B. F. BROWNE. A. H. BROWNE. CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROWNE BROS., EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

AST. The subscription price of the Enterprise One Dollar per year. Terms:—Strictly cash indvance, or if not paid until the end of the year it will collected for at the rate of \$1.25 at the expiration of that time.

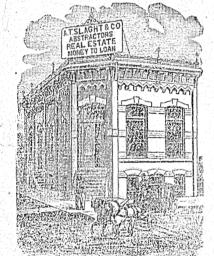
AS One of the best advertising mediums in Tuscola county. Rates made known on appli-cation at this office.

AS 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 deflicult work in this line and solicit the patronage of the public.

TO WORK ON RAILROAD At Owendale, Mich.

\$16 to \$20 a Month and Board

JNO. G. OWEN. Abstracts of Title. To all Lands in fuscola county. A, T. SLAGHT & CO.,



MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTCACES. ES

\$50 TO \$5,000! For long or short time.

Office across from Medler House. - MICH. CARO

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

JUST RECEIVED!

NEW-MORUMENTS

-Of the Latest-

A full line all colors and shades constantly on son lat the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. varo ExchangeBank

Owned and operated by

W.L. PARKER.

Live Poultry, for which I will pay the highest cash market

price. Also hay and oats. W.P. BLOOM. Cass City. Mich



I. O. O. F.

Cass City Lodge, No. 203, meets every Wed nesday everling at 7:80. Visiting brethren cor dialivinvited. i. A. FRITZ, Socretary:

G. A. R.

Milb Winkh Post, No. 232 Cass City, meets Inthesecond and four th Treesday evenings of each month. Visiting comrades condinity invited.... A. N. HATCH, Commander

K.O.T.M.

Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the fast Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited. W. D. SCHOOLEY, Encous KEEPER. JAS. GUTWATER, COMMANDER

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

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 convenient 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-uy" in this county.

C. W. McPHAIL, O. K. JANES, Cashier

CITY NEWS:

Elmer Wright made a trip to Caro on Monday:

Considerable fires are still burning in this locality. A. D. Gillies was in Detroit several

days last week: Rev. Norman Karr of Bayport was in

town Wednesday. The rink will be open Tuesday and Friday evenings hereafter.

A young son at Wm. Lockwood's at Cedar Run on Tuesday.

House to Rent, Apply to S. Cham-

The dry weather is interfering with fall plowing to a large extent.

Mrs. Sarah Wilson and her daughter of Caro were in town Sunday.

Miss Cora Doying of Canandagua is visiting her relatives in this vicinity. A. A. McKenzie was attending to his nuction sale near Cumber on Tuesday.

Mrs. Pomeroy is at the Tennant House being treated by Dr. McLean for

John Hattan has left for Thomasville, Ont., to visit his parents for a few weeks. C. W. McPhail was looking after his

interests in the vicinity of Gagetown on

H. W. Robinson is attending to his fall delivery of nursery stock at Cass City and Cumber.

Mrs, Sarah McLarty of Traverse City is visiting her parents and many friends in this vicinity.

Miss Etta Predmore of Rockford, Ill., neice of Amos Predmore, is visiting friends in town.

city on Monday.

Dan. Dickson of Unionville was visiting among friends in town on Saturday and Sunday last.

guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pinney the fore part of the week.

Quite a number from this place attended the Catholic demonstration in Gagetown held on Tuesday evening of this

Save money by buying your goods at Two Macks is the theme of that firm's change of ad, in this week's issue. Don't fail to read it.

Mrs. Mankin of Colorado was the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. W. McPhail several days last week. She returned to her home on Monday.

The Port Huron division of the F. & P. M., although not compelled by law to accustomed peg in the lobby of the hotel in the shape of a complete set of draftdo so, have reduced the through fare and after a hasty consultation with the ing instruments, which he prizes highly, thousands of lives which have been sacfrom Port Huron to East Saginaw to attaches and habitues of the house it The good wishes of all his fellow citizens rificed for its preservation. In concludhas been done to compete with rival Caro, and in a short time A, Stapleford home.-Pontiac Gazette.

the new law.

Eletcher Cross and family have moved nto the house on Third streetthat was recently purchased of J. C. Laing.

Miss Carrie Robinson arrived home on the evening train on Friday last from Groton, Dak., where she has been sojourning during the summer season.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talent, no circumstances, no opportunity, will make two legged animal a man without it. Brakesman Drake, formerly in the em-

doy of the P.O. & N. R'y, but now of the Wabash, was in town last week atending to the removal of his household Wm. Grice, proprietor of the Lexing

ton machine shops, was in town Wednesday, having been called here to repair a boiler for a Mr. Brown living about four miles from bere. The Ladies' Aid of the M. E. church

will give a pumpkin pie social in the church Wednesday, Nov. 6th. An entertaining program of music, and recitation is being prepared, which will be free to all who wish to come and enjoy it. Sup-

The Philadelphia Press recently published a good cartoon on the rivalry between New York, and Chicago for the location of the world's fair. The picture showed New York's subscriptions dropping into a bowl, but they had strings attached to them, while Chicago's were dropping in freely and unconditionally.

Some weeks ago an account was given in the Enterprise of an outrage which occurred on the farm of Geo. Martin, the victim being a half-witted individual who was helping thresh at the above place. On complaint of M.C. Tanner the alleged assaulters have been arrested, and the trial is to be held to-day in this place. Prosecuting Attorney Atwood in to conduct the case for the people.

The latest thing out in undergarments. Watch for it in McDougall & Co.'s new ad. next week. Something cheap, duraable and indispensable. An erroneous statement was made in last week's issue in regard to the above firm when it was inferred that they gave credit. Such is not the case, however. They do a strictly cash business.

Some pussilanimous, contemptible, with beating us out of a year's supscription, is still adding to his list of sins, day of judgement, by making a raid on the printer his name shall be printed in in the devil's gallery.

Teachers desiring to be examined for formed that an examination will be neld at Lansing, in the capitol building, commencing at 2 o'clock, p. m., Monday, December 30, and continuing for five days. Persons desiring to take this examination can ascertain full particulars by addressing any member of the state board of education, Jos. Estabrook.

Secretary. If township clerks fail to call for and get the books sent by the secretary of state to the county clerk for the township clerk, justice of the peace or any other township officials, they will lose the value of the books from their own of not less than ten or more than thirty pockets. The new law requires that such officers must account to their successors for these books. The clerk must get the books of the county clerk within thirty days after recei, ing the notice from the secretary of state.

Idaho territory votes on the adoption of a state constitution November 5th. territory all the essential qualifications H. C. La Flamboy, N. B. Sponenburg application as a state will be made to the new route on the Saginaw division and Dr. Morris of Gagetown were in the the mext congress, and as the republicomes. The C. & G. T. and G. T. will that she will not be treated as the two Dakotas, Washington and Montana.

While John Herr was trying the treach-Mrs. Levi. L. Wixson of Caro was the erous rollers in the rink on Tuesday evening he had the misfortune to tall and break one of the bones in his left wrist, which necessitates the insertion of the injured member in a sling. Boys who persist in pulling and hauling and indulging in other disgraceful actions while learning to skate cannot expect any better termination of ther antics than that which was experienced by the above young fellow. So it is a warning to the more boisterous skaters to be

more careful in the future. On Wednesday last J. T. Murray, a

lines which have been forced down by was on the trail and in hot pursuit of Nowhere in the state can a more enerhad discovered his mistake and hastened Every year evidences an increase of My!!! was ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. Stapleford arrived home at one o'clock feeling somewhat depressed by his thirty six mile ride in a crisp autumn night's bracing atmosphere.-Bad Aze Tribune,

> Miss Mercella Sheridan of Fairgrove was the successful contestant for the \$25 Our farmer friends deserve to be encour silver tea set which was given away at Gagetown on Tuesday evening. The various contestants and the amounts secured by each were as follows: Miss Mercella Sheridan, Fairgrove, \$190.48; Mrs. David Tyo, Cass City, \$111.17; Miss Agnes Carolan, Gagetown, \$91.58; Mrs Wm. Phalen, Elkton, \$54.06, After the prize had been disposed of a supper until early morning. The total proceeds I must be about my Father's business." of the occasion were over \$600.

Report of primary department of Cass City school for the month of Oct. No. pupils enrolled, 74; No. pupils attending regper; with lots of pumpkin ple; 15 cents. ularly, 62; No days taught, 20. Average attendance, 50. Cases of tardiness, 11. Names of those who have not been absent nor tardy: Willord Ostrander, Alton West, Johnny Muntz, Claudie Mc-Clinton, Grant Fritz, Gertie Robinson, Roderick Dew, Roy Spencer, Nellie Perkins, Geo. Riker, Willie Duffeld, Claud Bentley, Ila Weaver, Katie Zinnecker, Nora Higgins, Matilda Reuter, Willie Reuter, Homer Work, Jimmie Schwaderer, Stanley Schenck, Roy Titus,

> We have been requested to state that the trouble, which has for a length of time sexisted in the Baptist church in this place, has been settled on Christian principles. The church is now at peace of their property; others neglected, or and harmony prevails. It has extended steall to Rev. P. Tompkins of Waterford to become their pastor, and that gentleman has accepted and is already on the field. He has stored his household goods for a few days until the house is vacated which he intends to occupy. Preaching eyery Subbath morning at 10:30, and Sabbath eyening at 7. The doors are open for all.

Quite a large audience assembled in the M. E. church on Wednesday evening poverty stricken individual, not content to listen to a lecture delivered by Rev. Frazee of Caro. The subject of his interesting production was "The W. C. T. U. which will be brought against him at the It's Place and Power." He discussed the work of this excellent organization our wood pile. Verily, verily, we say un- from it's beginning to the persent time, to you, whosoever shall steal wood of displaying the wonderful power it wields to-day in America. Mr. Frazec retained letters of blackness and his image posted | the close attention of his hearers throughout, being a speaker of a pleasing manner, and a delivery intended to make the state certificates, as provided by section | deepest impressions. The W. C. T. U. 15, of the Public Acts of 1889, are in- are be to congratulated for having such an earnest worker in their behalf.

> We notice little boys are still chewing tobacco, although under the new law, which went into effect Tuesday, Oct. 1st, It is no longer lawful "to sell, give or furnish any cigar, cigarette, cheroot, chewing or smoking tobacco, or tobacco in any form whatever, to any minor under 17 years of age unless upon a written order from the parent or guardian of said minor." and any person "who shall wilfully do so is liable to be punished by a fine of \$5 nor more than \$50, or by imprisonment in the county jail for a term days, or by both such fine and imprison-

The Flint & Pere Marquette, Chicago & Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk railways have at last decided to join in a union depot at Port Huron. The Flint and Pere Marquette depot building formerly the general offices of the Port Huron Gov. Shoup, in his annual report to the & Northwestern will be removed farther secretary of the interior, claims for the west, leaving more yard room for the strations were to be held. F. & P. M. The F. & P. M. will also use for statehood. The population is 113,- the C. &. G. T, track to get into the 777. There is but little doubt that city from the C. & G. T. junction, where cans have a majority. it is safe to say in turn use the F. & P. M. track down the river front. The new arrangement, when all consumated, will be much more convenient and satisfactory to the traveling public.

Edward Wiest, for the past five years machinist in the P.O. & P.A., now P. O. & N, shops, has accepted a more lucrative position as engineer of the steam heating plant of the government at Fort Riley, Kansas, and left on Wednesday for his western home. Engineer Wiest has been doing well in the employ of the railway, but accepts a largely increased salary. He is a first-class workman, on excellent terms with his employers, and universally popular with his associates and has the entire confidence of our citireal estate dealer of Lockport, N. Y., and zens generally. His associates and em. estness that had been manifested in the who had rooms at the Union house, ployers of the road presented him with a Sebewaing, missed his overcoat from its fine testimonial of respect and good will a realization of what the flag has cost, two and one-half cents per mile. This was decided that the coat had gone near go with Ed, and his family to their new ing he admonished the boys and girls

the supposed flying fugitive. In the mean- getic and industrious class of farmers be grow older. time the actual puriomer of the garment found than in the vicinity of Cass City. back, arriving at the hotel after dark, prosperity, and the continuance in the for Rey. Gilchriese, who had already and his profuse apologies and the heart line of improving their farms cannot but rending refrain of Oh My! Oh My!! Oh help to make this one of the best farming sections in the state. In spite of the climatic limitations that prohibit the necessary amount of labor out-doors during the fall season, yet the past summer has fully replaced what may be lost by the approach of an early winter. aged and Cass City is doing all in his power toward the promotion of their interests by the provision of a good market for not only their grain, but other products of the farm,

Rev. S. Reid, presiding elder of the Saginaw district, preached a very able and impressive sermon to a large congregation in the M. E. church on Sunday was held, and dancing was indulged in night from the text: "Whist ye not that Directing his address particularly to the young he urged the young man to seek an occupation, employment or business that he could ask God's blessing to help him in and to stand firm for truth and right and oppose wrong. He related several instances where such a course resulted in a grand success; finishing his discourse by picturing the fearful re sults of those who run courses that do not have an object in view for the good of mankind and the building up of the great Master's kingdom.

Those Sidewalks.

EDITORS ENTERPRISE.

About four years ago sidewalks were ordered built on West street. The village built the crossings, and some of the property owners obeyed the order of the council and constructed walks in front refused to do so, thereby demonstrating that those who did obey the order of the council were very foolish because they have spent their money for walks and still have to walk in the mud. I think it would be difficult to find in the whole United States a village or town the size of Cass City that allows one of its main thoroughfares to remain in such a disgraceful condition. Will the council, or some member of the council rise and explain. The tax-payers of the village have a right to know why this is Yours truly.

A. G. BERNEY.

UNFURLED TO THE BREEZE

The National Fing Now Floats From Our Union School. The Exercises Meld at the School on Tuesday.

For some time past the custodians of he flag, which was recently obtained through the Detroit Tribune for patriotic purposes, have been awaiting the erection of a flag-staff before placing Emery Germain, Jr., Millington......36 his national emblem on Cass institution of learning, but the pole was erected on Monday and the exercises following the unfurling of the flag were held on Tuesday afternoon,

At 2.30 o'clock the scholars of the diferent rooms, together with the teachers, repaired to the school ground to witness the out-door exercises. After the flag had been hoisted by Andrew Wood and Harry Pinney three rousing cheers were offered for "old glory," the emblem of our nation's pride, to which all responded in a hearty manner. A recitation was then delivered in the open air by Charlie Seed; after which "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was sung by the joyous crowd, which was followed by Harry Weydemeyer in a recitation entitled, "What Mean These Banners?"

The pupils and teachers, also the visitors who had congregated during the open air exercies, then filed into the schoolhouse and proceeded to the high school room, where the closing demon-

The first on the program was a song, 'Our Flag is There," which was rendered very efficiently by the school choir. This was a great addition for the already growing enthusiasm, which prepared the way for Miss Bell Walmsley in her recitation, "The Right of the Line," which was pronounced excellent, her tones being clear and distinct. This interesting number was followed by Harry Pinney, who, in his recitation, "The Right of Freedom," displayed to those present his pleasing manner of reciting. and spoke in a straightforward and manly way. The rendition of "The Study of Nature" by Jud Brown was an acceptable feature, and was the last

number on the program. Prof. Conlon then invited Rev. A. H. Andrews to make a few remarks, to which invitation the reverend gentleman generously responded. With complimentary allusion he spoke of the carnsecuring of the flag, and brought to mind not only inclollars and cents, but in the to live worthy lives for the sake of the

flag, and to honor and cherish it as they

After this excellent address those present were loud in their exclamations. made a few remarks during the exercises: in the open air. He spoke of what the stars and stripes signified and with what authority it protected the interests of the United States. His address was interesting throughout and elicited much applause from the audience.

"America" was then sung with great enthusiasm by the entire school, after which Mr. Conlon thanked all present for the interest manifested and the scholars and speakers who had generously rendered their services on this occasion; and while the program had not been as complete as was intended he hoped it had been interesting as well as instruct-

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

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

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

Licensed to Wed.

C. W. McPHAIL.

The following are the marriage licenses furnished us by the county clerk for the week ending October 23:

John L. Freese, Caro..... Lillie M. Sadler, Caro......19 Moses Dosser, Columbia..... Ella Hames, Columbia.... Francis J. Clark, Tuscola..... Jennie Perry, Tuscola..... Alpheus Zimmer, Unionville,..... Augusta Rader, Columbia..... George Lovitt, Arbela..... Mary E. Allen, Arbela..... Phoebe Cooper, Gagetown...... Charles French, Gilford. Louisa Gould, Gilford.... August Poppe, Columbia.... Annie Haubauer, Columbia. Marton Parker, Vassar..... Ella Embery, Vassar..... Fred Bedore, Elmwood.....

Ella Deshan, Elmwood...... The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren church, Blue Mound, Kas., says: I feel it my duty to tell what wonders, Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My Lungs were badly diseased and my parishioners thought that I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 pounds in weight,"

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folk's Combination, writes: "After a long trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption beats them all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Fritz Bros.' drug store.

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. Cass City, Mich.

FCR SALE—Three Shropshire-Cotswold male lambs, fit for service. Price from \$6 to \$8 apiece. WM, MARTIN, Three and one-half miles north of Cass City.

RITZ BROS, will close out their entire stock of wall paper at a reduction of 25 per cent, that they may have nothing but new patterns to show their customers the coming year.

T1-1-tf. FOR SALE—A pure bred Berkshire sow, eight months old. Inquire of 11-1-2 wks. RICHARD FANCEE.

WANTED-A good experienced girl for general housework. Mrs. E. H. PINNEY.

POE SALE—Or exchange. A farm near London. Caunda, of 50 acres, with good brick house and out buildings. Will trade for farm near classifity. Inquire of S.D. EDWARDS, Or at the Enterprise office.

TO THE THE For a yoke of oxen, one span of incress.

S. R. MARKHAM, Cass City.

FOR SALE-One yoke of oxen, 4 years old. In quire of FRANK BOND. quire of FRANK BOND. Five miles east and 1 south of Cass City.



General Hyppolite,

President of Hayti, is a full-blooded Negro and a man of considerable energy, ability and resource. His hair is nearly white and his picture shows an intelligent face, though rather crafty, one would fancy, and shows him to be a man capable of any harshness that would serve his ends. Peace is an experience to which Hayti is little accustomed, and the chances are that there are still plenty of petty revolutions in store for her.

The Emperor of Germany has issued a ukase against dancing. The children while undergoing preparation for confirmation are absolutely forbidden to dance; and on Whitsuntide, the emperor's birthday, and other national fotes dancing is forbidden before noon and after eight o'clock in the evening. Emperor William has been looked upon as inheriting nothing from his mother's family, but this must be a mistake. The man who would try to check the natural exuberance of spirit which with the Germans finds expression in the dance, would try to change the people and make them as staid as the Britishers. Young William must have inherited his opposition to the dance from the Guelph family. It is safe to say that the emperor will have some difficulty in enforcing such an order in a land where the children dance as early as they walk; where they need neither music nor the dancing floor for the waltz; where they dance in the fields, in the streets, in their closets; where they follow the example of old King David, "who danced before the Lord with all his might," when they are most thankful to their Creator.

The bureau of animal industry has recently published a report of the number and value of cattle in the United States for 1887-88, and this report is of great value in conjunction to-night-Doris, who had smiled on him he with the examination now being made by the senate beef investigating committee. It will certainly surprise many well-informed persons to learn that since 1885 the number of cattle in the country devoted to the beef supply increased from seventeen millions to nearly forty-nine millions. This strengthens the position of those who claim that the low price of cattle is due to over-production. The deductions of the government experts, however, are to the effect that the price of corn, and the mean price of hogs in comparison with that of steers. in a great measure affects the price of cattle. This is a valuable suggestion to the committee, and one they should to surrender for it? not fail to make use of in continuing their inquiry into the dressed beef in-

In 1846 the consumption of American cotton by Great Britain amounted to one million, two hundred and thirty-nine thousand bales, while the United States used only three hundred ninety thousand bales of the product. In 1888 the English consumption had increased to two million, seven hundred and five thousand bales, and that of the United States to two million, one hundred and ninetyone thousand bales. These figures indicate that our cotton industry is gaining on England, and in a few years most of the manufacturing will be done on this side. The south takes the lead in the building of new cotton factories, and it is mostly due to that section that we are able to successfully compete with England in this inlustry.

A young man from the army service in the west recently arrived in Moorhead, Minn., and announced to his astonished relatives that he had "some of Jesse James' blood in his veins," and as a practical demonstration of the transfusion, shot and killed his aged uncle. Jesse James was a bad man, but a bold one, and not in the habit of killing inoffensive old men when their backs were turned. The blood of a It is all I ask Doris; all I dare ask before I coward was evidently in the veins of this would-be imitator.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

CHAPTER I. "Shall I wear it, or not?"

She was standing in her dressing room, and in her hand was a plain gold bracelet, on which was engraved the motto "Noblesso Oblige," It was Doris' 21st birthday, and the bracelet had come that morning, amongst the numerous gifts that were making her dressing table look rather like a stall at a fancy fair.

"Shall I wear it?" she repeated, a little doubtfully, and then her lips relaxed into a smile. "How extravagant it was of him to buy it! but I suppose the motto tempted him. I wonder if he remembered the night when we were all chosing mottoes, and he and I both fixed on that? I wonder-"

"Doris," said Lady Carew, now coming into her daughter's room, "are you not ready! There are carriages coming up the drive and Sir Philip Chisholm has been here nearly half an hour,"

"But that is his own fault, if he chose to come before the time," said Doris, with unanswerable loric.

She clasped the bracelet on her arm and followed her mother down stairs and out into the garden, where the freshly marked tennis-courts shone in the afternoon sun, and Sir Philip Chisholm, a tall, soldierly man, with iron-gray hair and a keen, bronzed face, was walking rather disconsolately by Lord Carew's side.

Another man was there also, a young lieutenant, whose face brightened at the sight of Doris, and then relapsed into a gravity born of the fact that his regiment was under orders for India, and that this would be his last day at Undercliff or, indeed, in England.

It is permitted to a man to look sad when he is looking his last on "England, home and beauty," and though Wilfrid Lyle wore a brave-enough front all day, when at last he found himself standing by Doris on the verge of the cliff, and gazing down on the sea that was to bear him away from her tomorrow, the face the girl saw in the luminous June twilight was very grave and sad.

Doris herself was conscious of fighting against similar feelings, but the consciousness only made her anxious not to betray

"Every one is going ir now," she said suggestively, looking toward the house.

"Is that any reason why we should?" said Mr. Lyle quickty. "My last night, Doris; and if we wait a few moments the moon will be up. I would like to see it rise once more, with you."

The sea lay full in front of them, the water looking dark and still in the evening light, and the waves breaking in soft little ripples on the beach below. Overhead the sky was palely blue, with stars faintly flickering here and there, but almost as he spoke it seemed to widen and brighten, and a streak of gold gleamed on the water's

"There it is," said Doris, under her breath-"oh, Wilfrid, how lovely it is! When one sees anything so beautiful as that, doesn't it seem as if all one's life must be

nobler and better for having seen it?" "Yes," assented Mr. Lyle, in a tone of deep conviction. But he was looking at Doris, not at the moon and sea.

If he had only been rich-as rich as Sir Philip Chisholm, for instance, who had come back from India with a lac of rupees. and a K. C. B .- what might he not have ventured to say to her now? But what right had he to speak of love to this proud young beauty, who could as little mate with a poor 'Squire's son as if she had been a princess of the realm? There was some distant cousinship between them that gave the entree of the house and the right to call her "Doris," but he told himself bitterly that Lord Carew would as soon think of giving Doris to his footman as to him.

And Doris? This was the question which had been shaping itself on his lips all day, but which, it seemed to the penniless Lieutenant, honor forbade him to ask of Doris knew, but whose smiles were like the sunshine and fell equally on the evil and the good, or at least, upon Sir Philip Chisholm and himself.

There was, perhaps, not quite the equality he imagined: but Wilfrid Lyle was humble in his love, as all men are who love worthily and well. But humble as he was, and sternly as he had told himself that it would be a base requital of Lord Carew's hospitality to make love to the young beauty who was destined for so much more brilliant a match, Wilfrid Lyle felt his resolution almost overthrown as Doris moved her arm and the moonlight glittered on the bracelet he had sent her that morning. Would she have chosen that of all others to wear to-day if she had not liked him a little?

But that did not alter the fact that he had no right to woo her; and was not the legend on the bracelet he had chosen for her "Noblesse oblige?" Would she never guess all that it meant to him, or all he was



AT LAST SHE TOOK ONE AND HELD IT SHYLY

TOWARD HIM. He stood so long silent that Doris glanced shyly at him, and then looked away as silent as himself. Something in his face made it impossible for her to speak.

She stood by him with half averted face, looking at the smooth summer waters, and listening to their plash upon the beach. Suddenly he moved a little forward with a quick, impatient gesture.

"Do you know what I would say to-night if I were a rich man, or-or a cad?" he asked, abruptly, coming so close to her that their shadows blended on the narrow pathway behind them.

Doris did not answer; what answer could she make? She stood quite still, the colo mounting in her face, and her heart beating till she thought he must hear it as plainly as she did herself. Her fingers plucked restlessly at the flowers that lay against the slim white throat, and he laid his hands

"Don't," he said. \"Give me one instead.

nots, and Doris Carew was not a girl who gave flowers for the asking, least of all flowers like these. But at last she took and held it shyly towards him, and the long

fingers closed on hers. There was a silence that seemed vocal to both, and then Wilfrid loosed her hand

with a long-grawn sigh. "There is a motto," he said, touching lightly the golden circlet on which the moonbeams glittered cold and bright, "that every gentleman, however poor, may take for his own. It is mine, Doris, though it means the surrender of all that could make life worth having. I can not tell you what I would to night, for both of us have duties, and the motto we both have chosen is Noblesse oblige."

CHAPAER II.

It is three years later, and Doris Chrew is unwedded still. Lovers have come to her in plenty, men who wooed her for money, and men who woodd her for herself, but she has had the same answer for them all. She does not wish to marry, she says, or at least

The words might seem to leave a loophole for hope, but no one who hears the shy thrill in Miss Carew's voice, or sees her eyes when she utters them, ever hopes again. They go away, one after another, and Doris does not regret them. She is content, well content, she tells herself, on one of the sweet summer evenings that always bring Wilfred to her mind, as she sits on the branch of a great tree that grows conveniently low, and looks straight before her with eyes that are wistful rather than sad. And then she smiles ever so little. and whispers again, "Well content-to

She has come out to gather flowers, and the size of her basket bears witness to the magnitude of her intentions; but the basket is empty, and the flowers bloom ungathered at her feet. She is lost in thought, in musings that are not without sweetness, but that give a pensiveness to her face that was not there three years ago, and which end at last in a long drawn sigh.

It is just three years since Wilfred Lyle went to his man's life of circumstance and change, with its rare touches of memory and feeling, and Doris was left to a girl's life of memory and feeling, with its infrequent touch of circumstance or change, and she has scarcely heard of him since. Sometimes she saw his name in the papers, and once or twice her father has heard from him, and that is all. There was a letter yesterday, stiff and formal, as a man's letters are apt to be when the thought that may not be spoken ontruns the commonplace civilities that may.

"Remember me to Doris, if she has not forgotton me," Wilfred had written, and Lord Cares, reading nothing between the lines, had read it out before them all.

"No. I have not forgotten him." Doris said quickly, but with such a flaming blush that Sir Philip Chisholm, who was dining at Undercliff, asked, in a startled voice, of whom they were speaking.

"Who, who, did you say?" he stammered, looking at the foreign letter in Lord Carew's hand.

"Wilfrid Lyle, a sort of nephew of mine, in the Rifles, you know. Don't you remember he was down here two or three years

Sir Philip did not remember it, but the name fixed itself now in his mind foreverthe name at which Doris had blushed. It had come to be patent to every one that Sir Philip Chisholm was paying his addresses to the stately young beauty who had sent away so many younger men, but though he owned, with a sigh, that he never received anything that the most sanguino man could take for encouragement-nothing but those pleasant smiles which Doris accorded to all. and which, as Wilfred Lyle had said, fell equally on the evil and the good-he had always comforted himself by the reflection that if she showed him uo preference, he could certainly point to uo one more favored than himself.

And now, here was Doris, blushing like the morn! Was it wonderful that he felt he should never forget the name Wilfrid

He did not hear it again at Undercliff, but some months later he was dining at Parkhurst, and the name smote his ear at mess. There was the clatter of many tougues, and Sir Philip was a little deaf, but he caught Mr. Lyle's name, and it seemed to him that it was a wedding they were talking of.

"Did I understand you that Mr. Lyle is married?" he asked his neighbor, a very unfledged lieutenant, who seemed to have almost lost his normal shyness in speaking of the event that might mean so much to Col. Sir Philip Chisholm.

"Yes, last week," answered the boy read-"He married a cousin of mine, an awfully jolly girl, and I've just come back from the wedding. They met on the steamer coming home.

"Was his name Wilfrid?" asked Sir Philip very anxiously.

"Yee, I think so. But Kate was shy, and always called him Mr. Lyle. "You're not sure about the Wilfrid, then;

I should very much like to know. I-I fancy he may turn out to be an old friend of mine," said the Colonel mendaciously. He looked so anxious and disturbed that the young man said he believed he had one of Lyle's cards in his room, and would look for it after dinner, and Sir Phillip

took care that the promise was kept. Before he rode home that night he had seen the card, and the name upon it was

"Wilfrid C. Lyle." Sir Phillip Chisholm felt that the oblong little bit of pasteboard was a trump card for him, and played it the next time he went to Undercliff; but he knew very little of Doris if he expected her to show an outward wound. Just for a moment her lips were white, or he fancied so; the color was in them again so quickly, he could not be sure. Perhaps he did not wish to be. To pain Doris was not his desire, only to let her know that the man at whose name she had blushed a year ago could be nothing to her now. And as he looked at her, he began to think that it was all a mistake, that the blush at which he had so disquieted himself had meant nothing. If it had meant all he fancied, could she have looked as she

"I wonder Wilfrid did not tell us?" said Lord Carew. "But I have not heard from him for a long time now. He has left off writing, I think."

"Yes." said his wife, glancing a little anxiously at Doris, and looking as quickly way, "Are you sure, Sir Phillip, that it is the same Mr. Lyle?"

"It is Wilfrid C. Lyle; that is all I know," said Sir Philip, and Doris said in a voice that was only a little clearer and sharper than usual:

"Yes: Wilfrid Carew. That is his name, "You know more than I do," laughed her father. "He never uses the 'Carew,' and I had forgotten all about it."

And then the talk fell on other matters, Doris hesitated, for the flowers were, as | and Doris joined gayly in it. Whatever

Mr. Lyle knew well enough, forget-me- she might think of the news Sir Philip had brought, she heard it and made no sign. Other women might have betraved themselves in so sharp and sudden a shock, but 'Noblesse oblige," and Doris Carew only smiled in her pain.

Sir Philip went home walking on air, and before Wilfrid Lyle's honeymoon had well run out he had asked Doris to be his wife, and Doris had consented.

"I know I am not worthy of you," the chivalrous soldier said, "but if you could try to like me Doris! Could you learn to like me-in time-do you think?

"How can you tell?" said Doris, with a sad little smile; "how can 1 tell?"

fult seemed to Doris that she had done with love forever. Once she had thought, whispering in shyly to herself among the summer flowers, that she loved Wilfred Lyre, but if she was sure of everything now it was that this was no longer true. She, Doris Carew, love a man who had trifled with her, and wedded another woman! The wild pain that tore her heart at the thought was indignation, contempt, hatred-anything but love.

"I can not tell if I shall ever love you," she said to Sir Philip now. "I only know that I do not love any other man, and that I never shall."

"Then I am not afraid!" said Sir Philip, and he bent and and kissed the fair, proud face that turned so pale at his touch.

When he looked at her again there was a strange somber scorn in the sweet, dark eyes; but it was for herself not for him, For in the second in which Philip Chisholm held her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers, she knew-and hated herself for the knowledge-that she would have gladly given all the years of her life if it could have been not Philip Chisholm, but Wilfred Lyle. And so she stood leaning against the heavily mullioned window, curiously agitated and disturbed, and Sir Philip thrilled with a pleasant sense of



"I KNOW I AM NOT WORTHY OF YOU." She would not have trembled in his arms, and been so agitated by his kiss, he told himself, if she had not been much nearer loving him than she knew.

Suddenly Doris lifted her head and

"There is something I ought to tell you." she said, in tones that were low and faint with effort; "and perhaps you will not care for me when you know."
"Perhaps not!" he said, smiling. But

as smiles died out under Doris' strange

"I did not tell you quite all the truth just now," she whispered, and her eyes were so full of pain that he caught her hand, and held it, as one holds the hand of a friend under the surgeon's knife. "I--I did care for some one else-once."

Sir Philip drew a long breath of relief. "Is that all?" he said, kindly, with the serene acquisence of age in the inevitable follies of youth. "My dear Doris, men of my age do not expect to be a girl's first love.

Deris felt as if she had subjected herself to an unnecessary humiliation. Her face crimsoned as she answered rather coldly-"Perhaps I need not have told you. But was advised a good while ago to take 'Noblesse oblige' for my motto, and I have."

"You have done all that is noble and right," said Sir Philip, "and, believe me, I appreciate your confidence. But if you can assure me that you care for no one else now, it is all I ask. You do not love this other man-whoever he is-still?"

"Still?" she flashed out, indignantly "Still? Am I am not Doris Carew?"

But when Sir Philip had gone, Dorls erept away to the grassy verge of the cliff and threw herself on the soft turf in a passion of shame and pain. It might be true, it was true, she told herself vehemently, that she did not love Wilfred Lyle nowher marriage would prove that to every one, even to him, even to herself; but not the less was earth desolate and heaven far.

CHAPTER III.

"Doris!" called Lord Carew, "Doris, where are you!" There were disturbance and a sort of excitement in his tone, and as Doris opened the library door and came into the wide sunlit hall he looked at her with almost comical consternation. It was the day before her wedding, and Doris had been writing farewell letters all the morning, and looked tired and pale, but Lord Carew was too perturbed to notice his daughter's looks.

"The strangest thing has happened!" he said. You remember Wilfrid-Wilfrid Lyle?"

"Yes," said Doris, steadying herself against a marble table, and feeling that she could not have uttered another word to save her life.

"He has come into a fortune, it seems. His father died lately and an uncle and cousin since, so Wilfrid has come in for the Deerhurst estate."

"Yes?" said Doris, in tones that tried to be indifferent. Why should her father tell her of Wilfrid's good fortune, or assume that it could be of interest to her? She drew herself up, and her brows contracted; but Lord Carew was more embarrassed than herself. "Well, he is a rich man now, and-and the short of it is, Doris, that it must have been all moonshine about his marriage. He can't be married, for he doesn't seem to have heard of your engagement, and he writes to ask me for your hand—he does, upon my honor! Poor fellow, I'd no idea he'd ever thought of you; but he says he has for years, and didn't like to speak till he had something to offer you."

Doris did not speak. What was there she could say? But the table against which she leaned was hardly colder than the hand that rested on it.

"The curious thing is that he doesn't eem to have much doubt of his answer," pursued Lord Carew. "He says he is coming for it himself, and will be with us this evening. It's awkward to know what to do-and Chisholm coming to dinner, too! Pon my life, it's quite a little comedy." Doris set her teeth; and her eyes flashed.

"Yes," she said "I dare say that is the best way of looking at it." "It won't be Wilfrid's way I am afraid," said her father. "He seems desperately

hard hit." "Does he?" said Doris, with a curious little smile. "He will get over it. That sort of thing doesn't kill people, papa."

She went away, with the young life pulsating fiercely in her veins, a girl whom "that sort of thing" had not been able to slay, and her father looked after her in ome perplexity.

"She takes it very cooly." he said, glancing again at the letter in his hand; "but Wilfrid? I'm afraid he'll feel it very much. And the post gets in here so late there's no time to stop him: not even if I telegraphed. Poor fellow, I shan't know what to say to him. I shall have to break it to him as best I can; but I'd rather face a cavalry charge."

And indeed, Lord Carew felt a tightening of his throat and a mistiness of his own eyes as he told the disappointed suitor he had come too late. Wilfrid heard him with a dreary patience, bearing it as such men bear adverse fate-composed enough to outward seeming, but with a bitterness in his heart that was like the bitterness of death. Lord Carew seemed, indeed the more moved of the two, but he understood the other's stern self-command, and when Mr. Lyle asked to see Doris he did not not know how to refuse.

"It can't hurt you to say a civil word to him," he said, when Doris shrank back; "it isn't as if you had cared for him, you know."

"No." said Doris, faintly. "Then go to him, my dear. He will say

nothing to pain you; he is too much of a gentleman for that. And, after all, it is not your fault, you know. You have no cause for self-reproach."

"Does he know about to-morrow?" "Of course, of course. I told him everything, and he only wants just to say 'good-You can't refuse him that, poor fel-

low, if it's any consolation." No; Doris felt that she could not re fuse. She went into the drawing room where Wilfrid was waiting, telling her self proudly that she should, at least, know

how to meet him as Philip Chisholm's bride-she, Doris Carew! But the proudest women sometimes over rate their strength. She had not realized what it would be to stand face to face with him once more, to feel her hands in his, to meet the eyes and hear the voice for which she had hungered so long in vain. She stood mute and pale, unable to utter a

There was a cloud of pain and wonder in Wilfrid's eyes, and his face was almost as

white as her own. "Doris," he said, "Doris!" There could be no pretense of commonplace greeting between them, but till she heard his voice she did not realize how much better it would have been that there should have been no greeting at all. She looked up, too shaken and agitated to speak, but perhaps her silence seemed to both more natural than speech. In that supreme moment of meet ing, neither thought of conventional civil: ties, neither thought of anything bes the other. Neither of them even agw that a gentleman in evening dress had come in unannounced, and was standing just with-

in the door, as if turned into stone. "Doris," said Wilfrid, "1 will not take your father's tale without a word from you Is it true? And is this thing of your own free will?"

She bent her head silently, and he let her hands fall.

"And I thought such different things," he muttered. "Did you not know how I loved you? Doris, did you not know?"
"How could I?" she whispered in a toneless voice. "They said—they said" Her voice faltered, and trailed off into a despairing silence, but Mr. Lyle under-

stood. "They told you I was married? Your father had heard some foolish story about that. I suppose there was some confusion with my cousin Charley, who was married a little while ago; but surely you might have known!"

"It was Wilfrid," she interrupted, "Wil-

frid C. Lyle?" "Of course-Wilfrid Charles. We call him Charlie to distinguish him from me. but he is always called Wilfrid at home. Was that the dreadful mistake that robbed me of you? Oh, Doris, Doris! How could you believe it-you? Had you forgotten that last night, and what you gave me then?"

She hid her face with a sharp and bitter cry, and the man who was watching them, himself so unthought of and unseen, scowled fiercely, and clenched his hands as he

"Did you not care for me when you gave me this?" said Wilfrid, and his tone compelled her to look up. He held out an open pocket-book, and on it lay a small withered flower, scentless, and brown, and dry. "Did you not care for me then?" he repeated; and Doris could not speak, could not even control the trembling that shook her from head

"You loved me then!" he cried, with swift conviction; "and, Dorris, my Dorris! I believe you love me now!"

A moment Doris bent her head on her clasped hands, and then she stepped back a pace, and looked at him, and trembling as she was, her gaze neither shrank nor wavered. Her face was set and pale, but there was something so noble and lofty in her look that both the men held their breath.

"Dear," she said, "this is the last time I shall ever see you, and if it is any comfort to you to know that I love you, take it! But even for you I can not go back from my word or wrong the good and noble gentle man whose wife I shall be to-morrow. Did you not yourself teach me 'Noblesse oblige?' Her tone and look went to Wilfrid's heart, and not to his only. Sir Philip Chisholm strode suddenly down the room, and fronted them with eyes that

held a great sorrow and a great resolve. "Miss Carew," said the gray-haired soldier whom Doris had called, not untruly, a good and noble gentleman, "Miss Carew, I have come to bid you good-by. I love you too truly to sacrifice your life to mine. Yes, Doris, my darling! I know you were willing. I know that you would have kept your word and done your duty-and broken your heart in doing it! Do you think I will let you do it, or that an old soldier shall be outdone in heroism by a girl? I too, have a duty to perform, and that is to set you free. I. too, have a wat hword, and it is, like yours and his-Noblesse oblige."

A Tall Negro.

Orlando, Fla., has a colored citizen who carries the top of his head 6 feet 81 inches above terra firma, and as he is of slender build, he appears much taller. His name is Bob Washington. Bob's pedal extremities have paced along in growth evenly with the rest of his anatomical development, and he is of little use as a hoe-hand, his feet covering up all the grass in reach. but for gathering oranges without the aid of a step-ladder he is a success.

A lecture on fruit should always begin with a pear oration .-- Merchant Traveler.

Tommy—"Say, Mr. Dryleigh, yo can try it on me if you like." Rev. Mr. D.—"I don't understand you my child. Try what?" "Why ma says you can put anybody to sleep in five minutes." (Tableau.)

Nephew (trying to make a good impression)—"Uncle, this port is excellent." Uncle—"Well, I should think so; it is fifty years old." Nephew-"By Jove, you don't say so! What a superb wine it must have been once!"

Judge (to police officer)—"Are you sure, sir, that the prisoner was drunk?" Officer-"Is it dhrunk, yer honer? Shure af he ud sphoke through the tiliphone the brith uv'im ud av made. the noles shtagger.'

Labor-saving Proposition-"Well, Johnny, I shall forgive you this time; and it's very pretty of you to write a. letter to say you're sorry." - "Yes, ma; don't tear it up, please." "Why, Johnny?" "Because it will do for next time."

Mrs. Winks (at dinner in great ho tel)—"Who are those men at that table in the corner?" Mr. Winks—"Don't know." "What are they talking about?" "Base ball, horse races, prize fights and so on." "Oh, they are probably city officials."

City man (on a summer jaunt) "Are you going to have an agricultural exhibition here this year?" Farmer (sadv)-"No-o, I'm 'fraid not. Most of the old ladies what makes quilts is died off, and there ain't a decent race hoss

"Haven't you got some ice that isn't: uite so cold?" asked the lady of the house when the usual lump was left in the morning. "Dr. Hammond says: that ice water is more injurious to health than coals of fire. Hereafter leave us the warmest ice you raise."

Assistant editor-"Here's an account of a minister assaulted by a disappointed lover, while in the act of performing the marriage ceremony." Chief-Put it in the railway news." Assist-

ant (astonished)—"Why?"
Chief—"He was hurt while making

a coupling." Inez (telling of her yachting trip) "And from there all the way home we just hugged the shore." Young Saphead-"Aw, do you know, I would have been werry glad to have been the shore." Inez-"Thanks, but the shore had lots of rocks; quite an attraction nowadays as you are aware."

Omaha papa-"So you are going tomarry, are you. my son? I presume the young lady you are about to wed knows all about housework and looking after the wants of a family?" Omaha youth—"Well you just bet she does. I wish you could see a cotton batting dog she made last week, and some butterflies she painted on velvet."

A young lady at Athens, Ga., has invented a lamp that will cease to burn exactly at 10 o'clock. The average Georgia lover has no fault to find with the lamp; in fact, he would be better satisfied if it would go out as soon as he came in. If the young lady wants to make a real ten-strike she should invent a father who will go to bed at

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver

Pills. These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping 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 pre-

paration A curious offer is made of a small leasehold property in Worcestervile, held "for the residue of a term of two thousand years, created in the year 1:00." It will be sold at auction.

Would You Believe

The proprietor of Kemp's Balsam gives thousands of bottles away yearly! This mode of advertising would prove ruinous if the Balsam was not a perfect cure for coughs and all throat and lung troubles. You will see the excellent effect after the first cose. Don't hesitate! Secure a bottle te-day to keep in your house or room for immediate or future use. Trial bottles free at all

druggists'. Large size 10c and \$1. There is no inventor who has benefited the hay-raiser, or leserves more credit, than Mr. Geo. Ertel, the senior member of the firm of Geo. Ertel & Co., manufacturers of hay presses, Quincy, Ill. He has brought the press which they advertise in this issue, to its present high standard after almost a quarter of a century's study, and our pressure who do not send for the and our readers who do not send for the 1889 catalogue, which is profusely illustrat-od, will miss the source of useful knowl-

Fortune's Favorites.

Galveston (Tex.) News, Aug. 20. CORSICANA, TEX, August 27, 1889.—Corsican boasts to day of two of the happiest men in Texas, in the persons of Messrs. John W. C'Neal and O. P. Wimberly, the lucky men who draw \$15,000 each in The Louisiana State Lottery drawing of the 13th inst. Each gentleman paid \$1 for the one-twentieth of ticket No. 87,825, which proved to be the number which drew the capital prize of \$300,000. Your correspondent first sought Mr. O'Neal at his restaurant and asked to see the ticket. "Unclo John," as he is familiarly called, was slow to realize his luck, but after depositing his tickit with the First National bank for collection and getting a receipt for the same he said he began to "feel like a bloated bondholder."

Mr. O. P. Wimberly, who kept a small butcher shop here, offered to dispose of his ticket for "two bits" when he heard that O'Neal had drawn the capital prize, but no one would buy it. Imagine his surprise when he found that he also held the lucky number. He also deposited his ticket with

the First National Bank for collection.

The tickets were promptly forwarded to New Orleans, the \$30,000 collected and placed to the credit of the happy men, less the usual rate of exchange.

No stranger should visit the city without smoking Tansill's I unch" 5c. Cigar.

In India recently a baby 8 months old was

Did you ever go within a mile of a soan factory? If so you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. it. Take no imitation. Try it once. Ask your grocer for

There is nobody living to-day, with possibly a few exceptions, will see another year in which the figure "9" does not appear.

Dr. L. L. Gorsuch, Toledo, O., says: "I have practiced guedicine for 40 years, have never seen a preparation that I could pre-scribe with so much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure." Sold by druggists, 75c. TREED BY A MOOSE.

They Are Savage Customers When They Get a Hunter at a Disadvantage.

On coming to the footprints I found it was a moose that had been along there, writes an old time hunter in the Minneapolis Tribune, and had kept our track, as easier than the deep, heavy snow. I followed along, making as little noise as possible, and found that he quietly fed at every tree he could reach; then I came to where he had lain down during the storm. I knew from this that he could not be a great | heavy, and so high up that he could distance off, and I went on slowly and cautiously. He kept the track most of the time, but would, when a good feeding tree was handy, get out in the deep snow, but soon got back again. In my moccassin feet I made no noise; the signs grew fresher, and it was not long before I came to where he had rested the night before. I fancied I could scent him. So I got down on my knees and crept along, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the breaking of branches ahead of me. I had with me my short fowling piece, loaded for a deer, with three buckshot in it. The charge would have been good for a deer at short range, but not for a moose, unless I could hit his neck bone or cut his jugular. So I worked myself along on the path as noiselessly as possible, and when within a thick clump of bushes I raised up to take in the situation, I had the satisfaction of seeing the moose within easy gun shot, but not on the beaten path. He was just reaching up his long head and nose to the top of a small tree, on the branches and twigs of which he was feeding. I had my snow shoes under one arm and the gun in the other. I dropped the shoes as quickly as I could and took aim at him, but he had either scented or got sight of me, for in a flash, before I could get my gun up, he made a jump, and was out of sight in the trees.

I did not believe he would go far, so I slipped my feet into the toe straps of the snow shoes, and it was lucky for me that I did not stop to fasten them on. I followed on his track and in a short time found he had got enough of the deep snow and crust and had stopped, with his head to me and his long ears projecting forward; he did not turn to run as I advanced on him, but kept his head bobbing up and down, so that it covered his front neck and breast. As he stood facing me I could hit nothing but his face and forehead, and I waited for him to hold his head up long enough for me to aim under, and as I thought I had him right I let go at him. He was not more than fifty yards from me, and I could see in an instant what my buckshot had done for the moose. Just as I fired he must have thrown his head down again and got the charge in his nose and face. One shot went through his nose and lodged in the jaw, giving him the toothache; the other two struck him fair in the forehead between the eyes and flattened out on the bone.

My! wasn't he mad? It didn't take him long to take in the situation. He made for me at once, giving me no time for reflection or to reload; no time to climb a tree or get behind one. There was nothing between him and All I could do was to turn and run. As I turned I noticed a few rods to my right a large cedar tree that had turned up by the roots and lay with its top at an angle some ten or fifteen feet up from the snow, and was high enough at the roots for one to crawl under. I

made for it. It was a race for life. As I put my hands on the tree I realized in one more jump the sharp hoofs of the moose would be on me unless I could get over the tree. I dropped my gun, put both hands on the cedar (there were no limbs near the roots) and turned a somerset over the tree and came down all right on the other side face to the moose. It was a close shave, for one of the snowshoes struck him in the nose as I circled. As I went over the shoes dropped off. When I landed in the snow the crust gave way and let me down nearly to my armpits. Before I could get my footing the moose was on the other side of the tree, but it was too high and too wide for him to get over. He rose on his hind feet and put his forefeet down on the bark hard enough to shake the dirt off from the roots, and his sharp hoofs cut through the thick tough bark to the solid wood. He would reach over and try to bite me, and the blood from his wounded nose spurted in my face. The two shot holes in his forehead did not bleed much, but I think they gave him a headache. He could not paw the snow from under the tree, and I at once began to dig a hole to crawl under if he should get on my side. This he soon did.

Finding he could not get over or under he took the way around the root. As he went round I went under and faced him on the other side, and I had to do it quick. When I got my head up he was on the other side, his head and neck well over, every hair on his thick, short mane bristling with rage. Finding he could not get at me on that side with his fore feet, he turned round tail to, just as you have seen a mule do, and for a while he made the snow fly in my face, and some of it hit hard. Then when he had trampled the snow down so that he had got a good footing, second time I thought he would get over, for his fore feet hung over on my in a duel by one whose name I unside. But I did not hurry. I found I fortunately bear."

could get under as quick as he could go over or get around, so I watched him stamp and snort and kick and shake his head until a new idea seemed to strike him. He started off for the top of the tree and began to make his way back under the tree, but the limbs were too thick and too large for him to break, and before he had time to do much I was safely out of his way, and could hold on and look at his efforts to get me down, when he started for me. I got on top of the log and walked out to where the timber was thick and not get at me, and I fixed myself comfortably until he should have his mad out and go off and leave me, or until my neighbors should come up with the

As I told you in the start, this moose was the biggest one I had ever seen. He had ten spike horns that seemed to be very tender, for I noticed as I stood over him that when he tried the shaking process on me he would strike with his feet and shoulders and bite with his teeth, but did not use his horns. He would stand up on his hind feet and reach up, take hold of a limb and try to pull it down; his eyes rolled so that nothing but the whites could be seen, his lips turned up, showing his teeth, his mouth filled with foam and. blood, and, as I have said before, every hair on his body and mane bristled with anger. I tell you he was an animal not to be handled and to be avoided with care. He was not disposed to let me down in a hurry, but kept watch of every movement I made. I could see my gun standing up in the snow and my snowshoes were all right below, but I did not dare to make a start for them. When the moose got tired of his useless tantrums he would lie down or stand quietly right under me. and when rested get up and try the same motions.

How long he kept me up a tree could not tell-it seemed a long time to me-when I noticed the moose in one of his quiet moods cock his ears forward as if listening, and I thought I heard the sound of a distant "hollo" or the barking of a dog. I raised myself up from my tiresome perch, and answered back with all my breath and vim, and my call was answered back. and soon I heard the welcome baying of my old hunting dog, "Pointer." who had struck the moose trail, and was really coming up. As soon as the about one of his eyes, which had been moose heard the beying of the dog he began to be uneasy, and started off away from the sound, and before I the irritation to the presence of some could get down from the tree he was out of sight.

It did not take me long to get on my snowshoes and recover my gun, drop in a big load of powder and ram down a ball, and take after the moose. I knew he would not go far after the dog came up, but I was anxious to get a shot at him before he came up, so I put my best foot forward, and I soon got a sight of him, the snow being so deep and heavy he could not go fast. The dog followed the trail around the tree, and so gave of his direct course to avoid a windthe shot I wanted, right behind his ear. The moose was mine. The dog came rnnning past me just as I fired, and be fore my neighbors came up I had the moose bled and the "muffle" cut off. "Muffle," what's that? The hunter's prize, as the tongue of the buffalo isthe soft part of the nose and lips, which, when properly cleaned, boiled and cooked, is as white as snow, and is better than calves' foot jelly.

"Stop My Paper." A fellow thinks, as times are dull, He must cut down expenses; And uscless things soon out he'll cull, At least such his pretence is.

Tobacco he can not give up, Nor do without horse races. On liquors fine he still must sup, And keep in base ball's traces; To play at billiards he sees fit For needed strength it brings; But then he really must omit Unnecessary things.

And so he thinks that, without doubt, This is the proper caper; His wife new clothes must go without, And he will "stop his paper.'

Burr and Hamilton.

An old friend of mine, recently deceased, one day related to me, says the Washington Press, the following incident: "I was standing in my street their heads. Several of the party, door, raising my umbrella, and just states the truthful correspondent, fired about to issue forth on important business into the midst of a sudden and had any effect beyond causing his heavy fall of rain. An old lady at snakeship to accelerate his liesurely that moment passed along the pavement quite unprotected from the brought a man out of a cave in the drenching storm. I immediately rocks, and after they talked the hunters sprang out and offered her the shelter of my umbrella and to accompany her woman and children there. The woto her residence. She corteously accepted the service. Having arrived at | swarming with snakes of every descripher home, which was near the presi- tion and size. They nung from rocky dent's house, after a most agreeable conversation along the way, I had bidden her adieu and turned to depart, when she said, with all the sweet po- another. One great slimy black monliteness of olden times: 'To whom am ster lay across the throat of a sleeping Lindebted for this great kindness?" 'My infant, gently waving its horid head name,' I replied, 'is Burr.' 'And mine, above the child's mouth. An older she added-emotion overpowering child was eating something from an her almost to fainting - 'is Hamilton.' he turned and came at the tree on the I had unknowingly escorted the widow leaning from his shoulder would swing full jump. He tried this twice; the of Alexander Hamilton, our first secretary of the treasury, who was slain child would strike it with its bare hand

"Brick" Pomeroy's Advice to a Boy.

Valter, my boy, do you realize that each year the grave is nearer you than ever before—that unless you are active, the season of life will close before even half your self-allotted contract will have been performed, unless, like too many people, you have no aim -no hope-no ambition beyond picking your teeth after dinner? Half of the world—yes, Valter, more than half -go to the reception-com of eternity without any object in life-as driftwood floats down the stream, guided by the current, and lodging against the first obstruction. And what is driftwood, my boy? Once in a while a good stick of timber is found thereir but it is generally more work to hav it out, clean off the sand and mud. than it is worth; and more time and tools are spoiled in making it into what you wish than the stick will ever bring, even in an active market.

Have a purpose, my boy. Live for something. Make up your mind what you will be, and come up to the mark, or die in the attempt. This is a land where there is no stint to ambition. All have an equal chance. Blood tells -pluck wins-honor and integrity well directed will scale the highest rock. and bear a heavy load to its top. Do not start off in life without knowing where you are going. Load for the game you are hunting. It is as easy to be a man as a mouse. It is as easy to have friends as enemies—it is easier to have both than to go through life like a tar bucket under a wagon. bumping over stumps, or swinging right and left, without a will of your own. Every one can be something. There is enough to do. There are forests to fell-rivers to explore-cities to build-railroads to construct-inventions yet to be studied out-ideas to advance-men to convert-countries to conquer-women to love-offices to be filled-wealth and position to acquire-a name to win-a heaven to reach. Yes, my boy, there is lots of work to do, and you and we must do our share. - Pomerov's Advance Thought.

Mr. Sterling's Remarkable Sight.

A caller at the office of Dr. Wilson, recently was Mr. Julian H. Sterling, artist, journalist and official draughtsman of the Housatonic Railroad system. His mission was to consult the doctor paining him intensely for an hour or two previous. The doctor ascribed foreign substance, and when a superficial examination failed to locate it, he agreed. The doctor temporarily deprived the organ of all feeling by spraying it with cocaine, and then forced out the eyeball. A cirder was found to be the cause of the trouble. This was removed, and the eyeball replaced in its socket.

The operation was entirely painless, but the feature about it which struck the subject as absolutely ludicrous was the fact that while the eyeball was lyme time to come up to the moose. I the fact that while the eyeball was lydid not want to shoot at his body, and | ing on his cheek he could see with it followed behind within gunshot for the ear on that side, the power of vishim to turn his head or give me a ion being fully retained. With the chance at his neck, and as he turned out other eye he also obtained a full view of the eye that was resting on his fall he turned his head and gave me cheek. The cocaine caused a dilation of the pupil to nearly twice its natural size, and this condition remained for some time after the operation.

Field-Glass Cases.

The London Figuro says it has become so general a fashion for a cockney tourist to wear a field-glass strapped across his shoulder that empty cases are now largely sold to 'Arry and his mates when they start on a cheap trip. The other day a gentleman was purchasing a race-glass in London and wishing one of a particular size the optician failed to find one. Pointing to a row of cases the customer said: "Those look the size I want," on which the shop-keeper, opening them one after the other, said: "Oh, they are all empty, as I thought. We rarely sell a case of that size now with any glass in it."

Children in a Den of Snakes.

A party of sportsmen while hunting intelopes in the Sierra Charrote a few days ago, says an Arizona letter, made a most singular discovery. Riding up a narrow gorge they caught sight of a gigantie rattlesnake trailing his hideous length along the steep crag just above at the reptile, but none of the shots movement. The sound of their shots were invited to enter. They found a man lighted a torch, revealing the cave projections in the roof and sides of the cavern, hissing at the unwonted light, and glided about from one corner to earthenware vessel, and a large rattler over and eat from the dish, while the whenever its strange messmate seemed getting more than its share.

YES AND NO.

GLEN DAY.

Is marriage a failure? I looked in the hall Of the rich; there were shadows of bitter. est gall:

Hearts were cold and deserted; love wept in distress, Is marriage a failure? I answered me, "Yes."

marriage a failure? I paused at the door Of the fair, humble, rose-bowered cot of the poor; Where lives were illumined with love's fer-And heart beat for heart. Then I answered me, "No."

> To Those Interested. Hastings, Mich., April 23, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich. GENTS: This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first class physicians of this city, none of whom effected a cure or gave temporary relief even.

About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles, I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

MRS. H. J. KENFIELD.
Ask your druggist for it. I certify to the above statement.

FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

About 30,000 people a day go up the Eiffel Tower. Of these between 3,000 and 4,000 go to the top. On an average a person has to wait about an hour to go up in the lift.

Don't Waste Your Time

and money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medi-cal Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duly executed certificate of grarantee, that it will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures torpid liver, or biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, all humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin, and scalp diseases, scrofulous ing, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections, (not excepting consumption, or lung-scrofula), if taken in time and given

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents

Up to 1884 the English postoffice had issued 31,392,000,000 postage stamps. That would cover 3,752 miles, and would reach to the moon and back if placed end to end.

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

Mr. Gladstone is usually the first man in determined it would be necessary to take the eye out. To this the patient take the eye out. ous buttonhole.

A famous woodsman once boasted that he A famous woodsman once bested that no could find his way through a widerness 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 nis 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 theory of steel. It was a railrand.

era of wonders. It has also proven an era of surprises—for notwithstending its giant strides toward unusual knowledge, we are told that there are still in sequestered places a few citizens who haven't heard of Salvation Oil.

Web to the length of 21/4 miles has been drawn from the body of a spider.

Catherine Lewis fainted one night in "Olivette," but it didn't cause a ripple in the play. 'Twas only a cough, and they had a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup on hand, of course.

This is the way the Chicago Times disposes of another cherished delusion: "It is now rumored that the beautiful Lady Jane Grey of our boyhood's imagination was short and thin and had a mole on the end of her nose."

Oregon, the Paradisc of Farmers Mid, equable climate, certain and abundant crops, Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon immigra-tion Board, Portland, Oregon.

'Not enjoyment and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Finds us further than to-day.'

The sentiment so aptly expressed by the poet ought to sound like a trumpet to every singgish soul, and animate them to new and vigorous efforts to improve their condition. To all those who have the desire to press forward, but who are not sure of the way, we say, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will be of service to you.

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





"To day cured !- Yesterday Crippled P AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, M4

Ely's Cream Balm the best remedy for children suffering from COLD IN HEAD

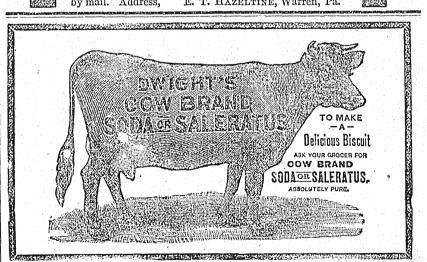
CATARRH

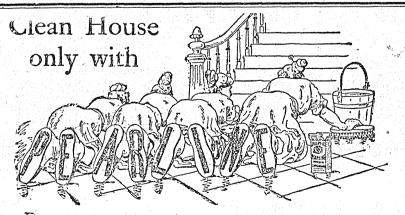




SALARY and EXPENSES PAID. Peculiar advantages to beginners.
Stock complete, with fast selling specialities. Out at Free. Write at once to BRIOV.
LIPOS., Nurserymen, 6 to 4 Times Bld'ng, Chicago, Ill. This house is reliable.)







Because there is nothing which is harmless, that will make things perfectly clean with so little labor in so short a time; besides, it is economical and makes the work easy.

Do you suppose—that anything could attain such popularity as PEARLINE enjoys, and hold it, without wonderful meritthat people would use it year after year were it harmful to fabric or hands—that the hundreds of imitations are attracted by anything but its wonderful success?

You'll do well to use Pearline—see that your servants use it, and insist that they do not use the imitations which they are often induced to try because of the worthless prize accompanying it, or by the glib and false argument of some peddler.

Remember PEARLINE is never peddled. r.s JAMES PYLE, New York.

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN



have learned by experience that the only waterproof coat they can sell to a cowboy or hunter is the Pommel Slicker with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark on it. They are the best waterproof saddle coats ever made. They keep the saddle, the horse's back, and the rider thoroughly dry and warm. No saddle sores from the galling of a wet saddle. When used as a walking coat, the extension front buttons back, and the Slicker is changed at once to an ordinary coat. Just try one, they cost but little and will prevent colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure to the weather. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept (noy inferior coat when you can have the. "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

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Postively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspensia, Indigestion and Toothearty Eating. A perfect remody for Dizziness, Nausea Drowsiness, Bad Tastein the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side. Tolkeld Liver. They regulate the Bowels Purely Vegetable.
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Should and may know how child bearing can be effected without Pain or Danger. Information sent scaled. A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY! DR. J. H. DYE, Buffalo, N.Y. Tto \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co.. Holly, Mich.

MAGIC REMEDY Will care Blood Poison where sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Nob. Write. W. N. U., D.—VII—42.

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

FACTS!

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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 in-

to 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 Calf Boots Women's Lace Shoes **Button Shoes**

1.00 CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House, CASS CITY.

SAVE MONEY!

When in search of Ladie's and Children's Cloaks buy where you can get reliable goods, good selections and low prices. When looking for a Suit of Clothes go where you can do the Best at Buy your Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Carpets etc., where you can save

It has been currently reported that

MACKS

is the place that will meet your requirements. If you have any doubts they will be cleaned away by looking over their Immence Stock on first and second floors, where will be found Bargains, in every department, that defies Competition.

Give them a call,

EWALL PAPERIT

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.

BOOKS! SCHOOL

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

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.

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. Perscriptions carefully compounded.

TYDRUG STORE

Residence over store.

STORE GENERAL

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IS THE PLACE TO GET

*GOODS CHEAP.

ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED

HEROIC DEFENSE OF A SHIP AT-TACKED BY A SAVAGE HORDE.

An Adventure in the South Pacific Ocean in 1835-Dusky Savages, Who Fought with Spades-Capt, Jones Whinned a Hundred of the Fiends.

About 1835 Capt. Silas Jones, now president of the First National bank of this town, sailed from Wood's Holl as third officer in the ship Awashonks, Capt. Collins, on a four years' cruise in the South Pacific ocean. This voyage was one of most intense excitement and hairbreadth adventure, and, while Capt. Jones is of a quiet and unassuming character and not fond of putting his glory before the world, yet your correspondent obtained a story full of interest and one that is not known to have been published, although in years past it was a theme of much discussion.

The vessel had a crew of about thirtyfive men, including captain, first, second and third officers, and made the voyage around Cape Horn without incident. She \$1.75 and upwards, cruised about the South seas, and when eighteen months out had 900 barrels of fine oil in her hold.

"WHERE ONLY MAN IS VILE." Closing in with a group of islands just north of the equator, Capt. Collins decided to make a trade with the natives. The ship was hove to, with most of her sails set, in a small bay where the calm water reflected the strip of white sand, green palms and tropical plants that skirted its margin as well as the purple hills of the interior.

A number of native dugouts put out to the ship and made fast to her chains, and the savages clambered over the vessel's rail. At a favorable signal a fierce yell burst from their dusky throats, causing the ears of those who heard it to tremble and their hearts to quail. In less time than it takes to write it the ship's decks were full of natives, and the unarmed crew made for the rigging, jibbooms and forecastle, in fact anywhere to escape the bloodthirsty islanders.

The fight that ensued was a desperate and indiscriminate melee. The natives had been so sure of a surprise that they had formed no plan of attack, depending entirely on their overwhelming numbers. At the first rush Capt. Collins and the second mate were engaged in a hand-tohand conflict with some of the savages who had availed themselves of the ship's cutting in spades, and the poor men were immediately hacked to pieces. Thomas Gifford, of Falmouth, a seaman, made a bolt for the forecastle, and received a blow from a spade. He carries the scar across his forehead to this day, and it is a most unpleasant reminder of that bloody massacre.

Capt. Jones, then a youth of about 20. found himself surrounded by a number of infuriated natives, each struggling for a whack at him with the keen edged spades. He managed to parry the blows, jumping into the vessel's hold and crawled among the tiers of oil casks into the cabin. Here he found the steward and two seamen on the floor, covered with wounds, inflicted by the murderous spades. The rest of the ship's company were either aloft or cooped up in the forecastle. In one corner of the cabin was the magazine containing the muskets and ammunition. Seizing the muskets, Capt. Jones gave them to the wounded men to load, while he set about rescuing the Awashonks.

ONE AGAINST A HUNDRED.

The natives were scattered over the deck stealing what they could get their hands on. They plucked up the ringbolts from the decks and rails and tugged at them when two tons' strain would not have pulled them out. They pried at bolts and straps, picked at nail heads, wrenched down kettles and stovepines and threw them into the canoes. The chief, an ill visaged rascal, was at the wheel endeavoring to beach the vessel, but he was not up in navigation. First he put the wheel down, and the sails not filling he put the wheel up. Slowly the Awashonks headed off and gathered headway toward the beach. An Indian who lived in Mashpee, some ten miles from here, cut the braces and the sails were taken aback. A shower of arrows and heathenish maledictions were hurled at him as he sought shelter in the tops. The vessel lost headway, but the chief continued his experiment without the rudder.

The cabin, where Capt. Jones had taken refuge, was lighted by two windows in the stern and a large skylight overhead. When the enemy peered into these apertures a well directed bullet sent them away in hot haste. For over an hour this skirmish between a desperate man and a hundred murderers continued. As fast as the wounded men could load the muskets Capt. Jones would put their contents where they did the most good, and the islanders began to have wholesome fears of the windows and set about devising some better method of attack.

Looking up through the skylight during the quiet that followed Capt. Jones saw the chief at the wheel in his frantic endeavors to beach the vessel. Taking careful aim at his broad, naked chest, he pulled the trigger. The bullet passed through the deck, and having spent its force, rolled along the planking to to chief's very feet.

The savage left the helm, inspected the bullet hole, and then laid a piece of board over the splintered plank; he then returned to the wheel as unconcerned as could be. Another bullet from the musket pierced his heart and the lifeless form

rolled into the scuppers.

At the death of their chieftain the islanders fled panic stricken to the shore, and the Awashonks was laboriously put to sea. She soon fell in with a merchantman, Capt. Proctor, and was brought into Wood's Holl by a portion of the merchant crew.

Capt. Jones was offered a master's berth by the owners of the whaler he had so bravely defended, and up to 1864 he followed the sea in that capacity. Three of the crew now live in this vicinity, and two of them bear scars that tell a tale of sore wounds received in the fray.—Falmouth (Mass.) Cor. New York Herald. Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

AROUND THE STATE.

Elmer S. Pace is now publisher of

Hancock is to have a business col-

the Baldwin Star.

Wm. Aplin of Flint was arrested and jailed Tuesday on a charge of stealing a quantity of farming implement which were found by Under Sheriff Miller, se on his frarm in Thetford township.

Special Deputy Collector Millis of book of newspaper comments and now has one large volume complete and another one well under way. The collector reads them to drive dull care away.

Elijah Webber, a pioneer of Napoleon township, Jackson county, died or Saturday on the farm which he secured from the government in 1834, and on which he has resided ever since. He was 92 years of age and leaves nine

A bad accident occured at North Branch on Tuesday, John McLoughlan was grinding plow points, when an emory wheel burst, tearing his right arm off at the elbow. His arm is badly shattered, and it may be necessary to amputate at the shoulder.

Elijah Badgely of Flint is in jail is also charged with being an itinerant counts. However, the court refuses the plea in the assault and battery case and he will have a trial.

Rev. J. T. Ward of the Free Will Baptist church at Jackson, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday evening and in about a week will remove to Minneapolis, Wis., where he will enter the newspaper field as an attache of the Baptist Union.

The Grand Rapids board of public works has now in operation in the bed of Grand river, just south of Leonard street bridge, a filter, which they expect will strain the animalculæ and disintegrated vegetable matter out of 10,-000,000 gallons of water per day.

Judge of Probate Hammond of Jackson has appointed T. H. Williams. C. V. Deland and Abraham Hoag, of Parma, a committee to provide relief for needy soldiers and sailors outside of the Soldier's home and their widows and orphans, as provided by the last legislature.

Clarence Layon, who was sent from St, Clair county, last spring, to Iona for forgery, escaped a few days ago and tramped all the way back to his home in Wells township, only to be picked up by the sheriff and a prison official before he had been home an hour. He was taken back to serve out his time,

A farmer near Flint last summer sold his apple crop on speculation, and agreed to accept \$25 for the same and haul the apples to market. The buyer filled eighty barrels with choice fruit, and the farmer has been cogitating over the matter of apple trusts, wishing he had been more willing to trust the season than he was earlier in the year.

N. & B. Mills, of Marysyille, own Stag island in St. Clair river, just opposite St. Clair, in Canadian waters. The firm have been endeavoring to make something of a picnic resort of the island, erecting several buildings among other things. They imported, or rather exported, the lumber from their mills, and have just settled with the Canadian government for \$1,470.

An explosion of varnish gas in the Kilbourn factory, Grand Haven on Tuesday evening set fire to the oil shed and a large quantity of oil was consumed and wasted. The factory was saved by the prompt action of the fire department. Two young men, Luke Szeikema and Mert Westertoef, were seriously, if not fataly burned with hot oil. The financial loss is not heavy and is fully insured.

The Long Branch hotel, situated at the head of Long Lake, Fenton's summer resort, burned Tuesday night. The fire was discovered about 12 o'clock, and burned so rapidly that the inmates barely had time to escape. The hotel was occupied by Geo. Chartres, who estimates his loss on furniture and clothing at \$1,200, with no insurance. The hotel was owned by Daniel L. Davis of Pontiac. It is not known whether it was insured or not, and the loss is undetermined.

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

EMTRE STOCK

of merchandise and store fixtures, creted under two or three tons of hay also one span of mares, 5 yrs old.

Any person wishing any thing in the above Port Huron, has been keeping a scrap 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

We will sell to due was charged with whipping his wife. He trons on the charged with whipping his wife. of Unis also charged with being an itinerant minister, and pleads guilty on both COLORCE DECEMBER 6671 99 FOR

TWENTY CENTS

The same tea we have been selling for 25 cents.

CALL and get a pound.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

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.

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1889.

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An Important Letterto 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 wlll 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 differerence in paying the usual 30 per cent profit that is charged by retail dealers and our mode of dealing with them. It is a matter of dollars and cents with them and they will appreciate it. You will see that you have a complete as sortment of children' girls' and ladies' cloaks of the latest designs and patterns. Our motto is "to sell and keep the

Respectivefully yours, TROY CLOAK MAN'F Co., Buffalo, N. Y. the line of the M. C. R. R. Aug. 3, 1889.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

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

OREEL.

A logging bee at Johnnie Immelia's on Wednesday. Guy Tindall made a flying trip to Cass

City on Tuesday. D. Coulter is almost fully recovered

from his recent illness. Angus Crawford was over to the coun-

ty seat on Wednesday last. Miss Millie Young of Grant visited with R. Ballagh and wife from Friday until

Sunday. Mr. Gale of Caseville made this place call on Friday between train times,

adjusting matters in general. Wm. Burress drove Jos. Coonerman and wife over to Freiburgers on Sunday,

of last week, returning the following day. A meeting of the members of the Presbyterian society on Saturday afternoon, Rev. N. B. Andrews of Cass City was in

attendance. Alex. McDonald now drives the most nandsome pair of matched twin oxen that we have had the pleasure of seeing or some time, both being jet black in color, which adds greatly to their ap-

pearance. Robt. Irwin, presently of North Branch, but formerly an old landmark of Bruce county, Ont., visited several of his old friends in this vicinity the past week The old gentleman's backwood tales are quite entertaining to the youths of to-

day. Logging bees are quite numerous in this part, another at Jim. McKinnon's on Saturday. We have not yet learned the result, and there is a whisper of several more the incoming week. Brookfield is doing her share of clearing up

Huron county. Grain threshing in this vicinity is now thoroughly completed and several of the firms have started out hulling clover, with the prospect of an average yield.

Animals of a curious nature and unknown peculiarities are frequently seen by some of our youths of late in this part appearing and disappearing very mysteriously. Wonder what it is.

Jim. Corcoran, Owendale's enterpris ing shoemaker, reports the trade brisk in his line. Jim is a first-class tradesman and a genial good fellow, which accounts for such a large share of patron-

GREENING.

Horace Richard, Morrison's foreman, was over here from Brookfield on Sunlay to visit his folks.

Several parties have been up here lookng at Mrs. Gamble's farm, but there is no house on it and they cannot live on

Duncan McDonald on the Center line has rented Tony Doerr's farm to try his luck for another year at farming with more land to work,

Oh yes, the boys have reached their winter homes in Northern Michigan. Tom. will make it happy for the boys

with his violin, you bet. Pale faced indians can be seen every day with their guns going around shooting everything that remains here all winter and run the risk of being frozen to

death. Look out for a cold winter this year as all the birds are passing southward to a more congenial clime. They left here rather early this fall. If we had pin-

ions we would go to. An old saying is that nothing but children and fools will tell the truth, but the P. of I. has bursted up around Grant No use trying to hide it any longer. Out with it! Never mind old sayings, but up with the truth.

Wm. Heron has rented his farm for a term of five years and is about emigrating to the British northwest, so we are informed. Two more sick of Michigan mossbacking. Oh yes, they are going like sheep through a gap.

Tony Doerr is leaving Grant and go ing to Elkton to carry on the butchering business in that burg. Tony says any thing is better than mossbacking. Tony is about right, everything is thought of to cut off the farming community.

OWENDALE.

The roads are splendid.

Mrs. N. Summers returned home on Saturday last.

Two of Canboro's enteprising citizens were in town on Monday. C. S. Graves, Chas. Budes and C, Faese

took in Elkton on Monday. Jno. Campbell shipped the last of his lumber on Tuesday to parties in Detroit. Miss Mary Sawyer and brother returned to their home in Deer Lake on Wednes-

Geo. Stevenson and brother, Charles, of Cass City were in Owendale on Sunday last.

of goods and intends moving north in a Jno. G. Owen shipped this week sever-

N. Summers has disposed of his stock

al car loads of lumber to Detroit and Pittsburg, Penn.

Miss Bertha Brown and brother of East Soginaw arrived here on Saturday to visit their father, Geo. Brown.

Owendale has reason to be proud of her Sabbath school, as it has a memberstone rolling." Hoping you will give ship of 89. Pretty good for a two-year

your attention to the business we are old town. Pat. Reilley, foremanfor Jno. G. Owen, is at present engaged in making an estimate of timber recently purchased along

Two excursion parties, one from Saginaw and one from Pontiac, will, tolay, visit. Owendale, the future me-

tropolis of Huron County. Mr. Tyndell has his feed mill nearly completed and will soon be ready for business. Farmers wishing good work done will do well to give him a call.

Postmaster Graves has fitted up a neat and commodious office, and in connection wth his office has opened out a nice stock of goods to accommodate the public.

Th knights of K.O.T.M. opened their hall a few evenings ago. It is located over the meat market. It is neat and commodious and very tastefully ar.

David Calvert, foreman on Mr. Owen's farm has cleared 100 acres of land this summer, and next season will have 260 acres under cultivation. In a few years Mr. Owen will have one of the finest farms in the state.

The prosperity of Owendale depends to a certain extent upon the farming com munity, and to provide for their convenience an elevator will be erected this fall a cheese factory in the spring and we are insured that a flour mill will be erected n the following summer, as no better opening for a mill can be found in the county. The intention is to establish a narket for this section of the country Mr. Owen has at work 70 men grading on the extension of the "Columbia Central", as his part of the road is called and it will soon be completed to the boundary line of Sebewaing township, then there will be but a space of about four miles for the S. T. & H. R. R. Co. to grade in the spring. Connections will then be complete between this place and Saginaw, the latter place will be the reat emporium for all our coarse grain Proximately connected with Saginaw Owendale will outrival any of her sister towns in the way of commerce.

Epoch. The transition from long, lingering painful sickness to robust health marks an epoch in the life of an individual. Such a remarkable event is treasured in the memory and the agency whereby the good health has been attained is gratefully blessed. Hence it is that so much is said in praise of Electric Bitters. So many feel that they owe their restorato health to the great Alterative and Tonic, If you are troubled with any disease of the Kidneys, Liver or Stomach, of long or short standing, you will surely find relief by use of Electric Bitters. Sold at 50c. and \$1 a hottle at Fritz Bros.' drug store.

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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 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 Werkly Blade need not be stated here. They are well known. Send for a free sample copy and see for yourself.

Speakingof 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, "TEETOTALLER 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

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.

M Default having been made in the condition and payment of a certain mortgage, (whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative) made and executed by E. W. Gerrish, J. F. Street, J. R. Hooper, A. P. Cooper, N. M. Richardson, Riley Ross and Wm. N. West, comprising the board of trustees of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Michigan for and on behalf of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Michigan, and N. B. Haskell, of Port Crescent, county of Huron and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1. A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in liber 38 of mortgages, at page 329, on November 8, 1880, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred five and ninety-eighthundred che dollars (\$505.98), and no suit or proceedings at law having being been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that ou Monday, December 2, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forencon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at pubic auction, at the northwesterly door of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building whorein the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held); the premises he 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 twilve (12) according to plat of village of Conterville (Row Care), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, N. B.HASKELL, Mortgages.

The Immortal 400.

The foundations of society threaten to be broken up. A bitter quarrel has occurred between two leaders of the 400 people who compose the only fashionable society of New York. It threatens to split the set. The quarrel is over the coming centennial quadrille. There are heartburnings, there are sleepless nights. There is whitening hair, there is nervous prostration.

One great leader has informed the other that "such language from you to me, sir, cannot be tolerated." There is a story, probably not true, that the founder of the noble family of one of the leaders was a waif picked up from a shipwreck. The devout Long Islanders, seeing in the child thus saved a direct manifestation of divine Providence, named him Preserved Fish, and from him the noble family is descended.

But if now the mighty 400 split in two, some unworthy miscreants whose own fathers, instead of their grandfathers, were in trade, may slip into first society unawares. The government at Washngton would then no longer live, as Garfield said, though possibly God might still reign by special favor of some of the 400.

It was said some time ago that the 400 were full, and there were no vacancies and no more would be admitted. Since then, however, Mrs. Cleveland has been permitted to squeeze in. The verdict was, We'll admit her, though she is rawther provincial in dress and manner."

Journalists as Diplomatists."

A journalist ought to look before as well as behind. He ought to bear in mind that some day he may want to be a foreign minister, and comport himself with corresponding dignity, otherwise there will be times when the iron enters great journalists' souls and they could almost wish there was a law in this country abridging the liberty of the press. When Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice desired to flay anybody alive in his North American Review, he caused it to be done by somebody who signed the name of Arthur Richmond. But who Arthur Richmond was, the world knew

not. But he has not been forgotten. Perhaps, now that Mr. Rice is set down for Russia, that mysterious individual will take hold and edit the North American Review.

Then there are Mr. Reid, Mr. Halstead and Mr. Eugene Schuyler. If Mr. Reid's paper had not sided with Ireland, he might have been acceptable as minister to England. If Mr. Halstead had not whirled his ponderous battle ax so dangerously near the scalps of Republican senators it would not now have assumed the shape of a boomerang. If Mr. Eugene Schuyler's pen had not been so sarcastic, he might this moment have been resting gracefully in the chair of the assistant secretary of state and adorning all he touched.

The merry comedy of "Box and Cox," at which all the world has laughed, was written by John Madison Morton. He is now a very old man and poor. He is spending his declining years in the London Charter House, the asylum in which Thackeray's gentle old Col. Newcombe answered softly "adsum" and breathed his last. Henry Irving, in London, will give a performance for the aged dramawhich we pay a royal sum. We want tist. Americans, too, ought to take it this story to have the large circulation we should have the tried enterup. We should have theatrical enterminments here for the same nurnese A single performance of "Box and Cox" in nearly all our large cities would net a sum that would soothe the dying days

> It looks as though the failure of the Paris copper trust might even have a political bearing. It has weakened for the time the credit of France. Russia, Austria and Italy are borrowers. France was a lender. The war preparations of Russia and Italy will be hindered for a time. They will be less civil to France. The equilibrium of Europe has been dissurbed for lighter causes than this.

of the kindly old play writer.

Our Country's Future,

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

This volume will give to the reader a This volume will give to the render a vast fund of information on all these subjects that are so frequently coming up in the newspapers and periodicals; and the man who reads it understandingly, will find himself well informed on all these important questions of the day. Not only this, but he will have his information from the spect reliable his information from the most reliable source. The authorities quoted are eninent in Church and State, they have de voted years to the study of these subjects and their jects, and their suggestions and notes of warning should be carefully read and heeded by all who are interested in the continued stabil ty and prosperity of our country. We know of moother book that will contain so much late reliable information on these topics.

Mr. Habberto is a popular author men. Outfit free. No collecting. Per and bright jour i dist, and all mall, this yolume will be fined exceedingly interesting and sugge tive. Sold only by sub-

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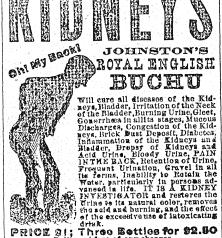
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manent positions guarateed. Experience un expensy," Choice of territory if ap ly at once. L.P. Thurston & Co. Empire nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

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FOR SALE! One yearling Colt, price, \$65; one sucking colt, price, \$35; \wo young

cows, \$20 each. M. C. TANNER. Two and one-half miles east of Gagetown. 8-5-1mo.



Shall we start YOU in this business, reader? Write toes and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many: we will start you if you don't delay until another gets sheed of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. 27 Rend-On account of a forced manufacturer's and 125,000 ten collar Photograph Albumas are to be sold to the people for 32 each. Bound in Royal Crimon Silk Volvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest ablums in the world. Larguest Size. Graciest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Hig money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight-little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, over one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are tonking forinces. Ladies anks as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free; to times whe write for enine, with particulars and terms for our Tantily Billes, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, Address E. G. Allien & Co., Augesta, Mains.

ABOUT HIS YACHT.

"Come aboard. Did I ever tell you about the first time I ever went aboard my own vacht?

No, my friend, a millionaire at forty, the architect of his own fortune. had never told me about his first effort to be an amateur sailor.

"Well, do you see that group of young men, yonder, sitting on that pile of molding-frames by the foundry? They were sitting there, or other workingmen just like them, eating noonday lunches, just the same, on the occasion of my going down to the wharf that day. They looked up at me as I passed and then at my fiftyeight thousand dollar plaything floating at yonder dock. It came over me dike a flash that exactly twelve years and four days before, I, too, was probably eating a grimy foundryman's lunch in this very yard, as penniless as the poorest wage earner of them all. And now? Here I was, dressed in a natty suit, tripping along down to fool away time without limit, and toy with what to them would be a fortune."

He said that he never, by any other event, great or small, so sharply realized his change in human lot. The thought of how lucky he was, or blessed if you please, among his fellowmen, became like an oppressive cloud. The eves of the molders seemed to burn his face as they gazed on him. He hung his head as if he were ashamed to be so much better off than they. He felt like turning to the boys and apologizing for his elegant leisure.

"I say, boys, I don't deserve this. It was all a stroke of luck, and the good God had nothing to do with it. Heaven thinks more of you than of me, no doubt, especially now that I am an idle good-for-nothing half my time. I hope you working people don't hate me. I insist upon it, I am not hateful; I haven't harmed anybody to get you'll just hunt it up and --this: I stumbled on it. I used to wear overalls like you, and work with the ladles."

It was curious, even to himself, he went on, what resolutions he made for charity that day. Then was the time to have approached him with subscription papers, for the heathen, or for the new hose-carriage house for No. Four. He felt that he ought to even up the hard lot of some one. He wondered if all other newly rich yacht owners felt the same way; never had read any such confessions as he was now dictating to me; wanted me to write it so that the struggling poor youth of the land would better understand the fellow out of their ranks who got up to yacht owning: thought the reading of this would cause kindlier feelings toward men like himself. I suggested that probably the world would only laugh at it, and say that not one in a hundred millionaires who had climbed from nothing had his sensitive nature, nor his generous heart-no, nor his memory of the day of the dirty hands and leather apron. But on this point he disputed me. What do you judge, reader? What do you say, some other reader of his own class?

I believe that it takes time to get used to diamonds so that they feel natural. It takes time to get accustomed to a carriage and span, so that you are not all the while wondering great thick mantle of fat will envelop what other people say to see you driving so handsomely. The habit of elegance is very hard to acquire. One can no more feel perfectly at ease in a magnificent palace just after entering it from his old plain residence. Splendid rooms disturb sleep and drive away appetite. "The homely feeling" is gone; in fact, it rarely ever broods over such dwellings of state, for if one be born to a palace, he was also born to servants' rather than a mother's ministry or a father's fondling. If the truth were told, we should be surprised by the weariness of grandeur, the heart-sick disappointment, the galling and chaffing endured by the majority of our lucky friends—the suddenly rich Americans. They have brains without refined tastes, genius for finance without any other cultivation of genius. They are very bright people, but it is the gathering rather than the possession of wealth that really amuses them. They are generally people of strong common sense, and for that very reason they are keenly alive to the appearance of things; they realize the ill-fit of the new fine clothes.

This yacht, of which I am permitted to speak, is rarely used now. In fact, it is for sale. The owner's new "fad" is an academy which he is building in his native town. "I am ashamed of the expense I put out on the craft the first year or two. Why, I kept her up at an annual expense of thousands of dollars; not that I enjoyed it, but because I had got the thing. I purchased her in order to get some good out of my money for myself. But, bless you, it was a perfect sponge. I used to walk round on her, trying to get my Interest money in viewing a capstan and a cushioned cabin; others might have salt water in their blood and get fun out of her; but I could not. She's steamed up now to take us over to Newport, but I'd rathet go by cars."

But that is only the weariness of great wealth. He has simply become tired of toy after toy. His horses do not now amuse him; his academy will soon be finished and done with. Work is really the happiest thing in this restless able man's life. He is never genius in managing men; that is the ment begins.

secret of his fortune. In his office he is simply magnetic; everything bows to the magic of his wand in business intercourse. Down town he is all alive, eye sparkling, brow commanding with power, carriage the very impersonation of energy. But on the yacht he is as stupid as an owl. He cannot infuse any life into a play day. If such a man could only go on building academies; if he would live for others, now that he has enough for himself; find his joy in doing other poor wretches' sums in arithmeticwell, such a man would find many pleasures in life that are far superior to those derived from owning a yacht. -Harkley Harker, in New York

Forgot Something.

"Could I get a letter back that I dropped in a box up-town about an hour ago?" asked an anxious old woman at the general-delivery window of the New York post-office the other

"No, you couldn't," was the reply 'Letters dropped in the boxes must go the regular course. They can't be returned to the writer."

"Cayn't? Well, that's too b d. It's a real important letter to a darter o' mine livin' a few miles out o' Jersey City, and here I was green enough to mail it without backin' it proper, an' I'm' feared it'll be a long time gittin' to her. You couldn't have the mailin' clerk finish backin' it?"

"I don't know, but I doubt if I could May be I can, though. What's missing from the address?"

"Well, it's addressed to Mrs. Susan Ann Honeyman, box 247, Jersey

'Isn't that all right?"

"Yes, all right fer as it goes; but it's a real important letter, and I forgot to put 'in haste' on it, that's all. If

But the crowd swept her away from the window before the sentence was finished. -Time.

The True Alaskan Seal.

Early in May, when the last of the winter ice is just disappearing from the rocky shores, the first seal appears. It is always an old male. His appearance would be an intense disappointment to one whose ideas of seals were formed upon the sleek and gentle little creatures that perform in Barnum's show. There are seals and seals, and Mr. Barnum's seal is as unlike the seal of Alaskan waters as a "raccoon is unlike a grizzly bear," as one writer puts it. Mr. Barnum's seals are the common h ir seals found all along the north Atlantic coast, and pretty much everywhere else. Phoca vitulina is the name to apply to them, if you wish to appear scientific. The Alaskan seal is the fur seal, or Callorbinus ursinus. The first old male that tumbles awkwardly ashore on St. Paul or St. George island will weigh probably 500 pounds. It will have the muzzle and jaws of a full blooded Newfoundland dog, except that its lips will be firmly drawn. Its mustache will be of yellowish white and gray hairs and long enough to sweep over its shoulders, if it hasn't been torn out in some of its fights of previous years. A its whole body, quivering like jelly with every movement. It is upon this fat that it will live for the next two months, for until the breeding season is over it will never leave the spot upon which it settles, unless forced away. It has forefeet which are like flabby hands, eight or ten inches broad, and hind feet that resemble in construction human feet drawn out to a length of twenty inches, with the inster flattened down and the toes run out into thin memoranes. Standing up, resting on its forefeet, its head is three feet above the ground, and it is an impressive and ferocious looking animal, especially if scarred all over, as is frequently the case, with marks of battle. It will never leave its place to attack anyone, however, and may be approached with safety.

Catfish Good Mothers.

Dr. Abbott of Trenton is a warm admirer of the catfish, not so much on account of its culinary excellence as because the females of the tribe are good mothers. He has studied the habits of the fish long and carefully, and he knows this to be a fact. He says that on one occasion he captured an entire brood of little catfish in a hand net, letting their mother, who was swimming with them, escape. She would not leave the spot where she had been bereaved, and when the doctor put the fry into a glass jar and placed it in the river where she could see it, she dashed herself turiously against the obstacle that separated her from her young ones. When the jar was drawn slowly from the water she followed it to the surface, and then absolutely left the river and wriggled twelve inches up the sloping beach in her frantic efforts to recover her pro-

Solitary Confinement.

The mental effects of solitary confinement on the prisoner have been discussed recently in France. Dr. De Pietra Santa, who is a well-known authority on hygiene, has studied the matter at the prison at Mazas, and has come to the conclusion that this form of imprisonment develops a tendency so companionable as when hard at to melancholia, with an inclination for work. Work brings a smile, tunes up suicide, even where there is no such his voice, warms his hand. He is a predisposition before the imprison-

THE DEMON STEER.

A Horned Terror Even to the Dare-

George Wilson, a well-known cowboy, arrived from the northern ranges yesterday afternoon, says a Cheyenne (Wyo.) letter to the Omaha Republican. According to Wilson there has roamed on the ranges adjacent to the Platte and Laramie rivers for these many years a mastodon wild steer whose aggressiveness and power make him the dread of every round-up outfit. This combative beef bears not a brand, but no "rustler" dare appropriate him.

"The demon steer," as the pugnacious brute is called, knows no fear, and with lowered head, glistening eyes, and sonorous bellow will charge upon anything in his course. Time upon time has he been rounded up with his comparative docile companions, but he invariably rushes past the line of riders as if no such obstruction to his flight existed. Once a C. Y. outfit determined to effect the capture of the big fellow, but after he had gored two horses and scared the wits from half a dozen riders the undertaking was aban-

This prairie terror only last season in a fit of rage at those who dared intrude on the peaceful solitude of the range-charged at mid-day into a camp, creating a panic to which was ideal quietness the clatter incident to the stampede of the fabled bull in the imaginary china-shop. There was a grand scattering of equipage and a disordered flight of the diners. One of these latter was so incensed that contrary to all orders he sent a sixshooter ball through the massive steer, but the missile flew wide of its

Wilson asserts that he will undertake to prove that the "demon steer" killed a big bear in a fair fight on the Sabylle three years ago and the cowboys will bet all their earthly belongings that Demon can conquer any bull in the territory. The combat with the bear was a terrible affair. Bruin was forced to the defensive from the start and for a time pluckily met the fearful onslaughts of the fighting steer, jarring the great form with blows from his paws. The activity of the steer was marvelous. He played around his antagonist as the sparrer annoys his foe and at nearly every charge ran his long, sharp horns into the blood-matted sides of the bear with the wicked 'swish" of the effective sword-thrust.

Wilson thinks the "demon steer will die of old age. The man who attempts his capture takes his life in his hands.

Where and How Nutmegs Are Raised.

An address on spices was delivered before the Grocers' Association of Boston recently by W. D. Bennet of New York, from which we condense the following interesting particulars concerning the nutmeg.

Nutmegs grow on small trees resem-

bling pear trees, cut down to about twenty feet in height. The flowers are very much like those of the lily of the valley; they are pale yellow and very fragrant. The leaves stand alternately on short foot-stalks; are oblong, pointed, entire bright green, and somewhat glossy on their upper surface, whitish beneath, and of an aromatic taste. The fruit, which appears on the tree mingled with the flowers, is round or oval, of the size of a small peach, smooth, at first pale green, but yellow when ripe, and marked with a longitudinal furrow. The external covering, which is at first thick and fleshy and abounds in an austere astringent, afterward becomes dry and leathery, and, separatimg into two valves from the apex, discloses a scarlet net-like membrane, commonly called mace, closely investing a thin brown shining shell, which contains the kernel or nutmeg. The nutmeg tree is a native of the Moluccas and other neighboring islands, and abounds especially in that small cluster distinguished by the name of Banda, whence the chief supplies of nutmegs were long derived. But the plant is now cultivated in Sumatra, Java, Singapore, Penang, Ceylon, and other parts of the East Indies, and has been introduced into the isles of France, Bourbon, Cayenne, and several of the West India islands. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly.

"Light Horse Harry" Lee's Extravagance. "Light Horse Harry' Lee was a great character," said the Hon. Henry Morris Marshall, the only living grandson of the celebrated Robert Morris, the financier of the revolution, as he sat in the lobby of his hotel a few nights ago. "The present generation does not know that he was a great spendthrift, as well as a man of brilliant mind. Soon after the close of the revolutionary war my grandfather, Robert Morris, my father and his brother, the late chief justice, purchased of the heirs of Lord Fairfax 150,000 acres of land in Virginia, and let General Lee into the deal. He had not long been in when he wanted some ready money to gratify his extravagant tastes. Se the syndicate made Lee an offer of \$100, 000 for his interest and he snapped it up and needed no urging either. The money was duly paid over and in just twelve months from that date he was as hard up as ever. When 'Light Horse Harry' died he was not worth a dollar, although he had inherited one large fortune, married two, and had several chances to make money thrown in his way, besides, which he improv ed."-N. Y. Tribune.

SOME POPULAR FALLACIES.

Delusions in Which Many Persons

A very common error is to suppose that birds sleep with the head beneath the wing, says the London Public Opinion. No bird ever sleeps so; the head is turned round and laid upon the back, where it is often concealed by feathers.

That dogs are kept in health by the addition of brimstone to their drinking water. Seeing that stone brimstone is utterly insoluble in water, I all asked questions at once; but, nothfail to perceive what use it can possibly | ing daunted, the good woman answered be to the dog.

That cows are fond of buttercups. Cows, as well as horses, in grazing carefully avoid these plants, which, like all the ranunoulacce, are harsh, astringent, and somewhat poisonous.

That washing the face in morning dew improves the complexion. Dew is distilled water, but, being merely very pure water, it can not exercise any special influence on the skin. I am unwilling, however, to dispel this pleasing illusion and therefore say: "By all means, young ladies, wash your faces in the morning dew in full belief of its efficacy. To do so pure morning air. This will benefit your health and no doubt your comundoubtedly the lesson intended to be inculcated.

That a fire is extinguished by the sun shining on it. The effect in this case is apparent, not real. A fairly good fire looks little better than a heap of white ashes under the powerfut light of the sun's rays.

That there is economy in putting fire-bricks or clay-balls into a fire. Considering that whatever heat they give out is derived from the fire itself and that, being themselves utterly incombustible, they contribute nothing to the heat of the fire, there can be no economy in their use. Our method of using fuel is, however, terribly wasteful. A very large percentage of combustible matter, as well as heat, goes up the flue and is wasted.

That pipes are burst by a sudden thaw. The thaw merely finds out the bursting that has already been affected by the frost. It is the expansion of water when passing into the icy state that bursts water-pipes of whatever

That the bones are brittle in frosty weather. No doubt more bones are broken in the winter than in summer, but it is due to the slippery state of the roads at that senson, not to speak of accidents on the ice, and not to any abnormal condition of our bones.

That "thunderbolts" are tangible realities that can be handled and preserved as curiosities. The only thunderbolt is the flash of lightning, often no doubt very destructive, but never accompanied by any solid. The only solid bodies that evec fall to the earth from the sky are aerolites or bolides, bodies coming from outer space and have nothing to do with thunder-storms.

That mirrors attract lightning and should be covered or turned to the wall during a thunder-storm. This is a pure illusion, arising from the fact that mirrors reflect the lightning flash and thus add to the terror and apparent danger of the storm.

Young Seals.

Very soon after landing the females are delivered of a young seal-a pup it is called. It is said that no case of twins has ever been recorded. After that she has more or less of a loose foot, going to the sea for the food whenever she wishes and only taking care to come back once every three or four days to suckle her young. The old male remains in his harem and fights. The lines of each male's lot are as rigidly fixed as though by a survey. Everything within those lines is his and any other male touches it at his peril. But if a pup wanders outside the lines the male takes no further interest in it and will not pay any attention to it until it returns. The young seals have a fondness for huddling together in groups of fifty or a hundred. The mother seal returning from the sea and seeking her own pup will go up to the group nearest the harem to which she belongs and will utter a call. By a wise provision of nature the young seal is perpetually uttering a peculiar cry like the bleat of a sheep. Thousands of such bleats will be going up all around, but the mother can pick her own pup's cry from them all and as soon as she hears it pushes into the group, and, seizing the young seal, lugs it off to dinner. If she doesn't hear it after two or three calls she takes a nap and then tries again. No seal pup can tell its own mother. When it feels hungry it goes around trying different females until it finds the right one. No mother will suckle any but her own.

Just So.

Omaha teacher: "I would like some one of the class to define the meaning of vice versa."

Bright boy: "It's sleeping with your feet toward the head of the bed.' -Omaha World.

A Traveling Cat.

A cat which was carried from Omaha to Idaho by rail in a box was five months in making her way back on foot, but she got there in good time and immediately resumed business at the old stand. - World.

A MODEL TOWN.

The Visit of American Workingmen

to Saltaire, England. While in England the party of American workingmen sent to the Paris exposition visited the Yorkshire town of Saltaire, founded in 1853 by Sir Titus Salt, and members of the party wrote very entertainingly of what they saw.

At each home visited the busy housewife greeted the inquisitive Americans with a smile. Limited for time, and our people, writes one, our party in her own way. The information received seems to indicate that few, if any, of the workers of Saltaire expect to get rich, or even accumulate enough to embark in business on their own account. However, none die from want, as ample provision has been made by the founder of Saltaire for the care of the poor by the erection of almshouses, the outward appearance of which are even more inviting than the dwellings of the operatives.

One housewife said her family consisted of four persons. The father and son worked in the mill, the former a weaver earning 26 shillings a week, you must rise early and breathe the the latter a sorter earning 10 shillings a week. This family lives in four rooms, for which they pay a weekly plexion at the same time." This is rental of 3 shillings 3 pence. The cost of living, not including clothing, is 26 shillings a week.

> Breakfast and supper usually consist of milk sops, coffee or tea, bread and butter, and, when not too dear, eggs. Meat is served nearly every day, with such vegetables as carrots, cabbage, and potatoes.

We interviewed many people, the answers being usually almost the same as given by this family. Some said they were idle nearly, half the time during the winter. It would seem that the earnings of the father in the case mentioned were consumed in rent, coal, light, and furnishing the table. With the son's earnings, 10 persons are to be clothed. There are no saloons in Saltaire and no evidences of disorder. The people are clean, intelligent, and happy, or, at least, as well satisfied as could be expected. On the whole, it would not pay the American operative to exchange places with the operative of Saltaire.

The women-well, who has not heard of the "Yorkshire, lass"? But no hearsay can properly portray this particular type of womanhood. Tney have well-developed forms, nature showing in every outline, cleur-cut, strongly marked features, characteristic of modesty, fidelity, and virtue. Their light hair and fair skin are in contrast with their melting, liquid brown eyes, while the glowing flush of gland's emblem, the red, red rose. The thrift and housewifely qualities of the m iden are manifest in the wife by the neat, tidy appearance of the cozy little home over which they preside unruffled by the ambitions that unsettle the lives of somany of their sisters.

Give Thin Brains Fresh Air.

The fate of Dr. David Tilton Brown, who recently committed suicide, is only share was alotted to the chief. Having an exaggerated form of an affliction provided for these two most important which seems to be inseparable from a characters, the remainder was parcertain branch of medical practice. Dr. celed among them in certain propor-Brown had been for ten years at the head tions, thus: To the person who cast of Bloomingdale Asylum, and was con- the noose and strangled the victim and sidered an expert alienist. Eventually the one who mutilated the body a he lost his reason and had to be placed share and a half was awarded, and to under restraint, when he took advan- all the members who were present, but tage of the earliest opportunity to not actively engaged, a share each. commit suicide. It is a remarkable The absent members were rewarded but indubitable fact that the medical with half a share. attendants in lunatic asylums almost invariably become the victims of some they would spend their time in revelry hallucination themselves. It has been and debauchery until the ill-gotten calculated that after five years' resi- money was exhausted, when each band dence in a hospital for the insane, the physician, whether maie or female, of fresh victims. begins to manifest irrational tendencies, and to regard every one as absolutely insane and in a condition de- ly cemented. The wives were fully manding restraint.—Chicago Journal.

A Bachelor's Tribute to Babies. in the human breast it is a baby, an in- they were gained. nocent, crowing, cooing, chubby baby. Old men and women look at the pink, dimpled darling and remember their own one time babies and think with pet and-well, usually he sighs at the thought of what might have been. The average young lady captures the baby bodily, hugs it and fondles it. of our own.-A Bachelor.

They Go Together.

"Sarah is certainly a little duck of a darling, but what she sees in that fool of a doctor I can't understand."

"You don't seem to recollect that where there is a duck there will also be found a quack."-Judge.

A BLOODTHIRSTY LOT.

How a Bloody Band of Robbers Killed and Robbed Their Vic-

Comparatively few persons who speak lightly of "Thugs"-supposing the term to be synonymous with "rough," "tough," or "foot-pad"-are acquainted with the true signification of the word, or who know that at one time the mere mention of it caused a panic among the law-abiding citizens of India, who were fully cognizant of the horrible atrocities committed by these conscienceless murderers.

It will not be amiss therefore to give a brief history of these robbers, who, up to 1837, overran every district of India, committing the most detestable crimes chronicled in modern history. They were known variously as

"Thugs" or "Phansigars," but the latter appellation seems the more appropriate, as it fully expresses the peculiar manner in which they carried out their atroctous schemes.

"Phansigar" takes its origin from the instrument with which the members of these outlawed bands accomplished their double crime of murder and robbery. It signifies "a strangler," from the word phansi, a noose, which was suddenly thrown over the head of each victim, and then by a dextrous twist drawn about his neck, resulting in almost immediate strangulation. As a matter of course the noose prevented the slightest outery.

The Phansigars, says L. T. Peale in the Detroit Free Press, belonged to no particular caste, being recruited from the Hindoos, Mohammedans, pariahs, or outcasts, and even the Brahmins.

They traveled in bands varying from twelve to sixty, or even 300 in number, and invariably carried on their bloody work at a distance from any thickly settled community.

Each company had a chief, or junadar, to whom was yielded the most implicit obedience, and who directed all their movements. Like the modern shillings a week or \$130 a year, four leaders of strikes, however, the chief seldom placed himself in any actual danger. Usually he acted as a spy upon the movements of the intended victims, and then from a safe vantage ground planned their destruction, without actively participating in the resultant murder.

When in active service each band was generally separated into parties consisting of eight or ten members, who, in turn divided into twos and threes, closely following each other, in order to render immediate assistance.

Generally speaking their mode of perpetrating the murder was as follows: When the victim was lulled into perfect obscurity by the means already described, one of the parties quickly passed a noose, formed of a twisted handkerchief or strip of thm health upon their cheeks outrivals En- muslin, over his head, and drawing it deftly about his neck instantly tightened it. This being done, an accomplice struck the struggling victim on the joint of his knees behind, which caused him to fall forward, thus accelerating this process of strangula-

> After collecting their plunder a division was made, the best of all being offered to Kali; then a double

Returning home with the proceeds would again take to the road in search

By intermarriage the bond of union between the members was more deepaware of the nature of the avocation of their husbands, and, although they never assisted them, enjoyed the pro-If there is anything on earth that ceeds without expressing the slightest appeals to the best feeling that exists repugnance for the manner in which

General Lee's Respect for the Sabbath. "Robert E. Lee was a strict observer

of the Sabbath when not engaged in pleasure of their grand babies, or won- his campaigns," said General L. L. der why an all wise Providence has or- | Lomax, president of the Virginia agridained that they should go down the cultural college at Blacksburg, and late dim lighted incline of life without that commander of a division of rebel cavalcomfort to declining years. The bach- ry. "I remember well one occasion elor looks askance at the all absorbing | when Fitzhugh Lee and myself, who at that time were both cadets at West Point, were in Washington. It was a Sunday morning, and as the day promised to be a dull one, we drove Everybody who has a good feeling has over to Arlington to spend the time it aroused by the sight of an innocent with Custis Lee. We found the family baby. The tenderest, purest love that at morning prayers, and we joined in lives, the joys of a pure, happy, bright the service. When they were concludhome, the ties that bind heart to heart ed General Lee, with a grim smile, and life to life, and the purest, best walked into his library, selected a rehopes that can stir the human breast, ligious book for each of his children, all are renewed and strengthened by Custis included, and set them all to the mere sight or touch of one of these reading. The jolly time that 'Fitz' little powers in life. What would we and myself expected to have with do without them, even if we have none Custis was indefinitely postponed. We excused ourselves as soon as common decency would permit, returned to Washington and resolved that when we visited Arlington again it would not be on Sunday."-New York Tribuna.

It is said that all the husbands who go to Chicago after a divorce cross the cant-ileave er bridge.-Binghamton Republican.

THE SHOWER.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The landscape, like the awed face of child. Grew curiously blurred—a hush of death Fell on the fields, and in the darkened

The zephyr held its breath. No wavering glamor-work of light and Dappled the shivering surface of the

brook—
The frightened ripples in their ambuscade
Of willows thrilled and shook. The sullen day grew darker and anon
Dim flashes of pent anger lit the sky—
With rumbling wheels of wrath came rolling on The storm's artillery.

The cloud above put on its blackest frown—And then, as with a vengeful cry of pain.

The lightning snatched it—ripped and flung

it down In raveled shreds of rain— While I, transfigured by some wondrous

Bowed with the thirsty lillies of the sod—
My empty soul brimmed over, and my Drenched with the love of God!

Uncle Archie's

CHAPTER V.

"Perhaps he grew conscious of my pitying scrutiny at last; for he moved more into the shadow, and said, with restless and uneasy haste-

"It was very good of you two to be here to-day! Your presence was a great comfort to me.

"Then I am heartily glad we came!" mother cried, evidently trying to prevent the apology which she felt was on his lips. "Dear Archie, have you not been always good to us? Why should we show ourselves ungrateful and unkind?"

He winced, as though the words, spoken quite simply and good-naturedly though they were, hurt him a little, and went on in an eager nervous way

"You have not been quite-quite graciously received; but Estelle is a stranger among strangers. You will make allowance for any peculiarity of manner, remembering that she perhaps feels, as I do, a little on her defence.

There was no resisting this appeal, though I secretly thought that there had been much more of defiance than defence in Mrs. Gerrard's tone. 1 brushed back the soft gray hair from uncle Archie's wrinkled forehead, and kissed him affectionately as I said-

"Of course everything is strange and uncomfortable at present, uncle Archie; but we shall settle down and be the best friends possible presently, if only because we all love you,"

He smiled very faintly and sadly, I thought, and patted my hand. "You are a dear girl, Irene," he be-

gan; but I interrupted him gaily. "Of course; but I am a very curious one, too; so please give me news instead of compliments. Is my aunt very handsome?"

I thought her beauty would be the safest subject to dilate upon; for she had the air of a beauty, even though hor face was veiled; but the subject was scarcely such a success as I had expected. Uncle Archie looked more puzzled than pleased, and there was no sign of the triumph of a bridegroom in his tone as he answered, after a moment's hesitation-

"I think she is, my dear-her features and complexion are excellent; but, beauty is so much a matter of opinion, perhaps I had better let you judge Estelle for yourself."

I could not help glancing at mother with a feeling of horror and dismay and I read all my own trouble reflected in her kind and gentle face. Already uncle Archie's marriage, from a point of view with which our own interests had nothing to do, was seeming to us both a grave mistake, and even more than a mistake—a mystery. If the husband of three or four weeks' standing had not even a good word for the beauty of his bride, what had been the fascinating spell that caused him to change the purpose of a lifetime and run all risks of ridicule by posing as a reckless lover at his age?

It was a painfully puzzling question, and one which time alone could answer. I was glad to hear mother take up the conversation where I had dropped it; for sheer bewilderment was making me blunder stupidly at every word I spoke.

"Estelle!" she repeated softly. "What a pretty name!-all we know of her yet, by-the-way. Is Mrs. Gerrard a foreigner, Archie? There is something French, I think, in her grace and her accent, or rather her

intonation, is there not? Uncle Archie pushed back the hair from his forehead, and looked at us both with a bewildered stare.

"Something French? Yes, course—she is of French decent," he said, in a half-dazed way. "Irene-Gertrude, surely I told you who she is and how I-

"You told us nothing. You need tell us nothing, Archie; I did not mean to cross-examine you."

Mother spoke with a certain amount of spirit and decision, really and fully meaning what she said; for she was shocked at the idea of seeming to pry into matters that her brother-in-law had a right to keep secret if he chose.

"I know-I know-and I remember now," uncle Archie said impatiently; "but you must hear the story some time, and as well now as any other. Gertrude, you have heard Walter

speak of Violet Maxwell?" Mother nodded assent, and I looked at my uncle's face wonderingly, half divining, with the quick instinct of sympathy, what was to come.

"Well-" He hesitated, toyed nervously with a paper-cutter on the table before him, and I saw a dark red flush, the rare expression of emotion in an old man, steal over his face and mount to the roots of his gray hair. "Estelle is, or was, Violet Estelle Egerton-Violet Maxwell's child."

A flood of light and comprehension seemed to pour in upon us with the utterance of those broken disconnected words. All that had puzzled and bewildered us was clear now—uncle Archie had been true to his one ideal, to the fatal love that had blighted his early life, and seemed likely to bring but little comfort to his later days. Mother's face flushed with enthusiasm; once let her feelings be touched, and my dear old mother was as enthusiastic as a girl. She looked up at uncle Archia, saying eagerly-

"Dear Archie, I understand. You have renewed the romance of your youth."

But he interrupted her with a pas-

sionate eager protest and a look of keenest pain. "Not that not that!" he said, with

bated breath. "I cannot make it all plain now. You must think me a vain deluded old fool!" "Archie?"

"Yes; what else can you-can the world think me? But that does not matter, Gertrude." He paused again, in evidently troubled thought. "Some day you shall all read Violet Egerton's letter-the letter she wrote on her death-bed, confiding her child to my care, begging forgiveness for the wrong she did me long ago-the wrong she expiated, by a married life of utter misery."

"Has Mrs. Egerton only just died then?" I asked, fascinated and stirred strangely by his curious sequence to the romance that had always

a supreme interest for me. "No; she died years ago," answered uncle Archie wearily; and then we all turned, for the words were arrested on his lips by a clear, silvery, mocking laugh, the same laugh in which I had found discordant notes before, and, the velvet portiere being swept aside, Estelle Gerrard stood for a moment prettily framed in the doorway, then came towards us with her graceful gliding step, and turned her great shining eyes from one face to another, evidently enjoying the confusion she read on av.

She was dressed for the evening in an apricot-tinted robe of some soft fabric mixed with silk. She had ewels in her hair and at her white throat, and, as I looked at her, I answered at once and with an eager affirmative the question that had puzzled uncle Archie. Whatever else she might be, she was most beautiful-tall and slim and straight, with a warmlytinted skin, great ha el eyes, and nair that was neither red nor yellow, but a subtle combination of the two. And yet, perfect as was her beauty, there was an expression on her face that repelled rather than attracted me-a look of hardness and insolence in the dark eyes that made me think nothing could abash that scornful glance; and was sure that I detected craft and cruelty in the curved scarlet lips and thin dila ed nostrils. As I looked at the beautiful woman standing so easily and gracefully among us, I felt a despairing consciousness that, let me try as I might—and for uncle Archie's sake, I would try zealously to ingratiate myself with the new lady of the Hall-Estelle Gerrard and I would never be real friends.

"Well," she said, drawing her chair up beside poor mother, who looked the picture of conscious misery and guilt at her approach, "so Archie has been entertaining you with the story of our courtship and marriage, Mrs. Walter. Very stupid of him by-theway, for he does not shine as a raconcur, and had much better leave such asks to me. What has he told you?"

Mother looked steadily at the briliant mocking face, and said, with a udden outburst of resentment-"For one thing, your mother's

I thought that, in the circumstances, such an answer should have crushed her; but Estelle was not of my opinion. She leaned back in her chair, arranged a broad gold bangle more to her satisfaction on her white arm, and answered, with airy unconcern-

"Of.course that is the prime fact which poor Archie relies on to explain his apostasy from the perpetual celibate creed—to which, he tells me, you and your daughter and all Ludleigh believed him vowed. By-the-way"turning suddenly to me-"you have accepted his excuse and forgiven him,

I looked around for uncle Archie; but he was gone-he must have slipped away noislessly almost directly nis wife appeared. She noticed that I had turned to look for him, and laughed again as musically and as unpleasantly as before.

"You must answer me-your uncle has vanished, Irene. Accept that as a warning, my dear. All that any one has to say to him now must be said through me."

It was difficult to listen to that speech, even though it was spoken in a halfjesting tone; but, for uncle Archie's sake, hoping against hope to keep the peace with my provoking new relative, I kept my temper, and answered, almost civilly and quite sincerely, that my uncle and I understood each other quite well, and I had nothing to for-

She eyed me curiously for a mo-

ment, then said— "You are a queer girl, Irene Gerrard, not without spirit, I am sure; and yet, though I have done my very best to provoke you, you will not show fight. Well, since we cannot make a quarrel, suppose we agree to oe friends?'

She bent forward, offering her smooth, velvety tinted cheek, upon which I was forced to bestow a kiss; but my lips were cold and stiff, and I felt that we were in no way drawn together by that conventional caress.

Estelle however seemed quite satisfied, and went on pleasantly-"Now I can tell you my story more

easily. You see one must tell it in such different fashion to a keen critic speaking trap in the roof will be reand sympathotic friend. Please do not | placed by a speaking tube.

look so shocked, Mrs. Walter! The facts cannot vary of course; but whereas their dry bones are enough in the one case—in the other—well, ir the other, one may let a little feel-

ing be seen." "Do you really think it necessary to tell us more than we know already. Mrs. Gerrard?" interrupted mother; and I knew the stiff protest was sincere. Curious as she was, she shrank from hearing the story of Archibald Gerrad's wooing told by those scornfully smiling lips; but Estelle would have her way.

"Quite necessary, if not for your satisfaction, then for that of Ludleigh at large. Of course the gossips are on the qui vive to know all about me, and will metaphorically tear you and Irene to pieces if you are not prepared to gratify their curiosity tomorrow. You cannot deny that."

Mother could not; so she simply shook her head and allowed her sis-

ter-in-law to proceed. "Tell them that my mother made a great mistake when she jilted Archia spendthrift, a gambler, and a bad and thin beets and carrots. cruel husband; he made her miserable for fifteen years, and then deserted her and her last living child—deserted her on her death-bed."

She was evidently excited by her own story; her eyes flashed, but her voice neither softened nor broke as she spoke of her deserted and dying mother; her lips still retained their scornful curve; there was no touch of hot sun and lack of moisture in the oity in the briliant face; and yet, I soil cause them to be tough and nardly know why, I began to feel a stringy. Carrots, parsnips and the certain amount of pity for her. She looked at me and laughed.

"You think me very horrisie to speak so of my own father, Irene; but if your experience had been like mine, you would perhaps have grown as hard as I. But there is no need to go into all that now. When my mother felt that she was dying, and knew that she must leave me alone in the world, certain that these diseases are not as she wrote out and gave to me a last common in countries where less corn despairing appeal to her old lover, and other kinds of succulent foods are asking him to befriend her friendless child."

"Has she only just died theu?" asked, as I had asked uncle Archie a little while back, puzzled by her be-

wildering avoidance of all dates. "Oh, no-she died ten years since, when I was just seventeen. But I did | country. Potatoes do not answer the not care to present the letter at once. purpose very well, as it is necessary to I was at war with the all world---with cook them in order to render them diall the people who had wronged my gestible. Clover is in many respects mother—and did not care to meet the excellent, but it can be had in a green one she had wronged. I was strong state during only a few months of the and fairly well-educated, and I deter- year. A few farmers prepare and feed mined to be accomplished as well. I went as pupil-teacher to a Brussels school, stayed there for three years, working hard, and gaining golden opinions of my employer-Madame Ledru-and, more than that, an intro- mended for hogs, but it is an uncertain duction to a very great family, in crop, and the average yield is small. which I remained for seven years as governess to one girl.

"We spent those seven years in Italy. My pupil married there; and then the great family needed my services no more. They did not turn me adrift in any ungracious fashion; they rewarded me handsomely, and intimated, in the kindest manner, that I was now free to return to my home. word of this to my employers. I half intention of returning to Brussels and asking Madame Ledru to take me But fate changed my plans. I

one day in a visitor's list. might help me? I went home, took the little packet-which I had kept more from superstitious reverence than from any thought that 1 should which, as the newspaper told me, Archibald Gerrard was staying."

-And he came to you at once!" I interposed excitedly. "Dear, generous uncle Archie would find such an appeal from your mother's daughter absolutely irresistible."

"He came within an hour; within a meek he had asked me to marry him; and I-in the circumstances, what Gerrard, fixing her eyes deliberately upon mine. Irene, and may tell it at every tea-

lable in Ludleigh if you choose. vanished from her eyes and voice came back in full force now. I wondered more than ever why she had so frankly told her somewhat curious story to anxious to conciliate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Was Chopping Wood. Patrick O'Reardon in chopping so unfortunate as to graze the thumb of his left hand, with which he was steady the piece of wood he was splitting. Ruefully gazing at the injured member, he remarked: "Begorra, it was a good thing I did not have hold of the handle with both hands, or I would have out it off, sure!"

Lord Shrewsbury's new hansoms are to carry electric bells, and the old

FARM AND HOME.

Root Crops.

American farmers do not like to raise roots for feeding to stock. They state that they require too much handiwork. They prefer crops like the various small grains, that can be sown and harvested by means of machines. They like corn, which can be planted and cultivated without the use of hand tools. They may raise a few flat turnips for the reason that a fair crop can be produced if seed is sown broadcast on soil that has been well prepared. They dislike to raise beets, carrots and parsnips, however, because the planting, weeding out and thinning must be done by hand. Clean culture is required by them, and the growth of the young plants is slow. If the ground is not free from weeds and grass a good crop cannot be secured. Persons who have been accustomed to walk upright behind a bald Gerrard for Frank Egerton's plow or cultivator or to ride on a corn sake-a mistake she repented within planter, moving machine, horse rake a week of her marriage and to the or harvester, do not enjoy getting last day of her life. My father was down on their hands and knees to weed The seasons in this country are not

as favorable for raising and preserving roots as they are in many parts of Europe. The summers are warmer and the winter much cooler. For roots that grow largely above the ground, as Swedish turnips, mangel wurzels, our summers are very unfavorable, as the small varieties of beets do much better, as they grow below the surface of the ground, while their foliage keeps the soil quite moist.

The frequent occurrence of diseases among swine during the past few years has led many to believe that they are the results of eating too much. It is fed to pigs. Many American pork raisers have been trying to find some cheap and easily produced substitute for corn. Peas, that are largely raised for hogs in Canada and Scotland, do not succeed well in most parts of this silage to their pigs, but the complaint is general that it is too bulky and that it contains too much moisture. The Jerusalem artichoke has been recom-The best substitutes for corn appears to

be carrots, sugar and blood beets. Wheat Bran. We have not room to enter into an argument on the question of the value of wheat bran as a dairy food, nor upon its effects as compared with other foods, says the Rural Home. It contains the ingredients for making caseous My home! I had no home, Irene; and, material for milk, and for supplying being always extravagant in my nerve nutriment-that is, nitrogen and tastes, I had no savings to fall back phosphoric acid. If made the exupon until I found other occupation. clusive grain feed and fed freely, it will However, I was too proud to say a certainly stimulate the flow of milk; and, as nature seems to have the power thanked them for their presents and of converting nitrogenous material into good wishes, and went at once, with a fat, it will somewhat increase the amount of butter in the milk, but not to the extent that it increases the went to Paris instead, fell in a poor flow. Wheat bran has also its carlodging there, spent all my money, bonaceous elements. But it lacks and was reduced to almost absolute coloring matter, and produces very despair, when I saw your uncle's name pale butter. The same is true to a greater extent of buckwheat bran, "Then I suddenly remembered my which stimulates the flow of milk but mother's letter. Why should I not in does not improve its quality. Now this strait appeal to the one man who both of these brans have their use in feeding, but should not be fed alone. Mix with wheat bran its weight of corn meal, and the combination makes an ever use it—from the old pocket-book excellent butter ration. Out meal in which for ten long years it had lain is good, but we do not think it gives undisturbed, and, giving myself no color and flavor when fed alone. Corn time to reflect upon or reconsider my meal should always, in our judgement, determination, sent it to the hotel at constitute a part of the grain ration. Feed bran of any kind, oat meal, pea meal, cotton-seed meal, malt sprouts, brewers' grain, or what you please, but do not omit corn meal. But do not feed corn, in any form, exclusively. It is too carbonaceous and heat-

Burning Stubble Land.

ing.

I visited a farmer yesterday who is should I say but 'Yes'?" asked Mrs. a successful wheat grower. writes Waldo T. Brown, and found him "Now, you know the drawing straw and spreading it on the whole story of your uncle's marriage, land which he had prepared for wheat with the intention of burning it before he arilled the wheat, and he told The defiance that had momentarily me that he did this every year with marked effect equal to a good coating of manure. This reminds me that about 1855 I burned a very heavy people whom she seemed so little stubble from part of a wheat field, and occasionally the fire would miss a spot of half an acre or so. When I came to plow the field the part burned over plowed as mellow as a garden, while the rest broke up hard and lumpy. In wood with a hatchet the other day was ten days after the wheat came up one could stand on the fence at the side of the field and trace to a foot where the stubble had been burned by the rank growth and dark color of the plants, I recall also that a few years ago when I recommended the burning of stubble and that some experiments be made by burning straw on wheat land, that the scientific chaps got after me and abused me roundly for it. Nevertheless, I repeat that advice, but add that one must use good judgement in the matter. Most cases which have | Capital.

come to my notice, where a marked increase of wheat came from burning A Vast, Sterile Plateau--A Scene straw on the ground, has been on black land, rich in vegetable matter and presumably not lacking in nitrogen.

Bronzing. Many articles about the house may be wonderfully brightened by the application of bronzing. If you depend on the liquid bronze sold in small bottles you will find that it costs considerable to cover much surface, but if you thography of Lake Mistassini, long rebuy bronze powder, such as gas-fitters puted to rival or exceed Lake Superior use on pipes, and mix it with a size of in dimensions. All mystery hitherto two parts linseed-oil and one part surrounding this region has been clearcoach varnish, you will find that a ed up by these enterprising travelers. great deal may be done at little cost. To use it pour some of the size into a shallow dish-a sauce-plate is good- Lake St. John, and thence by the perilbeing sure to shake it up well first, so ous route of the Achamouchouan river, that the oil and varnish will mix. Put | in descending which Prof. Galbraith's some of the powder into another plate. Dip your brush in the size, and mix up | crossing numerous portages and beaver a little of the powder at a time. It dams and by toilsome rowing, some should be thick enough to form a good body, and must not run. It dries rapidly. If the luster is not enough after to dampen their courage, they reached once going over the article give it a July 30 Lake Achamouchouan, on second coat. Old frames can be made which half a century ago the Hudson to look like new in this way. It can Bay company had a trading post. be applied to metal or wood. Any one who can use a brush can apply it satisfactorily.

Farm Notes.

A good pig should average about 8 or 10 pounds gain weekly from birth to slaughter until 12 months old.

Coal tar should be spread on tarred paper roofs at least once a year if they are to remain close and tight.

Turnip tops, chopped and mixed with straw, have been used in the silos in Scotland, and good results are claimed therefrom.

If you plant the pits of peaches with the view of growing trees you may fail to secure peaches worth growing, but a chance tree from the number may be superior to any now known.

It is claimed that board floors should not be used in stalls for colts as they are too hard and cause injury to the feet. Nothing is as good as an earth floor for all animals that have tender All weeds that have been mowed

down should be consumed by fire and not left to decay, as is frequently done. Burning them destroys many seeds, and lessens the number of hurboring places for insects. No plum is free from the attacks of

the curculio, but plums can be grown successfully if well cultivated and the trees kept vigorous. In the spring a few weeks' work will greatly avoid injury from the curculio.

Charcoal is a wonderfully useful article to feed to 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.

If manure is to be applied around young trees let it be done late in the fall, or when the winter is well in. A disadvantage of covering the ground around trees with manure, however, is that it harbors insects, affording them

shelter. As the grass decreases give hay to the cows, thus gradually m king the change from green food to dry food. If the change is made suddenly the cows will fall off in milk. As an assistance to the green food (which will | Labrador, however, because of the desoon become scarce) give slipped turnips, beets or carrots.

kept in air-tight tin canisters, is the safest and best remedy for the cabbage worm. Sprinkle it on the cabbage and the worms will be destroyed. It very strongly resembles Scotch snuff. In every case kill the white butterflies seen in the cabbage fields, as they are the parents of the cabbage worm.

For the Table.

BAKED APPLES. - Wash and remove the core, fill up the opening with molasses or brown sugar, pour over a cup

of water and bake one hour. LIGHT CAKE. - Whites of eight eggs, two cups of powdered sugar and one cup of butter beaten to a cream; add one cup of water, three cups of flour and one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with almond.

CORN CAKES.—One cup of flour, half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of soda. one tablespoon of sugar, one tablespoon of melted butter and one cup of sour milk. Bake in gem pans.

CABBAGE SALAD.—To one quart of chopped cabbage and the yolks of two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, two teaspoons of ground mustard, one teaspoon of salt. one-half teaspoon of black pepper, one cup of vinegar, two tablespoons of butter, boiled together five

INDIAN MEAL GRUEL.—Make a thin paste of one teaspoonful of flour, two tablespoonfuls of best corn meal and a little water. Stir this into a quart of boiling water; cook until the meal has set, stirring constantly, then turn into a double boiler and simmer for one and one-half or two hours. Season with salt and strain. If too thick, thin with milk or cream.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Select large potatoes and bake; when done scoop out the insides and mix with butter. milk and finely minced cold meat; season, and refill the skins, place in a baking tin, place a small piece of butter on each and set in the oven for five minutes.

Duel! Do-ill! Do-well! The punsterious reader can take his choice according to his sentiments on the subject.-Washington EXPLORING LABRADOR.

of Desolation.

The New York Herald publishes the story of recent explorations in the cheerless wilds of Labrador, conducted by Prof. W. J. Loudon of the University of Toronto and G. S. Macdonald of Montreal.

The specific object of their expedition was to determine the site and or

Starting from Quebec July 13, the explorers struck northward by way of party in 1882 came near perishing. By days not making more than ten miles, and with a succession of heavy rains From this point their geographical surveys proper began.

The interior of Labrodor is a vast. sterile, bowlder-strewn plateau, a scene of dreadful desolation, where the wearisome monotony is generally relieved only by stunted spruce, birch, and aspen, or caribou moss covering the rocks. The "Height of Land" extending north of Lake Achamouchouan is flanked on its southern and western skirts by a chain of connected lakes, which it was the special aim of the Canadian travelers to explore. In these wide waters, perennially cold and perched nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, they found a profusion of carp, pike, dore, trout, and whitefish, tempting enough to satisfy the most voracious or fastidious appetite.

Turning from the romance and adventure of the exploration to its geographical results, the Canadian expedition of 1889 has clearly determined the dimensions of the mysterious Lake Misstassini. Compared with Superior, the largest fresh-water lake in the world, Mistassini is small. Lake Superior is 390 miles long, with an area of 32,000 square miles, and drains a region aggregating 85,000 square miles. But its once reputed rival on the Labrador tableland has scarcely one-third as much length. Taken, however, with its sister lakes, closely connected with it by narrow and short passages, the system is about 300 miles long, with a drainage not exceeding one-tenth of that whose waters enter the monarch of American lakes.

The scientific value of the explorations carried out by Prof. Loudon and his associate is not confined to the discovery and delineation of this lacustrine system. They have added materially to our knowledge of the geography and meteorology of the region they surveyed. Their observations show that in summer the great aerial current from the tropics, which brings the eastern half of the United States its rainfall, sweeps far enough north of the St. Lawrence valley to touch the southeastern basin of Hudson bay. The hardy potato, which is cultivated in Europe up to 70 degrees north latitude, will not thrive in the plateau of ficiency of temperature and the occurrence of frost every month in the year. Dalmatian insect powder, fresh, and From January to March the cold ranges from zero to 50 degrees below, while snow begins to fall in September... It is evident therefore, that this inland portion, although in the latitude of England, but with a climate deprived of the tempering influence of a gulf stream or of winds from a warm ocean, can never be populated.

His Hat Was Preserved.

Professor A. usually took his cup of afternoon coffee at the Golden Crown inn. There, in the company of a few congenial spirits, he indulged in a game of skat, a popular game of cards. One afternoon, having been overtaken by a heavy shower, the game was prolonged somewhat beyond its usual length. On rising to take his hat, the professor discovered that it. had been exchanged, much to his advantage. In place of the shabby and well-worn head gear he usually wore, he found an irreproachable Parisian silk hat of the finest make.

Delighted with his new acquisition, the professor escaped unobserved, and hastened home to inform his betterhalf of his good fortune. This, however, was of but short duration, for the next time he found himself at the inn he was approached by a young man, who, bowing and smiling, accosted him thus: "My dear professor, allow me to claim my hat and at the same time explain to you my apparent. error in taking yours. You weremore fortunate than I, in the possesssion of an umbrella, and knowing that the storm would completely ruin my hat, I borrowed yours for the occasion."

Having finished his speech the young man departed, leaving the professor to examine his hat, which the shower had by no means improved, and to ruminate on the wickedness of humanity.

It is now considered the correct thing forlawyers to live in the sue-burbs.—Pittsburg

They call Gum an elective at Vassar because the students needn't take it unless they chews .- Munsey's Weekly.

The Cass City House.

Having recentlyrefitted and re-modeled this modern brick hotel I now announce it open to the pub lic. I have furnished it through-out with the best of Furniture, and it is thoroughly equipped with everthing for the convenience of guests. Good barn ,sample rooms, and telephone in connection with the house. Free bus to all trains. To my farmer friends I wish to state that the hotel is open to your patronage: 1 invite you to call. My hotel is strictly first-class.

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Mr. Lee. "Why, Addie, you needn't cry about tl I only said Mrs. Allen was a very well-nformed woman, and I wished you would follow

till only said Mrs. Allen was a very wellinformed woman, and I wished you would follow
her example."

Mrs. Lee. "Yes, and last week you said you
wished I could manage to look as stylish as Mrs.
Allen,—and she makes all her own clothes. But
she has what I haven't."

Mrs. Lee. "What is that?"

Mrs. Lee. "What is that?"

Mrs. Lee. "What is that?"

Mrs. Lee. "What is they take. I admit that
she knows all that is going on, and is bright and
entertaining in conversation; but I could do as
well as she does if I had the same source of
information. She lent me the last number of her
Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs.

Tending, about various social matters and the
topics of the day, than I would pick up in amonth
by my occasional chats with friends. It certainly
covers every topic of intorest, from the news of
the day down to the details of housekeeping;
and everything is so beautifully illustrated, too.
Every time Mamle goos over to the Allens' she
comes back and teases me to get you to take
Démorest's Family Magazine, as the stories are
so good. Even the boys watch for it every month,
as a place is found for them also in its pages; and
Mr. Allen swears by it. It is really wonderful
how it suits every member of the family!"

Mr. Lee. "Well, perhaps I had better send for a
Specimen Copy; for, it is anything like what you
sayitis, it will amuse and instruct the whole of us."

Mrs. Lee. "I see that W. Jennings Demorest,
the publisher, 15 East 14th Street. New York, is
offering to send a Specimen Copy for 10 cents, so
we can't lose anything, as 'each number contains
a 'Pattern Order' entitling the holder to any
Pattern she may choose, and in any size—which
alone makes each copy worth 20 cents; and I just
want a jacket pattern like Mrs. Allen's. The
subscription price is only \$2.00 a year; and B
must say I can't see how they can publish etelegant a Magazine fer so little money."

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This preparation is invaluable s Chative for Billiousness, Dyspep si . Malaria, Liver complaint, Heart rouble, Kidney Disease, Jaundic e Piles, Scrofula, Blood Diseases, Fe mile Diseases, Blood Disorders, Etc. rice. \$1 per Bottle.

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EYE WATER.

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All Communications Should Be Addressed To

MICH. the prisoner. CASS CITY,

KINGSTON.

Miss Nellie Mıllikın is very ill with nalarial fever.

Henry Roy is laboring under a se ere attack of quinzy.

Chas. L Soper has completed putting a stone wall under his house.

Jno. Poole, who has been or the sick ast for some time, is on the way to re-

Our genial postmaster, J. M. Torrey, and Wm. Colston made a trip to Marette last week.

The smiling countenance of John Mc Cracken of Deford was seen on ou streets on Monday.

Willie Ruggles, who has been away in other parts during the past summer, has returned home.

Threshing machines may be seen in front of our machine shop most any day awaiting repairs.

Grant Soper, a brother of Chas. L. Soper, our enterprising druggist, is stopping in town for a short time.

Chas. Baker is erecting a nert habitation for his dumb animals, and when completed will have an excellent barn.

Wheat and other grain continues to find a good market in Kingston, and the elevator is crowded to its utmost

S. H. Parker, living near Rochester Oakland county, was in town this week. He was looking after his land interest in this vicinity.

Dr. Simenton made a trip to Carson ville on Friday last, returning on Sat arday with his wife, who has been visiting there for some time.

The regular quarterly meeting will be held in the M. E. church on Sunday next. Presiding Elder Reid will dis course one of his excellent sermons in

Wm. Colston is decorating the extertor of his domicile with a neat coat of paint. The colors denote the utmost New mill near the P. O harmony, which renders a very attractive appearance.

> The Baptist society are adding a yast improvement to their house of worship by erecting a spire and belfry, where the chimes for calling the people together may be placed.

> Mis J. R. Beach, who has been mak ing her sister in Chicago a visit, for several weeks, returned on Friday last. She reports having spent a very pleasaut time in that metropolis of the west,

> Mrs. Nancy Keys died in Marlette Thursday last. She was the mother of Mr. Jas, McGinnis and Mrs. Neil Burns of this place, who attended the funeral which was held on Sunday last.

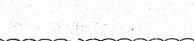
Mrs. W. C. Lockwood is yery ill with typhoid fever Dr. Simenton is n attendance. A later report says that the oldest son and little girl of the same family are also confined with this

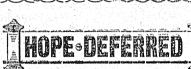
Mesdames Chas. Soper and Jas. Mc-Ginnis, who visited friends on the Canadian shore, returned to their homes in this place on Saturday evening last, much to the joy of their husbands. Keeping "bach" is not their calling.

The family of M. M. Jarvis are making preparations to depart from Kingston and take up their abode in Washington, D. C., where Mr. Jarvis is employed as a government clerk. They expect to leave for their new home in about three weeks.

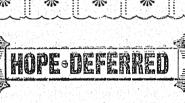
O. J. Linnendolt, having secured the ground upon which to erect his manufactory for making fence machines, is pushing the work with much vigor. The foundation is already completed and the frame nearly ready for the industry which is to be such a business addi tion to Kingston. The land which Mr. Linnendoll has obtained was purchased of Mr. Miller of Pontiac, and utilizes a whole block.

We record this week an item, which to use a slang phrase, may be deemed 'stale," but which will probably be of Co. nterest to many, who have not as yet heard of this little episode, which occurred within our quiet little hamlet on Friday, the 18th, ult. On that date a quiet, and who seemed to be an inoffensive youth, drove into town with a very respectible loooking rig and offered to sell the same to Jno. Stevenson for the small sum of \$20. Suspecting that all was not right, as the outfit, consisting of a horse, buggy, buffalo robe, etc., would be cheap at \$150, Mr. Stevenson notified Constable Matthews who arrested the wayward chap before the deal was consumated. The prisoner was taken to the law office of J. M. Torrey and after a severe questioning by that lawyer, he confessed to the crime of having stolen the rig from Jas. Cooper of Gagetown. He gave his name as Jas. Hoy, purposing to hail from near Caro. Sheriff Randall was notified and ook the thief to Caro that night where he waived examination and was bound over to the circuit court. Mr. Cooper secured the return of his property, and was very thankful to the gentlemen who instituted the arrest of





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



Farmers Io Not Forget,

Friday is buckwheat day at the

KINGSTON MILI

Flour kept constantly on hand

and Feed and Bran by the ton, at

the lowest cash prices.

WITH LESSONS

No sheddy Organ with weak tone, but a solid black walnu-one with 122 reeds Warranted 7 years

Organ, Stool, Book & Term of Lessons

\$65.00

C. M. Blones,

MICHIGAN.

Oct. 21.

KINGSTON

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
	Р. М.	А. М.	Λ. Μ.
Caseville	4.00	•••••	5:00
Berne	4:19	•••••	5:80
Owendale	4:42		6:05
Gagetown	4:55		6:30
Cass City	5:10	5:30	7:10
Cass City Deford*	5:26	5:48	7:35
Wilmot*	5:34	5:58	7:50
Kingston	5:44	6:15	8:16
Kingston Clifford	6:03	6:40	8:58
North Branch	D:18	7:05	9:40
mlay City	6:58	7:55	11:10
Dryden	7 13	8:20	11:50
Oxford	7 52	9:30	1:21
Pontiac	8:30	10:30	2:80

DR. GEO. SIMENTON,

PHYSICIAN and Surgeon. Office in dru

Pontiae, Oxford & Port Austin Railroad.

HIME TABLE NO. 10.

GOING NORTH,

STATIONS.

Freig't Mixed.

9:30 11:15

East Saginaw,.....Depart

Trains going South.

CONNECTIONS.

East Saginaw—With F: & P. M. R'y lot Detroit Toledo and the northwest. With the S. y. & St. L. Ry, for St, Louis, &c. With P. H. & N. W for Vassair, Murlette, &c. With Michigan Central Ry, for points on Jackson, Lanisling and Saginaw and Detroit, Saginaw & Bay City fil-visions:

Berne Junction—With F. O. & P. A. Ry, for Caseville cass Qity and Pontiae.

Bud Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ity; for Port Austin, Said Beach & Sand Beach; &c.

ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup. CONNECTIONS.

F. & P. M. R. R.

Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889. PORT HURON DIVISION:

WI	est.		dir.	r;
Express and Exch	Expressional Maily.	štations,	Express and Mail.	Express
7 145 7 25 6 26 7 14 7 35 7 45 8 02 7 8 14 8 25 8 24 7 9 15 9 15 9 15	10 00 10 28 10 42 10 52 11 10 11 22 11 88 11 87 11 58	rPort HuronAi Zion Yale Brown City MarletteClifford Ainyville Juninta Vassar. Vassar Bridge Frankenmuth East SagLv † Fing Station.	10 10 9 28 9 10 8 47 8 37 8 10 7 49 7 45 7 700	p. m. 9 46 9 12 8 45 8 17 7 57 7 45 7 25 6 59 6 56 6 6 7 p. m.

SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVS.

STATIONS.

... Zion.... Crosweil

† Flag Stations.

CONNECTIONS.

CONNECTIONS.

Port Huron (Union Depot), with the G. T. R. to and from all points in Canada.

With the C. & G. T. R. for Imlay City, Lapeer Flint, Battle Creek and Chicago.

Clifford (Union Depot) with the P. O. & P. A. for North Branch, Imlay City, Kingston, Cass City, Berne and Casseville,

Vassar, with the M. C. R. for Caro, Bay City, Alpena, Mackinne, Etc.

East Sadinaw (Transfer) with the S. V. & L. R. for \$t, Louis, Alma, Grand Rapids, Etc.

Bad Axe (Union Depot) with the S. T. & H. for Bayport, Sebewaing, Unionville, East Saginuw, Etc.

SANFOPD KEELER, Superintendent.

p, m. 3 30Lv...Port Huron...Ar

7 05......Bad Axe. 7 50......Port Austin

SOUTH.

NORTH.

FOR

SCHWAUERLH BROS. Prop'r. Everything Fresh, Wholesome and inviting. es. Cattle. Hogs and Sheep bough

JAMES McGINNIS, Proprietor.

Central Meat

Eastern Market. CASH PAID FOR HIDES. BUCKLEN'S ARNIC SALVE.

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

Cass City Markets. Friday Morning. October 18.

Wheat, o. 1 white	7
Wheat, No. 2, white	6
do No. 2 red	
do No. 3 red	(
Oats	2
Beans hand-picked	1 00@14
do unpicked	90@12
Rye	30@ 5
Barley	65@ 8
lover seed	 300@3 2
Peas per bushel Buckwheat	25(6) 2
Pork	3 50ത്3 (
Butter	1
Eggs	1
Vool	20@ 2

PATTERN FREE.

Detroit and Cleveland STEAM NAVIGHTION CO Palace Steamers, Low Rates and

O.A. BRIGGS.

Quick Time for EDETROIT, PORTEHURON, SANILA EOSCODA, ALPENA, CHEBOYGAN, Leaves St. Ignace

MONDAY, WEDNESDAVIATIO.00 A.IN THURSDAY, FRIDAY AT 9.00 P. M FOR CLEVELAND,

Daily (except Sunday) at 10.15 P. M Through tickets, and all baggag checked to destination. Our illustration. trated pamphlet, rates and excur ion tickets will be furnished b your agents, or address

E. B. WHITCOMB, G. P. A DETROIT MICH.

Now

LUSINESS

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

H. W. ROBINSON, Cass City, Mich.

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

BREAD And All PASTRY GOODS.

I will also have a first-class LUNCH ROOM

n Connection. Hot Ten and Coffee at all hours

জি"l will sell a 2 Kound louf of Bread or Six Cents. Oldfashioned farmer's

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

Our Annual

SANFORD KEELER, Superintendent,

ANNOUNCEMENT.

\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

WOOL wanted at the Cass City woolen mills.

CUSTOM work in all it branches romptly attended to. PARTIES sending wool by rail

are requested to write plain their address and instructions, to avoid lelay in returning. CASH paid for goods exchanged

WEAVING and custom carding

specialties.

R. A. ROBINSON & CO.