

Cass City Enterprise.

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One Dollar Per Year.

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

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

BROWSE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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

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

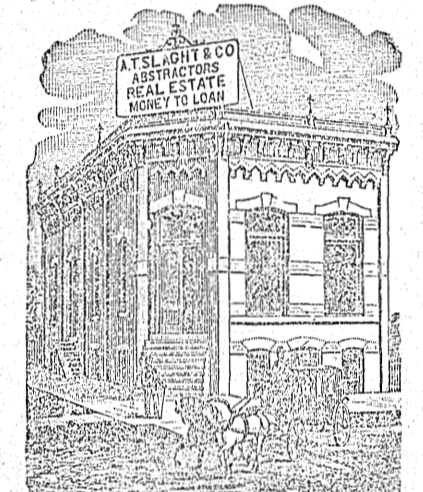
Our job department has recently been in-
creased by the addition of a large quantity of
new type, making it complete in every respect.
We have facilities for doing the most difficult
work in this line and solicit the patronage of
the public.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, November 8.	
Wheat, o. 1 white.....	74
Wheat, No. 2, white.....	60
do No. 2 red.....	74
do No. 3 red.....	68
Oats.....	28
Beans hand-picked.....	1 00@1 40
do un-picked.....	90@1 20
Rye.....	30@ 35
Barley.....	60@ 75
Clover seed.....	3 00@3 15
Peas per bushel.....	30@ 40
Buckwheat.....	25@ 28
Pork, live weight.....	3 00@3 50
Pork, dressed.....	4 50 5 00
Butter.....	14
Eggs.....	17
Wool.....	20@ 25

Abstracts of Title.

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



MONEY TO LOAN ON
EARN MORTGAGES.

—IN SUMS FROM—
\$50 TO \$5,000!
For long or short time.
Office across from Medler House.
CARO - MICH.

CARO
Marble Works

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

JUST RECEIVED!
25

NEW MONUMENTS
—Of the Latest—
Designs.

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

COME AND SEE
The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank
Owned and operated by
W. L. PARKER.

WANTED.

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

SALESMAN WANTED

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

I. O. O. F.
Cass City Lodge, No. 201, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. L. HITCHCOCK, N. G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

G. A. R.
Milo Warner Post, No. 292, Cass City, meets
in the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each
month. Visiting comrades cordially invited.
A. N. HATCHER, Commander
C. WOOD, Adjutant.

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

Cass City Bank!

ESTABLISHED APRIL 18, 1862

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

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

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

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

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

CITY NEWS.

File your orders with us for tax re-
ceipts.

Cyrus Northcott of Deckerville was in
town Tuesday.

M. H. Quick of Novesta made us a call
on Friday last.

Quite an array of legal talent in town
on Friday last.

Now is your time to send in your or-
ders for tax receipts.

Mrs. Dick Clarke is seriously ill with
inflammation of the lungs.

E. H. Taylor of Vassar was in town
on legal business Friday.

The legal mill has been grinding full
blast during the past week.

Mrs. Wm. Hebblewhite has been seri-
ously ill, but is now recovering.

Tax receipts 45 cents per hundred at
this office and mailed to you free of
charge.

The pupils of the Vassar schools will
fling the stars and stripes to the breeze
to-day.

J. W. Macomber is in Inlay City, where
he has been engaged to do a job of
painting.

D. C. McIntyre and wife of Detroit
were in the city for a short time on Sun-
day last.

J. H. McLean of North Branch, an em-
ploye of the P. O. & N., was in town on
Monday evening.

Farmers still continue to find an excel-
lent market for their grain at the Cass
City elevators.

Chas. Striffler has traded his Idaho
horse for a trotting animal. Charlie be-
lieves in fast stock.

Miss Bell Reid of Detroit is the guest
of her sisters and will remain here dur-
ing the coming winter.

Rev. S. Gilchrist assisted P. E. Reid
in conducting quarterly meeting services
at Bayport on Sunday last.

E. C. Toland, of the ENTERPRISE force,
and Harry Pinney visited in Caro on
Saturday and Sunday last.

Owing to the stormy weather last
week the rink was not opened, but it
will be running to-night as usual.

Holmes Bros. have entirely sold out
their stock of goods and will soon be
leaving Cass City for other fields.

DIED.—At Evergreen, on Tuesday, the
5th inst., Anne, beloved wife of Mr.
Isaac Craig, aged 87 years and 2 months.

"Don" Wales has sufficiently recover-
ed from his recent illness so as to be
able to return to his position in this of-
fice.

During the rain last week
remained as a rule, and it was not
not a good idea to expend a few dollars
for traveling our main streets, so
that pedestrians would not have to

wear rubber boots in crossing these
thoroughfares.

Geo. A. Nettleton, of the P. O. & N.
was in the city on Monday evening. He
is inspecting ties along the line of the
road.

Miss Jennie McArthur is now ruler in
school district No. 3, Novesta, she hav-
ing commenced her school duties on
Monday last.

A. H. Als has been performing his daily
duties during the week with the ab-
sence of one shoe, caused by inflammation
in one of his feet.

T. H. Price and wife have returned
from Canada, where they were suddenly
called by the death of Mrs. Price's moth-
er, who died recently.

The "Johnstown Disaster" given in
the town hall on Tuesday evening was
not very largely attended. Such shows
do not find patronage here.

Hattie Gilles of Detroit, who has been
stopping in town for the past week, is
reported as being seriously ill. She is a
guest at the Cass City House.

Miss Anna Rush of New Jersey and
Mrs. J. S. Dodder of Genesee county
were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C.
Wales the fore part of the week.

Miss Agar is in Bay City being instruc-
ed in the latest fashions in dressmaking.
On her return she will be found at her
establishment in the Hitchcock block.

The atmosphere during the past week
has abounded with frigidly, bringing to
mind the necessity of having the coal
bin full and the wood pile on the increase.

Married at the residence of Jas. Gage
in Elmwood, on Oct. 23d, 1889, by Rev.
N. B. Andrews, Jas. Taylor of Brook-
field and Miss Agnes M. Golding of Sheri-
dan.

Wm. Wallace of Brighton, Mich., who
was in the employ of W. D. Schooley
during the summer, is again at work in
the latter gentleman's harness establish-
ment.

Henry Stewart is taking orders for a
series of books designed for easy book-
keeping. They are pronounced a valu-
able acquisition by those who have used
them.

Last year potatoes, with a glutted
market, sold at 25 to 35 cents per
bushel. Farmers have a prospect of 40
or 50 cents if they hold them until later
this season.

Anthony Doerr, living six miles north
and one-half mile east of Cass City,
will have an auction sale of stock, farming
implements, etc., on Monday, Nov. 11th,
at 12 o'clock sharp.

Wm. Gage of Elmwood is delighted
over the arrival of a fine large boy,
who made his appearance at his place
on Friday last. Dr. Deming reports all
parties as doing well.

A pocket-book remains at this office
which was reported to have been found
near the Sheridan House on Monday.
Two receipts are contained therein
belonging to Wm. Withey.

C. L. Willis, of Wayne, who has been
stopping here for the past two months
endeavoring to start a lodge of the Or-
der of the Red Cross, departed for his
home on Wednesday morning.

Sheriff D. T. Randall, accompanied by
his brother, H. M. Randall, were in town
on Friday last, having brought the pris-
oners, Jas. Gray and Walter Hale, whose
examination for burglary were held here
that day.

The Port Austin Post has just passed
its third birthday and commenced its
fourth year with a very promising out-
look for the year hence. We wish the
proprietor, A. K. Burrows, every success
in the future.

If you are in need of letter heads, note
heads, bill heads, statements, envelopes,
etc., and want them printed in a neat
and workmanlike manner, call at the
ENTERPRISE office. We keep a large
stock of the above always on hand.

Township treasurers, send your tax
receipts to this office. We are better
prepared than ever for turning out this
kind of work. We will print your re-
ceipts for 45 cents per book of one hun-
dred, and mail them to you free of charge.

The Unionville Echo of last week con-
tained the following: "Billie Barnes,
of Caro, spent a few days in town this
week. He has secured a situation with
Thomson and Belle, formerly principal
actors in Dr. Hunter's variety troop."

Mr. VanKoignnet, living six miles east
of this place, met with a painful acci-
dent last week on A. A. McKenzie's farm
at Cumber. He got his foot caught in a
hay press, which almost severed it from
his body. He is doing as well as could be
expected.

It is evident from the conduct of a few
young men who attended the Methodist
church on Sunday evening last that
there are a few youths in this place who
are devoid of that manliness and re-
spect which is due the time and place.
Each in the pride of youth, but we hope
further comment in this line will not be
necessary.

The pumpkin pie social at the M. E.
church on Wednesday evening was quite
well attended. After refreshments had
been served a short entertainment was
given.

The farmer is as much necessitated to
exercise his brain in his business, in or-
der to succeed, as is any man in the
learned professions, and there are but
few branches of intellectual culture
which the good farmer cannot render
available.

In the law-suit before Justice Winegar
on Tuesday between David Gray and
Wm. Martin the jury rendered a ver-
dict of \$22.82 in favor of the plaintiff.
The difficulty arose over a question of
wages. Henry Butler and J. D. Brooker
were the opposing lawyers.

Before winter the garden should be
put in good shape for the spring. The
ground should be plowed or dug over.
The hand-plow is the best implement for
this purpose, and will do ten times as
much work as the spade and move eas-
ily. Weeds and the debris of the crops
should be gathered and burned.

The following is the list of advertised
letters in the Cass City postoffice. If not
called for before Dec. 1st, will be sent to
the dead letter office: Joseph Park,
Hayden Bros., Mr. William Phillips, Mr.
William Allen and Mrs. Bridget.

P. R. WEYDEMEYER, P. M.

Detroit has a Republican mayor,
Hazen S. Pingree having been elected on
Tuesday by a large majority. The Rep-
ublicans also elect the greater portion
of the city ticket, which is a severe re-
buke to the Democratic ring which has
been running the municipal affairs of
that city.

This is the way the Detroit Journal
puts it: "Some dirty, but unknown
scamp, whom it would be base flattery
to call a hyena, recently entered the
barn of an honest, hard-working little
widow up in Kintner, Tuscola county,
ruined her buggy and committed other
devilry that would make a hog blush."

The Sebawaing Coal Company, after
drilling a considerable distance have
found a four-foot vein of that mineral.
An operating company will be formed
and mining will commence at once. A
quantity was recently used to furnish
fuel for an S. T. & H. engine, the test
proving that the coal is of an excellent
quality.

It is rumored that A. Frutchey, who
recently sold out his business interests
in DeLoird to parties from Otter Lake
will engage in the slate quarrying busi-
ness in Pennsylvania. His mother owns
a large tract of land there which abounds
in slate. Mr. Frutchey is going to em-
bark in the business of converting it in-
to readiness for the market.

A school of instruction for the K. O.
T. M. of Tuscola county will be given at
Miller's Opera house at Vassar on the
afternoon of Nov. 19th, next, to be con-
ducted by Maj. N. S. Boynton, great
record keeper, of Port Huron. A public
meeting, with speeches, and music by
home talent, will be held in the evening,
to which all will be welcome.

An auction sale, consisting of stock
farming implements and household
goods will be held at the farm of Andrew
Duke, four miles east and one mile north
of Cass City, on Friday, Nov. 15, at 10
o'clock in the forenoon. Mr. Duke in-
forms us that all must be sold as he is
going to move to Mecosta, Mich., where
he will engage in the flouring mill busi-
ness.

Halloween was celebrated in the old
fashioned style at this place on Thursday
night last. Aside from moving signs, and
the transferring of several vehicles to dif-
ferent place around town, no particular
damage was done. Boys will be boys,
you know, as one gentleman said when
he was drawing his buggy home last Fri-
day morning, having found it about 10
blocks away from its original abode.

You make the newspaper, Yes, you,
the reader and advertiser. The way to
make a real live newspaper is for you to
quit your patronage of hotel blotters,
postoffice clocks, programmes, guides,
depot placards and fads and snaps gen-
erally and spend the same money with
the legitimate newspaper. Nothingshouts
so loud and long for the good of the town
and country as the average newspaper.

With the approach of cold weather
comes the want for indoor amusements
or exercises. Cass City is not blessed
with an over abundance of these re-
quirements, and why not organize a lit-
erary or debating society the same as
was originated last winter. The pro-
grams were not only instructive, but
afforded considerable pleasure for those
who attended.

Dr. J. M. Truscott occupied the pulpit
in the M. E. church on Sunday evening
last in the absence of the pastor, Rev.
Gilchrist, and delivered a lecture on sci-
ence and religion, which was especially
addressed to the young people. He evi-
denced a thorough knowledge of his sub-
ject. His arguments were also strong,
and while there might be a chance for

refutation in regard to some of his say-
ings, yet it was a scholarly address.

J. L. Starkweather, pension attorney
of Romeo, Mich., will be at the office of
the Sheridan house Wednesday, Nov.
20th, 1889. Rejected claims a special-
ty. Drafted men who served entitled to
pension. Widows, dependent mothers
and fathers entitled to pension. Call
and get your pension increased. He never
gives up a worthy claim. Call and
see him. Advice free.

The prospects early in the season that
we were going to have a dry fall
seemed to have suddenly changed last
Friday, when a pouring rain set in
which continued throughout the suc-
ceeding day. Coupled as it was with a
warmth which would have done justice to
a summer shower, it had the tendency to
start the grain, which has been waiting
for this necessary impetus to its growth.

Weyder,eyer & Work, in addition to
their already complete line of confection-
ery, stationary, etc., have just re-
ceived a complete line of groceries and
provisions. They intend to keep a first-
class grocery store, and a visit to the
postoffice will convince you of that fact.
They invite you to call and try their
goods. They will speak still further of
the merits of their establishment next
week. Watch for it and read it carefully
and you will be well repaid.

The assault and battery case, as no-
ticed last week, was heard before Jus-
tice Wales on Friday. After the usual
rigmarole of legal verbage it was thought
best to settle the difficulty before it
came to trial. All parties acquiesced in
the proposition, which resulted in the
complainant paying half the costs and
the defendants the other half, amount-
ing in all to about \$20. Prosecuting
Attorney Atwood appeared for the peo-
ple and L. H. Corcoran for the defense.

Some of readers will undoubtedly be
surprised to hear of the death of Austin
L. Muzzev, which occurred at Marshall,
Wis., on Thursday of last week. He
left here about two months ago to visit
relatives in that section and was in ap-
parently good health. He was 57 years
old and was a member of the Masonic
lodge of this place in good standing,
which order was notified of his death by
a telegram to Henry Stewart on Friday.
He was also a prominent member of the
G. A. R. He leaves several relatives in
this vicinity and was a resident here for
a number of years.

J. H. Winegar rec'd a telegram from
East Saginaw on Friday last stating
that his brother-in-law, Jno. Timms was
dead, having died in St. Mary's hospital.
Mr. Winegar departed immediately for
the above city, arriving there with the
body on Saturday. The funeral services
were held Sunday afternoon and the
remains interred in the Cass City cem-
tery. The deceased was a husband of
Mrs. C. Timms of this place, but had been
absent from his home for many years.
He had been employed in Pott's lumber
camp, Osceola county, and was delirious
from the time of his going to the hospital
until his death.

A pair of Schwartz Creek lovers lately
hit upon a happy idea whereby the
young man, on his arrival, may know
if his lady love is at home. On reaching
the house he carefully slides his hand
along the gate post until it encounters a
pin she has stuck therein. If the young
lady is at home the pin head will point
toward the house, if away the pin will
point in the opposite direction. The
idea is said to have met with favor by
all the young folks up that way, who
are thinking of snugging up evenings for
the winter, and it is laughable at night
to see the young fellows in front of the
houses of their charmers running their
fingers down the gate post to find the
pin.—Port Huron Commercial-Tribune.

This is an off year for the Republicans
which was demonstrated on Tuesday,
and the result has shown that Massa-
chusetts, Pennsylvania and Nebraska
have gone Republican, while the Demo-
crats have carried Maryland, Missis-
sippi, New Jersey, New York, Virginia,
Iowa and Ohio. The result was not
much of a surprise to Republicans, as it
was foreseen several weeks ago that
there were influences in the party in both
Ohio and Virginia which would prevent
the election of Gov. Foraker and Sen-
ator Mahone. The third term issue with-
out doubt cost Foraker many votes
and his illness during the most impor-
tant part of the campaign was also a
serious drawback. The Democratic ma-
jority in New York was greatly reduced.

The examination of Walter Hale and
Jas. Gray, the two men who have been
confined in the county jail for the past
two months on the charge of having
burglarized T. H. Hunt's store on the
29th of August last, occurred at this
place on Friday. After several witness-
es had been sworn and their testimony
recorded the prisoners were bound over
to await trial at the circuit court, which
convenes next month. Bail was fixed
at \$500. Aside from the testimony con-
cerning the robbery here, prosecuting

Attorney Atwood claims to have testi-
mony showing that these two men were
seen near Caro on the night of the post-
office robbery at that place. L. H. Cor-
coran appeared for the defendants, who
judging from their appearance they
have fared pretty sumptuously at the
county capital.

The Fair.

It being the intention of the fairground
association to make ready for a fair to
be held in the fall of 1890 they have
concluded to have a bee to start im-
provements on the grounds. A large
number of farmers who have been solicited
to subscribe toward the success of the
enterprise have promised work
whenever it should be needed. A general
invitation is extended to everybody
to attend this bee which will be held next
Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12 and
13. The association will furnish accom-
modations for both man and beast, and
invites every farmer within ten miles of
Cass City to give one day's work to an
enterprise that will benefit all. Come
either day. Those living at a distance
can come the first day and return the
second. If Tuesday should be a rainy day
the principal work will be done
Wednesday. Come with your team,
plow and scaper, if you have one.
In order that the business managers
may know something of the size of the
bee a canvass is being made through the
country. But do not wait for a special
invitation. Every public spirited farm-
er come and bring your neighbor. Every
team in Cass City is expected to be on
the grounds.

Licensed to Wed.

The following are the marriage licen-
ses furnished us by the county clerk for
the week ending November 1:

William Mason, Arbela.....48
Polly Grady, Arbela.....51
Edward E. Billings, Au Gres.....23
Cord B. Huckle, Vassar.....20
Thomas W. Huckle, Vassar.....24
Minda Messenger, Tuscola.....17
Edward Hazlewood, Watertown.....21
Amelia Johnson, Mayville.....17
Enos J. Wooliever, Koylton.....35
Anna Allen, Koylton.....25
Jefferson Kintner, Kintner.....19
Irena Johnson, Fairgrove.....18
Squire Parks, Caro.....29
Martha J. Berry, Caro.....22
Jonathan T. Berry, Wells.....27
Mary E. Putnam, Dayton.....18

Fritz 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 custo-
mers the coming year. 11-2-89.

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 hus-
tling 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 Polish 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 re-
quested to present the same on or before
the 21st day of October.

All parties owing the firm of Holmes
Bros., are requested to call and settle
on or before the 21st day of October.

Boys going to the woods, E. F. Marr,
Cass City, can save you money on your
underwear and heavy goods. Give him
a chance.

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

Three Cent Column.

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

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For fur-
ther information address
J. C. LAING,
4-12 1/2 yr Cass City, Mich.

TO TRADE—For a yoke of oxen, one span of
horses.
S. R. MARKHAM,
Cass City.

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

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

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

WANTED—A good experienced girl for gen-
eral housework.
MRS. E. H. PINNEY,
11-1-89

NOTICE—I hereby refuse to settle any debts
or bills contracted by my wife after date.
Cass City, Nov. 1,
11-2 1/2 wk. ROBT. J. PARKER.

FOR SALE—Or exchange. A farm near Lon-
don, Canada, of 80 acres, with good brick
house and out buildings. Will trade for farm
near Cass City. Inquire of
S. P. EDWARDS,
Or at the Enterprise office.

HOUSE and two lots for sale in Cass City.
House in good condition, good desirable
location as can be seen by the whole village.
The title to the same will sell cheap for cash.
For further particulars inquire of
S. P. EDWARDS, 25 N. Main, Cass City, Mich.
11-1-89

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Improvement in Railway Appliances—In 1853 the Boston and Providence railroad ran a flat car with a water tank ahead of its passenger trains with which to sprinkle its track for the comfort of its patrons; this ran for three or four years. Somewhat later the Housatonic road put canvas across from one end of the car to that of the next one throughout the entire length of its trains to keep out the dust. As a contrast to this, a practical test was made recently of a new ventilator, which, it is claimed, will ventilate cars without letting in dust and cinders. Whenever the car moves a constant current of air is secured, even when doors, windows and all other apertures are closed.

Wood-Bending as an Industry—There are comparatively few persons outside the carriage and boat-building interests that know to what extent the wood-bending business is carried, and the management that is necessary in carrying on a well-arranged wood-bending establishment. Few know that the fine carriages they ride in are very largely made of bent wood. The fellows of their wheels are bent and made in two parts. The framework of coaches and heavy carriages is nearly all made of bent stock. They are not only better, but more cheaply made. Furniture of many kinds has bent frames. The objects of bending are saving of time and stock, stability and strength of the work and beauty of form. It is a business that needs to be well understood, however, to make a success of it.

New System of Storing Grain—A New York inventor proposes to revolutionize the present system for the storage of grain and feed products. If his plan is found feasible, the elevator now in use will be permanently done away with, and each farmer and producer will be supplied with a substitute, in which he will be able to store his grain for years at small cost and without risk. The cost of working will average from four to five cents for each bushel of their capacity, against forty to fifty cents now expended on wooden elevators. The system involves the use of steel tanks, which will be filled with grain by a simple and new novel process. When one of the tanks is filled a personage of the air is exhausted, and a quantity of carbonic acid gas admitted. The valves are then closed and the grain is in condition to keep uninjured for years. There is no decay where there is no air, and this principle is the keystone of the new system. Work is soon to be commenced in machine shops in Chicago for the manufacture of these tanks.

American and English Skill—There is an amicable rivalry between English and American engineers. The skill which they exhibit is the same, but its application differs in the two countries to build. Where American engineers have been compelled for the day or the morrow, English engineers have been able to build for the next generation and the century. But the extempore skill of the American engineer has, in turn, modified the massive conceptions of their English brethren, and English structures, such as the Forth Bridge, are largely influenced by American ideas and experience. The cantilever principle is borrowed from the United States, and is the product of American conditions of work and American fertility of invention and audacity of construction. Thus the genius and skill of each country supplements that of the other.

Jasper—Within two years the jasper industry has been developed, and there are now four quarries employing nearly a thousand men, in operation about Sioux Falls. The market extends from Chicago to Kansas City. Sioux Falls streets are paved with jasper, and her four-story buildings are constructed of it. The stone is susceptible of a high degree of polish, and when finished looks much like the red granite of Missouri. The pioneer in the jasper industry discovered not long ago that the dust of the jasper, which is half as hard as diamonds, would polish the famous petrified wood of Arizona, and make of it table tops and ornaments more beautiful than agate or onyx. The petrified wood is now brought from Arizona to Sioux Falls by the car load, and polished in a variety of forms. To the jasper industry, the city has added the manufacture of chalcodony. There is a scientific mystery about this so-called jasper. Practically it is all right. Its utility has been established, but geologically there is no little uncertainty about it. Those who know the most are the least positive in discussing its character. Some of the scientific men who have looked at it call it red quartzite. Professor Winchell says it is the hardest stone in the United States for building purposes. The grain is very close. The only element to which it succumbs is fire. It will stand a good degree, but crumble like limestone and sandstone under too intense heat.

Rapid Transit Schemes—There is considerable activity just now on the part of promoters of rapid transit schemes. The bicycle locomotive, designed to take a single car weighing seven tons, seating 100 passengers, ninety miles an hour is to be tested on an experimental track on Sea Beach Island, and preparations for further testing of the Weems system, which proposes to attain for mail and ex-

press purposes a speed of from three to five miles a minute, are progressing at Garden City. The portoelectric system, which its inventor claims will transport even in its present stage, parcels at the rate of three miles a minute, is to be put through a series of careful tests at Dorchester, where an experimental line has been built for the purpose. This scheme has been received with much favor by the electrical fraternity, who seem to regard it with unusual confidence. Its inventor states that there is every probability that the next application of the system will be to the throwing of projectiles. If this statement is based on sound premises, it is a significant augury of what may be accomplished in the rapid transit of the future.

A Baby's Reflections.

I'm a very little baby,
Little face, and hands, and feet,
And my mother says she never
Saw a baby half so sweet.
It is nice to hear them talking
In that way, but I can see,
Oh, a lot of little babies
Who all look and laugh like me.
When I look out of the window
There's a baby in the glass,
And he waves his hand as I do
To the people as they pass;
When I put out hands to touch him
And to pat him on the cheek,
He will look and act as I do,
But he'll never, never speak.

There's a baby in the mirror,
There's a baby in the spoon,
And there's one in front of mother
When we play a little tune.
These are very funny babies;
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.
—London Figaro.

A Dead Eye That Winked.

The recent discussion on the subject of electrical execution has made that and kindred modes of riddling the world of criminals a theme of much interest. There are few persons who have read accounts of executions without wondering what thoughts, if any, passed through the head after the drop falls and the neck is supporting the body in the air. This question revolved a few times naturally brings up the question: Where the criminal has been decapitated do thoughts pass through the head after its separation from the body. According to the following remarkable recital the head does think when separated from the trunk, if only for a brief period of time. The account is from the Paris Figaro: Dr. De la Pommerais was executed for a murder of most atrocious cruelty. The night before his execution he was visited by Surgeon Velpeau who, after a few preliminary remarks, informed him that he had come in the interests of science, and that he hoped for Dr. De la Pommerais' co-operation. "You know," he said, "that one of the most interesting questions in physiology is as to whether any ray of memory, reflection or real sensibility survives in the brain of a man after the fall of the head." At this point the condemned M. D. looked somewhat startled, but professional instincts at once resumed their sway, and the two physicians calmly discussed and arranged the details for an experiment for the next morning. "When the knife falls," said Velpeau, "I shall be standing at your side and your head will at once pass from the headsman's hands into mine. I will then cry distinctly in your ear, 'De La Pommerais, can you at this moment thrice lower the lid of your right eye while the left remains open?' The next day, when the great surgeon reached the cell of the condemned Pommerais, he found the doomed man practicing the sign agreed upon. A few minutes later the guillotine had done its work and the head was in Velpeau's hands and the question put. Familiar as he was with the most shocking and ghastly scenes, he was almost frozen with terror as he saw the right lid slowly fall, while the other looked fixedly at him. "Again!" he cried frantically. The lids moved but they did not part. It was all over.

The Mystical Number Three.

Much has been said and written regarding the wonderful number seven. The Chicago Times and the Philadelphia Press have recently discussed it in articles of one and two columns, respectively; and Talmage, the eloquent Brooklyn divine, has delivered a long sermon with the same theme for a subject. How about the adoption of the number three? Surely it was equally singular. We have the Trinity; Jupiter's thunderbolt had three forks; the trident of Neptune had three prongs; Cerberus, Pluto's dog, had three heads, and the Pythian priestess sat on a tripod. There were three parcaes and three furies. The sun has three several capacities, Sol, Apollo and Liber. The moon, too, is Luna, Diana and Hecate. The Sines prayed three times each day, and many nations in performing acts of adoration bow three times. Diseases were cured by three circumlocutions; diseases of the eye called for three successive washings in water that had been strained three times into three different vessels. In sacrifices the priests sprinkled the altar three times and bowed on three sides of it. In "Macbeth" Shakespeare has three witches which dance three times, or three times three times. Many other instances could be cited, but these prove that the seven will be unable to form a trust in the mystical business.

A YANKEE GIRL.

Who Can Do Everything, Yet Isn't Above Housework.

A letter to the New York Sun from New Preston, Conn., gives what purports to be a plain unvarnished account of an extraordinary young woman who is certainly competent to vote and hold office. Her name is not given, but it is stated that she is 27 years old, a native of the town, and now housekeeper in a boarding house there. She attended a private school until she was 13 years of age, leaving it with an award for the best scholarship in book-keeping. She immediately took a clerkship in the local post office, and, although so young, handled the mail and performed other duties in the store adjoining satisfactorily. After six months she worked in a factory in Watertown making ferules for umbrellas. After that she took a clerkship in a dry goods store in Waterbury, which she kept for three years.

She then went to Bethel to learn the hating trade, and became so expert that she made all the samples, and was appointed forewoman. The man in whose store she had been employed in Waterbury proposed to open another store in Meriden and give her entire charge and a good salary. She accepted, and did the buying book-keeping, writing and general managing; but just as the enterprise became a success, the proprietor died and she was thrown out of employment. She then went to Philadelphia, where she learned cigar making and worked at the trade for three years. She came home and obtained a situation as stage driver, going twice a day to meet passengers at the station, five miles distant. She managed and often harnessed the two horses, lifted and strapped on to the stage all baggage, and carried the mail. Mr. Kinney, the owner of the stage, says he has never since had his business so thoroughly attended to. At the end of six months she learned carriage painting here in a factory, and for some time earned \$2.50 per day.

When work gave out here she went to Hartford, where for a short time she did copying in the office of the fire department. She afterward went into the carpet-sweeper factory, and took the contract for cutting and dovetailing the wood work. Before leaving she made several entire sweepers herself, even to putting the stamp of the maker in large letters on the top. She came home for a rest, and a resident of the village gave her two mustang ponies that he had been unable to manage. They had been harnessed but a few times and were unshod. She caught them in the field, harnessed and drove them, and in a few weeks had them completely under control. Between times this unusual girl has mended shoes, planted tobacco on the acre, ridden the horse with a cultivator, and raked hay with a patent rake. She has laid a new kitchen floor in her father's house, built a veranda for her uncle, and shingled and sided an ice house for a neighbor. She takes care of the home garden and made and keeps in order the winding walks about her house. She is also an adept at shaving and hair cutting, and waits upon gentlemen at their residences in the village to do this.

She is fond of hunting and fishing, and in the fall bags many partridges, woodcock and rabbits, and in the season catches bass from the lake and trout from the brooks. Last spring she caught the champion trout, that weighed 2½ pounds. The fish broke the pole, but she jumped into the water waist deep, secured the disappearing section of the pole, and safely landed the trout. She catches frogs and dresses the legs for her own taste. She is much interested in natural history, and has specimens of snakes, lizards, and many other curious things preserved in alcohol. She had a tame water snake that came about the door, but her mother disliked the familiarity of the visitor and killed it. She also climbed a tree to examine a crow's nest, and took one of the young ones home. She brought it up on Indian meal and bread crumbs and taught it to laugh and say "Hello." This girl has also invented a kitchen utensil upon which steaks can be broiled, potatoes fried, and other vegetable cooked at the same time.

Adulteration of Coffee.

So extensive is adulteration of coffee it is not easy to obtain the pure article, even, although the highest price be paid. The substances commonly used in adulteration are chicory, roasted grains, peas or beans. The principal element of roasted chicory is sugar; it is useful in coloring the decoction, but adds nothing to its virtues. As for the other substances, although they may be harmless, considering their use from an economic point of view, nothing is made by buying coffee which contains them, even if the price of the mixture be much under that demanded for the pure article. This is evident when it is known that not infrequently what passes for low price coffee contains at least sixty per cent adulteration. In buying coffee the pure is actually the cheapest. And in the matter of adulteration of this important article of food there is a weighty consideration beyond that of economy. The more good, pure coffee there is obtainable the less will be the demand for spirituous liquors, for even the veriest toper will often choose the former in preference to the latter.—Boston Herald.

AN OYSTER WOULD BURST IT.

The Close-Fitting Dress That Made a Modiste's Fortune.

Did you ever hear of a woman so tightly dressed as to be incapable of swallowing even one more oyster without bursting her bodice? Such a story, says a Paris letter, is told of the late Baroness X., a lady noted for her fine figure and her charmingly small waist. One evening when she was going first to a dinner and then to a ball she waited with impatience for the arrival of her modiste with a toilet of unusual magnificence. She was dressed in all other respects when the dressmaker was announced, but when the new dress was put on and about to be laced she declared it too small, and almost with tears exclaimed that even if it were fastened she could never dance in it. "Mais, si," said the high priestess of the toilet, "madame can dance, but she can not dine." "Not dine!" exclaimed the baroness; "but I am ravenously hungry." "Then madame can not wear her new robe," was the imperturbable answer. After some parley it was settled that madame should eat a few oysters at once, but be only a spectator at the dinner to which she was invited. A plate of oysters was brought and the dressmaker mounted guard while they were eaten. Six disappeared, but as the baroness was about to attack the seventh she cried: "Stop! Not another mouthful or I can not answer for the gown." Baroness X. was equal to the occasion and at once sent away the tempting bivalves. The dress fitted her like a glove and was the envy of every salon in which she was seen. The tale soon spread and the nicety of the fit that would not allow of swallowing the seventh oyster was a nine days' wonder. The modiste soon made her fortune and retired on it to a chateau that was not exactly on Espagne.

The Marble Ponds of Persia.

These wonders of nature consist of pools, or "thegz," as the Persians call them, where the indolent waters, by a slow and regular process, stagnate, concrete and petrify, producing that beautiful transparent stone, commonly called tabriz marble, much used in the burial places of Persia and in their best edifices. These ponds are contained within the circumference of half a mile, and their position is distinguished by heaps of stones which have accumulated as the excavations have increased. The process of petrification may be traced from its commencement to its termination. In one part the water is clear; in a second it appears thicker and somewhat stagnant; in a third stage quite black, contrasting strongly with the fourth and last stage, in which it is as white as hoar frost. In the third stage, when the surface is quite black, it can be indented by tossing a stone on the surface; but in walking across it it will no more stick to the shoes than greased taffy will to the hands. Such is the constant tendency of this water to become stone that when it exudes from the ground in bubbles, the petrification assumes a globular shape, as if the bubbles of a spring, by a stroke of magic, had been arrested in their play and metamorphosed into stone.

The substance thus produced is brittle, transparent, and sometimes richly streaked with green, red and copper-colored veins. It admits of being cut into very large slabs, and takes a good polish. So much do the people in the land of the Shah look upon this stone as an article of luxury, that none but the Shah, his sons and persons privileged by special rhadmas, are permitted to use it.

Fair Play.

Ah, husband, do not scold your wife,
And make her poor heart ache,
Because she can't build pies like those
Your mother used to make.
That is, unless you're quite prepared
To see the whole thing through,
And buy her hats and dresses as
Her father used to do.
—Ripley Tribune.

An Animal Flower.

The inhabitants of St. Lucie have lately discovered a most singular plant. In a cavern on that island near the sea, an immense basin of brackish water has collected. The waters of the basin are clear as crystal and reveal millions of varied-colored pebbles on the bottom. Each of these pebbles furnish a resting place for from two to five of a most remarkable species of animal plant. The shallow waters around the edge of the pool look for all the world like well-kept beds of rare and wonderful flowers; all bright and shining in color, the majority of them reminding one of the marigold family, only that their tint is more lively.

These seeming flowers, on the approach of a hand or a stick, retire, like a snail, out of sight. On examining them closely, the middle of the disc is found to be provided with four brown filaments resembling spider's legs, which move around the petals with a brisk, spontaneous motion. These legs or filaments have pincers with which to seize their prey, and upon seizing it, the petals immediately close so that it cannot escape. Under this exterior of a flower is a brown stalk, which is, in reality, the body of the animal. This strange creature lives on the spawn of fish and marine insects thrown into the basin by the tides.

A BUSY WASP.

Amount of Work Performed by an Industrious Insect.

There is a circular flower bed in city hall park situated directly beneath a big button-wood tree on the Broadway side. The attention of passers-by was recently attracted by the actions of a big black "sand" or "dirt" wasp. The wasp was digging a hole in the ground beneath a broad leaf. The hole was evidently intended for a nest. After having selected the site for his future abode and egg repository the wasp commenced operations by removing small quantities of earth with his jaws. The earth the wasp carried away and hid in the grass about four feet away.

The wasp worked very rapidly, and in a surprisingly short time had burrowed out quite a hole. During these brief operations the insect, in order to give the hole perfect shape, kept his body continuously moving round and round and continuously ducking his head in and out. In the meantime he kept his wings moving with a jerky, angry motion. The hole thus made was about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. After working in this industrious manner for nearly half an hour the wasp had burrowed out quite a deep hole. His work seemed lighter when he got some distance below the surface, for he fairly forced the dirt up out of the hole in a tiny stream.

In a short time the wasp left the hole and took away the little pile of loose sand from the mouth of the hole. In one of his journeys he ran across a small shaving. He turned it over and over repeatedly, and after satisfying himself, apparently, that it would suit his purpose, he seized it in his jaws and carried it to the mouth of the hole. He carefully placed the little shaving over the hole. Then he piled a little mound of sand upon the chip.

Later in the day the same wasp seized a worm and dragged it to the den he had built in the morning. When the hole was reached the wasp relinquished his prey for a moment, removed the shaving from the mouth of his den, and then sprang into the hole. In a few moments he came back and again seized the squirming worm, which was slowly crawling away. Walking backward, the wasp dragged the worm into the hole. He soon reappeared and immediately began shoveling sand and little pebbles down upon his capture. He then replaced the door again, covered it with sand, took to his wings, and flew away.—N. Y. Sun.

Not an Expert.

We weren't there, but we never had reason to doubt the veracity of the gentleman who informs us that Senator Sawyer the other day witnessed for the first time in his life a game of baseball by professionals. At one point in the game the man at the bat knocked the ball away over the heads of the outfielders, and the crowd cheered until Senator Sawyer felt the warmth of enthusiasm rising in his own bosom. "That's too bad," he finally said to the gentleman beside him. "What's too bad?" "Why, it's too bad they didn't have a man there to catch that ball. By George!" said the Senator, warmly, "if I were permanent manager of that club I'd put three more men out there in the field if it cost \$2,500 a year."—Washington Post.

Dan Webster's Great Effort.

A good story is told of Daniel Webster regarding a speech he was going to make. On one occasion some Boston friends and admirers sent him, as a present, an enormous plow, to be used on his place. Webster gave out word that on a certain day it would be christened. The day arrived and the surrounding farmers for miles came in to witness the event. A dozen to us with aristocratic occupants from Boston came down to the christening. It was expected by everyone that Webster would make a great speech on the occasion, reviewing the history of farming back to the time when Cincinnati abdicated the most mighty throne in the world to cultivate beans and peas in a Roman garden. The plow was brought out and ten yoke of oxen hitched in front. More than 200 people stood around on the tip-toe of expectation. Soon Webster made his appearance. He had been calling spirits from the vasty deep, and his gaze was somewhat uncertain. Seizing the plow handle and spreading his feet, he called out to the driver in his deep bass voice:

"Are you all ready, Mr. Wright?" "All ready, Mr. Webster," was the reply, meaning that all was ready for the speech. Webster straightened himself up by mighty effort and shouted: "Then let her rip!" The crowd roared with laughter, while the great statesman, with his big plow, proceeded to rip up the soil in huge furrows.

He Tried the Three R's.

Boston Herald: Here is a story about Senator Zeb Vance. His first wife was a Presbyterian and very active in church works. Zeb says he is one of her converts. Some years ago he married for the second time, and got a wife who is a Roman Catholic. One of Zeb's Presbyterian friends in North Carolina said to him recently: "I hear your new wife is a Catholic. How, in the name of common sense, did you come to marry a Romanist? It caused much sorrow in the church." "Well, said Zeb, "I had tried rum and rebellion and I thought I would try Romanism."

A DUEL WITH POTATOES.

How the Rev. Mr. Bowman Downed a Desperado.

"This seems to be a year of duels," said Dr. Morrison of the first Methodist church in an Atlanta Journal reporter, "but I notice there's far more duels than blood. It reminds me of a famous duel fought in Kentucky in 1818.

"Bill Bowman was a noted preacher who lived near Millersburg. He was a typical Kentuckian, tall, angular, and muscular. Like Sam Jones, he always said what he thought. In the midst of a revival meeting a well-known desperado came into the church and began making a disturbance. With eyes flashing with indignation Bill Bowman arose and in a ringing voice publicly reproved the desperado, who at once retired from the church.

"The next morning the desperado sent a challenge to Bowman to fight him a duel. Bowman accepted the challenge, and there was no four column newspaper correspondence, no railroad trips to an adjoining state, nothing but two little notes—one a challenge and the other an acceptance—and then all was ready for the fight. The town was terribly excited, for such a thing as a preacher fighting a duel had never been heard of before.

"Old Bill Bowman being the challenged man had the choice of weapons. He selected a half bushel of Irish potatoes as big as his fist for each man and stipulated that his opponent must stand fifteen paces distant and only one potato at a time to be taken from the measure. The town was wild with delight, for everybody knew that Bill Bowman could throw with his long muscular arms as straight and almost as swift as a rifle could send a bullet singing toward the target.

"The desperado was furious at being thus freshly insulted and made an indignant protest against such a fight, but Bill Bowman insisted that he was the challenged man and had a right to choose his own weapons and threatened to denounce the desperado as a coward if he failed to come to time. As there was no way out of the box but to fight the desperado finally consented to face the preacher.

"The fight took place on the outskirts of the town. Everybody in Millersburg was present to see the fun. The seconds arranged the two men in position, by the side of each being a half bushel measure, filled with large Irish potatoes as hard as a brick.

"Bill Bowman threw the first potato. It struck his opponent a central shot and flew into a thousand pieces. A yell of delight went up from the crowd, which rattled the desperado and his potato flew wide of the tall, bony preacher.

"Bill Bowman watched his chance, and every time his opponent stooped for a potato another one hit him in the side, leaving a wet spot on his clothes, and then scattering itself to the four winds of heaven. Old Bill hit the desperado about five times, and then the sixth potato struck him in the short ribs, knocking the wind out of him, and doubling him up on the grass.

"The people were almost crazy with laughter, but Bill Bowman looked as sober as if he had just finished preaching a funeral sermon. The desperado was taken home and put to bed, and there he staid for more than a week before he recovered from the effects of his Irish potato duel.

"The old man in Millersburg still talk about that celebrated duel, but it was the means of breaking up dueling in that section."

Why There Was a Vacancy.

Jack Roberts tells a funny yarn about the rules of printing offices. It had been posted on the bulletin board of a New York morning paper to invariably put the time of day in figures. This was done to secure uniformity. Jack had departed from the rule once, and been admonished by the foreman. He said it would never happen again. The next night an editor, in reading over the proof of an article, thought to improve it by inserting the well-known line of poetry—

"Meet me in the lane, love, at half past nine."
Well, the proof was passed over to Jack for him to correct, and this is how it appeared the next morning: "Meet me in the lane, love, at 9:30 P. M." There was a vacancy in the office the next day.—N. Y. Mercury.

An Oarsman's Fight With a Crane.

A desperate fight took place on the Schuylkill river not long ago, between a member of the Iona Boat club, who was out for an evening pull, and a crane. About 5 o'clock, when the members of the different clubs began to go out on the river, a large bird was seen to drop into the water near the Girard bridge. One of the members of the Iona Boat club started to capture the bird, but when within a boat's length the crane showed fight. When near enough the oarsman reached for the bird, but it made an attack with its wings and bill, clipping the flesh from the young man's hands and beating him about the head. The boatman tried to beat it down with the oar, but the crane would not give up, and fought desperately, tearing the oarsman's clothes and biting the flesh off his hand. The fight was watched with interest by many people who had gathered on the shore. Finally, after a severe struggle, the crane was captured and got into the boat and bound.—Phil. Item.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER V.—(CONTINUED.)

However there was not much use wasting time in conjecture, but just when the dinner-bell rang, and uncle Archie came hurriedly in. He looked, I thought, rather relieved that he had not fallen out in deadly fashion during his brief absence. Poor uncle Archie, how plainly every nervous look and gesture betrayed his consciousness of the terrible error he had made!

The rest of the evening passed away in quiet uneventful fashion. Mother dozed as usual by the chimney-corner; Estelle Gerrard, with a calm indifference to all the duties of a hostess, took up a book and became apparently absorbed in its contents; uncle Archie, after one or two half-heard attempts to make the conversation general, drew his chair up to mine and began to talk about my engagement and Dick.

"When is he coming to see me, Irene?" he asked, looking with the old kindly interest at the ring I was nervously turning round on my finger as I spoke. "Soon, I hope. I want to be better acquainted with the young fellow who has been lucky enough to win my little Irene's love."

"I am the lucky person, uncle Archie," I returned quickly. "You will soon see that when you know Dick; he is the cleverest, the kindest, the dearest—"

"Of course, the Chevalier Bayard and Admiral Crichton in one—I will take all that on trust, Irene, and still say he is not too good for my little girl. Irene"—his voice dropped still lower, and there was a wistfulness in his kind troubled eyes that made my heart ache—"I hope you will be as happy as you have tied to make others all your innocent young life—as you have tried to make me tonight."

Indefinite as the words were, I knew what he meant, and glanced hurriedly at Estelle, who was only divided from us by the width of the long room; but she was still placidly reading, and apparently uninterested in our conversation.

"Dear uncle Archie," I said, with a reassuring squeeze of his hand, "is it disrespectful to tell one's uncle he is talking nonsense? Because, if so, I must be disrespectful, I am afraid! If you and I do not understand one another by this time, we are never likely to do so; and Mrs. Gerrard and I will be sworn friends and allies soon." I spoke with a cherry confidence I did not quite feel; but he shook his head, his face clouding over with a very weary and hopeless look.

"I am afraid that is not likely to be, Irene. I know no effort on your part will be wanting; but"—he glanced a rosy at the beautiful indolent figure in the lounging-chair—"it takes two to make a friendship—and you do not know Estelle."

"Better than you think," I persisted bravely. "Why, uncle Archie, you do not know how quickly we women can make friends when we choose to do so! Estelle has told me her whole history."

He shuddered, twisted his moustache with nervously-shaking fingers, and then suddenly and inconsequently reverted to the subject of Dick.

"When do you say young Martineau will be at Ludlow again, Irene? Not for a week? Oh, that is too long to wait! Tell him to come down at once—to-morrow, if possible. I want to talk business with him—to talk to him about you."

"But there is plenty of time for that," I replied protestingly, wondering whether, as he had thought a week's wooing sufficient in his own case, he wished to place the same limit on ours. "Dick is working very hard, uncle Archie; he says he shall allow himself only two or three days' holiday in the year now."

"Then he had better take the holiday at once. Tell him so, my dear; say that I particularly wish to see him—there are business-matters to be arranged between us. Ask him to come at once, and give us at least a week."

I could only nod assent and wonder what he meant; for just then Estelle threw down her book, and glanced at the clerk with a significant yawn.

"You are not staying here then?" she said, when mother answered that hint by murmuring something about ordering the carriage for ten o'clock. "Oh, in that case I will not go to bed just yet, though I really am tired to death!"

Poor mother made a polite protest which Mrs. Gerrard answered with another yawn and a careless assurance that, after all, no her quarter of an hour did not make much difference—it would soon be over.

The seconds that made up that dim of waiting crept by slowly but ten struck at last, and with the stroke came the servant to tell us that the carriage was at the door.

all the usages of society—even to buy a spurious sort of peace for him. Poor Archie"—mother's tone softened; and a troubled look replaced the unusual expression of anger in her eyes—"if he has been foolish, he bitterly repents his folly already! It does seem hard to have lived a solitary man all these years; and then to make such a mad marriage as that! But when an old man falls in love—"

"I think it was hardly that, mother," I interposed eagerly, for somehow the flippant phrase seemed an injustice to uncle Archie. "I should not sympathize with him as I do if I thought he had succumbed to the common-place fascination of a beautiful face, or fallen in love, as you say, at his years; but it was loyalty to the old love that spoiled his life, and no new fancy that led him astray. He married Estelle, not because she was a beautiful woman; but because she turned to him in her trouble and distress, and appealed to his chivalry in Violet Maxwell's name."

"I was quite excited by my own fancies and spoke in eager tones; but mother was cross and sleepy, and answered quite peevishly for her—"

"Well, well—console yourself if you can, my dear, and make the best of a matter that, at the very best, is very bad! Perhaps Dick Martineau may sympathize with your fantastic ideas; I am too old for such flights of fancy, I admit. I can only see in your uncle a foolish and unlucky old man, and in your new-made aunt a person with whom we shall find it impossible to live on friendly terms."

CHAPTER VI.

"Well, Dick?" I echoed, laughing and blushing, as I looked into my lover's face, and felt that, let the changes around me be what they might, I was still the happiest girl in the whole world while I had Dick to turn to in all my troubles—while our love and trust in each other remained, as they were then, absolute and complete. "Let them send your portmanteau. I thought we could walk back, and then—"

"And then you could explain the somewhat imperative summons that dragged me from my den," Dick chimed in, as he turned out of the quaint little vine-grown wayside-station into the shady lane. "You see how obedient I am, Mistress Irene!"

"Very obedient! But the summons was uncle Archie's—not mine; he particularly wishes to see you." Dick nodded, but did not look at me; for which I was thankful, as my cheeks began to burn as that old suspicion of what uncle Archie might have to say crossed my mind; but, if my lover shared my fancy, he said nothing about it, and presently asked—

"Well, what about the bride? As she has been here a couple of days, you have completely summed her up of course."

Dick was joking, I knew; but I thought he could hardly have made a worse shot than that.

"Indeed—no!" I said, shaking my head dolefully. "Mrs. Gerrard is a beautiful enigma. I want to like her—I try to like her; but somehow I cannot, Dick."

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again!" "It is a lesson you should heed—try, try, try again!"

Dick hummed, his eyes shining mirthfully. "Take the lessons of your nursery-days to heart, Irene darling, and do not let a first failure discourage you! It would never do for you and Mrs. Gerrard to be less than friends."

Lightly as he spoke, I knew there was sound sense in his words, and meekly promised that no effort should be wanting on my part to bring about the desired friendship.

"But," I said, "when you see Mrs. Gerrard, you will better understand what up-hill work it is. She is so queer—so fitful in her manner; I think I should have more hope of making progress if she were consistently disagreeable; but she is not—she grows quite friendly at times. For instance on the first night they came home she told me—unasked—the whole story of her life. You would have taken that as a proof of friendly feeling, would you not?"

"Well, it looks rather like it, my dear! You could not call her stiff or stand-offish, at any rate."

"And yet, after that, she all but turned us out of the house."

"Perhaps she thinks friendship and ceremony ought not to go together," suggested Dick drily. "At any rate, you and I will not be easily discouraged, dear. I mean to find Mrs. Gerrard charming if I can."

We reached the house as he uttered the last words with a light laugh. As I listened to him I felt a strange foreboding of evil stealing over me which I could not in any way account for.

We found mother in the drawing-room, ready to welcome the traveler with her kindest smile and that cup of afternoon tea which she firmly believed in as the best of all restoratives, if not as an absolute panacea for all earthly ills.

"Most welcome, Dick!" she cried, rising from her chair, and nearly overturning her cherished egg-shell china in her friendly haste. "You know Mr. Gerrard, do you not?"

And then I saw what I had not before noticed in the darkened room—uncle Archie's gray head and kind, care-worn face behind my mother.

The two men shook hands with a heartiness that did me good to see, and "took" to each other unmistakably. They had met before, but not often, and there had been no common interest to draw them together, but now each studied the other keenly, and each approved of what that study revealed.

As for me, I do not think I have often been happier than I was that

afternoon, with the man to whom I had given my whole heart beside me and the uncle I dearly loved, given back to us, as it were, if only for a little while. I did not talk much, it was joy enough to sit there and look at them—at mother, with her pretty serene face presiding contentedly over her silver tray, troubled for the moment by no deeper care than that each should have just the right amount of cream and sugar; just the cake or biscuit that each liked; at uncle Archie, from whose worn face the shadowy cloud seemed for the moment to have passed away; and, last, at Dick—my Dick, who was like a beam of glad sunshine in our midst. Suddenly, when my contentment was at its height, we heard the sound of carriage-wheels in the drive and a smart ring at the bell. My mother turned to me with a look of dismay.

"Irene, it is that horrid Mrs. Knyvette, I know! How unlucky—or rather, how prying and impertinent of her to come now—for of course she only wants to see your uncle and Dick!"

"I do not know how Mr. Gerrard feels; but, after that delicious tea, I do not in the least mind being exhibited; my nerves will stand any amount of wear and tear," Dick declared gallily; but I did not answer the smile with which he turned to me; for, peeping through the tower-screened window, I had seen the carriage standing at the door, and, for no particular reason, the sight filled me with dismay.

"It is not Mrs. Knyvette!" I exclaimed, in a doleful tone that made mother stare, her first supposition being the most disconcerting that had yet occurred to her. "It is the Hall carriage, uncle Archie—it is Estelle!"

Poor uncle Archie! If there was dismay in my face, there was absolute consternation in his. I saw Dick's eyebrows raised as he read the old man's glance, and I knew that he understood now, better than any words of mine could tell him, the nature of my poor uncle's mistake.

Naturally it was with marked curiosity that he waited for the coming of the visitor who had caused such a fluttering in our dove-cote, and when the tall, graceful woman walked easily in, saluting mother with a hand-shake and me with a kiss, there was an expression of amused disappointment in the glance he flashed across at me.

"Is this your Gorgon—this the girl you cannot possibly get on with?" she seemed to ask; and I am sure Estelle interpreted his look as I did; for her brilliant eye lighted up, while a well-pleased smile parted her mobile lips.

My uncle's eye looked more beautiful than ever, in a pretty dark-blue dress that set off the brilliant clearness of her skin, and her eyes shone through the gauzy veil she had drawn over the upper half of her face. She sat talking easily and pleasantly to Dick; and I soon found myself wishing that she were less beautiful, or that he would not look at her with that expression of curious, almost troubled interest in his eyes.

The next moment I was blushing at my own meanness, rating myself without mercy for what I felt to be a base and contemptible jealousy; but let me say or do what I would, the sharp sting was there.

"Of course he is interested in her, for uncle Archie's sake and mine. Did he not tell me he would do his best to find her 'charming,' and is he not keeping his word?" I protested to myself; and then I glanced again at them, and wished that fate had allotted him a more difficult task.

TO BE CONTINUED.

He Was Getting Shaky.

There were two Hebrews who went into partnership in the hand-me-down business, and they made money. One of them stuck to his old habits; the other began to put on style, spend money and go out with the boys. He got so much in the habit of going out with the boys that in the morning he had a "big head," and he began to show signs of nervous affection. He came to business in a "rocky" condition. At last the quiet partner came to him and said:

"Look-ee-here, Jake, this partnership's got to dissolve."

"Vat's the matter?"

"Vell, you don't tend to bizness no more. You've took to drinkin' and you can't tend to bizness."

"Vat? Don't I sell them goods all right?"

"Selling goods is one thing and tendin' to bizness is another."

"Vell, sometime I come around I ain't quite steady; my hand trembles a little, but—"

"That's just vat the matter is. Your hand shakes so much ven you shows a pair of pants to a customer the buttons fall off."

The Newspapers of Spain.

A statistical memorandum issued lately by the Spanish ministry of the interior informs us that there are 1,161 periodicals, including newspapers, in Spain, appearing at all sorts of intervals, says the London Times. They issue a total of 1,249,131 copies, being an average of 1,075 copies each. Of them 496 are political, 237 scientific or technical and 433 religious. The remaining 315 deal with all kinds of subjects—literary, theatrical, humorous, musical, bull fights, etc. The 496 political papers and magazines issue 783,652 copies, which would give one to every 23 persons of the whole population of Spain. Of these political periodicals 370, with an issue of 513,760 copies, represent monarchical opinions; 104, with an issue of 269,833 copies, support republican views. But a more detailed classification would be all but impossible, so numerous and minute are the party divisions in Spain. Madrid publishes 327 of the whole; Barcelona has 117; Seville 38; Cadiz and Valencia each 32. Alicante 30, Tarragona and Murcia each 29, Saragossa 28, and the same in the Balearic Islands.

FARM AND HOME.

How to Earn Money.

The plain duty of every one of us who breed cattle is to provide sufficient shelter for them in winter, says the Western Rural. It is worse than folly to feed \$500 worth of grain and hay to keep up a warmth that 50 per cent of that sum invested in sheds and wind-breaks would more than preserve. Those who are able ought to have good stock barns. There is nothing so valuable as a building of this character. A good barn is an absolute necessity for good farming and successful stock-raising. And there will never be a better time than now to build a barn. Prices are low, though they ought to be lower for lumber, if it were not for robbing combinations. Labor is low and a barn can be built now as cheaply as any time. Build one with room underneath for the stock, which can be readily done if there is a side hill to build to, and if there is not, build an approach to the main floor. If a barn can be built large enough to permit a wagon to be turned inside, such a barn as this last mentioned, can be built with only one approach, having one set of doors for entry and another set on the same end of the building for exit. The entire under part of such a barn can be used for the housing of stock.

But if we can not build a barn we can build a shed. There is not a farmer in the country who cannot do that. He can set posts in the ground, make a skeleton roof and cover it with hay or straw. He can by a very little ingenuity, make the sides of straw, and even with such a structure he will save lots of grain and hay next winter. And every farmer can have upon his farm, if he will, wind breaks without much trouble or much cost. Wind breaks do very well indeed as a protection against the cold, though no man should be satisfied with this if he can possibly have anything better. But those trees which will make good breaks in winter will not furnish protection from the storms. They are not large enough and usually there would not be enough of them, while the trees that are large enough, and that may be sufficiently close together to make something of a wind break even when denuded of foliage can furnish no shelter because they have no leaves. Hence a constructed shelter is a necessity; and now is the time to begin its construction for next winter, if we have not already done so, and have no shelter. Stock does not want to be kept so close in winter as that it shall be cooked alive, and the stables should be well ventilated and kept very clean. But all stock should be kept from getting chilled, for that condition means the waste of grain and danger to the health.

The Demand for Eggs.

Eggs are almost the only article of food that is produced in this country that is imported in large quantities. In the year 1883 we imported 16,098,450 dozen of eggs, valued at \$2,476,672. The number of eggs brought from foreign countries increases annually. Most of them come from Canada, but not a few are brought from France, Belgium, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. The cities on our Pacific coast obtain eggs from China and Japan. Farmers in Australia and New Zealand are now considering the propriety of raising eggs for exportation. As a rule the most eggs are produced in the countries where the farms are quite small and the holders of them are obliged to resort to little things in order to make money. In this country more eggs are generally produced on a farm of forty acres than on one containing five hundred. There appears to be no danger of overdoing the production of eggs. Their consumption increases with the advance of civilization. Refrigerator cars, cold storage rooms, preserving processes and shipping cases that prevent breakage have done much to aid in the keeping and transportation of eggs. One hopeful feature in egg production is that they retain their value in the market better than any article raised on farms. Eggs are nearly as high now as they were when wheat sold for \$2 per bushel and dressed hogs brought 10 cents per pound. Still they are regarded by the people who live in cities as the cheapest article of food that can be used in the place of meat. Eggs, like milk, are classed among the perfect foods, or, in other words, foods that will by themselves sustain life and build up every portion of the system. Farmers engaged in grain production would be gainers if they gave more attention to eggs. They have land on which fowls can run and food to satisfy their appetite. Money can be obtained from eggs every week in the year, and it is very convenient for farmers who rely chiefly on grain for means to meet their current expenses.—Chicago Herald.

Setting Fence Posts.

Some farmers argue that it is best to set posts early in the fall when the ground is solid. Of course a post carefully set at any time will remain in its place, but fall is really a much worse time than is the spring. Digging the hole makes the soil loose, and if done in the fall it has not time to become compacted again. Water filters down through the loose soil, which will raise the post a little every year until it throws the post out altogether. If the soil has time to settle it absorbs less moisture, and after the first year, if

the heaving out has not already begun it will rarely begin. In the spring, posts may be sharpened at the end and driven down into the soft earth, which will close firmly around them. It is necessary to put them below the freezing line, as the wedge shape which facilitates driving down also makes it more easy for the frost to heave the post up.

Planting Small Potatoes.

Prof. A. Girard, of Germany, has recently conducted a series of investigations which go to show that although small potatoes may have great reproductive power, yet the weight of the total yield when ripe is comparatively small. Medium-sized tubers, when used for seed, gave practically the same final result per acre as the largest tubers, and are, therefore, stated to be the most economical for seeding purposes. It is well also to select the seed from vigorous-growing plants, as even large tubers from small and meager plants generally give inferior crops. Several years ago it was found by Franz that tubers divided in their length yielded five tons per acre; whole tubers planted yielded seven and one-half tons; crown half of tubers planted yielded nine and three-fourths tons, and whole tubers, eyes other than crown removed, gave eleven and one-half tons. These results show that the increase of crop more than pays the increased weight of seed employed. The reason of this superiority of large seed is easy of explanation. During the period of early growth the plant derives its nourishment entirely from the seed potato, and its vigor will depend on the amount of nutritive matter placed at its disposal. If the early growth is vigorous, a hold is sooner obtained on the soil, and a larger and better matured crop is the result.

Farm Notes.

Small breeds of fowls lay as large eggs as do the large breeds. The Black Spanish produces the largest eggs. The Leghorn, which is a small fowl, lays large white eggs. The Brahma and Cochins, which are the largest breeds of fowls, lay dark eggs. They are also excellent winter layers, but are slow in reaching maturity.

Spread the onions out in a dry place and do not heap them up. Freezing will not injure them if they are not disturbed. They are often injured when stored in bulk and kept too warm, but when frozen the object should be to guard against thawing them too suddenly.

What are called sour apples are really sweet, though their tartness hides the saccharine properties they contain. Some of the richest sour apples, as the russet, make very strong vinegar, which they could not do if they did not contain a good deal of sweetness.

Poultry is everywhere the best meat for summer eating, and especially so for farmers who cannot always get fresh meat of other kinds. Old hens past the age of profit will usually be found better eating than the half-grown chickens of this year's growth, unless the latter are of the breed for broilers.

Sheep in an old weedy pasture or wood lot will more than pay their keep in keeping down the noxious weeds, while nothing equals them for restoring fertility to worn-out fields. But they must have something to eat.

The bottoms of all manure pits, if large quantities of manure are to be accumulated, should be well covered with cut straw, leaves, earth or any other absorbent material. The heap should be made on stiff clay land, if possible, so as to avoid leaching of the liquids into the subsoil. The thicker the bottom is covered with absorbent materials the better, especially if the ground is porous. The amount of valuable fertilizing material carried down into the ground and lost is enormous, and much of it can be saved with care.

The Household.

LIGHT CAKE.—Half cup of butter, half cup of sugar, three eggs beaten separately, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, three teaspoonsful of baking powder sifted through the flour.

PUDDING SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, butter the size of an egg; beat the butter and sugar to a cream, add the egg; set on the top of boiling tea-kettle, or some vessel of hot water, and stir until it is like cream.

HOARHOOND CANDY.—Boil two ounces of dried hoarhound in one and one-half pints of water for one half hour, strain and add three and one half pounds of brown sugar; boil until sufficient to harden and pour into battered tins.

CHICKEN LUNCH FOR TRAVELING.—Cut a young chicken down the back; wash and wipe dry; season with salt and pepper; put in a dripping pan and bake in a moderate oven three quarters of an hour.

CRULLERS.—One cup of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoons of baking powder, flour enough to roll, fry in beef drippings.

A woman is the most interesting company at the time when she has not made up her mind whether she likes or dislikes a fellow.—Milwaukee Journal.

The tailor frequently has pressing business on hand.—Washington Capital.

In a driving storm no one seems capable of holding the reins.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Most Wonderful House.

Furetiere has given a description of wonderful palace erected for the exclusive benefit of the King of Siam and the royal household, and which is one of their summer residences. The tables, chairs, closets, etc., are all composed of a wonderful geological product, clear as ice. The walls, ceiling and floors are of the same material, in blocks about a foot square. The building is round and at the height of 18 feet arches from all sides, forming a dome-shaped roof, much resembling the Esquimo hut. The arch-shaped plan upon which it is constructed enables it to withstand an enormous pressure. Each joint is cemented with a mixture which the most subtle liquid could not penetrate. There is but one door, which shuts so closely that it is as impenetrable as the rest of the singular structure. It was constructed by a Chinese engineer as a certain remedy against the insupportable heat of the climate.

The pavilion is 28 feet in diameter and is placed in the midst of a great basin, paved and ornamented with marbles of various colors. It is so arranged that this basin can be filled with the coldest of water to such a depth as to entirely cover the building, all except the dome, which is 41 feet high and made of iron and covered with hammered brass.

When the petty potentate and his royal family enter the pavilion the door is closed tightly against cement-covered strips; the sluices are opened and the great basin is filled, so that the building is entirely covered with water except the dome, as above mentioned, that being left uncovered for the benefit of respiration. Nothing could be more charming than the agreeable coolness of this remarkable palace, while the heat dances on the water above its occupants.

Why the Sea Is Green.

The green color of ocean water depends upon the number of medusae and other minute animal forms which inhabit it. The deep-green Northern sea is literally swarmed with these miniature creatures; in some places as many as 128 of them have been found in a single cubic inch of water. In this proportion a cubic foot of water would contain 221,184; a cubic fathom, 47,776,744, and a cubic mile 43,776,000,000,000. From soundings made in the vicinity of where these creatures are found in such immense numbers, it is probable that the waters will average a mile in depth; whether these forms occupy the whole depth is uncertain. Provided, however, that the depth to which they extend is but 250 fathoms, the above immense number of one species may occur within a space of one square mile. It may give a better conception of the immense number of medusae in this extent, if we calculate the length of time that would be requisite for a certain number of persons to count this number. Allowing that one person count 1,000,000 in seven days, which is barely possible, even at this rapid rate it would have been necessary for 80,000 persons to have commenced counting at the time of Adam in order to complete the enumeration in time for the census of 1890.

What a stupendous idea does this fact give of the immensity of creation! But if the number of these little living things in a space of one single mile be so great, what must be the number required for discoloring the hundreds of thousands of miles contained in the oceans of the globe?

An Unhealthy Moral Atmosphere.

A correspondent at a fashionable sea-side resort writes: "Novels are read here by the score, French and English. The young American girl who, understanding French, delights the soul of her parents continually by reading French books to keep up her knowledge of the language, and who makes a round of the watering places, is not the girl that you or I would want our sons to marry. To be a bit French the orange flowers would not sit straight on her head—they'd incline a little to one side in a rakish fashion. I looked every day at a young girl, pretty after the delicate American style, well dressed and evidently adored by her own people. I wonder if she might not be counted among the peaches that are sold at fifteen sous; they were apparently just as fine and just as large as those that brought fifteen francs—but take one up, examine it with a magnifying glass, and on the peach at 15 sous you see a tiny speck that doesn't go in far, but it mars the perfection of the peach, and grows each day. Now, the girl that I see has done nothing wrong—that I am sure of—but she is familiar with wrong doing, for she has listened to tales that ought not to be told before her. She thinks nothing of growing very intimate first with this man and then with that one, and she enjoys with the air of a gourmand the champagne that she takes with her dinner. She has been three sons at the seaside; she is 19 years old, and if she were put in a fruit shop, metamorphosed into a blushing peach, she would only bring 15 sous. Whose fault is it? Her mother's. I think when the great day of judgment comes there will be before the bench for reprimand more prodigal fathers and mothers than sons and daughters, for, after all, if you do not try to keep your daughter sweet and womanly, innocent and pure, she has no one to blame but you. Do women ever think all that it means? This caring for a girl child. I am afraid not."

A FEW FACTS!

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

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

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

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

Men's Boots at	\$1.75 and upwards.
" Calf Boots	2.00
Women's Lace Shoes	1.00
" Button Shoes	1.00

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House, CASS CITY.

SAVE MONEY!

When in search of Ladies 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. Buy your Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Carpets etc., where you can save money.

It has been currently reported that **2 MACKS 2** is the place that will meet your requirements. If you have any doubts they will be cleared away by looking over their Immense Stock on first and second floors, where will be found Bargains, in every department, that defies Competition.

Give them a call,

WALL PAPER!

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

SCHOOL BOOKS!

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

BLANK BOOKS!

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

RUGS AND MEDICINES.

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

CITY DRUG STORE.

Residence over store.

THE "OLD RELIABLE"

GENERAL STORE

—OF—

- J. C. LAING'S -

IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

Pan-America means simply all America. "Pan" is a Greek word signifying all.

The piano and organ manufacturers of the country have united in an association. It is fitting that organ men should organize.

Senator Sherman says he is almost persuaded to become a free trader to the extent of having full reciprocity with our South American neighbors.

The public will be indebted to Michael Davitt for one bit of information. He says the Clan-na-Gael is not a secret society any more than the order of Free Masons is.

John Williams, of Washington, has answered in a practical manner the question whether the negro race is dying out. He is the father of twenty-nine children and grandfather and great grandfather of fifty-eight more—eighty-seven in all.

It is said the best crop raised this year in North Dakota has been mortgages. The crops have failed there three years in succession, and the brave farmers are destitute. They are entitled to help from all their fellow countrymen. They need it, and need it now.

At the Unitarian convention in Philadelphia, the reporting committee confessed they did not know how the foreign missions would pan out. "Nearer home, however," said the report, "there are opportunities we must not allow to pass by." The Unitarians recognize nobly the fact that there is no end of strong, honest missionary work to be done at home.

The Injured Husband Club.

It started in Philadelphia, and it is quite the latest wrinkle. It is, in fact, a sort of cave of Adullam for men with a grievance.

Husbands whose lives are consumed by a secret sorrow, husbands whose wives do not love them, husbands whose wives love them too much—the latter class constituting the far greater number—all these flock to the standard of the abused husband club. Here gather those who have been divorced, those who want to be divorced and can't, those whose married existence is in general a purgatory of incompatibility, and those whose wives cannot or will not cook aright—all these gather around the friendly roof tree of the abused husband club, and in its diversions find surcease of sorrow. A committee examines the candidates privately, and the man who is by common consent the most cruelly abused, battered and put-upon husband is elected president.

The club agrees to pay divorce and alimony expenses for its members, and otherwise comfort them to the extent of its resources. A man who makes friends with his wife is expelled from the club. The organization is growing with marvelous rapidity. It is expected there will in a few weeks be 5,000 members in Philadelphia alone. This is hard on Philadelphia wives.

Farmers and Co-operative Industry.

Two meetings of significant interest were recently in progress on the same day in our wide country, one east, the other west. One was the Interstate Wheatgrowers' association at St. Louis, the other a meeting of delegates from the five states that supply New York city with milk. Both met with the same object—to protect the interests of farmers by co-operation. The name of the western organization is the Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley. The eastern calls itself the Union of Milk Producers for the Supply of the New York Market.

The wheat growing farmers at St. Louis represented a capital of \$20,000,000. The milk farmers intend to start with a capital of \$500,000. Both intend to bind themselves together in fast union and take the fixing of the prices of their products out of the hands of middlemen and regulate them themselves.

Under existing arrangements, 10,000 milk producers are at the mercy of the New York Milk Exchange, a combination of 100 men, hardly one of whom ever milked a cow in his life. The plan is to divide the milk region into districts, with a shipping agent for each. The milk will be forwarded to a central depot just outside of New York; thence it will be distributed under orders of the producers themselves.

At the wheat growers' meeting a Chicago grain speculator told the farmers that the monopolists, selfish as they were, had taught a lesson which would be a blessing to humanity. It was the lesson of co-operation. They had accomplished their ends by hanging together, and farmers could hang together as well as monopolists. The farmers resolved then that they would hang together, and fix the price of grain themselves. The price of bread will not be any higher to consumers, however.

Then the agriculturists resolved to memorialize congress to make reciprocity treaties with the nations that take our products, so that farmers' stuffs can enter those countries free. They also decided to ask congress to break up other trusts and monopolies, and to admit agricultural implements and the iron used in their manufacture free.

It will be deeply interesting to watch the farmers' management of what is undoubtedly the coming system of industry for the world—the system of co-operation.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1880.

AROUND THE STATE.

Benjamin Roberts was struck and instantly killed by the fast express Sunday night while crossing the track three miles east of Dowagiac.

At 8 o'clock Sunday morning a gale of wind blew down the Austrian Catholic Church at Red Jacket, which was in course of construction. The damage is about \$2,000. No person injured. Joseph Willmer, the contractor, failed to properly brace the walls.

Andrew Engels, a German, 66 years old, and for 35 years a resident of the copper country, hung himself in his barn at South Lake Linden Saturday morning. He was found Sunday at midnight. The cause was over money lent out and heavy drinking.

A fire broke out in the engine room of Hovey's novelty works at Reed City and in less than an hour the entire plant was destroyed. It contained a fine brick building, dry kiln and a large quantity of valuable machinery. Loss, \$10,000. No insurance, the policy having been canceled two months.

A breakman named Charles Larson was instantly killed at Dutter & Letters' salt and lumber company's south branch camp, in Oceana County, Sunday afternoon. He attempted to couple cars without using a reach commonly called a rooster. The logs would not admit of a link coupling and crushed him to death. He was a single man and no relatives known in this country.

Arthur Heath, a farmer's son, age 15 years, of Harrison, Macomb county, was accidentally shot and instantly killed at the Belvidere Club house Sunday afternoon. Deceased and an older brother had been duck hunting, and on their return, as they were getting out of the boat, he attempted to hand his gun to his brother, when the hammer struck on the side of the boat and the gun went off, sending the charge of shot through his heart.

Sunday afternoon John Boscobark, lying two miles from Jonesville was found dead about sixty rods from his home by the roadside. His wife says he left home Saturday morning for Hillsdale and had not been seen since. He had evidently been dead two or three days. No marks of violence were found. He was subject to sinking spells and sometimes took morphine. He was 56 years old. His occupation was that of a miller, but he had had no work for some time. He moved there from Amboy three weeks ago. He leaves a wife and two daughters.

A little dwelling owned and occupied by Mr. Ira Lonsbury at Fowlerville was discovered to be on fire Sunday evening at about 7:30 o'clock by one of the neighbors. Upon going to the house and extinguishing the fire, Mr. Lonsbury, who is quite aged and lives alone by himself, was found lying in a corner of the room insensible, his right arm being broken just below the shoulder and a bad gash cut in his forehead. He was given prompt attention and soon became conscious, but could give no account of the affair and could not remember anything that had transpired. His recovery is doubtful.

A horrible murder occurred in the township of Yergennes, Kent county, the victims being the family of Haggai Westbrook, and the murderer being none other than the husband and father, who committed suicide after the terrible deed. Westbrook armed himself with a hammer and crept to his bedroom and dealt his sleeping wife a terrible blow upon the forehead. Then he left her unconscious, believing her dead. He then went to the bedroom where his daughters were peacefully sleeping, and with the same deadly weapon he used upon their mother he struck the girls one after another upon the foreheads. Westbrook was a muscular man and struck with all his strength. When he supposed he had accomplished the death of his wife and daughters he went up stairs and entered his son's room. With the hammer that had been used with such frightful effect upon the rest of his family he struck the boy on the head, but the blow glanced and the father was foiled in his attempt to kill, as the son wrenched the hammer from his grasp. Westbrook then went to the kitchen and cut his own throat from ear to ear. One of the daughters is dead and the other members are in a precarious condition. Temporary insanity was the cause of the deed.

FOR THE NEXT 30 DAYS 30

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

TWENTY CENTS

The same tea we have been selling for 25 cents.

CALL and get a pound.

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE.

ATTENTION.

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

HOWE & BIGELOW.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

—OF—

Seed Drills,
Harrowes,
Plows,
Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

MAKING A POINT

We make a point of insisting upon the distinction of Cheap Clothing and **CLOTHING CHEAP.**

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

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

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

McDOUGALL & CO.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1889.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

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

A. D. GILLIES, NOTARY PUBLIC, Deeds, mortgages, etc., Office over Hunt's store, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

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

DR. J. H. McLEAN, Cancers cured without the knife. Tapes or worms removed in three hours. Piles, fistulas and all fissures cured by a new and painless method.

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

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

EXCHANGE BANK.

E. H. PINNEY, BANKER. RESPONSIBILITY, \$30,000.

Commercial Business Transacted.

Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.

Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

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

5,000 Agents Our Country's Future

Wanted For

A bright, new book embodying reliable opinions from 100 of our National Leaders, including History Post, Miss Willard, Pres't Harrison, Ex-Pres't Cleveland, Bishop Potter, Cardinal Gibbons, Talmage, Powderly and others concerning Marriage, Divorce, for Women's sake, Temperance, Labor, National Debt, Rights and wrongs of the Farmer, Immigration, Annexation, Speculation, Great Dragon Trusts, Sorrows of the City Poor, Our Country's Great Concerns, etc. Endorsed by the Press. Selling immensely. Rare chance for wide-awake agents. Act at once and write for terms and outfit.

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THE BEST GOODS

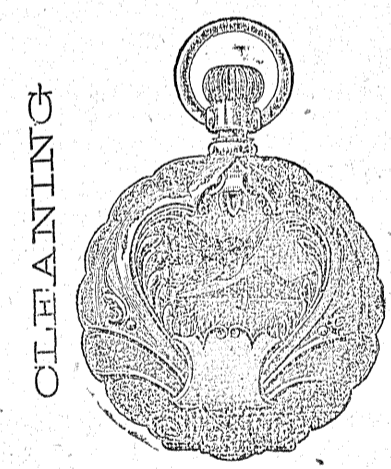
FOR THE

LEAST MONEY

Is The Motto of

J. F. HENDRICK

The Jeweler.



A Large and Choice Stock for the Fall Trade.

An Important Letter to E. F. Marr.

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

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

Respectfully yours, TROY CLOAK MAN'F Co., Aug. 3, 1889. Buffalo, N. Y.

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

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

WILMOT.

Jas. McCallum was in Detroit Friday. Elisha Gage is working in the grist mill this week.

John Brown was away on a horse trade last week.

Ed. and Nick. Heartt were Cass City visitors on Saturday.

Ed. Farrell is going to spend the winter in the pine woods at Harrison.

Elisha Tibbits moved his household effects to Imlay City on Tuesday morning.

The blacksmith shop is now running in full blast. The new tools came Monday.

Farmers who have buckwheat to be ground do not have to wait until Friday at Wilmot as it is ground every day.

Last Friday was the banner day of the season at the Wilmot Roller mills, 217 bushels of grain was taken in for custom work.

OWENSDALE.

Mrs. G. M. Cross is on the sick list.

W. M. Kee is attending circuit court at Bad Axe.

Pat, Dickson has contracted for the plastering of Mr. Owen's new boarding house.

Iron ore, supposed to exist in paying quantities, has been discovered in Oliver township.

Ed. Owens of Grant has the contract of building the addition to the Presbyterian church.

A family, McPhail by name, arrived here on Thursday from Ontario. They have come to stay.

Jas. McCullough and Angus Crawford are down with malarial fever. Dr. Morris of Gagetown is attending.

Mrs. Brown and daughter from Teeswater, Ont., who have been visiting here, returned home on Thursday.

Albert Ross has received a call to Oakland county to labor as a P. M. minister. He will enter upon the work immediately.

The new act, section 17 of act 122, passed May, 1889, has been acted upon by our township clerk by an act of going to Bad Axe to fulfill that act on Friday last.

CREEL.

Johnnie Campbell was in Detroit on business this week.

Willie Burress is down with malarial fever. Dr. Lyman is attending.

Geo. Cross has completed his road job west of this place satisfactory to our commissioner.

Jno. McKimmon and Geo. Moden exchanged teams on Wednesday last. Jack will hold the lines hereafter.

Another log piling bee at Wm. Burress' on Thursday last. Bill got five acres elevated in good shape.

Peter Laird of Grant Center was in this vicinity on Thursday, and exchanged horses with Wm. Burress.

John Leoney and wife of North Branch are visiting at the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McKee, of this place.

Geo. Taylor, E. Ballagh and A. Ross took in Elkton Friday last. It is needless to say that the boys got a good ducking that time.

Wm. McKee, Jr., Ralph Ballagh, Jr. and Robert Ballagh took the morning train from Unionville for the northern woods on Monday.

Bert Clark of Gagetown is putting down a well on Jos. Gage's farm south of here. Joe is a hustling farmer and will have everything a farm needs.

Gate theyes, buggy elevators and post pilers were numerous in our midst on fallow'een night. The boys were the best of boys as we did not hear of any harm being done to anyone, but merely to show the old folks what they used to do.

ELLINGTON.

Cool and cloudy.

A nice rain last week.

J. A. White has let his farm to Eugene Butler to work.

It will take a good deal more rain to raise the water in wells.

John Dietz had a well put down 20 feet and has lots of water.

Jacob Moshier also had one put down 106 feet and can get no water.

Eugene Rogers had a drive well put down 32 feet and has 20 feet of water in it.

Chas. is getting quite an improvement on his forty he recently purchased of J. F. Sealey.

Frank Gould is able to be around some with his lame ankle he hurt some two weeks ago.

Ernest Hobart has his house nearly ready for the plaster. He will move in to it this fall.

Threshing is about all done for this season in Ellington with the exception of clover hulling.

Ormond Mallory now has two clover hullers at work. The new one was put on Monday morning.

Arthur May had the misfortune to cut a gash in the top of his foot last Friday while splitting wood.

Fred Strickland, who lives east of Cass City, has taken Jno. W. Smith's farm of forty acres to work on shares and will move upon it soon.

J. A. White bought a house of John Young, paying him \$60 for it and pays Mr. Tompkins \$5 a day to move it a mile and a half to his farm and will use it for a tenement house.

Jacob H. Moshier feels the loss of his barn, which burned on the night of the 24th, together with its contents: one brood mare, 1 yearling colt, five hogs, a good top buggy, cutter, hay, grain, clover seed, etc. Loss about \$1,500. Insured in the Ohio Farmers for \$900. The fire is supposed to have originated from Geo. H. May's engine, which passed there about eight o'clock in the evening. The fire was not discovered until about 10, and in an hour the buildings fell in. A large number of fowls were also burned up.

EVERGREEN.

Mud again.

G. H. Jones visited friends in Yale this week.

Wheat begins to look more encouraging to the farmer.

A fine rain, which makes the farmers look pleasant.

Rumor says that Mr. Pangborn is to be our new merchant.

Mr. McClelland has a lady visitor at his house, which has come to stay.

C. Stonehouse and family of Yale visited friends in these parts the past week.

The Collins boys lost a fine mare lately, finding it dead in the stable one morning.

Mrs. H. S. Wait and Jno. H. Atkins are at present at Ingersole, Ont., attending the funeral of their father. Their mother also lies in a very dangerous condition.

For some time past certain parties have made it a practice to hunt on Sunday, but a project is on foot to bring them to justice. It is a shame and disgrace to any community to allow such work to go on.

Brown & Walker's engine, while at work threshing at Mr. McLaren's, smashed the piston, running into the steam chest, throwing pieces into the air over 20 feet high, but fortunately, nobody was hurt, although Mr. Walker, the engineer, had a narrow escape.

DEFOED.

Dave still keeps boards.

Iva Courless is home from Oakland county.

Will Retherford's health has been very poor for some time past.

Two of our ninrods were fortunate last week, each getting a deer.

Elder Russell's child is some better. They have been an afflicted family.

Elmer Lewis is finishing up his house putting on cornish and necessary fixtures.

Geo. Moshier, Jno. McCracken and others have engaged a man from Wickware to do their plastering.

We see much in the news looking A. Frutchey at points and in business, but let it be understood that he has not decided where he will locate or what calling he will follow.

The new firm is fully established, and we consider them honest and straightforward men of that class that the better you become acquainted, the greater your respect for them.

In the news from Grant last week we noticed that the P. of I. had been discovered in that rural town. Can it be that the sanctifying influence of the holy dimeter and the wise council of the famed Minerva are of no avail in this modern age? With trembling voice we ask, oh Historic Minerva, who has shorn the of thy strength, thee of whom the ancient scholars have sung?

"Do the Gods still live as in days of yore? The Poet questioned o'er and o'er, Till a myrtle dream around him fell, With soft enchantment in its spell. He wandered far 'er classic ground, Till in the forest depths he found A "Blue Eyed Maid" with golden hair, Bestrew'd with pearls and jewels fair, One look within her wondrous eyes Revealed Minerva, the Goddess veiled.

GRANT.

Maize husking is about over, around here. There wasn't much to husk.

A wet rain fell all day on Friday, Nov. 1st. Out door burning is ended for this year.

More sunshine on Sunday last than has been seen on any one day for three weeks.

Geo. Hopkins is building a house to keep his cattle in out of the storms of winter.

The first snow storm of the season on Tuesday, Nov. 5th, hard to say when the last one will be.

Chilly November has arrived and with its surly blasts will soon make the forests and fields bare again.

Jack has a new log barn up. Jack has an eye to the comfort of his best servants and that is right by all means.

David Gray of Grant, and Wm. Martin of Elkland are at loggerheads. Master and man. Who is in the fault?

In Spain beggars go on horseback. Must be a liberal country, for in this country they can't even have a mule.

Lots of covered carriages can be seen every day, but what is it that may be riding in them; binkers or pawnbrokers?

Jack is baching it alone as all the young men are gone from these parts, but he is not exactly like Robinson Crusoe; monarch of all he surveys, oh no.

Dr. Etherington was seen through this corner of Grant on Monday, and reports business good: We got a bottle of eye water, and if good results follow, will testify to that effect.

Old Mr. O'Rourke has seen passing the Center line school house on his way to Cass City. The old gent does not visit Cass City very often, as Gagetown is his principal port of entry.

Our school has a bad name, as travelers cannot pass by without being hooted and hollered at like passing through Bedlam or a wivam of wild Indians in a war dance. An application of a blue beach gaud would have some effect in stopping it.

A little boy came in the other day and said his father wanted to borrow our paper, he only wanted to read it a little while. Yes, my boy, and when you go home tell your father to send over his paper, we only want to eat it a little, but the supper did not come.

Tony Dorr's auction sale comes off on Monday, Nov. 11th, at 12 o'clock a. m., sharp, six miles north and one-half mile west, instead of east, as the posters stated. Start from Tennant's corner and go north to the school house and then turn west. All right, Mr. Furgeson.

EUPESPY.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it, to fully enjoy life. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and out the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupespy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle by Fritz Bros., Druggist.

Polard Weekly Blade!

1889.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

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

Announcement Extraordinary.

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

Speaking of Specimen Copies

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

Confidential to Agents.

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

Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

PATTERN FREE.

By Special Arrangement with DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, the Greatest Family Magazine, we are enabled to make all of our lady readers a present of a Pattern of this handsome jacket. This Pattern will be worth \$2.00. It will be accompanied with a large illustration and full description, the same as those sold at Demorest's Monthly. We will print a Pattern Order, which, sent to W. Jennings Demorest, the publisher of the Monthly, will entitle the holder to one of these handsome patterns free, and of this size she may select. This is a rare opportunity, and we hope our lady readers will appreciate the expense we have incurred in this. Write for Pattern Order. It will be printed in our issue.

A VOICE from Ohio.

from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Garrison, son of Salem, Ohio. \$20 a month, I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and will send you \$20 a month. (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known a better business than this. I have sold 100 copies of your album and have received \$200. I have sold 100 copies of your album and have received \$200. I have sold 100 copies of your album and have received \$200."

Others are doing quite as well; having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Monday, December 2, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, at the north-west corner of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building where the circuit court of the county of Tuscola is held); the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest at ten per cent, and all legal costs including an attorney fee fixed by statute, provision in said mortgage having been made for a reasonable attorney fee. The proceeds hereby made subject to sale are in said mortgage described as follows, viz: Lots one (1) and two (2), block twelve (12) according to plat of village of Centerville (now Caro), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, Dated September 2, 1889.

MORTGAGE SALE. Default having been made in the condition and payment of a certain mortgage, (whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative) made and executed by E. W. Gerrish, J. P. Street, J. H. 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, and on behalf of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Tuscola county, state of Michigan, and N. B. Haskell, of Port Crescent, county of Tuxon and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1, A. D. 1889, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in Liber 38 of mortgages, at page 329, on November 8, 1889, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred and ninety-eight and no/100ths dollars (\$598.00), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Monday, December 2, A. D. 1889, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, at the north-west corner of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building where the circuit court of the county of Tuscola is held); the premises in said mortgage described, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest at ten per cent, and all legal costs including an attorney fee fixed by statute, provision in said mortgage having been made for a reasonable attorney fee. The proceeds hereby made subject to sale are in said mortgage described as follows, viz: Lots one (1) and two (2), block twelve (12) according to plat of village of Centerville (now Caro), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan, Dated September 2, 1889.

Dated September 2, 1889.

F. S. WHEAT Attorney for Mortgagee.

Kentucky Feuds.

If anybody wants to write the thrilling American novel, he need go no farther than Kentucky to find material for scenes as tragic and wildly romantic as any writer would wish to portray. The American tragic poet need not search Italian history for blood curdling topics on which to exercise his muse. The Kentucky feuds will be a rich mine for them all. These family fights are handed down from father to son. Blood is wiped out in blood, and nothing is ever forgotten or forgiven. It is said that the Martin-Tolliver fight, after lasting many years, has finally been ended by the romantic marriage of a Romeo and Juliet of the rival houses. Not so the Hatfield-McCoy feud. These two families had been at odds for many years, and had fought till, it is said, no less than twenty men and boys had been murdered on the two sides.

Then a fair Juliet McCoy met and loved a young Romeo Hatfield. They pledged their troth, as an old romancer would have put it. They became engaged to be married, the space reporter of our day would write. The wedding day came, the pair stood at the altar, the preacher was in the act of pronouncing them one. In through the window whistled the bullets of those who had sworn that a McCoy should never be the wife of a Hatfield. Both bride and groom and fell dead in their blood stained wedding garments. The Hatfield-McCoy feud has broken out fiercer than ever, and will apparently continue till none of either race is left to keep up the old hates. Where are our missionaries?

Something in This.

Fanny Edgar Thomas, a well known young newspaper woman, adds her idea to the pile of novel suggestions for the Columbus celebration of 1892. Fanny believes with all her heart that rich citizens, who are sighing for ways to do something great with their money; should form a monster fund from which struggling, starving young geniuses may draw to support themselves while they are toiling up the weary hill towards final success. She writes, and her pen is dipped in gall and blood:

For the love of heaven and in the name of humanity, cease trying to think up new plans for expending those enormous sums of money, and build instead a fund for the use of poor young people with talent and purpose, to save them from burning the rafters out of one another's souls during the first best years, when the blood is sapped, the ambition crippled, the person marred, and the life strings so worn out by poverty and toil that the whole instrument is flat and out of tune before fate permits a chord to be struck upon it! It is one thing to lift a boy bodily over a wall you wish him to climb, and another to show him a place where he may set in his toes. There is a time in the polishing of a diamond when polishing ends and wearing begins. None save those who have to go through it know the distracting, disturbing, devitalizing horror of providing the means for accomplishing, and a place to eat and sleep while doing it. I am sick at heart, since my summer experience at resorts, with seeing money fairly burned up in perfectly vain and idle expenditure, by dulle sons, blase fathers, thoughtless mothers and silly daughters—money which is the very life blood of existence. I have seen beauty despoiled, genius wrecked, reason destroyed, lovers lost, morals—aye, verily—purely and solely through poverty at the crisis of life.

I would have a fund large enough and solid enough to permit boys and girls while young to pass directly, immediately and happily into training and practice for whatever calling they may have sufficient instinct to make them earnest.

I have for a year been calling to the poor creatures who are obliged to teach in order to learn, to typewrite in order to get at the keys of a piano, encouraging them for God's sake to keep on going up the stairs, as they never know when a landing may come, and I now offer a plea to the other side.

If we do make "a hole in the ground," let it be a grave in which to bury annually a percentage of our young strikers. It would be far more merciful than the present state of things to many of them. Instead of a Babylon tower, let us have a bank account set to the credit of Young Genius!

\$65.00 WITH LESSONS FREE.

No shoddy Organ will do you any good. Get a solid black walnut one with 122 reeds. Warranted 7 years.

Organ, Stool, Book & Term of Lessons, \$35.00. C. M. MORRIS, 314 Gen. Ave., S. Saginaw

DRUGS, DRUGS!

Come to Fritz Bros. for pure drugs and patent medicines. New and fresh supply received every week. The best quality of insect powder and all vermin exterminator, Chemicals, pure Cream of Tartar, Mustard and essential oils.

Also School Books, blank Books, Tablets, and Stationery of all kinds. Students remember us when in need of anything in this line. Special attention given to the filling of prescriptions. Farmers bring your receipts to

FRITZ BROS., DRUGGISTS.

FOR DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS.

JOHNSTON'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU.

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys: Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhoea in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in its forms, inability to Retain the Water, etc. It is a KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR and restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE \$1; Three Bottles for \$2.50. Delivered free of any charges. Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists. W. JOHNSTON & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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

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

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS.

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop. Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and HEADSTONES.

MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILDING STONE.

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

WORKS; 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street.

Save Money!

By Buying Your

HARDWARE,

DRY GOODS,

BOOTS, SHOES,

PAINTS, OILS,

PUMPS, ANVILS,

NAILS, ETC.

OF

J. L. HITCHCOCK.



Mrs. John W. MacKay.

Mrs. John W. MacKay, wife of the California millionaire, is one of the women the whole world talks about and of whom the whole world tells stories. Mrs. MacKay possesses some of the most magnificent jewels in the world. She wears diamond solitaire ear-rings for which she paid \$100,000 and her emeralds and sapphires are worth double that sum.

Kansas City, with becoming modesty, claims to beat the world for big dinners, as the banquet to the bankers who met in national convention in that city recently, is said to have been the largest full course dinner ever served in this country. An ordinary kitchen would not suffice, so that a special one was built, which, among other things, had a 25-horse power engine. Twenty cooks began operations three days before the banquet was served, and 300 waiters were required to cater to the wants of the hungry bankers. The viands and their preparation cost \$15,000, and the music, flowers, rents, menu cards, decorations, etc., called for \$10,000 more. Plates were laid for 900 persons. Blue Point oysters to the number of 8,000 were served on the first round; these were supplemented by 1,200 quail and 600 prairie chickens, fifty gallons of punch, three bushels of cucumbers, 100 dozen bunches of celery, three bushels of tomatoes, five gallons of pickles, 75 pounds of cake and 40 gallons of coffee were some of the lighter relishes of the table. Five bushels of potatoes were required to make croquets served with the fish. The silverware used on this occasion weighed 5,000 pounds, seven pieces, exclusive of spoons, being at each place. Seven wine glasses and one water glass held liquid refreshments for each guest, making a total of nearly eight thousand glasses. The wine cost \$3,500, and the cigars called for nearly \$1,000 in cash.

A military commission has been appointed to investigate the cause of army desertions which have of late become so alarmingly frequent. One of the principal causes of desertion is acknowledged by prominent military men to be the petty tyranny of subordinate officers. In numerous instances enlisted men are compelled to perform menial work for officers and their wives. Refusal to do this means a term in the guard-house. If a plan is formulated by which a soldier's life may be made more attractive and the men made to feel that they are not slaves tied with apron-strings, and the court-martial for trifling offenses abolished, the evils of desertion will quickly disappear.

Henry Ferguson, a wealthy colored man of Texas, has completed arrangements for taking a colony of several hundred families of colored people to Mexico, where each head of a family will be provided with nine acres of land, and as much more as he can purchase by his own savings. This has had the effect to bring the white planters of the Lone Star state to realize the fact that there is no danger of a race war in that state, and that the Negro is a very important factor in the labor problem there. Self-interest will open a man's eyes when an appeal to every other motive is futile.

New Orleans is the home of the latest "Napoleon of Finance." The mayor of that city distinguished himself as manager of New Orleans' great show, and as peace maker in the bloody politics in Louisiana, but his crowning act was to convert to his own use the proceeds of bonds ordered cancelled by the state, by which a discrepancy of half a million dollars has been created in the public funds. The climate of New Orleans is too hot for the mayor, and he has gone to Europe, where his stay bids fair to be of some length.

A TEACHER'S ROMANCE.

The shouts of the children filled the air; it was the recess hour, and Gerald Thornton, coming into the yard, followed closely by a little boy, wondered to himself how any one could stand such a racket, seemingly forgetful of his own noisy youthful days.

"Is Miss Arnold the teacher, in?" he asked, addressing a pretty girl who was standing in the doorway.

She smiled, and the pink in her cheeks deepened to a beautiful red as she replied, "I am the teacher."

"Oh, excuse me for mistaking you for one of the scholars." To himself he thought, "She seems very young to have charge of those wild yelling youngsters."

He called the boy, who was watching admiringly the antics of the boisterous children, and said: "Miss Arnold, here is my little nephew, Willie Young; his mamma requested me to accompany him, for he felt timid about coming alone, never having attended school."

"Oh, I won't mind it a bit if you are the teacher," Willie declared, going closer to the young lady and gazing up into her smiling face.

"Ha, he is making an early beginning as a courtier; but, indeed, Miss Arnold, I should feel the same were I in his place. I suppose you do not receive scholars of my age—beyond 30 springs and winters?"

His frank, friendly manner was very engaging, and the little teacher was sure that she had never before seen such a handsome pair of roguish dark eyes.

It was impossible to resist his merry manner, and she replied, with mock gravity, "I have not as yet received any applications from children over 15, and am afraid I could not control one of your age."

"But I would be a model for the whole school; you would find no difficulty, I assure you," he said, all the while noticing the light in her shy blue eyes and the copper tints in her brown hair.

She wore a close-fitting gown of dark blue and a prettily embroidered white apron, and Gerald wished he were indeed to be controlled by such a sweet, gentle creature.

She smiled and blushed, feeling the tone of truth and admiration in his words; but glancing at her watch, which pointed to the hour of the afternoon school, said: "I must ring the bell and recall my wandering sheep."

"Then pray consider my case when you were in a more lenient mood."

Then the young man, with a few words to Willie and a parting bow to Alice, walked away.

When her scholars were dismissed that evening, and Miss Arnold wended her way home—or, I should say to her boarding place—she thought over the events of the day, and of the chance meeting which caused it to seem the pleasantest she had spent for a long time. She forgot the vexations so often encountered, the daily annoyances which were usually the subject of her thoughts while dragging her way homeward, tired out by her hard work; instead, she seemed to see the earnest eyes of Gerald Thornton, and his kind and admiring glance.

"I suppose he has a great many fashion-able lady friends, and will never even remember my existence," she thought.

But, in spite of all, she had a reassuring consciousness that he would think of her a little, and she was not mistaken.

A train passed swiftly over a crossing, but not too fast to prevent some passengers in the rear coach from recognizing the occupants of a conveyance which was awaiting the passage of the express.

"General Thornton! And who in the world is his companion?" exclaimed a young lady seated near a window.

"Why, that's Miss Arnold, my teacher," answered a little boy, her traveling companion and our little friend, Willie Young, who was much surprised when his quick glance noted his uncle and much-beloved teacher on such apparently friendly terms. And Miss Bailey plied him with questions regarding Alice until the train came to a stop at Woodlawn.

Olga Bailey was an elegant-looking girl of 23, an acquaintance of Thornton's, and, in the opinion of her friends, anxious to become something nearer and nearer to him. She was now on her way to spend a few weeks at Woodlawn, as the guest of his sister, Mrs. Young, who was staying there for the summer.

Willie and his mamma had met Miss Bailey a few stations from Woodlawn to accompany her the remainder of the journey, and she was blissfully contemplating a meeting with Gerald Thornton when rudely awakened by this unexpected encounter. She consoled herself by thinking he was only amusing himself with this "common school-teacher" in the absence of better company.

Olga was generally pronounced handsome; large gray eyes, fair hair, straight nose and a small, self-satisfied mouth, formed charms which, in connection with a large bank account, attracted many admirers; but what love she could spare from herself was lavished upon an unresponsive young man, who at that moment was enjoying the companionship of the girl whose sweet manner and dark blue eyes had taken his fancy captive at their first meeting.

Since then he had met her several times by accident, and several times by design; he had called at Mrs. Brown's with a volume of poems which he had mentioned in one of their brief conversations, and on two or three occasions a bouquet of exquisite flowers had found its way to Alice. This afternoon she had accepted his invitation to drive with him, and showed her enjoyment frankly.

"Ah!" she said, as they arrived home in the twilight, "this is an evening to live in one's memory forever." She stood at the gate which opened on the flower-bordered pathway leading to the porch; the soft night breeze stirred the leaves of the trees. Gerald lingered, loath to leave this enchanted place.

"I suppose I ought to go," he said. "No doubt you are longing for a good night's sleep before beginning your tiresome labors with those troublesome children."

She laughed. "Why are you so savage about my scholars?" she said. "Some of them are nice little things, and I can not allow you to slander them."

"I won't do so any more if you will give me one of these buds," indicating the bouquet she wore in her corsage. "It is a bargain; but the flowers are withered," she added.

She unfastened one, but in trying to put it on his coat her fingers trembled, and she murmured a few words about her awkwardness. Suddenly her hand was seized and a quick kiss fell upon it. Alice uttered a startled cry and ran lightly to the house, waving good-night from the doorway, and Gerald drove slowly home, not displeased with this display of maiden modesty.

Miss Bailey was not charmed to find Gerald's manner less lover-like even than it had been before. She had been at the hotel over two weeks, monopolizing his company as much as possible, smiling her most engaging smiles, and using all the arts of which she was mistress to enslave him. But although he had been her companion quite often in rambles through the grounds, and her escort to several places of amusement which the gay people at the house attended, he had not taken advantage of his opportunities.

To-night she came into the parlor where he was seated at the piano light-touching the keys; her faultlessly made costume of some clinging white material, relieved by a bunch of velvet pansies, set off her handsome figure to advantage, and she looked very fair as she stood in the soft twilight of the room.

"I was sure you were here. I knew your touch on the piano. I want you to try the accompaniment of a song I received to-day, and tell me if my voice is equal to rendering it. I can always rely on your opinion."

"I am very much honored, and am entirely at your service. Where is the music?"

She gave it to him, but said: "Wait until they light the gas. I will sit here while you play for me."

Sinking gracefully into a large chair near by she closed her eyes, and Gerald, with a few laughing remarks, continued his playing. He had been thinking of Alice before Miss Bailey entered, and now, with that young lady so obligingly silent, his thoughts strayed back to her. How sweet she was, and so easily startled. She had been even more shy than usual since the night of the drive, but she could not hide the confiding light in her blue eyes. He was sure she cared for him. Little pet—she was not equal to her hard life; he imagined she looked tired lately; not doubt the hot weather and—

Here a movement of the occupant of the chair recalled him to the present. Miss Bailey had opened her eyes a few minutes before, expecting to find him admiring her clear profile against the becoming back-ground of crimson velvet; but she was doomed to disappointment, for there he sat, playing away, seemingly forgetful of everything but the music. He did not perceive her chagrin.

"My efforts to entertain did not put you to sleep, then?"

"No; but judging from your rapt expression, I think you nearly played yourself into dreamland. Confess the subject of your thoughts, and I will find the penny for you."

He reddened slightly. "No, no! I trust so little in ladies' promises that I must receive the money before parting with my precious thoughts."

He arose and leaned against the instrument as he spoke, gazing down at the graceful girl, who looked up smiling graciously.

"Surely in this case you will make an exception? Surely you will trust me?" throwing into the words a world of expression quite lost on the man whose heart was fully occupied by another.

"No exception! I read the old sayings, 'Women were deceivers ever,' 'Put not thy faith in woman,' and as a result my hair is still unsilvered."

Olga was weary of small nonsense. Why would he always talk in this strain to her, never verging on anything serious? She moved pleasantly in her chair, but said pleasantly enough, "Fortunately for you, brown hair is still becoming."

"Still becoming? Is that a hint at my advancing years?" laughing.

"No, indeed! I—I like mature men. By the way, talking of brown hair, have you ever observed that of Willie's pretty school teacher?" with a searching glance.

Gerald smiled. "Now, Olga, you and I are old friends, if you desire information from me on any subject, why not ask for it directly?"

"I don't understand you," she replied, reddening furiously.

"Oh, yes, you do. And you want to know all about Miss Arnold."

Miss Bailey's thin lips turned scornfully.

"Indeed, Mr. Thornton, you are quite mistaken. I take no interest in people of that class."



HE AROSE AND LEANED AGAINST THE INSTRUMENT.

He looked at her almost fiercely.

"I beg your pardon; but to what class do you refer?"

"How cross you are!" with a pretense of terror. "The working class, of course."

"Oh! How lucky for you that your mother did not share your opinions, Olga! Had she not married an enterprising mechanic who made a fortune by patents, you might never have been an heiress."

"Gerald, that is ungenerous," Miss Bailey cried with a furious look.

"Not a bit of it—only just. You may as well understand at once that my future wife is not to be despised because she's an honest little girl who works for her bread."

"Your future wife?" The angry red in Olga's face gave way to pallor. "I beg your pardon; I had no idea that matters had gone so far."

"Pray understand me; I have not yet offered myself to Miss Arnold."

"But you are quite sure of her, nevertheless," Olga interrupted, with a mocking laugh. "I can readily understand that. In spite of the boasted simplicity of country girls, they generally know which side their bread is buttered on!" With which coarse speech Miss Bailey left the room, not caring to face the anger blazing in Gerald's eyes.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "What a shrew it is! 'Suppose I hadn't met my little darling and had married this lovely specimen? I'd have committed suicide in a year.'"

Ten minutes later, Olga, standing at her open window, saw Gerald leaving the grounds, and not with a throb of rage and dismay that he followed the country road which led to the "teacher's home."

The next day Alice, after dismissing her scholars, came out of the school house, locking the door after her. She was tired, but very happy, for the light of a beautiful love now filled her heart. She hummed a little song as she came down the path, and did not notice an elegant-looking young lady, attired in a tailor-made suit of light cloth, until her attention was arrested by the words, "I see I am too late, I intended calling for Willie Young."

"He started a short time ago," rejoined Alice, and the two proceeded on their way together.

"You are Miss Arnold? We hear very pleasant things about you from Mrs. Young's little boy, who has quite fallen in love with you. My name is Olga Bailey."

"You are one of the guests at Woodlawn's, I presume?"

Alice felt almost jealous of this dashing girl, with such fascinating manners, who lived under the same roof with—somebody.

"Yes; it is rather a quiet place, but I promised to join the party here for a short time. It is not my first visit, though; I was here once before with Mrs. Gerald Thornton."

"With whom?" gasped Alice.

"Gerald Thornton's wife. I suppose you have seen him? That tall, dark man—"

"Yes, yes, I know. And he is married, you say?"

"Why, yes—has been for years. Is it possible you did not know it?"

"I—he almost a stranger to me—I did not know. Excuse me, but my way lies down this road. Good afternoon." And Alice turned abruptly away.

"Well," said Olga, looking after her, "my work was easily done—more easily than I supposed possible. So the little fool knew nothing of Gerald's wife? I fancy, my fine gentleman, with a malicious tightening of the thin lips, "that I have put a spoke in the wheel of your love-making, and that you will soon experience some of the misery of unrequited love. A good five minutes' work, truly."

Meanwhile, Alice was rushing home like a frantic creature. The words "Gerald Thornton's wife" rang like iron bells, clanging through her brain and throbbing in her heart. Yes, the man she loved so fondly was a married flirt who not only laughed at her

simple trust in him. How could she have been so blind, so foolish? She almost hated herself, and was sure she hated him. But no one must know what she endured—she would bear her disappointment bravely.

In the fortnight that followed Gerald and Alice did not meet. Once, when he called at the house, he was told she had gone to spend the night with a friend; and again, Miss Arnold had a headache, and wished to be excused. He wondered what could be the reason of her refusal to see him; had he said or done anything to offend her? He asked her in a note, to which he received no reply.

Mrs. Brown handed Alice the note and a beautiful bouquet of pale-tinted heliotrope. She carried the flowers up to her room, where she could read her letter undisturbed. It began "My little girl," and was signed "Gerald."

"How dare he?" she thought. "What must he think of me?"

But the note must remain unanswered; she was not the silly creature he imagined her.

She sat at her desk one evening, a week later, having dismissed the children. It was a relief to be alone, and free to drop the cheerful face she was forced to wear before inquisitive eyes. She rested her head wearily on one slender hand and gazed thoughtfully out through the window opposite. Suddenly a voice broke the silence.

"Alice!"

Turning, she saw the subject of her thoughts standing in the doorway; her heart throbbed fiercely, almost gladly.

She tried to control herself, but her voice trembled as she said, "Mr. Thornton, what brings you here?"

He noted her pallor and asked: "Child, what is the matter? What have I done that you avoid me? Can it be that I was mistaken in thinking you cared for me a little?"

He bent over her, laying his hand on hers, but she drew it away.

"Mr. Thornton, how dare you? I know all—that you are not free. Now go."

She arose and waved him away, but he only retreated a step or two.

"Alice, my darling, what do you mean?"

"Reserve your pet names for Mrs. Thornton." He looked puzzled, and she continued: "Keep them for your wife, sir."

A singular look crossed his face. "My wife! You have heard then—"

"That you are married? Yes, Oh, how could you—how could you deceive me so?" And her short-lived anger gone, she covered her poor face and sobbed bitterly.

He looked at her with wistfulness, but did not speak, waiting for her to recover herself. Then he said, "Alice, who told you my story?"

"Miss Bailey, one of your friends."

"I thought so! And she gave you to understand that my wife still lived?"

"Yes."

"You believed her, of course?"

Alice uncovered her face and looked intently at the speaker, hope shining in her eyes.

"Is it true, then? Are you not—married?"

He walked to the door, gazed for a moment at the scene around, and then said, "Alice, come here a moment."

She obeyed mechanically. Pointing across the fields to the side of a gently sloping hill, he asked, "Little girl, do you see that willow in the little graveyard, the one which towers above all rest? In that spot my wife has been sleeping for three long years."



"IN THAT SPOT MY WIFE HAS BEEN SLEEPING FOR THREE LONG YEARS."

"Dead!" Alice burst into tears.

"Oh, I never knew; I—"

"How should you, my poor darling? I wished to be sure of your love before I told you my history." She blushed and hung her head. "But oh, Alice, how could you think me such a villain?"

"Forgive me," she said, humbly. "It was wrong, and yet how could I doubt the assertion of your friend? Indeed, she intended me to think your wife was still living."

"Friend!" Gerald ground a word between his teeth that was not complimentary. "But let us not talk of her, Alice; more important matters engross us now. My pale little darling, you have suffered much! You love me a little, then?"

She raised her face to his.

"Why should I deny what you already know?" she cried, "I do love you, Gerald, better than any one in the whole wide world."

"Congratulations me, Olga."

Miss Bailey looked up from her book at the sound of Gerald's voice, her eyes glistened like steel.

"Upon what, pray?"

"My approaching marriage with Miss Arnold. I have persuaded her to set the day."

"Happy man!" The tone was light,

but the eyes wore harder than ever. "When was the happy decision reached?"

"This afternoon. I am really under heavy obligations to you, Olga."

"Pray explain; I hate riddles."

"And I hate falsehoods."

"Fortunately, your likes and dislikes are of no consequence to me, Mr. Thornton," with a disdainful toss of the head.

"Fortunately, as you say; for I can frankly declare, without fear of wounding you, Olga Bailey, treacherous and false friend, that I despise you!"

"Mr. Thornton, how dare you? Let me pass, sir!" cried Olga, pale with anger and some deeper feeling.

"In one moment. I said just now that I was under obligation to you; do you know why? Because your wicked falsehood has shown me how a good woman can meet misfortune—how her purity may conquer what she imagines to be an unworthy love. I have loved Miss Arnold always; now that she has been tested and found pure gold, I adore her!"

He said no more for Olga, with a cry of jealous pain and rage, fled from the room. He never saw her again.

The ring which glistened on Miss Arnold's hand a few days later was the wonder and admiration of the whole school, and the sorrow of the scholars at losing their beloved teacher was only partly mitigated by their being allowed to witness her marriage. "And all went merry as a marriage bell."

A PROGRESSIVE PEOPLE.

Marked Improvement in the Condition of Scandinavia.

H. G. Haugen, land commissioner of the St. Paul Railroad, has returned from a visit to his old home in Norway, says a Milwaukee paper.

It is thirty years since Mr. Haugen left Norway and, of course, he found many changes. There is a marked improvement in the moral and intellectual condition of the people, as well as in the industrial condition. He found in the country districts more reading was done. Every farm-house contains from one to three periodicals, including, generally, a religious paper, and another weekly. There is great improvement noticeable, also, in the matter of temperance. There does not appear to be one-fourth as much drinking as there was thirty years ago. One finds there now Good Templar organizations, Blue Ribbon societies, and the Salvation Army.

One of the chief influences in elevating and stimulating the people intellectually, Mr. Haugen thinks, is the great increase in the tourist traffic. The country is fairly overrun with summer tourists. It is estimated that in 1888 summer tourists left \$2,000,000 in Norway, and this amount will be fully doubled in 1889. The Norwegians are well posted about America and its institutions. One can hardly find a family in the agricultural sections that has not from one to half a dozen members in America. The manager of a large watering place, hotel and villa on the western coast of Norway has a brother who is register of deeds in a county in Iowa. American influence is very noticeable, there being more tourists from this country than from England. On every steamer and in every hotel on the coast there are servants that can talk English and they seem able to recognize an American at sight. No more courteous and hospitable people can be found in the world, Mr. Haugen thinks, and there is no more enjoyable place to spend the summer months than in Norway.

Retort Courteous.

A young lady of Mississippi was visiting the blue-grass region of Kentucky and was entertained at a dinner party at the governor's mansion. During the course of the dinner a degenerate son of the governor talked loosely about things in general, and among them of a visit to Mississippi, remarking that he had not seen a pretty woman in his tour through the state. The girl from Mississippi awaited her opportunity, and during a lull in the conversation turned and asked the governor if what she had heard of the gentlemen of Kentucky were true. The governor wanted to know what it was, and the attention of the whole company was directed to the lady's response: "Well," she said, "I've heard that Kentucky gentlemen educate their horses and turn their sons out to grass."

A Strain on the Organ.

A clergyman in Boston likes to tell a story of his experience in a suburban church some years since. He was to preach an exchange, and so was a little anxious to have things go smoothly. The pastor had left a written order of service for him, but he noticed that it contained no reference to an organ response after the "long prayer." So he called the aged sexton to the pulpit and asked him what followed the prayer. The sexton couldn't remember. "Doesn't the organ have anything to do?" asked the preacher. "Oh," said the sexton, "I believe the organ does give a few notes, just enough to take off the effect of the prayer!" Another Boston clergyman was once surprised, on preaching an exchange, to find "a strain on the organ" upon the order as following the prayer. When he heard the wheezy, asthmatic tones of the instrument he concluded it was indeed a "strain."—Boston Record.

"I would not live away," said the Psalmist in a moment of poetic rapture. "I would not either," says Josh Billings, irreverently. So we say—but then while we do live, let us hold on to our health and spirits. The surest way to do this is to lay in a supply of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Try it.

The Georgia Farmers' Alliance has selected Atlanta as the site for the Georgia ex-posed. Warehouses will be built, the design being to do away with the middle-man.

Look out for counterfeits! See that you get the genuine Salvation Oil! Don't let the dealer sell you some "just as good," but insist on getting the genuine with the Bull's Head trade mark on the wrapper.

Major G. W. Adams, Kentucky's secretary of state, lost four toes at Eminence, Ky. While attempting to board a train his foot slipped and a wheel passed over his foot.

There is nothing (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor so much as Dobbin's Electric Soap, constantly sold since 1864. All grocers have it. Have you made its acquaintance? Try it.

Robert Berrier, who shot and killed his mother-in-law, Mrs. Walter, near Lexington, Ky., was captured near Greensboro and taken to Lexington, where he was hanged to a tree.

Listen—song of rejoicing.
Hearts that were heavy are glad.
Women, look up and be hopeful,
There's help and there's health to be had.
Take courage, O weak ones despondent,
And drive back the foe that you fear
With the weapon that never will fail you,
O, be of good cheer,

for when you suffer from any of the weaknesses, "irregularities," and "functional derangements," peculiar to your sex, by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription you can put the enemy of ill-health and happiness to rout. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of satisfaction in every case or money refunded. See bottle wrapper.

For all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels take Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

Frank R. Dean, sporting editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, shot himself in the head, with a suicidal intent. Dean is supposed to have been temporarily insane from overwork. His wound will probably prove fatal.

A Pleasing Sense
Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

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

Rhode Island wants the world's fair held in Chicago.

The Excitement Not Over.
The rush on the druggists still continues and the daily scores of people call for a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Kemp's Balsam, the standard family remedy, is sold on a guarantee and never fails to give relief and satisfaction. Price, 50c and \$1.00. Trial size free.

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

A receiver is called for by the Port Huron natural gas company.

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

Received \$15,000.

Steeleton (Pa.) Advocate, Sept. 27.
Christopher Gould, the assistant dispatcher of the Philadelphia & Reading railroad, who resides at 609 North Street, Harrisburg, last Wednesday received \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery at New Orleans. He held one-twentieth of ticket No. 8,174, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000, in the drawing of the 10th inst. On Monday of last week, Mr. Gould delivered his ticket to Albert Leeds of Steeleton, agent of the United States express company, who forwarded said ticket. On Wednesday it was received, the full amount of the drawing, in ready cash money, namely \$15,000. He at once sent for Mr. Gould, to whom it was delivered that same day.

We are happy to say that this sudden wealth has not fallen into the hands of a Coal Oil Johnny man, who squanders it in a reckless manner. But on the other hand it has come into the hands of a disinterested and worthy man, who will make proper use of it. To be sure he may possibly feel somewhat elated, as he has good reason to be, but when he was handed over this fortune, he was as cool and reticent as a judge when he passed sentence. This sum certainly comes in very nice, as he had little more than his wages to fall back on.

Pains and Aches
TRADE MARK
Promptly and Permanently Cured by
JACOBS OIL
Baltimore, Md. The Chas. A. Vogler Co.

SICK HEADACHE
Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Headache.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Price 25 Cents.
CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.
Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

MARVELLOUS JUGGLERY.

Some of the Incomprehensible Things Done in the East Indies.

Ram Chunda Khan, now a resident of Leadville, but for many years a dweller in India, as his name may indicate, was in Denver, says the Times of that city. Mr. Khan resembles others of his race in figure and feature. He speaks English with what some Americans term "an English accent," and is fluent and interesting in conversation. Talking to a Times reporter about the marvellous skill of the native jugglers in India, Mr. Khan said:

"I was at Delhi, India, about five years ago and while there witnessed a jugglery or sleight-of-hand performance that was as interesting to me as any I had ever seen. We had dined with the chief engineer of the Punjab, and after dinner retreated to the veranda. The actors, as I may call them, were seven in number, very ordinary looking Hindoos, with the exception of the leader, who was as fine a looking sikh as I had ever seen and that is saying a great deal. He was heavily bearded, broad shouldered, and commanding. His attire consisted of nothing more than a white waist cloth and a turban.

"The ground on which the performance was given was the broadened end of a graveled carriage drive in front of the bungalow. Here it was not possible that there should be any hidden stage mechanism nor any concealed accomplice, and when the seven actors stood up in the center of this ground, each one as simply dressed as the leader, one could not help but think what little chance they had to conceal about their persons what we look upon as the usual outfit of the conjurer.

"Standing in a lateral row, the leader speaking for the party, they signified their wish to be counted. We on the veranda counted them and individually and collectively reached the same result—that there were seven, neither more nor less. After a few twists and turns of a peculiar intricate dance the men stopped and again arranged themselves in line. They numbered only six. One had disappeared. Going through the same dancing movements again and lining themselves as before we counted eight. A third time they danced and one of the eight disappeared, leaving the original number, seven. You must satisfy your own mind as to how the trick was done; that is what we were obliged to do.

"The next trick was even more wonderful than the one which preceded it. The sikh and one of the Hindoos stepped in front of the five other men and the sikh, by a few passes of his hands, put the single Hindoo under mesmeric or other uncanny influence. The leader's hands moved rapidly over the patient's body, the strokes ending each time at the left shoulder. Soon from that point an opaque mass seemed to grow. To this the operator turned his attention. While he did not appear to touch it the mass took shape, following the movements of his fingers. Thus he moulded it into the semblance of a human form more perfect in every particular but apparently without life. It was joined to the mesmerized Hindoo by a filament.

"When the experiment had progressed thus far we on the veranda experienced a curious sensation; we could feel the concentrated will of the leader and the five idle Hindoos centered on this male Galatea. It took unto itself life, and the leader, with a wave of the hand, caused the filament to disappear. The male Galatea, or better, the Frankenstein stepped forward of its own will. One of the Hindoos came to the front and threw a cloth around the creature's waist and led it upon the veranda where we sat, and at the same time collected our rupees and four-anna-pieces. We could see nothing unearthly in the person nor in the action of this hand-made being. Its eyes were open, but it did not speak, but it seemed to notice material things and walked unassisted and unguided back to the group of jugglers.

"After time enough to quiet our nerves had elapsed the leader stepped forward holding in his hand a ball of colored cotton twine, and retaining one end of it in his left hand, he threw the ball straight up in the air. It unrolled as it ascended, and just when the end fluttered loose and we expected to see it all come down with a run, a bird swooped down and taking the end of the cord in its beak held the line suspended. Presently the line vibrated and we could see wiggling down it a serpent which the sikh caught and handed to an attendant who brought it to us. It was one of the deadly and much dreaded cobras and full of life. We did not dare to touch it and the attendant hurried back to receive from the hands of the sikh an Indian baby that had come down the string with a rush and lay squirming in his arms.

"The ball of cotton on which these mysterious phenomena were seen was about the size of a bombshell. How it could have contained a live serpent and a live baby I am at a loss to understand. We thoroughly examined the baby and pinched it with the usual result, and can certify that it was a living child with healthy lungs. I may mention that when the attendant took the baby the sikh took the serpent and swallowed it quietly and quickly. All this time the mesmerized man had stood a little apart

from the other Hindoos and was still in the trance. Turning to him now the leader made a few passes with his hands and brought the fellow back to consciousness, but we could not see the hand-made Hindoo, nor did any of us notice what had become of him."

Transferring Landed Property in Japan.

Japan, a country in which Mexicans must henceforth feel a special interest, says the Mexican Financier, it having recently given the citizens of this republic unusual commercial privileges, has set the civilized world an excellent example in the adoption of a new and greatly improved method of transferring landed property. Henceforth land will be transferred by registration instead of by title deeds; registration books will be kept at the chief offices of all administrative districts, in which entries will be made fully describing all the lands in the district, the boundaries, owners' names, etc., and their taxable value. A person buying land will, on the presentation of the proper information, be registered as the new owner of the property. This method of land transference has the advantage of the greatest possible simplicity, but it is not likely to find favor with lawyers and notaries. This remarkable simplification of the common method of transferring landed estates may well be investigated by the government of this country.

Hyenas and Bears in India.

The hyena is nocturnal, hiding away in caves, among rocks or hills and ravines during daylight, and as a sneaking, cowardly, though formidable animal, with jaws so powerful that it can crush large bones with ease. It eats carrion and animals that have died or have been killed by other beasts of prey. It is often hunted and speared, when it makes little effort to defend itself; it has an unearthly disagreeable cry, and is so cowardly it has been caught and held by the hands of a native shikari. It figures to a considerable extent among the destroyers of life.

There are two wolves in India; the first seems to be undistinguishable from the European wolf, and is rather larger than other species which is the common wolf of India. The Indian wolf is rather smaller than the European species. It carries off children frequently, taking them out of the huts, and has been known to snatch them from their mothers' arms. Wolves are cunning, cruel, bloodthirsty and very wary. They are seldom seen in the daylight, prowling chiefly at night. They live in holes and ravines, and are not often met with in the open; at night I have seen one or two lit like specters across the road. If surprised by day in the open they make off at a long, loping gallop in which it is almost impossible to overtake them even on a good horse, though they are sometimes run down and speared. They seldom molest the larger animals, except when feeble, nor do they often attack adult human beings, unless they take them by surprise, but children they attack readily. They grasp at the throat, and I have seen children who have been seized and rescued, but were found to be mortally wounded. In 1887, 177 persons and 4087 head of cattle were killed by wolves in the registered provinces. On the other hand, there were 6,339 wolves killed.

The Salamander.

Considerable ignorance exists, even among persons of education, as to the habit of the salamander. The mere mention of this harmless little batrachian recalls to the minds of most people mystic ideas with respect to fire-eating and fire-inhabiting creatures, which have probably caused many of the poor little brutes to be burnt by experimental philosophers who should have been far above a belief in such absurdities. The spotted salamander is the color of lamp-black, with numerous large yellow spots and stripes, and is very common all over southern Europe, as well as in northern Africa. It haunts all manner of dark and cool places, such as cavities under logs of wood, and holes in old walls, where they can find a supply of insects, worms or slugs. All the salamander's movements are performed with such absurd solemnity that the most hard-headed reptile-hater could not be uninterested. Sometimes the operation of swallowing a worm will last twenty minutes.

Dangers From Beer Drinking.

In appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold or a shock to the body or mind will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally. Compared with other inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety, closely allied to insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Intellectually a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger senseless and brutal.—Scientific American.

"Well, Brown, how do you find yourself?" "Never lose myself. If I did I suppose I'd advertise in the New York World."—Wit and Wisdom.

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Illustrated Weekly Supplements
Were given with nearly every issue during the last year, and will be continued. They give an increase of nearly one-half in the matter and illustrations, without any increase in the price of the paper.

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Articles of great value and interest will be given in the volume for 1890 by
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The Children's Page contains charming Stories, Pictures, Anecdotes, Rhymes and Puzzles, adapted to the youngest readers.
Household Articles will be published frequently, giving useful information in Art Work, Fancy Work, Embroidery, Decoration of Rooms, Cooking, and Hints on Housekeeping.

THIS SLIP FREE TO JAN. 1, 1890. WITH \$1.75
To any New Subscriber who will cut out and send us this slip, with name and Post Office address and \$1.75 for a year's subscription, we will send "The Youth's Companion" FREE to Jan. 1, 1890, and for a full year from that date. This offer includes the FOUR DOUBLE HOLIDAY NUMBERS, the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY SUPPLEMENTS, and the ANNUAL PREMIUM LIST, with 500 Illustrations. Send money by Post-Office Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter.

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Over 25 Pounds Gain in 10 Weeks
Experience of a prominent Citizen
THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY F. R. H. 212
SUPERVISION OF VICE
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.
I took a severe cold in my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased.
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Cleanses the Nasal Passages
Allays Pain and Inflammation,
Heals the Sore,
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE
A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered. ELY BROTHERS, 34 Warren Street, New York.

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MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY
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DIMINISHES DANGER TO LIFE OF MOTHER AND CHILD
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This Trade Mark is the Best in the World.
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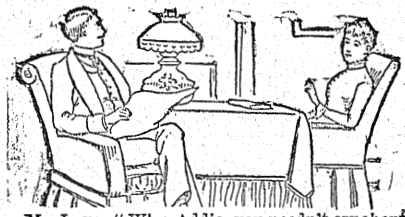
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Mr. Lee. "Why, Addie, you needn't cry about it! I only said Mrs. Allen was a very well-informed woman, and I wished you would follow her example!"
 Mrs. Lee. "Yes, and last week you said you wished I could manage to look as stylish as Mrs. Allen, and she makes all her own clothes. But she has what I haven't!"
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 Mrs. Lee. "Well, she gets all of her information from the Magazine 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 Magazine lately, and I learned over to her house reading, about various social matters and the topics of the day, than I would pick up in a month by my occasional chats with friends. It certainly covers every topic of interest, from the news of the day down to the details of housekeeping; and everything is so beautifully illustrated, too. Every time Mary goes over to Mrs. Allen's she comes back and teases me to get you to take Demorest's Family Magazine, as the stories are so good. Even the boys watch for it every month, as a place to find out the news in their class; and Mr. Allen swears by it. It is really wonderful how it suits every member of the family!"
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Window and Door frames to order on short notice. Scroll Sawing also done.

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

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

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

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

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CASS CITY, - - MICH.

KINGSTON.

Lots of new houses in Kingston.

The new factory is progressing rapidly.

Ramon says that Jack Canfield has left for parts unknown.

Edward Hobbs is having his new home plastered this week.

A new shed at the grist mill to protect horses from the storm.

Miss Anna Depow, who has been very ill, is slowly recovering.

H. S. Youngs and F. J. Gifford were in Marlette on Thursday last.

O. M. Brook's new domicile is being rapidly pushed to completion.

Mrs. Fred. Brown and baby have returned to their home in Canada.

Mrs. J. Veit, mother of Geo. Veit, is visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Our bustling grain buyer, Mr. Smith, reports business still booming at the elevator.

Nice rain on Saturday last, which was just what the fall wheat was badly in need of.

There was a quarterly business meeting held in the M. E. church on Monday morning.

Honesty elevates a man to the top of the "ladder" quicker than anything else in this world.

Wm. Millikin has become tired of renting and is now pleasantly situated under his own roof.

The social given by the Epworth league at Mrs. H. S. Young's on Tuesday evening was very enjoyable.

The quarterly meeting at the Baptist church will commence to-morrow (Saturday) and continue over Sunday.

Wm. Millikin is siding his new residence. He will not treat it to a coat of plastering this fall, so we are informed.

Our new furniture dealers have been posting 200 large posters during the past few days, which shows they believe in a liberal quantity of printer's ink.

Mrs. Booth, a daughter of J. Curtis, has returned from Canada where she has been for some time, but intends to leave for Pontiac soon, where she will remain this winter.

The "kids" painted the town red last Thursday night, it being Halloween night. They celebrated it in good old genuine style, and they destroyed no property of any description.

Clarence Cronkite has built a fine farm house on his place, one mile west and one mile north of Kingston. It presents a very nice appearance and is a decided improvement to his farm.

Presiding Elder Reid preached a very able discourse at the M. E. church last Sunday. The elder has the ability to deliver a very deep and practical sermon. He was heartily welcomed by a very large congregation.

Chas. Jenley and Byron Fuller, who have been turning the sod and reaping the harvest in Dakota for five years past, have returned home. When asked how they liked Dakota they remained silent. To the questioner it seemed as though they disliked it enough to leave and still retained enough love for it to cause them not to say anything in regard to its many bad qualities. They are at present in Isabella county looking over some land with the intention of buying if they become satisfied with it.

Oh Michigan, how good it really seems, To trod again upon thy sod; Where for many long and weary years My weary feet have trod.

Progress of Inventions Since 1845.

In the year 1845 the present owners of the Scientific American newspaper commenced its publication, and soon after established a bureau for the procuring of patents for inventions at home and in foreign countries. During the year 1845 only 502 patents were issued from the U. S. Patent office, and the total issue from the establishment of the Patent office, up to the end of that year numbered only 4,547.

Up to the first of July this year there have been granted 406,412. Showing that since the commencement of the publication of the Scientific American there have been issued from the U. S. Patent office 402,166 patents, and about one-third more applications have been made than have been granted, showing the ingenuity of our people to be phenomenal and much greater than ever the enormous number of patents issued indicates.

Probably a good many of our readers have had business transacted through the offices of the Scientific American, in New York or Washington, and are familiar with Munn & Co.'s mode of doing business, but those who have not will be interested in knowing something about this, the oldest patent soliciting firm in the country, probably in the world.

Persons visiting the offices of the Scientific American, 361 Broadway, N. Y., for the first time will be surprised, on entering the main office, to find such an extensive and elegantly equipped establishment, with its walnut counters, desks, and chairs to correspond, and its enormous staff, and such a large number of draughtsmen, specification writers, and clerks, all busy as bees, reminding one of a large banking or insurance office with its hundred employees.

In conversation with one of the firm, who had commenced the business of soliciting patents in connection with the

HOPE DEFERRED

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

FARMERS!

Can you Sacrifice Two or Three Pounds of Flour to the Bushel when you can get

Thirty-nine Pounds of No. 1 Flour

FOR A

BUSHEL OF NO. 1 WHEAT

Flour, \$2.25 per Cwt.; Feed and Bran by the ton. Buckwheat day on Friday, at

KINGSTON MILLS.

O. A. BRIGGS, PROP.

publication of the Scientific American, more than forty years ago. I learned that this firm had made application for patents for upwards of one hundred thousand inventions in the United States and several thousand in foreign countries and had filed as many cases in the Patent office in a single month as there were patents issued during the entire first year of their business career. This gentleman had seen the Patent office grow from a sapling to a sturdy oak, and he modestly hinted that many thought the Scientific American with its large circulation, had performed no mean share in stimulating inventions and advancing the interests of the Patent office. But it is not alone the patentsoliciting that occupies the attention of the one hundred persons employed by Munn & Co., but a large number are engaged on the four publications issued weekly and monthly from their office, 371 Broadway, N. Y., viz: The Scientific American, the Scientific American Supplement, the Export edition of the Scientific American, and the Architects and Builders edition of the Scientific American. The first two publications are issued every week, the latter two the first of every month.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.
 It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle; it helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial Bottles of this wonderful Discovery Free at Fritz Bros', Drug store.

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Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting.

Best Cattle, Hogs and Sheep dough for Eastern Market.

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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.

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

JAMES M'GINNIS, Proprietor.

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Detroit and Cleveland STEAM NAVIGATION CO.

Palace Steamers, Low Rates and Quick Time for

DETROIT, PORT HURON, SAND LAGO, OSCODA, ALPENA, CHEBOYGAN.

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MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY AT 9.00 P. M.

FOR CLEVELAND, Daily (except Sunday) at 10.15 P. M.

Through tickets, and all baggage checked to destination. Our illustrated pamphlet, rates and excursion tickets will be furnished by your agents, or address

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

Now FOR BUSINESS!

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

H. W. ROBINSON,
Cass City, Mich.

Something New,

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

EMBREAD

And all PASTRY GOODS.

I will also have a first-class LUNCH ROOM

In Connection. Hot Tea and Coffee at all hours.

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

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

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

Pontiac, Cass City & Port Austin Railroad
TIME TABLE NO. 10.

STATIONS.	GOING NORTH.		
	Freight	Mixed	Pass.
Pontiac	9:30	6:00	8:00
Oxford	11:15	7:00	8:45
Deford	12:32	7:48	9:25
Imlay City	1:08	8:10	9:45
North Branch	2:50	9:02	10:22
Gifford	3:20	9:22	10:52
Kingston	4:18	9:45	11:22
Wilmot	4:18	9:58	11:22
Deford	4:35	10:07	11:31
Cass City	5:10	10:25	11:40
Gagetown	5:45	10:45	12:15
Owendale	6:10	11:00	12:20
Berne	7:00	11:40	12:42
Cassville	7:30	11:50	1:00

STATIONS.	GOING SOUTH.		
	Freight	Mixed	Pass.
Cassville	4:00	5:00	5:00
Berne	4:10	5:10	5:10
Owendale	4:42	5:42	5:42
Gagetown	4:55	5:55	5:55
Cass City	5:10	6:10	6:10
Bayport Junction	5:30	6:30	6:30
Wilmot	5:34	6:34	6:34
Kingston	5:44	6:44	6:44
Gifford	6:03	7:03	7:03
North Branch	6:18	7:18	7:18
Imlay City	6:58	7:58	7:58
Dryden	7:13	8:13	8:13
Oxford	7:52	8:52	8:52
Pontiac	8:30	9:30	9:30

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R. R.
TIME TABLE.

Trains going North.

STATIONS.	A. M. P. M. A. M.			
	No. 2	No. 4	No. 6	No. 8
East Saginaw	8:00	4:20	10:00	6:00
Reese	8:30	4:50	11:13	6:30
Fair Grove	8:50	5:10	12:22	6:50
Unionville	9:10	5:31	1:45	7:10
Sebewaing	9:28	5:43	2:18	7:28
Bayport Junction	9:40	6:00	3:03	7:40
Bayport Junction	9:43	6:12	3:18	7:43
P. O. & P. A. R. L. Crossing	10:06	6:21	4:20	7:46
Robinson	10:16	6:35	4:40	7:56
Robinson	10:25	6:40	4:40	7:56
Bad Axe	10:43	7:00	5:40	8:14

Trains going South.

STATIONS.	A. M. P. M. A. M.			
	No. 1	No. 3	No. 5	No. 7
Bad Axe	6:40	3:20	8:00	4:40
Robinson	6:55	3:35	8:60	4:55
Elkton	7:05	3:42	8:27	5:05
P. O. & P. A. R. L. Crossing	7:13	3:50	8:35	5:13
Bayport Junction	7:26	4:03	8:53	5:26
Bayport Junction	7:32	4:09	9:03	5:32
Bayport Junction	7:51	4:30	10:13	5:51
Unionville	8:02	4:44	10:20	6:02
Fairgrove	8:24	5:10	12:22	6:24
Reese	8:49	5:31	1:16	6:49
East Saginaw	9:20	6:00	2:25	7:20

This is the only direct route from the Saginaw Valley to Cassville, Port Austin, Sand Beach, and other towns in the "Thumb."

CONNECTIONS.

East Saginaw—With F. & P. M. R. R. for Detroit Toledo and the northwest. With the S. & St. L. Ry. for St. Louis, etc. With P. H. & N. W. for Vassar, Marlette, etc. With Michigan Central Ry. for points on Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw and Detroit, Saginaw & Bay City divisions.

Berne Junction—With P. O. & P. A. Ry. for Cassville Cass City and Pontiac.

Bad Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ry. for Port Austin, Sand Beach, and other towns in the "Thumb."

ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup.

F. & P. M. R. R.
Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889.
PORT HURON DIVISION.

STATIONS.	WEST.		EAST.	
	Express and Mail	Express and Mail	Express and Mail	Express and Mail
P. m.	P. m.	P. m.	P. m.	P. m.
12:45	9:00	Port Huron	Ar.	10:15
6:22	9:30	Zion	Ar.	10:45
6:48	10:00	Yale	Ar.	11:15
7:14	10:25	Brown City	Ar.	11:45
7:33	10:45	Marlette	Ar.	12:15
7:45	10:52	Gifford	Ar.	12:27
8:02	11:10	Mayville	Ar.	12:45
8:14	11:22	Tunista	Ar.	1:02
8:28	11:37	Vassar	Ar.	1:16
8:47	11:58	Frankenmuth	Ar.	1:27
9:15	12:27	East Sag.	Ar.	1:50
p. m.	p. m.	Port Austin	Ar.	p. m.

SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVISION.

STATIONS.	NORTH.		SOUTH.	
	Express and Mail	Express and Mail	Express and Mail	Express and Mail
a. m.	p. m.	a. m.	p. m.	a. m.
7:45	3:30	Port Huron	Ar.	10:55
8:21	4:05	Zion	Ar.	11:30
8:55	4:35	Yale	Ar.	12:05
9:32	5:15	Carousville	Ar.	12:45
10:04	5:45	Decker	Ar.	1:15
10:30	6:18	Palms	Ar.	1:40
10:02	6:33	Tyre	Ar.	2:02
11:46	7:05	Bad Axe	Ar.	2:33
1:00	7:50	Port Austin	Ar.	3:25
6:41	6:20	Minden	Ar.	7:20
11:20	6:55	Sand Beach	Ar.	7:45
p. m.	p. m.	Flag Stations.</		