

Cass City Enterprise.

BROWNE BROS., Publishers.
One Dollar Per Year.

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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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Cass City, Tuscola County, Michigan.

BROWNE BROS.,
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS.

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

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

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

Three Cent Column.

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

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For furth-
er information address
J. C. LAING,
4-12 14
Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE—Or exchange. A farm near Lon-
don, Canada, of 50 acres, with good brick
house and out buildings. Will trade for farm
near Cass City. Inquire of
S. D. EDWARDS,
Or at the Enterprise office. 11-14

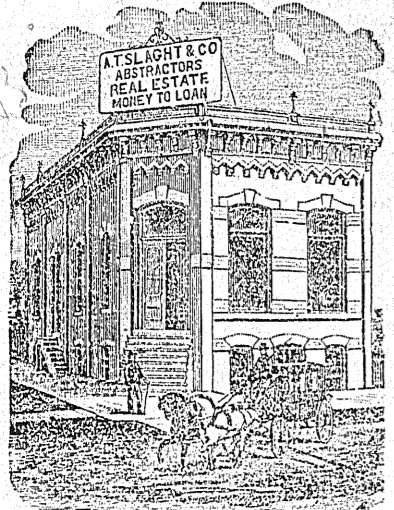
STRAYED—From my premises on Tuesday,
Nov. 12, a bay mare sucking colt. The
index will be suitably rewarded by leaving the
same at my place or notifying me of its where-
abouts.
JOHN STRIFFLER,
One mile east and 1 mile north of Cass City.

Cass City Markets.

Friday Morning, November 15.	
Wheat, o. 1 white.....	73
do No. 2 white.....	69
do No. 3 red.....	75
do No. 3 red.....	70
Oats.....	20
Beans hand-picked.....	1 00 @ 1 40
do unpicked.....	85 @ 1 00
Rye.....	30 @ 35
Barley.....	60 @ 75
Clover seed.....	3 00 @ 3 30
Peas per bushel.....	30 @ 40
Buckwheat.....	25 @ 28
Pork, live weight.....	3 00 @ 3 50
Pork, dressed.....	4 50 4 50
Butter.....	16
Eggs.....	17
Wool.....	20 @ 25

Abstracts of Title.

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



MONEY TO LOAN ON

FARM MORTGAGES.

IN SUMS FROM

\$50 TO \$5,000!

For long or short time.

Office across from Medler House.

CARO - MICH.

CARO

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 const-
antly on hand at the works.

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wed-
nesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cor-
dially invited.
J. L. HITCHCOCK, N. G.
I. A. FRITZ, Secretary.

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

K. O. T. M.
CASS CITY TENT, No. 74, meets the first Friday
evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir
Knights cordially invited.
W. D. SCHOOLEY, Reasons Keeper
JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER

Cass City Bank!

ESTABLISHED APRIL 13, 1832

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

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

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

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

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

J. D. Brooker and bride returned from
their wedding tour on Saturday evening
last, and are now "at home" to their
friends.

C. W. Case, general collector of the
Deering Manufacturing Co. of Jackson,
has been in town for the past week look-
ing after the financial interests of that
establishment.

Mrs. F. A. Blinn and daughter Lena,
of Milan, Mich., mother and sister of
Mrs. S. M. Gilchriese, are the guests of
the latter and will remain during the
coming winter.

Married, at the residence of Franklin
Phettyplace, Evergreen, on Nov. 12th,
by Rev. S. M. Gilchriese, Robt. Lorns of
British Columbia and Miss Maggie L.
Robinson, of Detroit, Mich.

A number of the members of Owendale
Tent visited their brethren in this place
on Friday evening last. It was needless
to say that they were made welcome in
the K. O. T. M. lodge here.

A bunch of four keys was found near
P. Herr's machine shop on Friday last
and remains at this office for the owner,
who can have the same by identifying
the keys and paying for this notice.

Wm. A. Heron, living five and one-
quarter miles north of Cass City, will
have an auction sale of stock and farm-
ing implements at his farm on Wednes-
day, Nov. 27th, at 10 o'clock in the
forenoon.

Remember the Thanksgiving dinner at
the Baptist church. You will get a good
warm meal—turkey, chicken pie, etc.
The Ladies' Aid has decided to have a
supper at the same place. Everybody
is invited.

Fred. Orr and J. D. Sutton of Caro ar-
rived in the city on Saturday last with
several head of stock from the county
farm, which they disposed of to Wm.
Fairweather, one of the cattle buyers of
this place.

Dan'l Dickson of Unionville passed
through this place on Saturday last on
his way to his parental home in Noves-
ta, having been called thither by the se-
vere illness of his mother and brother.
They are now recovering.

Money saved is money earned, so say
McDougall & Co., and will appear next
week with their holiday announcement.
A large stock of new goods has just been
received by the above firm, which are
now offered to the public.

After the hearty feasting which occurs
on Thanksgiving Day it is generally the
custom to aid digestion by indulging in a
social hop in the evening. This oppor-
tunity will be offered at the town hall
on Thursday night next by J. F. Em-
mons.

Owing to next Thursday being Thank-
sgiving Day, the next issue of the ENTER-
PRISE may not appear with its regular
promptness, as the office force will take
a holiday on this occasion, which is
given to the nation to enjoy as a day of
thankfulness.

The subject for next Sunday morning
at the Presbyterian church is, "The
Fruits of Christianity," Matt. vii, 16:17.
Evening—"The Aggressive Work of Sin
and Satan." The subject for the Y. P.
S. C. E. on Sunday evening is, "Christ
as Our Example."

An auction sale will be held at the
farm of Jno. Davis, five miles south of
Wickware and one mile east and one-
half mile north of Shabbona, on Wed-
nesday, Nov. 4, at 10 o'clock in the
forenoon. Stock and farming imple-
ments will be disposed of.

The United States of Brazil is the
name of the new republic recently pro-
claimed by the overturning of the liberal
monarchy of that country. Dom Pe-
dro, the aged emperor, relinquished his
right to throne on Saturday last and
the new form of government declared.
Such is the fall of another dynasty.

The road on west Main street has
been receiving a new dress this week,
workmen having been engaged a large
portion of the time in drawing gravel
from near the railroad crossing and
spreading it on this thoroughfare. It is
a much needed improvement, as the re-
cent rains have caused the road to be
exceedingly muddy, as many bad holes
existed.

When making a selection of your holi-
day presents don't forget to visit L. A.
DeWitt's furniture establishment and in-
spect the elegant line of furniture which
he has just received. It is as fine a se-
lection as we have seen in Cass City, and
anyone wishing to ornament the interior
of their dwelling can find what they want
at Mr. DeWitt's. Read his ad. next
week and you will be convinced of this
assertion.

A few weeks ago Mrs. S. A. Boulton of
this place went to Ann Arbor to have
an operation performed on her eyes.
After remaining at the university almost
a week under considerable expense, she
was then told by the physicians that had
paid her but little attention that they
could not help her. Why she could not
have been informed of this fact the first
day she was there, she wishes to know,

and not have been subjected to the need-
less expense caused by the delay. The
aged lady intends receiving treatment
under Dr. Frothingham of Detroit.

A large drove of hogs were driven
through town on Friday last, being
owned by Schwaderer Bros. These gen-
tlemen have been buying cattle, sheep
and swine on a large scale this season,
and their manner of dealing with the
farmers has secured for them a name
which is complimentary in the extreme.
Not many times have the cattle yards
near the depot been empty for the want
of occupants during the past six months.

The opening session of the lyceum was
held on Friday evening last in the high
school room. Quite an audience was
present to witness the exercises, which
were exceedingly interesting. Another
meeting will be held to-night, when a de-
bate will occur on the following ques-
tion: "Resolved, That gold has been
more valuable to the United States than
iron;" in addition to which there will be
an extensive program.

Do not let your life insurance policy
lapse, if you have one. The Caro Adver-
tiser of last week says: "Austin L.
Muzzy of Cass City, who died in Wiscon-
sin last week, was, until the 15th day of
last July a member of the Peninsular
Masonic Aid Association of this place,
and had he not allowed his policy to
lapse for the non-payment of assess-
ments his family would have received
\$2,000 from that source. He became a
member in September, 1874."

We call the attention of our readers to
The Western Rural and American Stock-
man, one of the oldest and best known
of our agricultural newspapers. Upon
the questions of Political Economy and
Reform The Rural is one of the ablest ex-
ponents of agriculture and a faithful
worker in behalf of the farmer and his
best interests. The subscription price
of the Rural and Stockman is \$1.50
per year, of 52 issues. For free sample
copies address Milton George, Chicago,
Ill.

The question of organizing an ad-
vanced singing class to be instructed by
some convention leader is being agitated
with considerable interest among some
of our local singers. Cass City affords
some excellent vocal talent, which only
lacks instruction in voice culture under
some experienced teacher to render as
pleasant a musical treat as can be pro-
duced anywhere in a town of this size.
We hope the promoters of this conven-
tional idea will not let the matter drop,
but push the work of organization to its
utmost capacity.

Don't fail to send twenty-five cents to
Boys and Girls, Springfield, Ohio, for the
grand Christmas and New Years number
of that beautiful, illustrated home mag-
azine. Each number contains tales of
adventure, scientific and historic articles,
fun, games and other interesting matter.
A year's subscription would make a
splendid Christmas present for a young
friend. Regular price, one dollar. New
subscribers, until December 20th only
fifty cents. This will include Christmas
and New Years numbers. Do not delay;
send immediately.

The Canadian Queen. This elegant
home magazine is sure to please every
American woman. It is devoted to fash-
ion, art, fancy work, flowers, toilet, home
decoration and household matters. It
is handsomely illustrated, and is equal
to any of the high-priced foreign mag-
azines. The imported designs for fancy
work and home decoration are worth
alone the entire years subscription. To
introduce into every cultivated Ameri-
can home the publishers offer to send it
three months on trial for only 25 cents
(U. S. 5c stamps or silver) Address The
Canadian Queen, Toronto, Ont.

Great preparations are being made for
the ball to be held on Thanksgiving
Eve, Nov. 27th, at the Tennant House
rink. Mr. Gordon is sparing no pains to
make this a delightful party, where the
most fastidious may attend without fear
or annoyance. Supper will be served at
the hotel, at midnight, and having
had the pleasure of partaking of many ex-
cellent viands prepared at this hostelry
we bespeak for the dancers a delicious
repast. In order that all lovers of this
pastime may attend the ball has been
placed at the low price of \$1.00. Good
music is promised for the occasion.

The following by Bob Burdette, is hav-
ing a wide circulation as it comes close
home to the souls of those who have
the circulation media in hand: "When I
think of the towel, the old-fashioned
towel, that used to hang up by the print-
ing house door, I think that nobody in
these days of shoddy can hammer out
iron to wear as it wore. The tramp who
abused it, the devil who used it, the
comp. who got it when these two were
gone, the make-up and foreman, the
editor, poor man, each rubbed some off
while he put a heap on. In over and un-
der, 'twas blacker than thunder, 'twas
harder than poverty, rougher than sin;
from the roller suspended it never was
banned, and it flapped on the wall like a
banner of tin. It grew harder and

rougher, thicker and tougher, and daily
put on a more inky hue, until one windy
morning without any warning it fell to
the floor and was broken in two."

"The marriage license law," said one
of our clergymen the other day, "is a
grand thing for us fellows. Previous to
its passage couples wishing to be mar-
ried would often call on me in the middle
of the night and rout me out of bed.
I would have to get up, ask innumerable
questions, swear them, etc., in an en-
deavor to live up to the requirements of
the law. But now it is different. The
marriage license relieves the officiating
clergyman of all responsibility, and the
knot can be tied in a tenth part of the
time that it formerly took. Some other
fellow has to ask the questions now."—
Caro Advertiser

If a newspaper should publish current
street gossip, or the hints and illusions
of the very best members of society in
every community, it would be ostracised
and the poor editor whipped and burned
at the stake. Think for a moment of
the mean and low things you say of your
fellow townsmen and your nearest neigh-
bors, and imagine how it would look in
print. And yet, not so very unrequit-
ly, there are people in a community who
call for just such things to be published.
Don't criticize the newspapers so much
as to what they print. A newspaper
that contained one-half the nonsense
current among the best citizens would be
considered unfit to read.—Ex.

A Sad Termination.

The accident which befell S. S. Sells
during the runaway of A. Randall's
team on Thursday, Nov. 7th, resulted in
his death on Tuesday morning last at
7 o'clock. He never recovered con-
sciousness from the time of the accident
until his death, and it is supposed that
he was severely injured internally. The
deceased was born in Canada in 1844,
moving to Michigan in 1872 and taking
up his residence in the township of
Grant, Huron county, together with his
family. He afterwards removed to No-
vesta township, where he resided until
about three months ago when he took
up his abode in Cass City. Mr. Sells had
been manager of Mr. Randall's horses
for the past season and was driving
a spirited team at the time of the fatality,
the account of which was given in
our last issue. The deceased leaves
a wife and six children to mourn the loss
of a husband and father, and who re-
ceive the sympathy of the entire com-
munity in their dire affliction.

The funeral services were held from
the M. E. church yesterday afternoon at
one o'clock, Rev. S. M. Gilchriese offici-
ating, after which the remains were in-
terred in the Cass City cemetery under
the supervision of Undertaker McKen-
zie. David Sells, father of the deceased,
and his two brothers, Benjamin and
John Sells, all of London, Ont., were in
attendance at the funeral.

DIED.

By request we publish the following
taken from the Waterloo (Wis.) Journal,
relative to the death of Austin L.
Muzzy:

Muzzy.—Austin L. Muzzy died at the
home of his mother in the town of
Medina, on Thursday, Oct. 31st, after
an illness of less than a week's duration.
He was born in Medina, Ohio, Aug. 3d,
1852. Came with his father's family to
Wisconsin in 1844. He was three times
married and leaves his third wife and
seven children to mourn the loss of their
natural guardian and protector. On
Sept. 16, 1861, Mr. Muzzy was mustered
into the military service of the U. S.
as a private in company C. Wis. Vol.
Inf., and he served until the close of the
war being discharged Sept. 4th, 1865.
His regiment was engaged in 36 battles
and skirmishes, in all of which he bore
his part with his comrades and escaped
unharmful. His health, however, suf-
fered from the hardships and exposures
which he endured, so he was left an easy
prey to the disease which terminated in
his death. He was buried on Saturday,
Nov. 2d. Representatives of the Masonic
order were present and their burial
service was used. Some G. A. R. com-
rades were also present, three of whom
belonged to the same company with the
deceased and now acted as bearers. The
immediate family and all the relatives
have the sincere sympathy of a large cir-
cle of friends and neighbors. He leaves
a large host of friends in Cass City,
Mich., where he has resided for a num-
ber of years."

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neigh-
bors talking about it. You may your-
self be one of the many who know from
personal experience just how good a
thing it is. If you have ever tried it,
you are one of its staunch friends, be-
cause the wonderful thing about it is,
that when once given a trial, Dr. King's
New Discovery ever after holds a place
in the house. If you have never used it
and should be afflicted with a cough,
cold or any Throat, Lung or Chest
trouble, secure a bottle at once and give
it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every
time or money refunded. Trial bottles
free at Fritz Bros', Drug store.

Married.

One of the most pleasant social gath-
erings of the season was the wedding of
John Higgins and Miss Hannah McCon-
key, at the residence of the bride's par-
ents in Elmwood township, on Wednes-
day, Nov. 14th. The ceremony was per-
formed by the Rev. E. Collins, rector of
St. Paul's church, Bad Axe and Grace
church, Gagetown, in the presence of a
large number of friends and relatives. After
the guardian knot had been tied the
assembled guests partook of a sumptu-
ous repast, at the close of which the of-
ficiating clergyman, in a short speech, in
the name of all present, tendered the
newly married the elegant presents in
view, and extended their hearty good
wishes for their future well being. The
new benedict and his worthy helpmate
are well and favorably known and the
entire neighborhood wishes them God
speed in the journey of life. Among the
presents, which were elegant and useful,
we note the following: One-half dozen
desert spoons, Mrs. J. F. Hendrick; hang-
ing lamp, H. McConkey, lamp, F. and J.
Watson; silver cake basket, Mrs. N. B.
Clark; silver butter dish and sugar shell,
N. B. Clark; one dozen individual salts,
A. H. Higgins; silver pickle castor, Mr.
and Mrs. J. W. Higgins; rocking chair,
Mr. and Mrs. J. Anker; silver butter
knife, Miss J. Higgins; parlor clock, J. F.
Hendrick; one half dozen silver knives
and forks, C. Clark; one-third dozen
individual salts, Miss A. Higgins; one-half
dozen teaspoons, Miss Ella Watson; sil-
ver castor, B. McConkey, Jr.; rocking
chair, Mrs. B. McConkey; pair towels,
Mrs. J. Watson; center table, B. McCon-
key, Jr.; table cloth, Mrs. G. Higgins;
lambrequin and chair tidy, Miss E. Mc-
Conkey; one-half dozen silver knives
and forks, W. McConkey; one-half dozen
cane seat chairs, 1 set of dishes and one
extension table.

A Moment

Of your time, reader, may perhaps be
profitably devoted to the following:—

Those who take an agency for a reliable
enterprising house, learn their busi-
ness and stick to it, "get on" in the
world. People who have any idea of
engaging in any canvassing business will
do well to write George Stinson & Co.,
Portland, Maine—the great art and gen-
eral publishers. They offer the most
exceptional advantages to those who
are sufficiently enterprising to be willing
to make a push in order to better their
condition. It costs nothing to try.
Women make successful canvassers, as
well as men. Full particulars will be
sent to those who address the firm;
their full address is given above.

Notice.

All persons owing Dr. McLachlan may
pay the same before Dec. 1st, or I will
place the account in an attorney's hands
for collection, which will cause you trouble
and expense. This is the last notice
so call on me and pay up at once.
11-22-1wk.
CHAS. STRIFFLER.

STRAYED OR STOLEN!

From my place on Wednesday last a
Chester white sow, weighing about 350
pounds. Any information leading to the
recovery of the same will be suitably re-
warded or anyone having her in their
possession will notify me, I will come and
prove charges and take her away.
11-22-2wks
WM. MARTIN.

Now is the time to paper your rooms
with good paper. We give one-quarter
off on all gilt papers for the next 30 days.
Rooms papered now will answer just as
well as if papered in the spring, while
you will get the advantage of the one-
quarter off.

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 custom-
ers the coming year.
11-2-tf.
Go to E. F. Marr's for your gent's fur-
nishing.

I am closing out my stock of cloaks
and offering great bargains to those pur-
chasing one of the handsome articles
now.
E. F. MARR.

The holidays are approaching, and if
you want to make your fellow a beauti-
ful present, call at E. F. Marr's clothing
store and inspect his neck scarfs.

Get one of those cloaks at E. F. Marr's
before it is too late. Ladies you will
never have another chance for getting
them so cheap.

The best line of overcoats in the city
at E. F. Marr's.

If you want a nobby hat or cap, or
anything in the line of hat apparel in-
vest your money at E. F. Marr's cloth-
ing store.

J. H. Winegar pays the highest cash
price for poultry.

Sell your fur to J. H. Winegar and get
the highest cash price.

J. H. Winegar pays cash for all kinds
of game and live poultry.

For Sale or Exchange!

Farm of 120 or 160 acres. Seventy-
five acres under cultivation. Will ex-
change for village property, or part stock
and time given on balance. Enquire of
W. J. WILLIAMSON,
Gagetown, Mich.
11-3-4 wks.

RURAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

Concerning the Farm, the Stock Range and the Household.

Good Advice about the Diseases of Farm Animals—Necessity of Deep Plowing Objected to—Care Needed in Feeding Stock—Milk for Butter Making.

Diseases in Farm Animals.

We should endeavor to prevent the appearance of disease, rather than to cure it after it has come. Sanitation, not medication, is what will reduce disease among farm animals to the minimum. Disease is by far the more common among swine than among other farm animals in this country. Annually about 10 per cent of our swine die of disease. Yet there are men who have raised swine extensively for fifteen to twenty years with as little disease among them as among the best-kept horses or cattle. These men have reared pure-bred swine, and some of them are in the region where corn is largely fed. It can not, therefore, be said that so much disease among swine is due to in-breeding, or wholly to the large feeding of corn. There is no reason why swine should be more subject to disease than other farm animals. The fact that they are is because they are treated differently. Their quarters are allowed to become more filthy; they are given drink that other animals would not be expected to use; their feed is thrown in the mud and their own manure; and their shelters are of the poorest description and devoid of all means of ventilation. The men who have raised swine with little disease have given their swine pure drink, a variety of clean, wholesome food, comfortable, well-ventilated shelters and clean, dry quarters.

It must, not, however, be inferred that there is among other farm animals no more disease than there should be. If more care were taken to provide sheep, cattle and horses with only healthful food, drink, shelter and surroundings, it is safe to say that there would be much less disease among them. The investigations of European veterinarians, and of Drs. Law, Grant and others in this country, have shown that bovine tuberculosis is most prevalent among cows kept in damp, foul, unventilated stables, or upon wet land where the air and food are contaminated. In other words, sanitation and hygiene are opposed to bovine tuberculosis. Nor is this disease an exception. Sanitary measures are the best preventives of every disease afflicting our farm animals.

The preponderance of evidence is that swine-plague, bovine tuberculosis, foot-rot, glanders, etc., are produced by a microbe, although the germ theory of disease is disputed by some. However, it has been established without doubt that these conditions, which are unwholesome to higher animal life are most favorable to the microbes which are supposed to produce these diseases. Thus, these microbes flourish in water contaminated with decaying organic matter, or in damp, decomposing litter; and while they are not introduced into the system through pure drink or food, they are introduced through foul, dirty drink and food oftener than by any other medium.

The measures recommended for the prevention of disease would also be desirable were no disease to be feared. It is firmly established that animals in a low bodily condition are more subject to disease than vigorous, thrifty animals. That which makes the farm animal thrifty and vigorous, and therefore less liable to disease, also makes it profitable. The more wholesome the food, drink and surroundings of the animal, the stronger its appetite and the more thorough its digestion. If it eats well, the excess above the food of support is at the maximum, and as this measure the gain the profit is large. As digestion is vigorous, the amount of food which escapes assimilation is reduced to the minimum. Where "poor condition" is not allowed to exist disease is scarcely known, and at the same time the animal makes the largest return for the food consumed. While we have need for a hundred veterinarians to each one we now have, their work, as that of the physician of the human body, will be largely in teaching sanitation.—Am. Agriculturist.

Why Do We Plow?

The first answer most farmers would give to this question is, because it is necessary to turn land with a plow in order to put it in a condition to produce crops. Some might say it is the fashion to plow land and has been the fashion since the earliest times. This, they would argue, shows that plowing is necessary. Centuries ago some one demonstrated that the only way to insure the production of large crops was to invert the surface of the soil before the planting and sowing of seed. A farmer who is given to theorizing might say that stirring the soil with a plow was essential to making it sufficiently mellow to allow the roots of vegetables to pass through it. He might also state that the young roots of plants were so soft and deficient of strength that they were unable to force their way through hard soil. He might add that inverting the soil resulted in burying many weeds and much grass, which make good fertilizers and which would interfere with the growth of small grain, if they were left on the surface.

It is certain that some of these ideas are misleading and that others are entirely erroneous. A mulch on the surface of ground is favorable to the growth of most kinds of plants, the roots of all kinds of trees, bushes and vines, and of most sorts of crops that extend far below the point reached by any plow. The roots of red clover and alfalfa penetrate the hard ground to the distance of several feet. The roots of common corn do the same, though the growth of the plant is limited to a few months. The roots of blue grass have been traced more than six feet in ground never reached by a plow. The prairies were found covered with grass and a great variety of other plants, though their surface had not been broken by any implement. When we attempt to raise forest and fruit trees from seed we prepare a nursery bed by using a spade and rake or a plow and harrow. We make the soil light to the depth of at least a foot. Nature does nothing of the sort, but appears to meet with quite as good success. Our great pines, oaks, cedars and willows grow on land that was never dug with a plow.

Feed Judiciously.

Says an experienced breeder: If there is one thing more than another that kept the shorthorns well to the fore, and made them and their grades so valuable as feeders, it is the fact that all of our breeds they mature the earliest and possess the ability to transmit this quality to their grades. As stall feeders the same excellency has made them especially valuable. It is a feature that, especially at the present time, is claiming a good deal of attention. Beyond question it is a factor that largely determines the cost of production, and the latter regulates the margin of profit. Though definite facts may not be on hand to prove that it is a strong element in respect to the profits, it is nevertheless well-known to all feeders as a very important consideration in the choosing of stores, "baby beef," as some have termed it, is in the end the cheapest produced, and if the animals are kept in conformance with the laws of health it possesses nothing that should shut out its market. Since the days of the earliest feeders early maturity has always come in for its share of consideration. As the veteran Mr. McComb says: "What I wish to impress on you is that you must keep the cattle always in full flesh; and as a breeder you must be careful to never lose the calf flesh. If you do so by starving the animal at any time of growth, you lose the cream—the covering of flesh so much prized by all our retail butchers. Where do all the scraggy, bad-fleshed beasts come from that we see daily in our markets, and what is the cause of their scragginess? It is because they have been stunted and starved at some period of their youth. If the calf flesh is once lost it can never be regained. This is one means of getting the steers early to market, the other being through the use of animals possessing this feature to an eminent degree."

Butter-Making Food.

"My experience during several years," said Prof. Stewart, "has shown that sweet corn in the roasting ear stage is the richest butter-making green food that can be given to cows; next to this comes peas and oats grown together, and cut when the pods are just beginning to form, and the oats are in the earliest bloom; later, millet cut when the head is just emerging from the sheath will make the early fall green feeding."

Shaking Eggs.

Ordinary shaking will not destroy the vitality of eggs. The germ is very nicely supported, and adjusted against such every day occurrences. To destroy the vitality of the germ it must be done by some force which will displace, separate or mix the germ with the contents of the egg or by breaking the shell and allowing the contents to run out.

The Household.

MINCED BEEF.—Mince cold beef-steak and put it to stew for just fifteen minutes with just water enough to cover it; add a small onion, minced, pepper, salt, vinegar and a tablespoonful of flour wet with cold water; let it boil until a thin gravy is formed; pour over buttered toast and serve.

DRIED APPLE PUDDING.—Boil dried apples until nearly done; save a teaspoon of the juice of the apples for sauce; chop them and mix with soaked bread and boil in a bag; make a sauce of melted butter, sugar and flour, with enough apple juice to give it flavor; spice with nutmeg.

LAMB PIE.—Cut a small neck of lamb into chops, season lightly with pepper, salt, savory and one fourth of a small onion, minced; place in a deep dish with few sliced potatoes, add a cup of water, cover with a crust and bake in a moderately heated oven.

POTATO STEW.—Peel and slice a dozen potatoes, put a cupful of water into the frying pan and a few slices of salt pork; let the pork cook slowly one-half hour, then add the potatoes seasoned with salt and pepper; cook until tender and serve.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Two pounds of apples pared and cored; slice them into a pan, add one pound of sugar, the juice of three lemons and the rind of one grated; boil altogether until it becomes thick; which it will do in about two hours; turn into a mold; serve cold, with either a rich custard or cream.

Women as Blacksmiths Making Chains.

While visiting the manufacturing towns of England to note the part taken by women in the great industrial works of that country, a woman writer says: "From Birmingham I went on about fifteen miles to Dudley, or what is known as the 'black country,' and it is rightly named. Both in appearance and the condition of its people a blacker, more dreary life could not be conceived. It is the property of Lord Dudley. The ill-fated Johnstown of Pennsylvania did not present a more pitiful appearance after its disaster than does this landed property of a lord. Land robbed of its God-given treasures and gone to swell the coffers of those who fail to be thankful for the gift. Homes—no, that is not the proper name—the broken, tumble-down, rickety, unsafe hovels in which the poor people live are a mockery on the sacred name of home.

"The country is divided into little hamlets bearing such burlesque names as Thibbets's Gardens, Cinder Bank, Primrose Hill, Nether-ton Ruins (very appropriate), Crodley Heath, etc.

"A description of one of these places will suffice for all. Thibbets's Gardens is a miserable, grimy, dirty patch, with little hovels built along its one foul-smelling street, over which all sewage matter from roof and kitchen has cut little ditches. At the back of every dwelling, and included as a part of the rent, is a forge with fireplace sufficient for one or more anvils. Here, at these anvils, the women and children of this poverty-stricken locality stand day after day, until months roll into years, and years into a lifetime, swinging hammer and tongs, welding into every nail and every link of chain their health, comfort, and happiness. The doleful sound of the hammer and anvil used by the mothers is welded into every nerve and fiber of the unborn babe, and after its birth it is lulled to sleep by the same mournful cadence, as its little body rests on the big bellows or swings in the rude cradle that hangs from the rafters."

Teddy.

Teddy's been to seek his fortune,
Been a long, long way;
Wearily, foot-sore, and disheartened,
He'll be home to-day.

Handsome, winsome, noble Teddy!
Boys and girls and old cronies say
With n'er a penny in his pocket
He'll be home to-day.

'Twas for my sake that he wanted
Store of wealth without delay,
'Tis for my sake that he's coming,
Coming home to-day.

Shall I frown upon poor Teddy?
Let his luck his worth outweigh
Sure he needs a smile, I'm thinking—
I'll give him one to-day.

Sex and Denominations.

While loading sugar on our boat on Sunday recently at a Louisiana plantation some of the passengers strolled back toward the settlement and went into a church just as a couple had taken their child in for baptism. The old colored preacher, noticing the large crowd of white visitors, extended them a cordial welcome and asked all to be seated; then, turning to the couple before him, asked:

"Ob what denomination am dis child?"

"Sah?" said the young father, evidently perplexed by the word denomination.

"I axed yo' ob what denomination de child war," repeated the minister, a little severely.

The parents looked at each other in evident confusion for a moment; then the father stammered out: "I—we—doesn't know what yo' means by denomination, sah."

"Hub! yo' don't!" replied the preacher, scornfully; "well, den, I'll simplify it 'cordin' to yo' ignorance, so yo' kin understand it; am de child a boy or a gal child?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

New England Farms Deserted.

Mourn over it as we may, it is nevertheless true that there are many deserted farms to-day in New England, and many more that are likely to be abandoned in the near future. It is equally true that farms remote from large towns or cities have been steadily decreasing in value for several years past. There may be a difference of opinion as to the causes which have tended to produce this unfortunate state of things, as well as the best way, if there be one, to counteract the evil.

No one who goes about the country towns remote from large centers can fail to observe that many farms—especially on the hills—which in former times were considered valuable, and on which several generations have lived and prospered, are now left to grow up again to forest. In many cases all the young men and women have left for cities and it is only a question of time—and that not very long—when the old folks, now well advanced in life, will be gathered to their fathers, and then in a few years the old farm is no longer to be cultivated.—The Congregationalist.

The Giant Diamond.

The Giant diamond, lately discovered in Cape Colony and shown at the Paris exposition, weighs 180 carats and is valued at 4 million dollars. It was kept in a glass case by itself, and guardians stood around it all day. At night it was placed in a big safe which was similarly guarded all night. It is said to be of the first water, and as pure as the famous Regent in the French crown diamonds.

BOWERSOX AS AN EDITOR.

Plunged in an Awful Dilemma by a Typographical Error.

The Bereaved but Charming Widow of the Late Mr. Mayapple Swoops Down Upon Him, and Is Only Appeased by an Elaborate and Painstaking Apology.

Speaking of misprints in newspapers," said Uncle Silas Bowersox, "reminds me of a curious experience I had in that line when I was running a country weekly at Parker's Landing, before I quit the business and went to farming. In announcing the death of Mr. Mayapple, one of our citizens, I wrote that he 'died at his residence on Wednesday.' To my awful dismay it appeared in the paper that Mayapple 'did eat his residence on Wednesday.' As soon as I discovered the fearful error I grabbed my hat and coat with the intention of leaving town for a few months, but before I could get out of the office the widow, tearful and tempestuous, came in upon me with a copy of the paper in her hand. She sat down on an upholstered nail-keg, and although a good deal out of breath, said, with much asperity:

"See here, what in thunder do you mean by printin' in your paper that my husband eat his residence on Wednesday? You knowed you was utterin' a wilful, malicious statement when you penned that audacious lie. My husband is dead, sir, but I don't propose to let any lipp-eared newspaper poke fun at him or me. Come up and see for yourself that his residence is standin' just as good as it ever was and hasn't been eat any more than you have, you low-lived leper! For a cent I would wipe the everlasting earth with you and yer whole blamed printin' shop."

"As soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowersox, "I explained to the bereaved widow that it was a grievous misprint. I explained to her at length how editors were annoyed by typographical errors, and how impossible it was to keep them from creeping into the paper, even as little boys creep under a circus tent. She was angry and ugly, and I had to write the two sentences together and show her that the simple change of place of one letter had made the whole dreadful error. I wrote the sentence out for her thus:

.....
He died at his residence.
He did eat his residence.
.....

"In this way I was able to show her that by the letter 'e' slipping out of the word 'died' and taking its place before the next word, 'at,' the trouble had been done. She was satisfied at last that the statement had not been made intentionally, but insisted on a correction. I thought a correction would only serve to attract public attention to the distressing matter, but she was firm and declared she would have a correction or blood would flow. As she left the office she turned upon me with a glare in her eyes and said:

"You git right down on your marrowbones, old Huckleberry, and say your newspaper lied or you'll hear from me agin!"

I saw that a correction had to be, and in the next issue of the Parker's Landing Battle-Axe I said, in effect, that in justice to the family of the late Mr. Mayapple, and especially to his charming but bereaved widow, we wished to correct a misstatement which appeared in our last issue. It was therein stated, we went on to say, that the late Mr. Mayapple 'did eat his residence on Wednesday.' We had found, on investigation, that this was not true, and while it was not apparent on its face, yet the statement was a very damaging one to the bereaved widow. As the statement is printed it leaves the said bereaved widow without a house to live in, without a roof between her bewitching head and the pelting storms of heaven—a statement which, if uncorrected, would have a tendency to interfere with her chances for a second, third or fourth marriage, as the case might be. While there are plenty of men in town who would be glad to take this charming widow without a house or home, without one cent to rub against another—aye, without a stitch to her back—yet the statement of the loss of her residence is untrue, and hereby stands corrected. We said further that it was a foolish statement to make in the first place, and a moment's thought, had he been capable of such mental effort, should have convinced our reporter of his error. Mr. Mayapple had been ill for a long time and could not have eaten his residence, even had he so desired. We find it was as much as he could do, with his impaired digestion, to eat the delicious pies and cakes with which his now bereaved but charming widow smoothed his pathway to the tomb. Besides his dyspepsia, the late Mr. Mayapple was troubled with bad teeth, and any statement that he ate his residence was absurd in the extreme. It is true that the left wing of the house is gone and the portico missing, but these were blown away by the late cyclone. In this connection it is well enough to say that the rumor did not arise from a story cruelly bruited about the streets some time ago that Mr. Mayapple was gradually drinking up his house and lot. Then we explained just how the error had occurred. That Mr. Mayapple had died at his residence on Wednesday, and a

typographical error made us say that he did eat his residence on that fatal day. The corpse had been buried, but the bereaved but charming widow could be found at her husband's late residence. Her tearful eyes and widow's weeds would prove the statement of her husband's death, and the residence itself would disprove the other statement that the same had been devoured by the late Mr. Mayapple.

"I made the correction as specific as possible," concluded Mr. Bowersox, "and the next time I met the widow she smiled sweetly but sadly, and, remarking that it was the nicest article she had ever seen in a newspaper in a long time, invited me to call and see her."

Callow Marriages.

Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages are the result of green human calves allowed to run at large in society pastures without any yoke on them, says the philosopher of the Astoria, Ore., Transcript. They marry and have children before they do mustaches. They are fathers of twins before they are the proprietors of two pairs of pants, and the little girls they marry are old women before they are twenty years old. Occasionally one of these gosling marriages turns out all right, but it is a clear case of luck. If there was a law against young galoots sparking and marrying before they have cut all their teeth, we suppose the little cusses would evade it in some way. But there ought to be a sentiment against it. It is time enough for these bantams to think of finding a pullet when they have raised money enough to buy a bundle of lath to build a hen-house. But they see a girl who looks cunning, and they are afraid there are not going to be enough to go round and they begin to spark real spry, and before they are aware of the sanctity of the marriage relation they are hitched for life, and before they own a cook stove or a bedstead they have got to get up in the night and go after the doctor, so frightened that they run themselves out of breath and abuse the doctor because he does not run too. And when the doctor gets there, there is not linen enough in the house to wrap up the baby.

Returned Good for Evil.

Sitting in the rotunda of the Alexander hotel of this city yesterday, says a Louisville letter to the New York Sun, Proctor Knott told this story:

"It was the most remarkable scene I ever witnessed. It occurred during my early manhood, when I was attorney-general of Missouri. Robert Stewart was then governor of that state. One day I was in his private office when he pardoned a steamboat man for some crime. What it was I have forgotten, but that does not matter. The man had been brought from the penitentiary to the governor's office. He was a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class.

"The governor looked at the steamboat man and seemed strangely affected. He scrutinized him long and closely. Finally he signed the document that restored him to liberty, but before he handed it to him he said: 'You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again I fear.' The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few moments, and said:

"You will go back on the river and be a mate again, I suppose?"

"The man replied that he would.

"Well, I want you to promise me one thing," resumed the governor. "I want you to pledge your word that when you are a mate again you will never take a billet of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night." The steamboat man said he would not, and he inquired what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

"The governor replied: 'Because some day that boy may become a governor and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his way from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was sick of a fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling like a slave until the load was completed. I was, that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of such a brutality.' And the man, cowering and hiding his face, went out. As I never heard of him again I suppose he took care not to break the law."

Didn't Make a Bargain.

A church committee went to hear a pastor with a view to a call. They were delighted with the sermon and resolved to assure him of a call if he would promise to give it proper consideration, and went directly to him and told him the object of their visit. The preacher replied: "Will your people give up attending theaters, holding progressive euchre parties, etc.?" The committee replied: "No, they will not." "Then," replied the preacher, "you don't want the goods I have to sell."—Religious Herald.

The heart is like the tree that gives balm for the wounds of man only when the iron has pierced it.—Chateaubriand.

THE KANGAROO IN COMMERCE—Extensive Utilization of Their Hides in This Country.

There are 6,000 kangaroo skins received in Newark, N. J., every week. They are all tanned in one large establishment on Sussex avenue, and are then made into fine shoes. Australia and New Zealand furnish kangaroo hides for all the world. The kangaroos are killed in Australia about three hundred miles back from the coast, and are shipped from Melbourne, Sydney and Newcastle, in Australia, and from Masterton, in New Zealand. Up to 1869 the kangaroos were killed and eaten in Australia, and their hides were cut into shoestrings. But an Englishman named Brown in that year discovered the remarkable character of the leather, and brought several thousand skins to this country. He tried to sell the hides to tanners, but they were shy of the novelty, and he had to sell them at a sacrifice to a bookbinder. The bookbinder made triangular corner pieces in ledgers and commercial books out of the skins, and so ascertained the good quality of the leather. It was in this way that the large leather factories were first attracted to kangaroo hide. The skin was found to be very tenacious and the compactness of the grain prevents its absorbing water, while the acids in blacking meet with an almost impervious substance. It was hard work for years to get the kangaroo skins. It was not until the Newarker, who now tans them, sent agents to Australia three years ago, that the demand could be supplied.

The characteristic climate of Australia and the pugnacity of the kangaroo make hunting the hides dangerous. Winter starts in May and ends in December in that country. The rest of the year the heat is intense, the thermometer often reaching 140 degrees. Eight men hunt together for kangaroos. They are called a "set." When brought to bay the kangaroo jumps like a flash for a hunter's chest and tries to crush it in with his fore-foot, to prevent this each man wears across his breast a two or three inch thick matting. Armed with a spear, with a club attachment at the other end, they ride upon swift horses into a herd. With the agility and equipoise of circus riders they stand erect upon their horses and use their spears and clubs. The kangaroo is able to jump clear over a horse. As the game is bagged it is skinned, and the skin is stretched on the ground and pegged down to prevent shrinkage. The flesh furnishes meat for the camp. Each man places his private mark upon his booty and when they have 100 skins apiece they return back to civilization. There are twenty varieties of kangaroos, among them the blue, red Wallaby, black, gray and Forester, the latter furnishing the best leather, as it lives mainly in wooded sections. When the shipping ports are reached the hunters dispose of the skins by auction to the highest bidders and realize about 70 cents a pound. Kangaroo hunters make large profits. One man is known to have cleared \$4,500 free of living expenses in a single year. The tanning of kangaroo skins is confined to men employed by Americans, as other dealers cannot afford to pay the high prices for the raw material. The result is that Parisian and London shoe manufacturers buy their stock of kangaroo leather directly from Newark, Greece, Spain, and even Australia itself, obtain their supplies from the same. The manufacturer here scouts the idea that the original seven-league boots were made from the skin of the great Australian leapers.

Gloomy Household Ornaments.

The custom of preserving coffin plates and using them for home decoration seems to prevail in Massachusetts. The New Haven Palladium reports it in Milford, New Milford and Stratford. Among other things that paper says: "One family in New Milford is said to have a collection of no less than fourteen brass, silver and plated relics taken from the coffins of dead members of the family, reaching down to within fifty years of the founding of the colony, two centuries and a half ago. An amusing story is told about the coffin plates collected by a Stratford family. There were nine or ten of them in places of honor about the parlor of the old-fashioned farmhouse. Some years ago an irreverent burglar entered the house at night, and seizing the glistening mementoes dumped them all into his booty bag, together with the silver knives and forks. The family were gratified a day or two later to receive a box by express, in which were packed all the missing coffin plates. With it was a note in a rough hand, which said: 'Here is your coffin signboards. I have found they wasn't much but German silver in them, and that ain't my line. You're welcome to 'em, and thanks for your silver in spoons, which I'll keep. Merry Christmas.'"

The Cliff Dwellers.

Lieut. Schwatka estimates the number of living cliff dwellers he discovered in Southern Chihuahua at from 8,000 to 12,000. They are very wild and shy, and upon the approach of white people fly to their caves or cliffs by notched sticks placed against the face of the cliffs if too steep, although they ascend vertical stone faces if there are the slightest crevices for the fingers and toes.

Uncle Archie's Wife.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

For a moment she still hung her head irresolutely, and I felt vaguely sure that a struggle of some kind was passing within her mind; then she raised her eyes with audacious coquetry and said—

"Are you so sure? Your faith shall be rewarded then—and you shall hear!"

She sang without music, and the song she chose was strange to us all; but we succumbed to its spell. I saw Uncle Archie's grave face soften, and mother's eyes fill with tears; even I, wretched and tortured with ever-growing and miserable doubt, felt in a vague, half-conscious fashion the charm of that siren song. But Dick's face puzzled me. As the singer became more and more absorbed in her task, as the silvery notes rang out more clearly still, the excited flush with which he had listened died away, giving place to a curious pallor. His lips seemed to be firmly set under his golden-brown mustache; his laughing eyes grew grave and almost stern.

"Well—" as the last note died away Estelle looked up with conscious triumph in her face—"you would put me to the test, Mr. Martineau—are you content with the result?"

"Yes, Mrs. Gerrard—I am satisfied," was Dick's grave, almost sad answer; and he walked away without another word.

Estelle looked after him at first in blank silence, then her face flushed with the angry, mortified look of a person who, having made some great effort to please, meets with a publicly ungrateful return. Even I felt sorry for her, as she said with a sharp laugh, turning round to us now—

"Have I startled you all out of your wits? Has no one a compliment to spare?"

Mother, almost always good-natured in social exigencies, responded at once to that appeal.

"My dear, you have taken us all by surprise! Your voice is lovely; I never heard any one sing like you—in private, I mean, of course; one hears such voices on the stage."

"Of course," Estelle assented hurriedly, and I thought I detected a sudden flush on her face as she spoke.

Mother had turned to Uncle Archie, to whom she said, in a tone of playful remonstrance—

"Did you mean to smother the notes of your nightingale, Archie, or were you really ignorant of her gift until now?"

There was something pathetic and pitifully helpless in my uncle's manner as he shook his head slowly and said, with a bewildered air—

"I never heard her sing before, Gertrude."

"And probably will not again," Estelle put in hastily, as though she wished to change the subject. "I am the laziest person in the world, Mrs. Walter, and have not touched a piano or sang a note since my wedding-day. So that you could hardly expect Archie to know that I had a voice."

"Dick Martineau knew," mother began, and then paused, awkwardly adding, with a still more awkward laugh, "but Dick is a barrister, and has detective gifts you know. We can none of us hope to keep secrets from him."

Dick looked exceedingly uncomfortable under this eulogy; but he met the curiously swift and searching glance of Estelle Gerrard with an expressionless stare, and, turning, made some commonplace remark to me.

The rest of the evening dragged heavily away. I think we were all glad when the carriage was announced and it was time for us to go. Mother seated herself snugly in her cosy corner and composed herself to sleep, declaring, with a laugh, that she was worn out with a tiresome evening, and would leave all the talking to Dick and me.

We did not avail ourselves of the opportunity thus given for any interchange of lover-like remarks. As Dick sat facing me in the carriage the moonlight fell upon his clear-cut features, giving him a curiously hard and rigid look, while there was—or I fancied it, being in a mood for calling up tormenting fancies just then—something more than sternness in his eyes.

It did not ease the dull pain at my heart to see how completely his thoughts were absorbed—how he had forgotten my presence—as he sat moodily staring out at the moonlit road. At last I could bear the silence and the vague terrors that oppressed me no longer; so I bent forward and said, with a very hysterical laugh—

"Are you dreaming, Dick? Do you know that for the last quarter of an hour you have not opened your lips?"

He started; and I am sure that first movement was one of impatience, though his eyes softened and grew tender once more as they rested upon my face.

"Forgive me, Irene darling! I was thinking, and forgot."

I knew that without any telling, but would not let him see how the words hurt me. Dick had not usually been forgetful in my presence.

"Thinking of what?" I asked, with what I flattered myself was well-assumed gaiety. "Shall I guess Dick? It was of this evening's music—of my uncle's beautiful wife."

Was it my jealous fancy, or did Dick's eyes light up with a new interest and eagerness inexplicable on any ground save one? I asked myself the question; but even then I was not sure what answer my sore conscience gave—was sure of nothing but that Dick said eagerly—

"Yes, I was thinking of her, Irene. Tell me something of her past life—her name—all you know about her! She confided in you, you say?"

I shivered, and drew my fleecy wrap

around me, though the summer night was bright and warm; but the chill I felt was at my heart.

"Oh, yes—she volunteered the story the first night of her home-coming! I can tell it, I think, in her own words, if you take so strong an interest in it, Dick."

"I am interested strongly, as you say, in it and her. Please tell me, Irene!"

He spoke so simply and earnestly, was so evidently intent only on hearing all he could about the woman who had surely bewitched him, that I could have cried aloud in the bitterness of my despair. Surely Estelle Gerrard was destined to be the evil genius of my life! I had forgiven fully and freely the unconscious wrong she had done in robbing me of the inheritance I had been taught to look upon as my birth right—need she add to that wrong now by coming between me and the man I loved.

Despite the anguish and bitterness of my thoughts however, I had still sufficient pride and self-control to obey Dick's wish, and tell him the story of Estelle's past life—the curious romance of her marriage. He listened with a breathless eagerness that did not make my hard task easier; and when I had finished, he looked, I thought, even more troubled and puzzled than before.

"Violet Maxwell's daughter—her life spent as schoolgirl and governess!" I heard him mutter, even before he thanked me for taking the trouble to enlighten him. "I cannot understand it! But, I beg your pardon, Irene—I have been worrying you with my curiosity and cross-questioning when you are tired out! You do not look well, dear!"

The softened tone, the sudden concern he showed, tried my nerves as his wounding indifference had failed to do. I was nearer to breaking down than I had been in any time during the evening; but I shrank back into my corner and only said, with a tremulous laugh—

"You are curious—and I am a little tired. Perhaps we may as well let Mrs. Gerrard and her antecedents rest for to-night."

He frowned, as though my words displeased him, and relapsed into a moody silence that lasted until the carriage stopped at our door.

"We shall see you early to-morrow Dick?" mother questioned, waking up, quite brisk and bright after her refreshing nap. "Yes; come to breakfast, my dear. I do not think Irene has been a very cheerful companion to-night. She must make you amends in the morning."

Dick glanced quickly and keenly at me as I stood shivering and uncomfortable in the brightly-lighted hall; but I could not second the invitation with any cordiality, so I said nothing; and, after a hurried leave-taking he went.

Directly he had gone, mother began to take me to task.

"What is the matter with you, child?" she said quite crossly, as she followed me into the room—the very room in which I had foolishly tried to measure the depth of my happiness that afternoon—only that afternoon!

As I looked round, I thought that weeks and months of misery had passed since then.

"The matter? Nothing!" I answered recklessly. "Why do you ask?"

"Why?" mother echoed severely. "Because, if you are not ill, and if you have not quarrelled, you are treating Dick Martineau very queerly; and, for that matter, his behavior is little less remarkable than your own. You two hardly spoke to or looked at each other all the evening; and when, thinking you had had a little tiff—as foolish young folk will—I gave you an opportunity of making friends on the drive home, you both threw it away."

"We talked then, mother." I returned weakly, feeling my ears tingle as I discovered how much sharper my simple mother had been than I had given her credit for.

"Yes, you did talk," she admitted scornfully—"talked of Mrs. Gerrard! And a pretty pair of young fools I thought you were! I tell you what it is, Irene—suddenly placing a hand on each of my shoulders, and forcing me to meet the kind eyes that maternal affection and anxiety had made so wonderfully shrewd—"you are a silly girl, and are doing your best to make yourself unhappy and scatter thorns in your own path. Dick Martineau loves you honestly and loyally, and has said so frankly like a man, and yet you are miserable because you think he admires the face and voice of another woman—and that woman your uncle's wife. There, there—as I broke down in a sudden outburst of passionate tears and hid my face upon her shoulder—"do not cry so my darling—or, rather, do cry—it will do you good! I spoke harshly, I know; but at times one must be cruel to be kind; and you will soon and easily forgive me for being Dick's advocate even against yourself."

CHAPTER VIII.
Mother's little lecture acted like a wholesome tonic, bracing up my nerves, and serving the useful purpose of making me thoroughly ashamed of myself. I do not know that I was much less miserable, as I lay awake that night with tears in my eyes, and my cheeks burning, as I recalled the events of the evening; but I was at least in a mood to think myself more of a sinner than a victim—to deal more mercifully with others than myself.

Before I fell asleep, I was quite convinced that there had been no signs of coquetry in Estelle Gerrard's manner; while Dick's interest in her story was the most simple and natural thing in the world. My own morbidly excitable imagination was alone to blame for all the uneasiness I had endured—and on that convenient

scapegoat the vials of my wrath were outpoured.

"Dick will be here soon!" That was the thought uppermost in my mind when I awoke the next morning. There shall be no more stiffness or misunderstanding between us; for I will tell him all my folly and beg his pardon. He will forgive me, I know.

Filled with this hopeful project, I chose my prettiest morning-dress, coiled my brown plaits high upon my head in the fashion that he always liked, picked up a couple of the dainty Marechal Niel roses that clustered around my window, pinned them at my throat, and then sallied downstairs to meet my lover with a bright flush upon my cheeks and my heart beating fast with excitement.

I heard voices in the breakfast-room, and paused at the door with a half-delighted, half-alarm conviction that Dick had already come; but only mother was there, talking to Susan the parlor-maid, who had just brought in a letter.

"It is for you, dear, and means, I suppose, that Dick cannot come," said mother in a vexed and disappointed tone, as she pushed the envelope across to me; and I felt my hopes die a sudden and cruel death as I recognized the bold, clear handwriting.

"Open it, child, and see what he says."

Slowly I obeyed the injunction, my fingers trembling with a terror beside which that I had subdued last night seemed faint and shadowy indeed. Slowly I read the few lines Dick had written; then passed the note across the table with a weary hopelessness I no longer cared to conceal.

"Am I to read it, dear?"

"Certainly, it is—is it not a love letter, and is as much to you as me," I replied, with quivering lips; and mother picked up the note and read it carefully.

"Dearest Irene"—Dick had written—"I hoped and fully intended when we parted last night to have passed the morning with you; but a circumstance I cannot at present explain has changed my plans, and I am off to town by the first train. I may be away three or four days—possibly I may return to-morrow. Please ask Mrs. Gerrard to forgive my broken engagement with her, and believe me, 'Always yours, Dick.'"

"Well!" If it were less deep-rooted mother's indignation was much more vehement than mine; her eyes sparkled, her cheeks flushed, as she said quite angrily, "I scolded you for being exacting last night, Irene; but I think you have the right to show some little spirit and resentment now; for Mr. Martineau is certainly not treating you with kindness or consideration here. If I were you, I should tell him so when he comes back."

"When he comes back!" I echoed drearily. "No; do not look at me like that, mother! I am not talking wildly; I am not angry—not so angry as I should be perhaps. I only feel as though—as though—"

"As though what, my poor dear child?" mother asked pitifully, and the kindly look in her eyes, the tender loving way in which she drew me down into a chair and stroked my smooth plaits—the hair I had dressed for Dick—only made me laugh wildly and unreasonably.

"As though I were fighting fate!" I exclaimed, with feverish sharpness, "and that is such a hopeless fight—I had better give it up at once!"

"And give up Dick?"

I did not answer her; I did not know—perhaps it might even come to that—that I should have to give up Dick, or even, as I thought, with a sharp pang of wounded love and pride, that he would, unasked, set me free. The thought was more than torture—it dazed and bewildered me. I had been so proudly sure of Dick's love, I had never dreamed that my changed circumstances would change it—that in any trial of life it would falter or fail; and now—

I tried—heaven knows, I tried hard and honestly to bear up against the terrible despair that seemed to be settling down upon my soul! But, I fear without much success. I would not creep away, as I longed to do, and nurse my smarting wounds in secret. I went out and about as usual, laughed and talked more than usual perhaps, and flattered myself that I threw dust in the gossips' eyes; but I could neither eat nor sleep, and every time I looked at a mirror my pale cheeks and hollow eyes seemed to mock my poor and ineffectual efforts to disguise the anguish at my heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What Women Can Do.
A correspondent of a New York paper has found three smart women up in Somerset county, somewhere above East Norridgewood." Two of them are sisters, and the other was formerly a milliner, who got tired of making bonnets and decided to try farming, so she cast in her lot with the two sisters, who owned the farm where they now live. The three lived in a house described as a weather-beaten pink in color and standing under a group of magnificent maple trees. They are experts in canning berries and in all other kinds of housekeeping, and can drive an ox-team, milk, churn, ride mowing-machines and chop wood with the best of folks. They enjoy good health and spirits and believe that farming pays.

Poor, Dear Fido.
"Madam," said the conductor, "that dog will have to go into the baggage car, and that boy can't ride for half fare."

"But, sir."

"Sorry, madam, but the company's rules are strict."

"Perhaps we can arrange it. Can't I pay full fare for Fido while Willie goes and sits in the baggage car? Fido's health is so delicate that I am afraid to leave him out of my care."

Merchant Traveler.

THEY NEED A REST.

A Monkey and Parrot Time in the Dictionary.

I was awakened in the middle of the night by a disturbance in the library. It did not seem to be the noise of burglars. It was more like the murmuring sound of many tongues engaged in spirited debate. I listened closely and concluded it must be some sort of a discussion being held by the words in my big unabridged dictionary. Creeping softly to the door, I stood and listened. "I don't care," said the little word Of; "I may not be very big, but that is no reason why everybody should take advantage of me. I am the most mercilessly overworked word in the whole dictionary and there is no earthly reason for it, either. People say they 'consider of' and 'approve of' and 'accept of' and 'admit of' all sorts of things. Then they say 'all of us,' and 'both of them,' and 'first of all,' and tell about 'looking out of' the window, or 'cutting a piece of bread 'off of' the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!" said the word Up, "I am not much bigger than you and I do twice as much work, and a good deal of it needlessly, too. People 'wake up' in the morning and 'get up' and 'shake up' their beds and 'dress up' and 'wash up' and 'draw up' to the table, and 'eat up' and 'drink up' their breakfast. Then they 'jump up' from the table and 'hurry up' to 'go up' to the corner, where the street car driver 'pulls up' his horses and the passengers 'ascend up' the steps and 'go up' into the front seats and the conductor 'takes up' the tickets. All this is done even before people 'get up' town and 'take up' their day's work. From that time until they 'put up' their books and 'shut up' their offices I do more work than any two words in this book; and even after business hours I am worked until people 'lock up' their houses and 'go up' to bed and 'cover themselves up' and 'shut up' their eyes for the night. It would take a week to tell what I have to 'put up' with in a day, and I am a good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both Up and Of are very much overworked," said the word Stated, "but I think I myself deserve a little sympathy. I am doing not only my own legitimate work, but also that which ought to be done by my friend Said. Nobody 'says' anything nowadays; he always 'states' it."

"Yes," chimed in the funny little word Pun, "these are very 'stately' times."

Some of the words laughed at this, but humor said: "Pun is a simpleton."

"No," answered Wit; "he is a fellow of duplicities."

"He makes me tired," said Slang. Then the discussion was resumed.

"I do a great deal of needless work," said the word But. "People say they have no doubt, 'but' that it will rain, and that they shouldn't wonder 'but' what it would snow, until I don't know 'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain 'about,'" said the word As, "is that I am forced to associate so much with the word Equally. Only yesterday a man said he could see equally as well as another man. I don't see what business Equally had in that sentence."

"Well," retorted Equally, "men every day say that something is 'equally as good' as something else, and I don't see what business As has in that sentence."

"I think," said Propriety, "you two should be divorced by mutual consent."

There was a fluttering sound and a clamor of voices.

"I suffer considerably from this same kind of neglect," said the word Deem. "Nobody ever 'deems' a thing beautiful any more; it is always considered beautiful, when in fact it is not considered at all."

"True," said Irritate, "and people talk of being 'aggravated' when they ought instead to give me work."

"And me," said Purpose, "look at me. I get hardly a thing to do because people are always 'proposing' to do this or that when no idea of a proposition is involved. Why I read the other day of a man who had 'proposed' to murder another when really he had never said a word about it to a living being. Of course he only purposed to commit the murder."

"It is my turn," said the word Among. "I should like to protest against Mr. Between doing my work. The idea of people saying a man divided an orange 'between' his three children! It humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word Fewer, "than to have people say there were 'less' men in one army than in another."

"No," added More Than, "and no worse than to have them say there were 'over' 100,000 men."

"It seems to me," said the word Likely, "that nobody has more reason for complaint than I have. My friend Liable is doing nearly all my work. They say a man is 'liable' to be sick, or 'liable' to be out of town, when the question of liability does not enter into the matter at all."

"You're no worse off than I am," said the little word So; "that fellow Such is doing all my work. People say there never was 'such' a glorious country as this, when, of course they mean there never was 'so' glorious a country elsewhere."

I saw that there was likely to be no end to this discussion, since half the

words in the dictionary were making efforts to put in their complaints, so I returned to my couch; and I will leave it to any person who has read this account to say whether I had not already heard enough to make me or anybody else sleepy.—Washington Post.

The Iron Duke.

The duke of Wellington was once attending morning service at some fashionable church and was shown into the pew of a rich city man. The offertory was for the benefit of some important charity and it was the custom in those days for the members of the congregation to place the money on the ledge of the pew in readiness for the collecting bag. The duke put down his modest shilling, whereupon the owner of the pew, who did not know who his illustrious guest was, put down a couple of guineas, looking superciliously at the shilling already deposited. Without appearing to notice this the duke calmly put down two more shillings. The city man promptly answered the mute challenge and plumped down three more guineas. This was followed by the addition of two more shillings to the duke's pile. The snob was not to be beaten, so down went two more guineas. At this moment the bag came round and the purse-proud individual with a lordly air swept his six guineas into the bag. The bag came to the duke, who, in the most imperturbable manner, returned four shillings of the pile to his pocket and placed in the bag the original shilling.

Sarah Bernhardt's Mausoleum.

A curious fact about Sarah Bernhardt is that she has caused a most sumptuous tomb to be prepared in Pere la Chaise for her own obsequies. It is all in white marble, with the one word "Bernhardt" inscribed above the portal. Within there is a space for a single coffin only. The great actress desires to be alone after death as she has been unapproachable in her genius during her life. Every year on her birthday she visits this tomb and lays upon it a wreath of immortelles. Some one asked her why she did so. "Because," she said, "I would like to have my grave decorated with flowers after my death, and perhaps if I accustom people to see it so adorned they will follow my example and keep up the custom when I am no more." Is there not something piteous in this clinging of the most famous actress of her generation to the fleeting memories of those she will leave behind her?—Paris Letter.

Can't or Corn.

A traveler crossing Kansas saw for the first time a great field of sugarcane, but mistook it for Indian corn, which it somewhat resembles, says the Youth's Companion. Intending to be affable, he said to an old farmer sitting near him in the car:

"That's a fine field of corn, sir."

"Call it corn up your way, do you?" was the response.

"Why, isn't it?"

"Well, it might be corn mebbe," said the farmer, with a slow smile.

"It might be corn just as our old cat might have been a rabbit the time he got shot for one."

"How's that?"

"Well, old Tom was licking his way through the wood back of our house one day as fast as he could cut, and my son Jake was out with his gun and shot him down for a rabbit. When we come to gibe Jake about it, he says, says he: 'Well, I low he might have showed more ears.'"

The traveler laughed heartily as he glanced again from the car window at the slender, earless stalks of sugarcane, and he laughed again as the farmer concluded:

"An' just in the same way, stranger, that thur cane might have been corn if it had contrived to show more ears."

The Shark Got the Hat.

We were about a mile off the bar, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, fishing for drum, and it was a dead calm. Some one accidentally knocked the Pittsburg man's hat off and it floated away about twenty feet and remained stationary. The loser said he didn't mind swimming out after it, as it was a very warm day, but as he rose up the cat-boat captain protested:

"Don't you do it; I'm suspicious of sharks!"

"Sharks be hanged! I don't believe there's one on the whole coast!"

"I say you hadn't better."

"And I say I'm going to just the same."

He stood upon the seat ready for a dive, and we all looked at the hat. At that moment there was a swirl of the water, the white belly of a great shark showed clear through the limpid green, and the next moment his nose pushed above the surface as he seized and bolted the hat. He was ten feet long if an inch, and could have snapped a man in two at a bite.

"I told you!" growled the captain as he rebaited a hook.

"Well, by gosh!" gasped the hatless man, and he sat down and trembled for half an hour.

A Long Ride on Horseback.

One of the best records in continuous horseback riding that have ever been chronicled was made recently by Lieut. Assif, who rode from Lubry, in Southern Russia, to Paris, a distance of 1,630 miles, in thirty days. He rode two horses, alternately, one English the other Russian.

TALK OF THE DAY.

Republics were ever ungrateful. We put our great men on postage stamps and then punch their heads.

He—"Do you believe in marrying for money, Miss Antique? She—"I don't know; how much have you got?"

Guest—"You seem musical. I always hear you whistling. What is your favorite song?" Waiter—"Remember me, sah." He got a quarter.

It is a curious fact that while women are reticent about their own ages, they have no hesitation about publishing the ages of other women.

If grown men only knew as much as their mothers think they know when they are babies the world would have no further use for cyclopedias.

Humorist—"I suppose this little joke will go at regular rates if accepted." Editor—"Yes, I guess so. It is too old to travel for half-fare any longer."

Clara (patronizingly)—"It is a good plan for a person in society, to try at least to look wise." Debutante—"True! But don't you sometimes find it hard to do so?"

Head clerk—"I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir." "So I see; but I can't permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. That must be done in their own time."

His Only Failing.—Miss Charity—"Is your husband addicted to the use of alcoholic stimulants?" Recipient of alms—"No, indeed, mum, not he; his only failin' is drinkin'."

The kind and correct thing to say to the comer home is: "I hope you feel rested from your vacation." Nobody says "rested by your vacation" except those who haven't had any.

Mother was victorious. Jimmy Brown—"Has your mother been whipping you, Billy?" Billy—"I don't care to answer. It's sufficient for you to know that she got the upper hand of me."

He who steals my purse, steals trash, but he who wantonly purloins my bottle of Saffron Oil is stealing something that enriches him indeed and leaves me bankrupt, a victim to aches and pains, a sorrowing wretched citizen, until I can slowly creep to the nearest drug store.

The shoe strike in North Adams still continues. The old help are getting places elsewhere, while the manufacturers are reaching new hands.

An eastern man advertises for "a boy to open oysters with referents." Oysters do not generally obtain referents, but millions can truthfully testify to the miraculous power of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

There will soon be a national organization of the tilelayers of the United States. Favorable responses have been received to the circular calling for its formation that was recently sent out by Progressive Tile Layers' Union No. 2,630 of New York city.

A Splendid Exhibit.
At the recent St. Louis fair, the Burlington State took first premium for general collection of agricultural and horticultural exhibits. Its display of farm products, gathered almost exclusively from the new counties of western Nebraska and eastern Colorado (the well known rainbelt), formed one of the most attractive and interesting features of the entire fair, and excited much favorable comment. The display of Nebraska fruit, including forty-two varieties of apples from one county alone (Fillmore), excited no less surprise, and must have done much towards removing the misconception that exists with regard to the capabilities of this rich section of country. Western Nebraska and eastern Colorado have become better known during the last few months than ever before; thousands of harvest excursionists have visited the country and a considerable proportion of them have remained. It is believed that the influx of immigration next spring will be sufficient to take up the whole of the government land that still remains open to settlement.

It is reported from Birmingham, Ala., that a Scotch chemist named Archibald has discovered a process by which all phosphorus may be removed from iron and the ore converted into Bessemer pig at a cost of only 50 cents a ton. The process is said to have been successfully tested.

Food for Consumptives.
Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

The paving cutters' union, organized in Baltimore in 1886, now has fifty-five branches in nineteen states and runs a trade paper. Its headquarters are at Berlin, Wis.

Card of Thanks.
If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and \$1.00.

Favorable accounts of the prospects of the K. of L. in Great Britain are given by Master Workman Archibald of the New York paper hangers' assembly.

Wanted, Men to Travel.
The Travelers' Employment Bureau of Chicago is not an ordinary employment Bureau such as the woods are full of, but is a legitimate institution incorporated under the State laws of Illinois with a capital stock of \$5,000.00 and devoted entirely to the interests of Commercial Travelers. It will pay you to write for particulars, free. See ad. in this paper.

There were 200 delegates at the St. Louis convention of the National Typographic (employing printers), and a resolution was adopted that there was nothing in the condition of the printing trade to justify a reduction of the hours of labor from ten to eight.

Sportsmen
Illustrated pamphlet "Sport among Nebraska lakes" mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.

"Never before," says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, "has work been so abundant and so well remunerated in the city as during the exhibition season."

Land.
Printed matter regarding lands in Nebraska, Northwest Kansas and Eastern Colorado, mailed free. Apply to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, Burlington route, Chicago, Ill.</

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.

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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:

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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

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J. C. LAING'S

IS THE PLACE TO GET

GOODS CHEAP.

Barnum has been telling those British that he would rather live in England than in America. In time they will be up to the ways of the greatest showman on earth, over there.

Amelia B. Edwards will give 100 lectures in America. She is the most learned Egyptologist who has visited America. But for all that she cannot solve for us the riddle of the sphinx. Everybody must do that for himself.

Richer and richer grows our country. A new silver mine, expected to prove of surpassing value, has just been struck in Arizona. The output of the mines of Idaho is increased \$9,000,000 over last year, having more than doubled. Perhaps all this will partly make up for the money Americans spent in Europe last summer.

The next great American work will be the irrigation of arid lands in the west. It will open millions of acres of the best land in the world to cultivation, and that means support for millions more people. One view is that the agriculture of the future will be wholly conducted by irrigation, thus making it independent of rains and droughts. A company of eastern capitalists have engaged to irrigate 1,800,000 acres of land in the Rio Grande valley. They have bought the land outright. This irrigation scheme will be one of the great industrial works of our time.

Do Animals Suffer Pain?

Dr. W. Collier records in The Nineteenth Century his belief that they do not to any great extent. What the animals might say, if they were consulted on the subject, does not appear. Their judgment might not agree with that of Dr. Collier.

Dr. Collier argues from man. People of nervous organization suffer more pain than those whose muscular system is prominently developed. In general, the more nerves the more pain. Pain bears a close relation to the size of brain. The larger the brain the greater pain. It is well known that savages endure without flinching physical torture that would kill a civilized man.

He says natives of New Zealand chopped off their toes without hesitation, so as to be able to wear the boots English traders brought them in the early days. This, to be sure, may be a traveler's yarn, and it is best to make allowance for it.

When we come down to worms and insects, Dr. Collier scarcely thinks they suffer pain at all, having no brain to speak of and only a rudimentary nerve system.

At a meeting of distinguished citizens of Newport, R. I., President Harrison was powerfully memorialized to prevent the "wholesale and unrestrained murdering of innocent American citizens by thousands, now going on in some of the states of the south." In what states of the south is the murdering of people now going on by the thousands?

The Hoang Ho, or Yellow river in China, is 2,800 miles long. For 2,000 years the people have been building up its banks by levees, as is done with the Mississippi. Yet every year or two come disastrous breaks; loss of life and incalculable loss of property. At various points where the breaks took place last summer fifty years must elapse before the soil can be cultivated again, owing to deposits.

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MORTGAGE SALE.

Default having been made in the condition and payment of a certain mortgage, (whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative) made and executed by E. W. Gerrish, J. F. Street, J. R. Hooper, A. P. Cooper, N. M. Richardson, Riley Ross and Wm. N. West, comprising the board of trustees of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Michigan for and on behalf of the First Universalist Parish of Caro, Tuscola county, state of Michigan, and N. B. Haskell, of Port Cassan, county of Huron and state of Michigan, and dated Nov. 1. A. D. 1880, and recorded in the office of the register of deeds of Tuscola county, in liber 38 of mortgages, at page 320, on November 3, 1880, upon which mortgage there is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, the sum of five hundred five and ninety-eight hundredths dollars (\$505.98), and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same or any part thereof, notice is therefore hereby given that on Monday, December 2, A. D. 1880, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there will be sold to the highest bidder at public auction, at the northwesterly door of the court house, in the village of Caro, Michigan, (that being the building upon the circuit court for the county of Tuscola is held) the premises in said mortgage described, and so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with interest 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 hereof may be subject to sale in said mortgage described as follows, viz: Lots one (1) and two (2), block twelve (12) according to plat of village of Centerville (now Caro), recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Tuscola county, Michigan. Dated September 2, 1880. N. B. HASKELL, Mortgagee, P. S. WHEAR, Attorney for Mortgagee.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1889.

AROUND THE STATE.

EAST SAGINAW, Nov. 19.—Several attempts to destroy property by incendiary fires have been made recently. The latest was L. C. Slade's lumber yard this morning, but was put out after doing damage to the extent of \$500. The residence of C. Beauchem, in Carrolton, was burned this morning. Loss, \$1,000; insured for \$600.

MANISTEE, Nov. 17.—John Wickland, aged 40 years, was burned up in A. P. Peterson's residence at 4 o'clock this morning. The body was burned beyond recognition, the face, hands and feet being burned off. It is supposed the house was set on fire through Wickland's carelessness. The loss on the house is \$1000, insured for \$900.

VICKSBURG, Nov. 19.—Burglars attempted to gain entrance to John Long's drug store last night, but failed. Holes were bored nearly through the door, but in each case an iron was struck on the inside of the door. An attempt was also made to get into the postoffice by pressing the front doors open, but this was also a failure. It is thought to be the work of home talent.

ALBION, Nov. 16.—Harry Dearing, a son of the cashier of the First National bank, was a clerk in the store of E. F. Mills & Co. This morning he opened the store as usual, chatting pleasantly with friends on his way to his work. A few minutes later he went to the basement and hanged himself. He was a young man of good habits, cheery and popular, and no cause for the act is known.

ST. IGNACE, Nov. 19.—Judge Steere to-day sentenced Phillip Lennon to Marquette prison for six years for burglary. Upon hearing the sentence Lennon drew from his inside coat pocket a bundle of saws made from corset steels and threw them at the judge. Quite a scene ensued. The judge dodged the missile and received it in the back. Lennon was hustled from the court room. He had sawed one bar from his cell window.

EAST SAGINAW, Nov. 17.—Dr. H. C. Potter, vice-president of the Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad co., who in August, 1888, resigned the position of general manager because of needed rest and a desire to spend a year in European travel, will from this date resume the active management of the road, taking his former title. The work of changing into a broad gauge the Port Huron & Northwestern railroad, purchased by the Flint & Pere Marquette co. in April, was completed tonight at a cost of over one million dollars and commencing Monday morning through trains will be run to Port Huron.

Houghton, Nov. 19.—About forty Finnish miners at the Huron mine held a secret meeting Sunday night and organized a strike for higher wages. Monday night they went to the mouth of the shaft and prevented the miners of other nationalities going under ground. A German miner resisted and was severely beaten. He lies in a dangerous condition. Others were roughly handled. Sheriff Bawden went up this morning and arrested four, Mats Maki, Constantire, Rossi and Andrew Maki. He was assisted by the other employees, who marched all the strikers to the office, where they were given their settlements and ordered to leave the location. The strike is over, but none of the strikers will be taken back, as there are plenty of miners in the country.

BESSEMER, Nov. 16.—Reimund Holz hay, the bandit, was the center of attraction today, the courthouse was packed at an early hour to witness the closing scenes in the famous murder trial. The jury retired at 9.30, after a lengthy charge delivered by Judge Williams. After being out 55 minutes they returned, headed by Foreman Kelly, who reported that a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree had been reached. Holz hay, who sobbed like a child while under cross examination yesterday evinced little or no emotion when the verdict was rendered, and when asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, replied "No sir," in a firm voice. The attorneys for the defence then prepared a bill of exceptions. Judge Williams then sentenced Holz hay to State's prison at Marquette for life, at hard labor and solitary confinement. The case will be appealed to the supreme court.

SAY FOLKS.

How is your guesser? If out of order tune it up and call at G. A. STEVENSON'S and see that beautiful Bronze Stand Lamp with decorated fount and shade to be given away on Christmas Morning to the person guessing the nearest to the number of kernals in a can of grain.

CONSIDERATION.
 For every Dollar paid me in Cash or Produce entitles the person to one guess.

SO GIT THAR!

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.

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

HOWE & BIGELOW.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

—OF—

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

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 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.,
carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass
City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accoucheur,
Graduate of V. C. University 1865. Office
first door west of Bank street. Speciality—
Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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

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

DENTISTRY.
I. A. FRITZ, Resident Dentist. Teeth clean-
ed and filled. Old roots and aching teeth ex-
tracted. New teeth inserted. All work guar-
anteed satisfactory. Prices reasonable. Of-
fice over postoffice, Cass City.

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
Bishop Foss, Miss Willard, Pres't Harrison,
Ex-Pres't Cleveland, Bishop Potter, Cardinal
Gibbons, Talmage, Powderly and others con-
sidering Marriage; Divorce; for Woman's sake;
Rum Power; Labor; National Defence; Rights
and wrongs of the Farmer; Immigration, Ali-
enation; Speculation; Great Deception Trusts;
Sorrows of the City Poor; Our Country's Great
Concern; etc. Endorsed by the Press. Selling
immensely. Rare chance for widespread success.
Act at once and write for terms and outfit.
INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,
124 East Van Buren street, Chicago.

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.

REGISTERED SWINE!

I have just purchased two thor-
oughbred Berkshire Pigs,
ORIENTAL TOM (No. 1,172)
—AND—
ORIENTAL NELLIE
(No. 1,351.)
Both recorded in the Berkshire
swine record of Toronto, Ont.
I also have a Cheshire pig called
Cheshire Charlie, which is now fit
for service. Weight, 445. Terms,
\$1. for this season. Persons using
this pig this season can do so next
season at the same terms.
JOHN PROFIT,
Maple Grove Farm, Cass City.

The Cass City House.

Having recently refitted and re-
leaded this modern brick hotel
we announce it open to the pub-
lic. I have furnished it through-
out with the best of Furniture, and
is thoroughly equipped with
everything for the convenience of
guests. Good barn, sample rooms,
telephone in connection with
house. Free bus to all trains.
My former friends I wish to
state that the hotel is open to your
ronage; I invite you to call.
hotel is strictly first-class.
Jno. F. EMMONS.

When in Gagetown do not neglect go-
ing to Maynard's drug store to see the
display of Christmas goods of the latest
designs and low prices. See them before
purchasing elsewhere 11-22-1f

ABOUT OUR NEIGHBORS!

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

WILMOT.

Jas. McCallum went to Detroit Mon-
day evening.

S. H. Griffin has moved his family into
the Macomb house.

Dennis Maule has bought a farm near
Argyle, and will move there soon.

Summer Clark, brother of R. B. Clark,
moved his family here on Saturday.

Andrew Tallman, who has been work-
ing in Flint this summer, came home on
Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Calkins of Swartz Creek
have decided to live in our town and
moved their goods here on Monday.

BEFORE.

We would defer, for the time being,
notice of all secular events, we would
cease from worldly pursuits, and in
spirit go to the home of our neighbor
in sorrow, for affliction has befallen
his household. Death came to our vil-
lage on the evening of the 16th,
calling away the infant child of Elmer
and Ernestine Lewis, aged about four
months. We are taught that such vis-
itations are divine, but how hard for
human nature to understand it all.
The sinless babe comes to us amid
trials and suffering, yet, like a sunbeam,
it enters the home bringing with it
a store of love so great, as to more than
repay for all. Day by day these chords
of parental love strengthen, 'till, by
the higher power, they are broken, leaving
the heart crushed in tears of sorrow,
and for what purpose?

Love comes light morning's radiant light,
Death, like the sable clouds of night.

CREEL.

Another logging bee at Jos. Rivers'
on Wednesday last.

Jas. McCullough is at present very
low with typhoid malaria.

John Gibson and Charles Crawford
were in Cass City on Monday.

Sam. Ricker was on the sick list Fri-
day and Saturday of last week.

Tony Hughes made a business trip
to Cass City on Wednesday last.

Miss Helen Coulter of this place is
at present suffering with the fever.

John McKinnon and family visited
friends in Sheridan on Sunday last.

Ricker Bros. are busy again, remoy-
ing their telegraph poles to Owendale.

Quite a number from this part at-
tended the funeral of Wm. McGuire of
Grant on Sunday last.

A. Ross has purchased himself a
horse and will soon enter upon his la-
bors at Atlas Station.

John Gillies has bought the fifty
known as the Taylor place, north of
here, for the sum of \$850.

Jno. Forsythe and Jno. Ballagh of
Teeswater, Ont, arrived here on Wed-
nesday last. The boys are looking
well.

R. Ballagh drove a load of Macca-
bees over to Cass City on Friday even-
ing last. The boys all report a large
time.

Richard Hughes' second son, Mur-
dock, had a very narrow escape on Sat-
urday last, having fallen from a scaffold
in his father's house, to the thresh floor.
The boy was unconscious for a time,
but is improving now.

GRANT.

Morrison's head man was over from
Brookfield on Sunday and away again.
Snow storm No. 2 came on Thursday
night, Nov. 14. It was about one inch
deep.

Now is the time to see lanterns moving
about in the dark, like fire bugs in the
month of July, Kerosene oil is cheap.

The hardest frosts of the season occur-
ed on Friday and Saturday nights and
hardened the ground so that plowing
was out of the question.

Will Cosgrove has done up all the clo-
ver hulling in this corner of Grant, and
they seem to be well satisfied with Will's
threshing. So note it be.

Hemlock wood is going to Cass City
now. If they will not burn hemlock let
them get coal. What is good for coun-
try is plenty good enough for town.

Tom Walter's steer was sold at Tony
Doerr's auction, but he did not appre-
ciate his new home, so he gave them the
jump and came back to his old home
and companions.

What the pawnbroker does. Nearly
all of those that homesteaded up here,
mortgaged their places to get a little
money, but interest and principal drove
them all away homeless.

Thanksgiving day has been proclaimed
and let it be seen to that everybody has
plenty to be thankful for. That is the
way to do it. Whack up, ye millionaires
in the large cities with your poor.

Oh, yes, the little 4 1/2 feet man with the
enlarged pictures, has filed his appear-
ance with the pictures, and they seem to
give general satisfaction, and they took
their pictures and paid their cash and
he smiled all over his physiog.

The Evergreen scribe wants religious
persecution put on foot again, as it was
six hundred years ago and less than a
good thing wants no law to protect it,
it will protect itself, Mr. Evergreen. Let
them hunt on Sunday if they want to,

Every tub stands on its own bottom.

Albert Maize, a young man who was
raised in this settlement, and who left
about eight years ago, died in Big Rap-
ids, and was brought to Bad Axe for bur-
ial on Saturday last. He had led a sort
of a reckless life, having deserted his wife
and eloped with another girl from Bad
Axe, and nothing was heard of him until
just before he died, when a telegram was
sent to his sister, Mrs. Collins, of Bad
Axe, and mother, Mrs. Ellicott, of Grant.

Died, at the residence of his parents
on Friday last, Wm. McGuire, after five
weeks sickness of typhoid fever. A large
concourse of people followed his remains
to their last resting place in Grant ceme-
tery on Sunday, Nov. 17th. The young
man was a man much respected by those
who came in contact with him and is a
great loss to his sorrowing parents, who
have the sympathy of the community at
large. A. A. McKenzie of Cass City had
charge of the funeral and showed that he
is an excellent director.

ELLINGTON.

It snowed on Thursday night,
Still many are compelled to haul
water.

F. Smith sold his colts to W. Met-
calf for \$328.

Bailey & Son have put in a feed run of
stone, and are now ready to grind.

Quarterly meeting at the M. E. church
on Sunday and quite a turnout too.

Gene Langford writes home from Ann
Arbor that his eyes are getting some bet-
ter.

Mrs. Corn Brackenburg of Gagetown
was visiting her mother, Mrs. Whipple,
Sunday.

W. Metcalf and family are visiting re-
latives here. Walter has not been here for
several years.

Mark Stevens, who had his leg broken
some two weeks ago, does not seem to
get along very well.

Cyrus Gould went to Canada last week.
He writes home from Corinth, Ont., and
says he is having a good visit.

Edward Coon lost a boy two weeks
ago Monday night. Another son has been
on the sick list, but is able to be around.

Peter Bell's son, aged about 15 years,
has been very sick for some time. No
hopes were entertained of his recovery at
one time, but he is better now.

A silver wedding party at O. Hutchin-
son's last Saturday evening, it being the
25th anniversary of their marriage.

About fifty of their friends and relatives
assembled and presented them with a
silver table castor and the old gentleman
with a pair of silver-bowed spectacles
and a pair of slippers. The presentation
was made by J. H. Mosher in a neat
speech, and the thanks of the recipients
were freely given.

A birthday party was given Miss Car-
rie Shriver at her home in Elmwood on
the 13th. The Sunshine Sabbath school
presented her with a beautiful album, a
toilet case and various other articles.
Madison March of Wisconsin did the
presenting and was happily replied to by
Miss Shriver.

OWENDALE.

Coughs, colds and mud.
Mrs. Summers is on the sick list.

Donald Alexander is sick with fever.
Jas. McCullough has typhoid fever.

Dr. Lyman and wife of Gagetown
were in town on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gill returned on
Monday evening from Bay Port.

Carpenters are busily engaged put-
ting up new buildings and enlarging
others.

The mill has been running the past
few days, cutting ties for the Columbia
Central.

The members of the order of K. O.
T. M. went to Cass City on Friday ev-
ening, where they received the oriental
degree belonging to that order.

The new camp that Mr. Owen is now
erecing for the accommodation of his
men over in section 30, will use 40,-
000 feet of lumber in construction.

Over one mile of iron has been laid
on the extension of the Columbia Cen-
tral the past week. Eighty men are at
work grading and putting down iron.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of
the weather on Friday evening the oys-
ter supper was a success, and a very
pleasant time was spent in the evening
by all.

A few days ago Murt Hughes, a boy
about nine years old fell from the
scaffold in his father's barn to the floor,
a distance of 16 feet, but miraculously
escaped with few bruises. He was
picked up insensible, but with kind
care he soon recovered.

Still they come. Tramp, tramp,
tramp, the boys are marching from
over the border to our lumber camps.
Over 20 have arrived the past week.
Their object is to better their condi-
tion financially and physically, return-
ing in the spring as fat as porpoises,
cursing the country again as usual.

Last Sabbath Rev. Andrews of Cass
City lectured on Presbyterianism in the
Presbyterian church. The reverend
gentleman traced the Presbyterian form
of church polity and worship from the
Apostolic church down to the reforma-
tion by Luther, passing over the bloody
scenes the church endured in Scotland
and Ireland under the reign of the
Stuarts. He gave a very elaborate
address pertaining to the branch of the
church this church belongs. There
were added to the church last year over
91,000. It is the third church in the
United States numerically. It raised
for the schemes of the church over \$4,-
000,000, the past year, and over \$12,-
000,000 this year, taking all branches
of the Presbyterian church combined.

FARM FOR SALE!

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

WM. MARTIN.

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS,

PHILO TRUESDELL, Prop.

Granite and Marble
MONUMENTS
and
HEADSTONES.
MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILD-
ING STONE.

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

WORKS; 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street,

DRUGS, DRUGS!

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

FRITZ BROS.,
DRUGGISTS.

A. A. McKenzie, UNDERTAKER



And Funeral Director.

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

EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED.

Burial Robes, Crape, Gloves, etc., al-
ways in stock, at lowest prices.
Good Hearses in connection.

I have the agency for

THE
Artificial Marble Caskets.

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

A NEW DEPARTURE.

If you want anything in the line of Gro-
ceries, when you go to the Postoffice for
your mail look over our stock and get our
Prices. We have a full line. All fresh
from Importers hands. No second-hand
goods, but all clean and fresh. Cali-
fornia Canned Goods, Spices, and Extracts.
We can't be beat on TEAS. For

Groceries.

Come to us. We also keep a full line of Sta-
tionary, Blank Books and Legal Blanks. For
the next 30 Days we will sell Box Paper at
COST to reduce our stock. If you want any
Holiday Goods give us a call. Market Price
paid for Butter and Eggs in Exchange for
goods. Remember the place. The

POSTOFFICE.

McDOUGALL & CO.

Money Saved is Money
Earned, so buy Your
Clothing of us. Watch
this Space Next week.

CLOTHIERS.

This Space belongs
to L. A. DeWitt, the
Cass City Furni-
ture Dealer. See
His Ad. next week.

Save Money!

By Buying Your

HARDWARE,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
PAINTS, OILS,
PUMPS, ANVILS,
NAILS, ETC,

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

HOTEL FOR SALE!

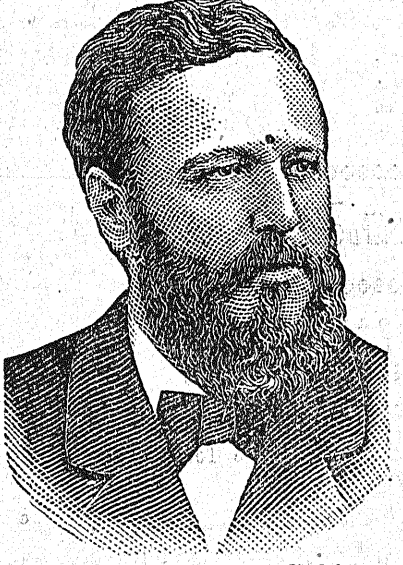
—OR WILL—
Exchange For Farm Property!

Having decided to retire from the
hotel business I will sell or trade
for farm property, the Sheridan
House, Cass City. A good chance
for some man who wishes to em-
bark in the above business to se-
cure a hotel at a bargain. For fur-
ther information address
M. SHERIDAN,
Cass City.

NOTICE

Parties wishing to buy green beech and
maple timber by the acre, must call at
once as the brush must be cut and piled
before snow falls. R. C. BEAGH,
11-3-3wks. Gagetown.

FREE OUR NEW
Gold Watch
Worth \$100.00. See ad
in this paper. Perfect
timekeeper. Warranted heavy,
solid gold hunting case.
Both ladies' and gent's sizes,
with works and case of
equal value. One person in
each locality can secure one
free, together with our large
and valuable line of household
samples. These samples, as well
as the watch, are free. All the work you
need do is to show what we send you to those who call—your
friends and neighbors and those about you—that always result
in valuable trade for us, which holds for years when once started,
and thus we are repaid. We pay all express, freight, etc. After
you know all, if you would like to go to work for us, you can
earn from \$200 to \$500 per week and upwards. Address,
Stinson & Co., Box 519, Portland, Maine.



General John P. S. Gobin,

Grand Master of the Grand Com-mandery of Knights Templar, is a Pennsylvanian, and was born at Sun-burn, Northumberland county. He learned the printer's trade, became a lawyer, and served in the state leg-islature. He has a very honorable war record, entering the Union service as early as April 19th, 1861, serving until January 6th, 1866. He entered the army as lieutenant in the Eleventh regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, and left as brigadier gen-eral of United States volunteers. General Gobin is at present a resident of Lebanon, Pa., and was first elected to the state senate in 1884. He has always been prominent in Masonic circles, and before his elevation to the grand mastership he was the deputy grand master, a post he filled with distinction.

Carlos I., the new king of Portugal, is about twenty-six years old. He ascends the throne not unprepared, the invalid condition of his father having for some time caused more and more official responsibility to be placed upon him. The little kingdom has now few causes of disturbance at home or abroad. Her chief colonial troubles are in South Africa, and these are likely to be quickly settled, the rivalry of her two strong neighbors, Ger-many and England, furnishing, per-haps, a guarantee that she will find aid in defending her rights. Yet the accession of a new monarch must cause some speculation as to its effects. The twenty-eight years' tranquility which Portugal had under King Luis I. was largely due to his observance of constitutional principles, willingness to favor reforms, and lack of disposition to seek personal promi-nence at the expense of the peace of the kingdom. Even under him there were some exciting political crises, and for a long time a continuation of the financial embarrassments and dis-orders which had come down to him from his predecessors. The probabili-ties are that no great changes in Portugal's domestic or foreign affairs need be immediately expected.

Emperor William of Germany is not contented with the imperial crowns his grand-parents wore, and which date no further back than 1872 and is having new ones made for him-self and the Empress. His is to weigh three pounds and to have a huge sap-phire at the top, and to contain 109 diamonds. The one for the Empress has no sapphire but has fifteen hun-dred diamonds and eleven of the finest pearls in the world. Konigsberg is elated at the news of these diadems and cherishes the hope that William will come to that ancient royal city to be crowned, as all his ancestors have done.

De Lesseps' hole in the ground (the Panama canal) with all its rights (and ruins) is for sale. The abandoned canal represents an out-lay of over one hundred million dol-lars, and the loss of thousands of lives. It is a graveyard of fortune and life, and a deplorable closing chapter in an otherwise honorable career one of the world's greatest engineers.

The race problem in the south will remain unsolved until either the domi-nant whites of that section acknowl-edge the political rights guaranteed the Negro by the constitution, or until the last colored citizen shall have ex-patriated himself, and there is no im-mediate probability of either of them coming to pass.

Hereafter every Indian who accepts the government's tender of land in severally becomes an American citi-zen, with all its responsibilities and trials. It is estimated that this law will add about six thousand to the voting population of the Dakota's within a year. It can not be said that the acquisition of this element is de-sirable.

HOW HE BEAT THE DEVIL.

Daniel was a very wretched man. As he sat with his head bowed upon his desk that evening he made up his mind that his life had been a failure. "I have labored long and diligently," said he to himself, "and although I am known throughout the city as an in-dustrious and shrewd business man I am still a poor man and shall probably continue so to the end of my days—unless—"

Here Daniel stopped and shivered. For a week or more he had been brood-ing over his unhappy lot. There seemed to be but one way out of his trouble, yet his soul revolted from tak-ing that step. That was why he stopped and shivered.

"But," he argued, "I must do some-thing! My nine children are growing up into big boys and girls. They must have those advantages which my limited means will not admit of! All my life so far has been pure, circum-spect, and rigid; poverty has at last broken my spirit—I give up the fight—I am ready to sell my soul to the devil!"

"The determination is a wise one," said a voice at Daniel's elbow. Daniel looked up and beheld a grim-visaged stranger in the chair beside him. The stranger was arrayed all in black, and he exhaled a distant odor of sulphur.

"Am I to understand," asked the stranger, "that you are prepared to enter into a league with the devil?"

"Yes," said Daniel, firmly; and he set his teeth together after the fashion of a man who is not to be moved from his purpose.

"Then I am ready to treat with you," said the stranger.

"Are you the devil?" asked Daniel, eying the stranger critically.

"No, but I am authorized to enter into contracts for him," explained the stranger. "My name is Beelzebub and I am my master's most trusted agent."

"Sir," said Daniel, "you must pardon me (for I am loathe to wound your feelings), but one of the rules governing my career as a business man has been to deal directly with principals and never to trust to the offices of middlemen. The affair now in hand is one concerning the devil and myself, and between us two and by us two only can the preliminaries be adjusted."

"As it so happens," explained Beelzebub, "this is Friday—commonly called hangman's day—and that is as busy a time in our particular locality as a Monday is in a laundry or as the first of every month is at a book-keeper's desk. You can understand, perhaps, that this is the devil's busy day; therefore be content to make this deal with me, and you will find that my master will cheerfully accept any contract I may enter into as his agent and in his behalf."

But no—Daniel would not agree to this; with the devil himself, and only the devil himself, would he treat. So he bade Beelzebub go to the devil and make known his wishes. Beelzebub departed, much chagrined. Presently back came the devil—and surely it was the devil this time—there could be no mistake about it, for he wore a scarlet cloak and had cloven feet and carried about with him as many suf-focating smells as there are kinds of brimstone, sulphur, and asafetida.

The two talked over all Daniel's miseries; the devil sympathized with Daniel, and ever and anon a malodor-ous, gummy tear would trickle down the devil's sinister nose and drop off on the carpet.

"What you want is money," said the devil. "That will give you the comfort and the contentment you crave."

"Yes," said Daniel, "it will give me every opportunity to do good."

"To do good!" repeated the devil. "To do good, indeed! Yes, it's many a good time we shall have together, friend Daniel! Ha, ha, ha!" And the devil laughed uproariously. Nothing seemed more humorous to the prospect of "doing good" with the devil's money! But Daniel failed to see what the devil was so jolly about. Daniel was not a humorist; he was, as we have indicated, a plain business man.

It was finally agreed that Daniel should sell his soul to the devil upon condition that for the space of twenty-four years the devil should serve Daniel faithfully, should provide him with riches, and should do whatsoever he was commanded to do; then, at the end of the twenty-fourth year, Daniel's soul was to pass into the possession of the devil and was to remain there forever, without recourse or benefit of clergy. Surely a more horrible contract was never entered into!

"You will have to sign your name to this contract," said the devil, produc-ing a sheet of asbestos paper upon which all the terms of the diabolical treaty were set forth exactly.

"Certainly," replied Daniel. "I have been a business man long enough to know the propriety and necessity of written contracts. And as for you, you must of course give a bond for the faithful execution of your part of this business."

"That is something I have never done before," suggested the devil.

"I shall insist upon it," said Daniel, firmly. "This is no affair of sentiment, it is strictly and coldly business—you are to do certain service and are to re-

gleefully rubbing his callous hands to-gether." Your soul in twenty-four years!"

"Yes," said Daniel. "Now, no con-tract is good unless there is a quid pro quo."

"That's so," said the devil, "so let's get a lawyer to draw up a paper for me to sign."

"Why a lawyer? queried Daniel. "A contract is a simple instrument; I, as a business man, can form one suffic-iently binding."

"But I prefer having a lawyer do it," urged the devil.

"And I prefer to do it myself," said Daniel.

When a business man once gets his mind set, not even an archemidian lever could stir it. So Daniel drew up the bond for the devil to sign, and this bond specified that in case the devil failed at any time during the next twenty-four years to do whatso Daniel commanded him, then should the bond which the devil held against Daniel be- come null and void, and upon that same day should a thousand and one souls be released forever from the devil's dominion. The devil winced; he hated to sign this agreement, but he had to. An awful clap of thunder ratified the abominable treaty, and every black cat within a radius of 100 leagues straight-way fell to frothing and to yowling grotesquely.

Presently Daniel began to prosper; the devil was a faithful slave, and he served Daniel so artfully that no person on earth suspected that Daniel had leagued with the evil one. Daniel had the finest house in the city, his wife dressed magnificently, and his children enjoyed every luxury wealth could provide. Still, Daniel was content to be known as a business man; he deputed himself modestly and kindly; he per-sued with all his old-time diligence the trade which in his earlier days he found so unproductive of riches. His indiffer-ence to the pleasures which money put within his reach was passing strange and it caused the devil vast uneasiness.

"Daniel," said the devil one day, "you're not getting out of this thing all the fun there is in it. You go poking along in the same old rut with never a suspicion that you have it in your power to enjoy every pleasure of human life. Why don't you break away from the old restraints? Why don't you avail yourself of the advan-tages at your command?"

"I know what you're driving at," said Daniel, shrewdly. "Politics?"

"No, not at all," remonstrated the devil. "What I mean is fun—gayety. Why not have a good time, Daniel?"

"But I am having a good time," said Daniel. "My business is going all right. I am rich. I've got a lovely home, my wife is happy, my children are healthy and contented, I am re-spected—what more could I ask? What better time could I demand?"

"You don't understand me," explained the devil. "What I mean by a good time is that which makes the heart merry and keeps the soul youthful and buoyant—wine, Daniel! Wine, and the theater, and pretty girls, and fast horses, and all that sort of happy, joyful life!"

"Tut, tut, tut!" cried Daniel; "no more of that, sir! I sowed my wild oats in college. What right have I to think of such silly follies—I, at 40 years of age, and a business man, too?"

So not even the devil himself could persuade Daniel into a life of dissipa-tion. All who have made a study of the business man will agree that of all human beings he is the hardest to swerve from conservative methods. The devil groaned and began to wonder why he had ever tied up to a man like Daniel—a business man.

Pretty soon Daniel developed an am-bition. He wanted reputation, and he told the devil so. The devil's eyes sparkled. "At last," murmured the devil with a sigh of relief; "at last!"

"Yes," said Daniel, "I want to be known far and wide. You must build a church for me."

"What!" shrieked the devil. And the devil's tail stiffened up like a sore thumb.

"Yes," said Daniel, calmly; "you must build a church for me, and it must be the largest and the handsomest church in the city. The sittings shall be free, and you shall provide the funds for its support forever."

The devil frothed at his mouth and blue fire issued from his ears and nos-trils. He was the maddest devil ever seen on earth.

"I won't do it!" roared the devil. "Do you suppose I'm going to spend my time building churches and stulti-fying myself just for the sake of grati-fying your idle whims? I won't do it—never!"

"Then the bond I gave is null and void," said Daniel.

"Take your old bond," said the devil, petulantly.

"But the bond you gave is opera-tive," continued Daniel. "So release the thousand and one souls you owe me when you refuse to obey me."

"Oh, Daniel!" whimpered the devil, "how can you treat me so? Haven't I always been good to you? Haven't I given you riches and prosperity? Does not sentiment of friendship—"

"Hush," said Daniel, interrupting him. "I have already told you a thou-sand times that our relations were sim-ply those of one business man with an-

shall fulfill mine. Come, now, to busi-ness! Will you or will you not keep your word and save your bond?"

The devil was sorely put to his trumps. But when it came to releasing a thousand and one souls from hell—ah, that staggered him! He had to build the church, and a noble one it was, too. Then he endowed the church, and finally he built a parsonage; altogether it was a stupendous work, and Daniel got all the credit for it. The preacher whom Daniel installed in this mag-nificent temple was severely orthodox, and one of the first things he did was to preach a series of sermons upon the personality of the devil, wherein he inveighed most bitterly against that person and his work.

By and by Daniel made the devil en-dow and build a number of hospitals, charity schools, free baths, libraries, and other institutions of similar character. Then he made him secure the election of honest men to office and of upright judges to the bench. It almost broke the devil's heart to do it, but the devil was prepared to do almost anything else than forfeit his bond and give up those one thousand and one souls. By this time Daniel came to be known far and wide for his philan-thropy and his piety. This gratified him, of course; but most of all he gloried in the circumstance that he was a business man.

"Have you anything for me to do to-day?" asked the devil one morning. He had grown to be a very meek and courteous devil; steady employment in righteous causes had chastened him to a degree and purged away somewhat of the violence of his nature. On this particular morning he looked haggard and ill—yes, and he looked, too as blue as a whetstone.

"I am not feeling robust," explained the devil. "To tell the truth, I am somewhat ill."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Daniel, "but as I am not conducting a sani-tarium I can do nothing further than express my regret that you are ailing. Of course our business relations do not contemplate any interchange of sym-pathies; still I'll go easy with you to-day. You may go up to the house and look after the children; see that they don't smoke cigarettes or quarrel or tease the cat or do anything out of the way."

Now that was fine business for the devil to be in; but how could the devil help himself? He was wholly at Daniel's mercy. He went groaning about the humiliating task.

The crash came at last. It was when the devil informed Daniel one day that he wasn't going to work for him any more.

"You have ruined my business," said the devil, wearily. "A committee of imps waited upon me last night and told me that unless I severed my con-nections with you a permanent suspen-sion of my interests down yonder would be necessitated. While I have been running around doing your insane errands my personal business has gone to the dogs—I wouldn't be at all sur-prised if I were to have to get a new plant altogether. Meanwhile my reputation has suffered; I am no longer respected and the number of my recruits is daily becoming smaller. I can make no further sacrifice."

Then you are prepared to forfeit your bond?" asked Daniel.

"Not by any means," replied the devil. "I propose to throw the mat-ter into the courts."

"That will hardly be to your inter-est," said Daniel, "since, as you well know, we have recently elected honest men to the bench, and, as I recollect, most of our judges are members in good standing of the church we built some years ago!"

The devil howled with rage. Then, presently, he began to whimper.

"For the last time," expostulated Daniel, "let me remind you that senti-ment does not enter into this affair at all. We are simply two business parties co-operating in a business scheme. Our respective duties are exactly defined in the bonds we hold. You keep your contract and I'll keep mine. Let me see, I still have a mar-gin of thirteen years."

The devil groaned and writhed.

"They call me a dude," whimpered the devil.

"Who do?" asked Daniel.

"Beelzebub and the rest," said the devil. "I have been trotting around doing pious errands so long that I've lost all my sulphur-and-brimstone flavor, and now I smell like spikenard and myrrh."

"Pooh!" said Daniel.

"Well, I do," insisted the devil. "You've humiliated me so that I haven't got any more ambition. Yes, Daniel, you've worked me shamefully hard!"

"Well," said Daniel, "I have a very distinct suspicion that when, thirteen years hence, I fall into your hands I shall not enjoy what might be called a sedentary life."

The devil plucked up at this sugges-tion. "Indeed you shall not," he mut-tered. "I'll make it hot for you!"

"But come, we waste time," said Daniel. "I am a man of business and I cannot fritter away the precious mo-ments parleying with you. I have im-portant work for you. To-morrow is Sunday; I want you to see that all the saloons are kept closed."

"I shan't—I won't!" yelled the devil.

"But you must," said Daniel firmly.

"Do you really expect me to do that!" roared the devil. "Do you fancy that I am so arrant a fool as to

hungry hell is supplied? That would be suicidal!"

"I don't know anything about that," said Daniel. "I am a business man, and by this business arrangement of ours it is explicitly stipulated—"

"I don't care what the stipulations are!" shrieked the devil. "I'm through with you, and may I be consumed by my own fires if ever again I have any-thing to do with a business man!"

The upshot of it all was that the devil forfeited his bond, and by this act Daniel was released from every obliga-tion unto the devil and one thousand and one souls were ransomed from the torture of the infernal fires.—Eugene Field.

"Bon Hur" at Home.

Of the most prominent writers who are singularly fortunate in their do-mestic relations, the author of "Beu Hur" is a striking example, says the Woman's Journal. Herself a writer of more than average ability, and possessed of an accurate literary judgment, Mrs. Wallace is an in-valuable assistant to her husband in his work. She is a tireless worker, rapid yet very painstaking, and is an expert at proof-reading. General Wallace is himself his severest critic, and after an incident or chapter has been written, re-cast probably a dozen times, and criticised from every stand-point, it is given to Mrs. Wallace, and runs the gauntlet of her critical judg-ment. There is a singular harmony of tastes between the two, and in this wise the literary partnership is pro-ductive of the most satisfactory re-sults. The home of the Wallaces is in Crafordville, Ind., and contains every comfort. They have already made a great deal of money with their pens, and are destined to make much more. Almost anything General Wallace chooses to write is an assured success, and he can therefore com-mand high prices for his work. The sales of "Bon Hur" alone have brought him over \$30,000, and its success has also made "The Fair God" a fast sell-ing book. For his "Boyhood of Christ" and his biography of Presi-dent Harrison he received very big payments, while for his new novel he will be paid what to many would be a snug little fortune. For Mrs. Wallace's published works there is also a steady demand, so that this literary couple manage remarkably well to secure a large share of the sweets of literature.

Some Tricks of "Magic."

The demand for apparatus by am-ateur performers in magic, who give such exhibitions in private parlors, and even before what may be called private audiences in the summer resorts of the country, is so great that there are several business houses which do an im-mense trade in supplying these goods, applying amateurs with magical out-fits, the chief features of which are of an electrical, mechanical, chemical or scientific character. Good types of such apparatus are found in the "goblin drum," which is suspended by a fine wire from the ceiling, and which, at the word of the performer, beats, answers questions and does arithmetical work. Of the same kind is the "spirit clock," which is a dial of clear glass similarly suspended and whose hands seem to possess human intelligence. In either case the wire is double and serves to conduct a current of electric-ity from a concealed battery to a clock work inside the drum or in the hands of the dial. The performer or his assistant sets the battery in ac-tion, and by a button controls the movement of the clock work. Some of these scientific illusions are both striking and beautiful. One which is rarely seen, although it is ex-cedingly simple, is the "Fountain of Light." A barrel or tank lined with a cheap mirror is filled with water and its contents brilliantly illuminated either by means of a dark lantern which throws its light through a glass window on the side or by incandescent globes, suspended in the water. If, when the room is very dark, the faucet be turned and the water allowed to run out and fall into a glass pitcher or bowl, the liquid that falls, and that which is caught below, seems fluid fire, so perfectly does it carry the light in its particles. A large volume might be filled with the description of these scientific experiments. They are sel-dom employed by professionals and even when used are intended as ex-pedients to distract the attention of the audience and not for any particular merit of their own. It is on this account that all first-class magicians keep a sharp eye upon the development of the modern sciences and make use of each new idea before it has become the common property and knowledge of the public.

Good News for Politicians.

A French stationer declares that he has invented an ink warranted to fade off paper in a week without leaving the slightest trace. What a boon that will be to all sorts and conditions of men! Not only will politicians have fits, but lovers will be able to give full vent to their feelings without the dread fear of breach of promise be-fore their eyes, and the lawyer's clerk, who always ends his epistles to his sweetheart "without prejudice," can allow a free rein to his fancy know-ing well that in ten days all will vanish and the paper regain its origi-nal value. Orders (under cover) will pour into the fortunate stationer.—Pall

THE FUTURE OF PALESTINE.

Depends Upon the Character of the People Who Possesses It.

There is no good reason for doubting that with a good government and a thrifty people Palestine might again answer to the description of a land flowing with milk and honey. Every intelligent resident in the country with whom I conversed was of this opinion, says a correspondent of the New York Mail. The soil is naturally rich and the climate favorable. Under the Turkish government, which is as withering to all civilized impulses as the sirocco is to vegetation, nothing can be hoped for in the way of advance-ment in any direction.

The tread of the Turk is the tread of an iron foot. His rule is an unmiti-gated curse on the earth in this nine-teenth century. But, in spite of him-self, the Turk has been forced to wit-ness and even languidly carry on cer-tain improvements. The stage road from Beirut to Damascus, built by a French company in 1863, and still owned by it, is in fine condition. There are carriage roads from Jaffa to Jerusalem and from Jerusalem to Hebron. Incited by the complaints of the Russian grand dukes last autumn, a road is being built from Tiberias westward to Nazareth, to connect with a tolerable road from there to Haifa, on the Mediterranean, and a road was begun in the autumn at Jerusalem in the direction of Jerico.

A railroad for military purposes from Egypt to Jaffa has been talked about. There is every reason to expect that in time a railroad will be built from Jaffa to Jerusalem, and perhaps extended from there to the wheat fields of the Hauran. But roads of travel and com-merce, valuable as they are, do not suffice to train and civilize a people. The best thing that could come to Syria and Palestine would be what has happened to Egypt. English occupa-tion would mean the administration of justice and the security of property rights to say nothing else.

The work of the missionary from western Christendom is slow, but it is progressing. An American can hardly stand under the walls of Syrian Protestant college at Beirut without feelings of pride. It is a mighty engine of attack against the ignorance and domestic degradation of the Moham-medan east. The village schools, the scattered churches, the mission print-ing press and the personal lives and homes of the missionaries are telling in a way statistics can not show and only personal contact can reveal.

When the Turkish rule is withdrawn and the torch of Christian life and liberty carried from the west shall have been allowed to cast its light through Syria and Palestine, I do not see why these lands may not again be inhabited by a happy and prosperous people. The archaeologist would retain Jerusalem and the Holy Land as a museum. The artist resists the en-gineer. But we look forward to a bet-ter destiny. So we thought as the hills of Judea and the houses of Jaffa faded out of our sight.

A Doubtful Lullaby.

I hear in a room upstairs,
She is singing a child to sleep,
As I came in unawares
From the twilight soft and deep.
And over my heart it seems
There is stealing a thralldom new,
As into the land of dreams
I feel I am warded, too.
Oh baby upon her breast,
She soothes in the room above,
The name of your dream is—rest,
The name of my dream is—love.

Indian Sign Language.

Although there are seventy-three different languages and about 800 dia-lects spoken by the American Indians, the sign language is equally understood by all the tribes. Chief Natchez of the Piute tribe is an adept in the "sign language." In Washington City some years ago he held a consultation by signs with the best experts, in which he gave an account of the troubles ex-isting at that time with some bands of renegade Indians up near the Oregon line, describing a trip he made to the camp of the hostiles. Natchez enjoys the almost solitary honor of having had his talk published in the govern-ment reports on these matters, with a full explanation of every sign he used in conveying the intelligence sought from him. He was highly spoken of by government experts for his great knowledge of and readiness in the Indian sign language.—Boston Travel-ler.

A Simple Test for Fresh Eggs.

This method is based upon the de-crease in the density of eggs as they grow old. Dissolve two ounces of kitchen salt, says the account, in a pint of water. When a fresh-laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom of the vessel, while one that has been laid on the day previous will not quite reach the bottom. If the egg be three days old it will swim in the liquid; if it is more than three days old it will float on the surface, and project above the latter more and more as it is older.

Truly a Bad Ending.

Emeline: "Have you heard how Jennie's marriage turned out?" Agnes: "No. He was a foreign nobleman, wasn't he?" Emeline: "He pretended to be, but he wasn't." Agnes: "And so she was deceived. He pro-posed to be a rich American!"

TWO FORTUNATE MEN.

Mr. C. A. Buckingham captures a Prize in the Louisiana Lottery.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Times, Oct. 1.

C. A. Buckingham, night clerk of the United States Express Company in this city, and a sober, industrious young fellow at that. Last month the clerks in the same office made up a purse for the purpose of buying some tickets in the Louisiana State Lottery and asked young Buckingham to go into the combination, but he refused, saying that he needed his earnings to care for his family, a wife and child, the wife having been sick for some time. Just before the drawing on the 10th of September, however, Buckingham concluded that he would try his luck, and on the quiet secured and received in return two one-twentieth tickets. One of these was one-twentieth of ticket No. 69,159, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. The fortunate man forwarded his ticket to the Louisiana State Lottery company, and received in return \$5,000 in hard cash. This is another case where the prize fell into excellent hands and where it will serve the excellent purpose of making easy for the time being, at least, the path of a most deserving young man and his excellent family.

A new development of the labor question is the suit begun by two miners at Greensburg, Pa., against a boss who called them "Mollie Maguires" and "archaists."

"Oh to be dead and done with the trouble that fills each day with a dreary pain." This is the moan of many a woman who thinks she can never be well again. "It were better for me and better for others."

If I were dead, and their tears fall fast. Not so, not so, O wives and mothers. There's a bow of hope in the sky at last, and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Peppermint Cure.

We recommend "Tanzi's Punch" Cigar.

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MEXICAN PENITENTES.

A Nineteenth Century Relic of the Horrors of Benighted Superstition.

The Sickening Ceremonies During Holy Week of the New Flagellants in New Mexico—The Tortures of the Indian San Dance Outdone by Ignorant Greasers.

In New Mexico there has been little said and less written of the Penitentes that is reliable. They are spoken of as the New Flagellants by the church writers who have touched upon them. In the fourteenth century there were Flagellants, who, commemorating the agony of Christ, went to such excesses that they frequently killed each other. One pope after another denounced them, and they finally disappeared. When the Franciscans undertook the religious conquest of New Mexico they taught the natives penances more or less severe. The Franciscans were expelled from the country in 1825, and the natives were left without religious guidance. Their unchecked fanaticism gave rise to the Penitentes, and when Archbishop Lamy came to New Mexico in 1850 he found them firmly established in all their horrid practices.

In every town where there are Penitentes there is a "movada," or lodge. It is an adobe building, with three windows and a door. On the wooden shutter of each window a black cross is painted, the door has a similar one, and a wooden cross is planted in the mud roof, just above the door. About half a mile from the house, directly in front of the door, is another cross about twelve feet high. The movada is entirely unfurnished. In one corner is a pile of whips made of twisted soapweed and cactus, rawhide and cord, rusty daggers and broken swords with blood-stains upon them, and a wooden cross, about ten feet high, made of roughly hewn pinon wood. Sometimes there are two, sometimes three of these crosses, but always one.

The Penitentes will not help to punish one of their number for an offense against some one who is not a Penitente, and so there is sometimes an astonishing result of a jury trial in New Mexico. But if one Penitente commit a crime against another, there is a solemn trial, and a penitential ceremony inside the "movada" resembling the proceedings of the tribunals of the Vehmgericht of the middle ages. Trial and penance occupy two nights. The "hermano mayor," or "greatest brother," who is the chief of the order, presides over the trial. It is held in the movada on a moonlight night, the doors and window open, and sentinels stationed around the house outside. All the members wear masks. The accuser states his case and the witnesses tell their tales. The accused defends himself and brings his witnesses, and a majority vote of the Penitentes convicts. The next night all the Penitentes attend at the movada again. The offender goes humbly to the door, clad in only a lower garment, and knocks. The door opens and he sees before him his brethren half-naked like himself, drawn up in two lines inside. The hermano mayor stands near the door, and at the foot of the line is the hermano corregidor, or chief flagellator with a scourge in his hand. All of the Penitentes, like the one who approaches, are masked and their eyes gleam solemnly at the conscience-stricken wretch at the door.

"Que quieres?" (what do you want?) asks the hermano mayor formally. The penitent explains at length that he has offended the laws of the society and wants to make atonement, that he may be received once more into full fellowship. Then he falls on his knees before the hermano mayor, who places his hand on the suppliant's head, saying: "De mi estes perdonado. Dias te perdono!" (I forgive thee. May God also pardon thee!)

The penitent crawls on his knees to the first man on the other line, who says the same thing, and this continues until he has thus been forgiven by each one except the hermano corregidor, who stands like an executioner, grim and silent. The penitent repeats his formula, asking for forgiveness. In reply the hermano corregidor lifts his scourge and showers blows upon the naked back of the kneeling man, who simply covers his face with his hands and bears his penance without a groan. The others look stolidly on until the wearied arm of the hermano corregidor stops, and then they silently disperse. If the man who is being tortured faints the others go their ways and leave him lying there. Weak men have died under the punishment of a heavy lash wielded by a strong arm, and in the last ten years there have been more than one trial of penitents in the northern part of New Mexico accused of being accessory to the death of some Alexian found dying at the door of a movada, but nobody has ever been convicted.

During holy week the Penitentes exhibit themselves publicly in procession and their exercises then are of frightful barbarity and cruelty. Taos county is still a stronghold of the Penitentes. Near a little village there the writer once sat for three hours on a hill watching a Good Friday procession. With him was a Mexican named Cosme Padillo, who had once been a Flagellant, but had married an American woman and abandoned the Penitente sort of atonement for his sins. It was three o'clock in the

afternoon when the Penitentes, who had assembled in the movada, began their chant.

Sentinels with masks hovered all about the building 100 or 200 yards away. There were eight men watching the scene who were there merely from curiosity. Now and then the sentinels glanced at them, but did not offer to molest them or order them to leave the place. The movada was on the edge of a thicket of pinon trees. Every few minutes there came a sharp whistle from some part of this thicket, or a call in Spanish. One of the men would dart into the woods and would presently return, bringing with him a man naked and masked, but with the appearance of inexperience.

It was hard to believe that the sun was shining on the nineteenth century as the door of the movada opened and the penitentes began to straggle out and form their procession. One got a confused impression of white drawers, black masks, brown skins, and blood as the procession started. In front marched the hermano mayor. He intoned a chant, followed discordantly and irregularly by 200 men who came after in a straggling double line. The procession headed straight for the wooden cross, three-quarters of a mile away, over ground grown thickly with cacti and soapweed and covered with sharp rocks. Behind the hermano mayor six men bore a cross. On it hung a very young Mexican, the only one unmasked in the whole procession. His wrists were bound to the cross-piece with hide and his ankles were crossed and tied in the same way. He had nothing on his body and was pitifully emaciated. Hanging by a cord to each of his bound wrists was a sword, or the blade of a sickle it seemed to be, and at each stumble of the cross-bearers over the rocky and uneven ground the sharp points pierced and cut his shoulders and back. He was streaming with blood before the procession had gone a quarter of a mile.

Behind the crucified youth walked a man who was doing his best to suffer as much as the one on the cross. A rope bound his ankles so that he could take only short steps, and swinging from a stick he held high over his head were two blades like those cutting the Penitente on the cross. He held his head in the air that he might not see and avoid the obstacles in the pathway, and at nearly every step the points of the two knives stuck into his shoulders and sides. He chanted in a shrill voice, and shrieked the name of Christ in loud tones when he felt himself cut.

Another man had slashed the skin on his back and breast and thighs until there were raw and bleeding traces, and at nearly every step he struck the flesh of one of these wounds with a scourge of cactus. Others in the line whipped themselves or those in front with sticks and pieces of cactus and soapweed.

The quivering chant and the deep bass voice of the hermano mayor rose above all the noise and groans and exclamations of pain as the procession moved on.

When near the cross, the goal of the procession, the cross-bearers set their burden down hastily on the ground and the whole line halted. For a moment even the hermano mayor ceased his chant. The head of the young penitente, bleeding on the cross, had fallen forward on his breast and he seemed about to expire. The other penitentes gathered around him, exhorting him to bear up, execrating him for his cowardice, reminding him that he had himself petitioned for the place on the cross, and crying to him that he would be transported to heaven in a twinkling if he should die. He appeared to be dying, but he opened his eyes and gasped out: "Agua, agua!"

The hermano mayor shouted to him that there was water at the calvary where they were going. The zealots took up the chant as they saw the poor young fellow open his eyes and the line moved on. It took the procession about an hour to march from the movada to the calvary. When they got there, judging by the bloody appearance of all the men, it seemed proper that most of them should lie down and die, but instead they knelt down around the cross and continued their chant. The cross they bore was set down. The boy on it now senseless, was unbound and water obtained from an arroyo near by was poured in his face until, with amazing vitality, he recovered sufficiently to sit up and watch in a dazed way the other Penitentes. Then the procession returned to the movada. The crucified boy, instead of being carried home, was helped to his feet by two of the Penitentes and supported as he staggered back behind the others.

Antipathy to Darkness.
A Vienna millionaire who died a short time ago had such an antipathy to darkness that he provided by will for an electric light to be kept burning in the interior of his coffin also to be electrically lighted.

Plenty Where It Is Not Needed.
"There is ice in Greenland 6,000 feet thick," read Mr. Mumble in his evening paper. "That's just the way," commented his wife. "I suppose it's so cold there they don't need it, either." —Puck.

Copy of Original.
VAN WERT, O., July 11, 1889.
RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

GENTS: This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, Druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

ALBERT KING.
HINES & SON, Druggists.

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DEAR SIR:—As Mr. Hinman, the druggist, told you, I am a great friend of your remedy. I have used it at intervals during the past twelve years. I carried me safely through the critical period of my life without a single sick day, and it did great things for me in many ways. I always recommend it where I see a case that needs it. It always does splendidly, often accomplishing more than you have ever claimed for it, and more than any one would readily believe who did not personally know the cases.

I now consider myself well, but I work hard at my business—dressmaking—and when I am tired and nervous a small dose of Zoa Phora quiets and rests me. I always have it in my house.

Yours truly,
MRS. MARY C. CHANDLER,
BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 20, 1886.
To H. G. Coleman, secretary.

AN EXQUISITE ENGRAVING.
Gateway to the Garden of the Gods, Colorado, With View of Pike's Peak in the Middle Distance.

A very costly and elegant steel plate engraving has just been executed in the highest style of the art, copies of which from a limited supply, are now ready for delivery, and will be sent to any part of the world on receipt of 25 cents each, in stamps or coin. The noble grandeur of the "Entrance to the Garden of the Gods" is the favorite theme of poet and painter. The outer parapets are of pure white, while the interior columns spring boldly from the plain to a height of 350 feet—the whole suggesting the ruins of a vast temple. These towering walls form a majestic frame within which the snow capped summit of Pike's Peak which reveals itself among the clouds in the far distance. To secure an early copy of this admirable work of art, address JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen. Agent, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry., enclosing the price, 25 cents.

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Two years ago there were but twenty six unions in the journeymen tailors' or gazilion, now there are over one hundred; two years from now there are expected to be at least two hundred.

The boycott that was recently declared against a popular dining saloon of New York city for driving out its union waiters was too heavy for the proprietor, and he surrendered after a short struggle.

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