrily. "You say in it that you will have me arrested and tried on a criminal charge. What is the charge?"

The editor looked in silence on the correspondent for a moment. Then he smiled contemptuously.

"Mr. Smith," he said, "your indignation and ignorance are well acted. You know what the charge is as well as I do. It is neither more nor less than bigamy."

"Bigamy!" exclaimed the correspondent, in amazement and horror.

"Yes, bigamy," said the editor.

The correspondent was so astounded that for some moments he knew not what to say. At last he found his tongue.

"Monstrous! Absurd!" he exclaimed. "The thing is preposterous—laughable. On what grounds do you dare to make such a charge—so utterly unfounded a charge—against me?"

"On very good grounds, indeed," replied the editor, calmly. "On the statements of the two women who both claim to be your wife, and have both their marriage certificates to show in proof of their claim."

The correspondent and Tommy gazed at one another in silent horror.

"It is a foul conspiracy to ruin me!" cried the correspondent, passionately. "It is destitute of even the shadow of a foundation."

"Very well," replied the editor, "you can tell that to the magistrate."

"May I ask," intervened Tommy, "how you came to hear of these two ladies who claim to be my friend's wives?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Buffer. "When he was reported dead, both came here to make inquiries. They chanced to hear just at the same time, heard each other's name, and we had a terrible and most painful scene between them."

"Did they give their addresses?" asked Tommy.

"Yes, they did," replied the editor. "I can not, just now, give you them exactly; but one came, I remember, from Camberwell and the other from Norwood."

Tommy, all of a sudden burst into a roar of laughter. He flung himself into a chair, and, holding his sides, shouted with merriment. The editor and correspondent looked on in amazement and indignation.

"Pardon me, sir," said Tommy, trying to control his laughter, "but, really, I can't help it. Don't you see the joke, Smith?"

"No, I don't," replied the correspondent, sourly.

"Why, man, it was your wife and mine that called. They thought you and I were one person!"

"By Jove! Of course!" exclaimed the correspondent.

"Let me explain the blunder, sir," said Tommy to the editor. "I wanted a little holiday, without my wife's knowing it. My friend here thought he saw a way of helping me to it. His name happens to be the same as mine—Tom Smith—and when he received your letter appointing him as correspondent he suggested that I should take it home, show it to my wife, and declare that I was the Tom Smith appointed. I did so; and all went well till the blunder about the explosion. Since then we have both suffered much from explosions of a different kind. Sir, you see the mistake we made. When my friend and I became one we forgot that our wives remained two, and so that our amalgamation laid us open to a suspicion of bigamy."

At first the editor was incredulous; but Tommy, by dint of eloquence and the evidence of several acquaintances, convinced him. Mr. Buffer was a kindly, jovial fellow at heart, and not only did he forgive the use that had been made of his letter, but he consented to become peacemaker between the Messrs. Smith and their respective wives. Mrs. Tommy had, as yet, no suspicion of the deception that had been played upon her; and, by the editor's advice, she was not enlightened. He telegraphed for her and the correspondent's wife, and explaining that, by some extraordinary blunder, two of his staff who happened to have the same name had become confused together, he introduced the two ladies to their respective husbands. The husbands now, in their turn, put on an injured air, and complained bitterly of their wives' want of charity in believing them capable of such incredible wickedness and bigamy. The poor ladies were quite conscience-stricken, and implored pardon most piteously. After a little hesitation this was generously granted.

Mr. Tommy Smith has ever since been congratulating himself on his unexpected escape out of the awkward mess, and is resolved never again to indulge in the luxury of a Stolen Holiday.

A Gobbler Sitting on Apples.

At Sylva, Ga., a few days ago, Frank McCrimmon found a turkey nest on which an old gobbler was sitting. On examination he found that the nest was filled, not with eggs, but with apples. Mr. McCrimmon has found it a difficult matter to undeceive the gobbler.

In a Hotel Dining Room.

I know no place better suited for the study of curious phases of human nature than the dining room of a hotel frequented by transient customers. Some very curious incidents are seen there. I was a witness to one of these yesterday morning. There entered to the breakfast table a middle-aged man who towed along by the hand a stout-built young woman whose normally ruddy face was suffused with beet-red blushes as she ran the gauntlet of the eyes directed toward the queer-looking couple of the assembled guests. The dress, as well as the painfully awkward carriage of the pair, proclaimed that they were unaccustomed to urban ways. Choosing seats at one of the tables the couple ordered breakfast. The man, among other things, called for boiled eggs. When they were brought to him he disdained to use either egg cup or glass as a receptacle for them, but carefully emptying them into a saucer he chopped them up with his knife and fork. By the time this operation was completed the knife was pretty thoroughly covered with the yoke of the egg. The manipulator of the instrument, however, soon remedied this by vigorously applying his tongue to either side of the blade. He then reached over the table, and with the knife, "cleaned" in his primitive manner, transferred a large section of butter from the general dish in the center of the table to his own plate. The other guests who occupied seats at that and neighboring tables were almost paralyzed with astonishment and disgust. But there was more to come. After shoveling several knifeloads of eggs into his mouth the man paused a moment, and then carefully selected a good-sized morsel of white from the end of the eggs. Carefully poised it on the end of his knife, he held it out toward his wife's face. The lovely creature opened her more or less coral lips, absorbed the tempting morsel, and gazed on the donor with a look of ineffable sweetness. The incident was quite too funny for anything, and the denouement amused the spectators so much that they forgot the disgust excited in their breasts by the earlier actions from the visitor of Wayback.—Ex.

The Prevalence of Superstition.

The spread of voodooism in New Orleans says the Buffalo Express, is not confined to negroes. Many whites a majority being women, are devotees of the fantastic rites. But how much worse are these deluded victims of bungling jugglery than the northern victims who deal with all manner of persons professing familiar spirits, or who order their affairs according to signs and omens discovered in teacups and coffee grounds, dreams, clouds, spilled salt, lucky and unlucky days, ladders against walls, howling dogs, trees bearing both fruit and blossoms at the same time, and so on through the long category? No wonder the ancient Augus could not look at each other when they met without laughing! Consulting the entrails of animals was no more ridiculous than modern modes—wether you call them voodooism or by some more refined name.

The Newest Game.

The newest game takes the form of an information party, and is begun by passing to each gentleman a card and to the ladies small pieces of paper, which should be numbered. Those who discover the same number on their card and paper are partners for the game.

Each couple must think of a question, sensible or ridiculous, historical or in regard to the weather, to be written on the cards, after which the cards are to be gathered together, and the leader reads each in turn, giving a few moments for the partners to consider the subject and write the answer which should be read aloud in turn. This is where the fun of the game begins, as many of the answers are exceedingly queer.

Those having a correct answer mark their card 10; a wrong answer 0, and if the answer is anywhere near right, it is counted 5. When all are added, prizes may be distributed as in progressive games for the best and the poorest record.

The instructive part of the game is the discussion which follows the questions. The height of Bunker Hill monument is what everybody living near it ought to know, and yet at an information party held a few evenings ago only one person in a company of twenty was sure of the exact number of feet.

A Chinese Custom.

A Chinese custom practiced at San Francisco is the throwing into the ocean of thousands of pieces of paper when friends are about to sail away. Each piece bears, in Chinese characters, a prayer. At a recent sailing the women sat on the dock and uttered these paper appeals to the sea gods, the friends on the steamer doing the same thing.

A Philosophical Reflection.

Boston Journal: There is a good deal of truth and philosophy in this remark made by a wit when he heard of a divorce of a couple recently married: "I am glad they married each other, for if they had each married somebody else there would have been two unfortunate couples instead of one."

