

Cass City Enterprise.

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One Dollar Per Year.

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B. F. BROWNE. A. H. BROWNE.
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
advance, or if not paid until the end of the
year it will be collected for at the rate of \$1.25
at the expiration of that time.

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

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND MONEY!

Real Estate.

I offer for sale the sw 1/4 of section 33, Colum-
bia; 20 acres improved, good frame barn, small
ranch house, 100 acres of fine green hardwood
timber, at \$17 per acre.

Also the sw 1/4 of section 14, and the ne 1/4 of section
14, Elkhart; 60 acres cleared, good
frame barn, small frame house and orchard, 10
acres of green timber, price \$2,700.

Also the s 1/2 of section 10, Ellington;
improved, price \$8 per acre.
Also the w 1/2 of section 16, Elkhart;
unimproved, price \$10 per acre.

The above lands can be purchased on small
payments down, and balance on time, to suit
purchaser, at seven per cent interest.

Insurance.

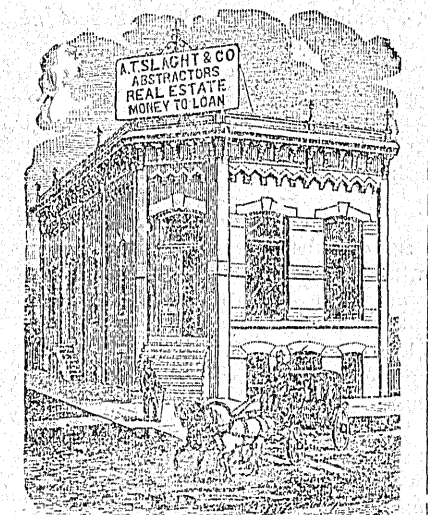
Farmers wishing to obtain insurance on their
farm property will find it to their advantage
to call on me and investigate the standings of
the Home Insurance company of New York and
the North British and Mercantile Insurance
company of London and Edinburgh, being the
most liberal and reliable insurance companies
doing business in this part of Michigan. Notes
taken for premiums at 7 per cent interest.

Money to loan.

Parties wishing a loan on real estate may se-
cure the same from me at 7 and 8 per cent in-
terest, according to the amount loaned. I
charge no commission, only a reasonable fee for
executing the papers and examining the title.

J. D. BROOKER,
Cass City.

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



MONEY TO LOAN ON
FARM MORTGAGES.

—IN SUMS FROM—
\$50 TO \$5,000!

For long or short time.
Office across from Medler House.
CARO - MICH.

CARO
Marble Works

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

JUST RECEIVED!
25

NEW MONUMENTS

—Of the Latest—

Designs.

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

COME AND SEE

The works for yourselves.

Located op. Caro Exchange Bank

Owned and operated by

W. L. PARKER.

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

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

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

INSURANCE

I have accepted the agency of the JETNA Fire
Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn. Farm-
ers wishing reliable insurance can have the
same written by calling on me at the Cass City
Bank.

The JETNA is one of the most reliable Com-
panies in the United States. Time given for
payment of premiums, and everything guaran-
teed satisfactory.

I offer for sale cheap, one black gelding, six
years old, weight 1,162, sound and kind; dou-
ble work harness, for \$5, with collars; also 50
cords of body wood, delivered at Cass City, at
\$1.00 per cord, and will give three months
without interest or one year's time at seven
per cent.

C. W. McPHAIL,

At Cass City Bank.

CITY NEWS.

Additional local on last page.

A Merry Christmas to all our readers.

A boy at Wm. Sherwood's on Friday
evening last.

T. H. Fritz was a visitor in Detroit on
business Monday.

John Marshall of Unionville was a caller
in town on Sunday last.

The auction sale still holds forth at
the "old" Stewart building.

J. B. McGilvray made a business trip
to Kingston on Monday last.

Mrs. Wm. Schwaderer is still very ill,
and her recovery is very slow.

Miss Hattie Bennett of Caseville is vis-
iting her sister, Mrs. Wm. Sherwood.

Jno. Leonard of Bad Axe was a caller
in this place the fore part of the week.

Mrs. Helen Wixson of Caro was the
guest of Mrs. E. H. Pinney on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thos. Foster of Bad Axe was a
guest of friends in town several days
last week.

The various churches in town are mak-
ing great preparations for their Christ-
mas exercises.

Horace Markham, of Ortonville, Oak-
land county, is visiting at S. R. Mark-
ham's at present.

The work furnished by the Pontiac
steam laundry, according to all reports,
has given entire satisfaction.

Miss McGeorge of Inlay City is the
guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. McGeorge
and will remain several weeks.

School will close for the holidays on
Tuesday next, when a week's vacation
will be given the teachers and scholars.

A. M. Work of Broughton, Pa., who
has been visiting his son, K. S. Work,
left on the morning train Monday for
home.

Most of the merchants have changes
in their advertisements this week, and it
will amply repay anyone to read them
carefully.

Mrs. W. D. Schooley and daughters,
who have been visiting friends in Cana-
da for two weeks, returned home on Sat-
urday last.

Miss Etta Tennant, a former Cass City
young lady, is the guest of friends and
relatives in town and will remain until
after Christmas when she will leave for
Escanaba.

The subject of Forestry, in our new
counties, that have lost their timber by
the destructive forest fires of the past
twenty years, is engaging a good deal of
attention just now.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Farrar returned
from New Haven, Mich., on Monday,
where they had been attending the fun-
eral of Mrs. F. S. Farrar, who had been
very ill for a considerable length of time.

J. H. Blodgett and wife, who have
been stopping with Rev. N. B. Andrews
and family for the past five months, de-
parted for their home in Kalkaska on
Tuesday. They made many friends dur-
ing their stay here.

The Mayville Monitor states that \$31,-
000 have been spent in new buildings in
that thriving town during the past year,
and that \$145,000 have been expended in
the same line during the past five years.
A pretty good showing.

Schwaderer Bros. have sold out their
meat market in this place to J. H. Wine-
gar, who will take immediate possession.
We understand that the latter gentleman
will move his paraphernalia from his
present quarters to the shop he has re-
cently purchased. Schwaderer Bros. will
still ply their trade of stock buying and
will devote their entire attention and
time to this business.

Our advertising columns this week are
profuse with holiday announcement.

Farmers, when coming to town to
purchase your holiday goods, just put
on a load of wood for the printer.

Don't forget the dance at the town hall
on Wednesday evening next. Mr. Em-
mons assures a good time for all who
may attend. An oyster will be served
at the Cass City House, and excellent
music will be provided for the dancers.

The M. E. church will celebrate Christ-
mas this year by observing an interest-
ing program which will be rendered by
the Sunday school on Christmas Eve.
From past entertainments given at this
church it will undoubtedly be an enjoy-
able affair.

The law mill was grinding on Monday,
under the supervision of Justice Wine-
gar. The case involved the legal points
of trespass preferred by Andrew J. Se-
gar against Jno. Zinnecker, which result-
ed in favor of the plaintiff, the jury ren-
dering a verdict of \$1 and costs.

Mrs. Bader, who has kept a boarding
house in this place for a number of years
past, left on Wednesday night for Minne-
apolis, Minn., where she will make her
home in the future with relatives. Those
who have been regular attendants
around her festive board have sought
the hotels.

The P. O. & N. in conjunction with the
C. & G. T. R'y will sell tickets good going
on 20th and 21st, and good to return
up to and including Jan. 7th, 1890, to
all principal points in Canada at very
low rates. This is the best route.

Rev. Andrews will deliver a Christmas
sermon next Sunday morning and will
have for his subject, "The Exaltation of
Christ," Phil. II, 9. The subject for the
evening's discourse will be "Labor and
Capital," 1 Cor. XII, 31. The Y. P. S.
C. E. meeting at 6 p. m.

The P. O. & N. wishes all its patrons a
merry Christmas and offers the usual re-
duced rate of one and one-third fare for
the holidays. On Dec. 24th, 25th, 31st
and Jan. 1st tickets will be sold to all
patrons, which will be good from date of
sale up to and including Jan. 6th, 1890.

Don't fail to read the change of ad. of
K. S. Work's on another page. As Mr.
Work has decided to retire from busi-
ness, he offers his entire stock of goods
at cost. When in the city do not fail to
give him a call, and thereby secure a
good bargain on anything you may wish
to purchase.

Eleanor M. Stockman, who left this
township two years ago to accept a po-
sition as teacher among the Indians in
the far west is now one of the teachers
in the Boynton business college at Sac-
ramento, Cal. No doubt her many
friends in this locality will be glad to
hear of her prosperity.

The auction bell was vigorously rung
by our village president on Wednesday
afternoon. Guess the marshal must
have been out of town or there is a de-
fective part in the ordinance. They say
the crowd was larger than usual, owing
to the extra exertions of the chief execu-
tive. Nothing like a little fun once in a
while.

The man who handles the local depart-
ment of a newspaper learns, after due ex-
perience, not to expect even briefly ex-
pressed thanks for a column of pleasant
things, but he knoweth assuredly as com-
eth winter, that a line in which there is a
single unintentional misrepresentation,
will cause someone to be heard from as
if on a house top. But he gets used to
it.—EX.

The Michigan crop report for Decem-
ber gives the condition of wheat in Tus-
cola county as compared with the vital-
ity and growth of former years at 67
per cent, the probable yield of clover
seed at 1.88 per cent, and the condition
of live stock as compared with former
years at an average of 95 per cent.
Wheat improved in condition in Novem-
ber in all parts of the state.

Next Wednesday will be a day through-
out this broad land when happiness will
reign in millions of homes, when all cares
of a busy year will be replaced by thoughts
of the present, yet how many homes will
be void of all attractiveness relating to
this joyous season; how many families
will be destitute of the wherewithal to
purchase the little gifts of remembrance,
and who, while others are gathered
around their tables loaded with deli-
cacies, are munching their crust. Citizens
and benevolent people of Cass City, have
we any of the latter class in our little
village? If so, let us see that our own
selfishness and neglect of the needful
wants of such does not overcome our
generosity, but remember the poor at all
times.

John H. Damon of Millington, and
Samuel Roy of Lansing both want to be
general superintendent of the census of
Michigan, but as the office has but one
salary attached to it, both cannot take
the prize. Senator McMillan favors Da-
mon, while senator Stockbridge is friend-
ly to Roy's claims, and the contest is a
lively one. Gen. Porter, chief of the
census bureau will probably make the
selection this week.—Detroit Journal.

There is to be a grand oyster supper
and raffle at Echo hall, Gagetown, on
Christmas night, Dec. 25th, when a \$20,-
00 chamber set will be disposed of. The
supper will be served at 7 p. m., after
which there will be exercises and singing
by the school children. The crowning
event of the evening will be a tableau,
entitled "The Nativity of Our Christ." Tickets: supper, 25 cents; raffle, 20
cents. Everybody is invited to attend.

A frightful accident occurred near
Omard, Sanilac county, in which John
and Alexander McKellar met an untimely
death, and Frank Bartlett and Dou-
gald McKellar, another brother, narrow-
ly escaped with their lives. The four
boys were working in a sand pit, when,
without a moment's warning the pit caved
in, instantly killing the two brothers,
John and Alex. and nearly smothering
the third brother and the Bartlett boy.

The weather during the past week has
been of that nature as to cause the most
sanguine expectations of a cold and
hard winter to be dashed unmercifully to
an ignominious death in about six feet of
mud—more or less. We have certainly
encountered more mud the past week
than has been our want to experience
for some time. Unless a freeze-up strikes
us very soon, those who have to come
any distance to purchase Christmas
goods will be securing happiness under
difficulties.

To discover spurious greenbacks or na-
tional bank notes, divide the last two
figures of the number of the bill by four,
and if one remains the letter on the bill
will be A; if two remains, the letter will
be B; if three remains, the letter will be
C; should there be no remainder, the let-
ter will be D. For example: A note is
registered 2461; divide 61 by 4 and you
will have one remaining. According to
the rule the letter on the note will be A.
In case this rule fails, it is certain that the
note is counterfeit or altered.—EX.

The Presbyterian Sabbath school are
making extensive preparations to have
Christmas Eve celebrated in fine style.
No pains are being spared to make it a
perfect success. The entertainment will
consist of anthems, choruses, recitations,
dialogues, etc. St. Nicholas and Father
Time will be present and after taking
their part in the program, will assist in
distributing the gifts from the Christmas
tree. A good time is anticipated, and a
cordial invitation is extended to all to
be present on Tuesday evening, Dec. 24,
at the Presbyterian church.

Last July, S. W. Burwell of Port Hu-
ron died, and at the time of his death
was a member of Huron Tent, No. 83,
K. O. T. M. Jas. Burwell of Caseville, a
brother of the deceased, has not seen him
for ten years and did not know of his
death. By chance a young daughter of
Jas. Burwell's saw the notice of her un-
cle's death, in the K. O. T. M. paper a
short time ago, and that his policy was
made out to his brother. Burwell is now
taking steps to get the insurance, and,
as he is a poor man it will be very appre-
ciable.—Bad Axe Democrat.

A fraud is being perpetrated upon the
school districts. An agent comes along
soliciting orders for charts, and other
school apparatus, amounting to \$35.00,
and forges the name of the director or
some other member of the board. He
then visits the other members, who, seeing
the name of one of their number already
attached to the order, do not hesitate to
place their signatures to the order. The
agent represents that the state will
pay for these necessities, but in the
course of time the school district will
find that they will have to foot the bill.
We say, beware, and look out for the
sharpener, for such he is.

The citizen's lyceum on Monday even-
ing was quite well attended, considering
the inclemency of the weather, and the
"fence" question was hotly debated, re-
sulting in the decision that the farmers
of Michigan could not do without those
necessary requirements. A digression was
made from the usual order of selecting the
question for the succeeding meeting and a
committee of three was appointed to
choose a question for Monday evening
next, and select the debaters, also to
appoint an essayist for that evening.
The committee hands us the following:
Essay by A. H. Browne; question, "Re-
solved, That a man can learn more of
things as they exist at the present time
by travel than by reading;" debaters—
affirmative, Rev. N. B. Andrews, Henry
Butler, E. F. Marr; negative, T. A. Con-
lon, J. D. Brooker, W. J. Gamble.

Fritz Bros.' holiday goods are now
ready for inspection. A complete line of
albums and all plush goods, bibles, poems
and miscellaneous books. Call and see
our stock before purchasing.

LOOK MERRY HERE! XMAS IS HERE!

SANTA CLAUS DID COME SURE.

United we stand,
Divided we fall;
Come rich, come poor,
Come one, come all,

AND SEE OUR HOLIDAY GOODS.

Our stock is complete. Of Plush Goods
we have an abundant supply,
Consisting of:

Albums of the latest colors and styles, and ranging in price from \$1 and upwards. The best \$2.50 albums in the county. Also albums with morocco binding, toilet articles work boxes, odor cases, dressing cases, etc., that will suit the fancy of the prettiest lady in Michigan. We also have a special stock of perfumes for the xmas trade.

Books! Books! prices away down low this year. Webster's unabridged dictionary and dictionary holder, Poems of all new kinds, both padded morocco and cloth bindings, Carlton's latest, "City Legends," fills the bill for fun. Purgatory Paradise Dantes bible gallery, etc all illustrated. A complete line of teacher's and family bibles.

Call and see us, we will try and make it a pleasant Christmas for you at

FRITZ BROS.' Drugstore.

MUSIC!

I have been requested to organize a class in instrumental music and will give lessons either on the piano or organ. Rates reasonable. Miss Browne.

Neck Scarfs in all styles and at all prices at E. F. Marr's. They make an elegant Christmas present.

Having bought the entire stock of gloves and mittens of Walter Buhl & Co., Detroit, I have the finest line in the county. Come and see them.

E. F. MARR.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.—Miss Lena Blum is organizing a class and is prepared to give instrumental music—piano or organ. Apply immediately at the M. E. parsonage.

Auction Sale at the City Drugstore on Saturday afternoon and evening.

Only a few more Ladies' Muffs and Bows left at E. F. Marr's. Call early if you wish to get one.

Wall Paper given away at A. W. Seed's for the next 10 days.

Remember the Auction Sale at the City Drugstore on Saturday.

Our entire stock of wall paper must be closed out by Jan. 1st, so call and get bargains.

A. W. SEED.

E. F. Marr has the finest line of neck scarfs in town.

Ladies, if you want a muff or boa call at Marr's clothing store.

Those Ladies' gloves and mittens at Marr's cannot be beat. Get a pair.

E. F. Marr will sell you a pair of gloves or mittens cheaper than any store in the county.

If the miserable villain that bought a rocker at my store last week and lied my wife out of 75 cents will call when in town I will give him back what he paid for the chair, as I would rather give a chair away wholly than sell it for less than cost.

L. A. DEWITT.

Notice to Taxpayers.

Dan. Somerville, Greenleaf township treasurer, will receive taxes at his place during the month of December, also at the I. C. school house, Saturday, Dec. 21st, at the McConnell school house Saturday, Dec. 28, and at Hugh Hunter's store, Tuesday, Dec. 31.

Notice to Taxpayers.

A. A. McKenle, township treasurer, will receive taxes on Friday of each week during the month of December, at his undertaking rooms, Cass City.

LAUNDRY!

The American Express Co., having made arrangements with S. A. Pratt & Co., of the Pontiac Steam Laundry, to receive laundry at this place, announces to the people of Cass City that it is now prepared to accommodate any person wishing work done in that line. All work guaranteed to be done in a First-class manner. Orders for Laundry are requested to be left with E. F. Marr, at the express office in this place.

XMAS

IS COMING.

And all who are looking after

PRESENTS,

And wish anything in my

line will please call early

and inspect my new stock

of goods, a great many which

have been bought especially for the

Holiday Trade.

We also have a large stock of

Upholstered,

Gain and

Wood Seat

And Pine Read

ROCKERS

BOTH FLOOR and PLATFORM.

Ranging in price from

90cts. to \$15.

Also a large line

Center Tables, both

Wood and Marble

Top, Curtain Poles

of all kinds, Bed

Suites, Parlor

Suites, Chairs of all

kinds and descrip-
tion.
Don't forget the Place.
L. A. DEWITT.



Mrs. Diaz,

Wife of the president of Mexico, is the president's second wife. A Mexican writer speaking of her says that she sways the heart and mind of her husband by reason of her talent, her goodness and her beauty. Mrs. Diaz will be remembered by the people of the United States as the bride of a few months who made a tour of this country in 1883. She possesses a tall, willowy, graceful figure, her dark eyes are still brilliant and full of gentleness, and her alabaster complexion is the same.

The question naturally arises: "What effect is the change of government in Brazil likely to have upon Portugal?" Dom Pedro retiring from the king business is given a fortune by the people over whom he ruled, and is henceforth free from the cares of government. He, good old man, goes in peace, but his heirs have some difficulty in reconciling themselves to the loss of the regal and sumptuous life they have promised themselves. The revolution in Brazil has caused discontent in Portugal, and that country is weary of its monarchy, and the presence of Dom Pedro in Lisbon does not tend to allay the excitement. Of the population of nearly five million in Portugal, a very large percentage are illiterate, and the proportion in this age of general education is startling. These people are not well fitted for self-government, but are readily inclined to join in any revolution promising relief to a situation of poverty and ignorance without a parallel in all Europe. That the Portuguese are protesting against their own condition under an illiberal monarchy is shown in the fact that they have commenced, latest of the European nations, the tide of emigration to America. Monarchy in Portugal is doomed.

Bessie Keim, a 13-year-old girl of Philadelphia, is quite a heroine among her young friends. She recently wrote a letter to King Leopold of Belgium, notifying him that her uncle, who had deserted his ship to see his wife die, was lying in prison for his offense, and begging the king to pardon him. The king investigated the matter, discovered that the man had made every effort to get a furlough when notified that his wife was dying, and that after performing the last office for the dead, he sought to get aboard his ship. Failing in this he enlisted on another ship and did faithful service. The king thereupon ordered the release of the prisoner, after six years' confinement, and the prime minister wrote a personal letter to Bessie Keim, telling her that her uncle was free.

In the investigation now in progress in Salt Lake City the Mormons are doing some lively swearing. A leading apostle declared under oath that the church punished murder and impurity with death, but when asked as to the number of his wives was as silent as the grave. His refusal to answer landed him in the penitentiary. The church of the Latter Day Saints must be in desperate straits, when its leaders stand in open court and utter such glaring untruths. Had capital punishment been meted out for impurity, the church would long ago have been wiped out of existence by its own sins.

A very destructive cyclone passed over a portion of Buford county, North Carolina, Nov. 29, doing great damage. Houses were blown down and trees torn up by the roots. The residence of a farmer near Washington, the county seat, was blown to atoms, and the entire family, consisting of father, mother and four children, were killed instantly. The grown daughter was to have been married the next day, and all preparations had been made to celebrate the happy event.

A factory near Washington was blown down and two people killed, while a dozen others received bad injuries. Miss Mattie Cheve, the pretty daughter of a farmer, was caught up on the cyclone and carried away upon the bosom of the mad wind. Her body has not yet been found.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Nearly everybody in Naples knew the condescending and benevolent old Duke, San Diodato, and nearly everybody loved him.

It was getting dark; the people of fashion were returning from their promenade on the quay. Beautiful women, bold military officers, elegant horseback riders—all of them greeted the Duke with marked attention.

Every one received the same pleasant and benevolent smile, with this difference, however, that in response to a nod from out of the cushions of a carriage, the Duke condescended to bow, while on other occasions he considered a familiar nod, a motion of his hand, a wink of his small and sparkling eyes as sufficient.

The Duke was in an unusual hurry. A magnificent dinner was to take place that evening at Irisio's, in which all the dignitaries of the city were to participate. It was almost necessary that the noble philanthropist, the darling of the people of Naples, should be present on that occasion.

His valet, a dress coat decorated with three badges and a low-cut silk waistcoat over his arm, awaited him at home.

"Eccellenza, it is high time!" The Duchess, a stately lady of about the age of 50 years, made her appearance on the threshold.

"You are late, my dear." He kissed her hand politely and then asked the valet:

"Any people waiting for me?"

"Yes, Signore Duca! Shall I send them away?"

"By no means!" But the Duchess held him by the arm.

"Cher Duc! The Princess of Monteleone's reception is at hand; I can not possibly appear in the same robe for the fourth time."

"You can not? Have it changed a trifle, my dear. You have an excellent taste in such things and always look elegant—always beautiful."

"Flatterer!" replied the Duchess, smiling without affectation. "But this time I am at the end of my resources. I must have money!"



THE SAME WITH ME, MY CHILD.

"The same with me, my child! I can not find a soldo in my pockets. I gave the last I had to a beggar in the Villa Nazionale."

"Then only one way is left for me: I will have to use a sick headache for a pretext."

"Bah! This is a small matter! For what purpose do you keep a dress-maker?"

"There are three robes charged on last year's account—"

"That leaves room for a fourth." Saying this he withdrew to the audience room. A half a dozen people crowded around him.

"Signore Duca—my son!"

"Eccellenza—per pietà!"

"Monsignore—have pity!"

"Adagio—adagio, my children!" interrupted the Duke kindly, taking a seat and wiping his bald head with a silk handkerchief. "Every one in due order. Who was here first?"

"I, Signore Duca!"

An old man in a peasant's jacket, his legs wound in goat skins, stepped forward in a stooping attitude.

"From the country, my dear old friend? What troubles you?"

"Ah, Eccellenza. The King has drafted my son, my only son, into the army to send him into America. When my Poppe is gone, I must starve, poor cripple that I am! I and my three orphaned grandchildren."

"That, the King would regret very much!" The corners of the good old Duke's mouth twitched with emotion, but he tried to preserve his dignity, inquiring harshly for the station, age and name of the applicant and zealously jotting them down in his note book. After a little while, he motioned pleasantly with his hand:

"Addio, my old friend! You shall keep your son and you shall have a better opinion of our most gracious King in future."

The next in order was a man who had been employed on a railway and who asserted that he had lost his situation without fault on his part. The Duke promised to obtain a new situation for him. His word sufficed to satisfy the man.

The next to approach was a neatly clad, tall young fellow with the genuine face of the lazzarone.

"Is that you, Salvatore?" said the Duke, familiarly. "Have you lost your master again?"

"Eccellenza! my political convictions have induced me to give warning to my former padrone, this Roman, this Garibaldian—"

"Is that so? In other words, you have explored your master's pockets again."

"No! No! Eccellenza!" replied the fellow, with the airs of hurt innocence, but the cunning sparkle of his eyes betrayed how flattered he felt at the close conjecture of his distinguished protector. "I would prefer to become the cameriere of some patriotic Neapolitan gentleman, to whom I could make myself useful during elections without offense to my own convictions. If Eccellenza would graciously—"

"What? You rascal! My recommendation?" exclaimed the Duke with an expression of moral wrath on his face, but at the same time blinking at him kindly.

"Sissignore, Eccellenza."

"Well! Well!" After a short deliberation, the duke tore a leaf from his note book and wrote the following on it:

"MY DEAR COUNT: Knowing that you are in need of a circumspect valet, I take the liberty to recommend the bearer of these lines to you as such; he is an authority among the Cammerists and a political power among the people of Mercato—otherwise he is a thief of the first quality."

"THE DUKE OF SAN DIODATO." The young fellow received the carefully sealed communication with delight and kissed the Duke's hand.



"YOURS, IN LIFE AND IN DEATH."

Then the Duke turned to a pale young woman who was endeavoring to cover her thin shoulders and the patches on her dress with a large, unclean, black shawl.

"What is your desire, my dear woman?"

"Oh, Eccellenza, I am starving, together with my two children who are sick with fever!" She prostrated herself at his feet. "My husband has been sick a long time and can not find work—"

"Very well. You send him to me tomorrow. We need a porter in our club. If your husband can fill the situation he shall have it."

The woman was profuse with her thanks.

"Have you anything to eat for this evening, cara mia?" the Duke asked, tenderly.

"How could we, Eccellenza—?"

The Duke passed his hand over his eyes hastily. They were moist. He thought of the feast to come. His hands instinctively groped in his pockets.

Then his glance fell upon the last of the applicants. He was his tailor.

"Is that you, Jerrucci? I have no small change about me. Give the poor woman five lire!"

He arose and rubbed his hands with satisfaction. After some hesitation, Jerrucci pulled out his purse and gave the woman several pieces of silver.

"Signore Duca, Eccellenza—here are four! I have no more—"

"Good! good! honest Jerrucci! That will do for this evening; will it not, my little woman?" He patted her cheek in a fatherly way. "You shall be cared for to-morrow—"

And now he was alone with his tailor.

"Well, Jerrucci?"

"Oh, Eccellenza, I am in need of money! If you would be so kind—the little account of last year—"

The Duke interrupted him impatiently:

"But, Jerrucci! Don't occupy my time with such insignificant matters! Don't you see that I have not a moment to lose!"

"Eccellenza, my rent is due to-morrow! My landlord threatens—"

"He does! If the fellow dares to molest you, I will make it disagreeable for him! You tell him that I, the Duke of San Diodato, hold you in high esteem! Don't you understand? And now addio, Jerrucci! We will talk about this some other time."

The tailor went—vexation and care had left his heart entirely. There was even a faint smile of satisfaction on his thin and yellow face.

The establishment of Irisio Brothers lies on the shore of Posillipo, on a rock that reaches some 50 yards into the sea. Here a party of distinguished gentlemen were assembled around a magnificently prepared banquet.

The sea murmured gently. The crack of champagne bottles was heard now and then. There were toasts in prose and toasts in verse, accompanied by the soft notes of the mandolina.

During the last course the minstrels withdrew to the long balcony, where the coffee and cigarettes were to be served to the guests afterward. The company was to rise from the table amidst the sounds of the Italian national hymn. Suddenly the Duke of San Diodato left the table and the hall.

The head waiter with his dress coat and white necktie, who was superintending the banquet from the distance, like a gentleman, and served nothing with his hands except perhaps some

cigarettes, came to meet him with zealous politeness.

"I say, Carlino," whispered the duke; "just hand me a 20-franc piece. It is impossible to arouse enthusiasm with these shabby bank notes. Now you shall see how I remember my poor friends!"

When he re-entered the hall the noise of the moving chairs was beginning to intermingle with the last notes of the national hymn.

The duke raised his full and dignified voice: "One moment, gentlemen!"

De Sbaglio, a talented journalist, and one of the duke's partisans, whose large intellect and small conscience were admired and feared in all Naples, poked his neighbor, Onorevole Ucheri, his friend and rival, in the side and said jeeringly:

"Our good old Duca is becoming pathetic. I wager that he has some roguery in petto."

"My friends!" said the Duke, with emotion, "I saw a poor woman shed tears to-day, the recollection of which burns on my conscience while I am within this gleeful circle surrounded by affluence and luxury. The man who can feast while he beholds his fellow-man starve is a heartless creature! Could I do otherwise, gentlemen, than to promise help to this unfortunate woman, whose husband and children are stricken down by sickness? Knowing your humane sentiments, my dear friends, I take the liberty to beg of you that you assist me in this charitable act. Allow me to set you an example!"

He seized a silver platter with a rest of macaroons on it, emptied them on to the table cloth and then dropped his gold piece into it noisily. The head waiter, overcome by admiration of this princely munificence, saw from a distance how the platter gradually filled with gold pieces. None of the distinguished guests would have his generosity appear inferior to that of others. De Sbaglio excepted. With the jeering look of a Mephistopheles that was peculiar to him, he placed some silver pieces on the platter, and smiled ambiguously.

"My Duke!" he said, "we people of the press are the gypsies among the aristocrats of the mind; we have nothing that we can call our own, and we can get and give what we have."

The Duke was moved, and shook him by the hand.

The journalist made a wry face, and whispered to his neighbor at the left:

"He is uncommonly tender and affectionate, our good old Duca! He must be in an awfully tight pinch!"

"I hasten, gentlemen," exclaimed the Duke, "to make a needy family happy! I will return in half an hour. Waiter! my carriage!"

The head waiter respectfully opened the door of the ante-chamber for him and the Duke handed him a gold piece: "Ecco! Carlino! Grazie!"

On the following morning the Duchess was surprised by the presence of a new robe from her husband. The amiable lady thanked him, tenderly kissing him on both cheeks, but she was a great deal too sensible and experienced to inquire whence the blessing had come.

A New Kind of Butter.

German chemists have discovered in the coconut a fatty substitute for butter, and now the United States Consul at Mannheim, Germany, reports that the new product has begun to be manufactured on a large scale in that city. A single factory produces 6000 pounds of it per day, worth in the market 15c a pound. The nuts used are obtained mostly from the South Sea and Coral Islands, Arabia, the coast countries of Africa, and South America. Natives in countries where the nuts grow have for a long time used the milk of these nuts instead of food oils. The butter contains 60 to 70 per cent of fat and 25 per cent of organic substances, of which 10 per cent is albumen. In a country where real butter runs all the way from 25c to 35c per pound, coconut butter at half that price is thought to have a great future before it. At present it is chiefly used in hospitals, but it is rapidly finding its way to the tables of the poor, particularly as a substitute for butter.

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"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.

"And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"

"Yes."

"Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, isn't it?"

Not That Kind of a Client.

Lawyer for the prisoner: "May it please your honor, we have shown by the evidence of the barkeeper that the day this offense was committed my client drank forty-seven whisky straight. Under the circumstances, therefore, my client was too far gone to know what he was doing." Prisoner (jumping to his feet): "Hold up, there! By gad, sah, whisky has no effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!" —Texas Siftings.

"BILLY" WAS AHEAD.

What Came of a Base Conspiracy To Get Fun From a Goat.

Several small boys, a big black dog and a patriarchal and dignified "billy" goat were trying to have some fun. At least the boys and the dogs were trying to have some fun, but the goat seemed unable to discern just where his share of it came in.

The boys were doing their best to provoke a breach of the peace between the goat and the dog. The dog responded to their vigorous injunctions to "sis 'im" by barking loudly and executing a variety of feint attacks upon the goat's front, rear and flank quarters. In canine language this plainly meant:

"Come on, you duffer; you can't hit me. Just try it on."

But the goat had lived long enough in this deceitful world to understand the nature and meaning of a "bluff." He simply blinked reproachfully at the dog, and continued to chew the page of an "esteemed contemporary."

An Irishman, who had been idly watching the scene from the door of a neighboring shanty, suddenly betrayed an active interest in the proceedings. Evidently he had been smitten with an idea.

"Is it fun you want?" he said, when he had joined the group of boys. "Shure 'n I can show yer how to get more fun out of de old billy than yer can stake a shick at in a month, so I can."

"Please show us, mister," chorused the boys.

There were several feet of rope attached to the goat's horns, said rope being used to restrain his predatory disposition by tethering him to a post in his reputed owner's back yard. The fact that it was still trailing from the goat's horns showed that he had somehow contrived to release himself from captivity to taste the stolen sweets of liberty.

The Irishman picked up the end of the rope, and admonished the dog first to "Hold it!" and then to "Pull it, be jabbers!"

The dog obeyed instructions. When the first tug was conveyed to the goat he, too, suddenly manifested an active interest in the proceedings. He evidently suspected that there was a conspiracy on foot to return him to captivity, which, as a self-respecting "billy" goat, it behooved him to resist. He began to back.

The dog gave another vicious yank at the rope. The goat decided that passive resistance would not meet the emergency and decided upon the adoption of offensive tactics. He reared up on his hind legs. The boys laughed gleefully.

"Go it, Billy, me darlin'," shouted the Irishman, approvingly.

"Billy" did go it. So did the dog. The dog, still holding the rope, dodged behind the Irishman. In a moment the rope was around his legs. Before he could extricate himself the dog and "billy" gave a simultaneous tug at the rope. That and the law of gravitation combined proved too much for the Irishman. His legs shot from under him and he sat down hard in a puddle of mud. It would be difficult to tell whether his feelings or his Sunday-go-to-meeting trousers suffered most from the force of the contact.

The boys howled. Their cup of joy was full to overflowing.

The Irishman rose. He aimed a kick at the dog that reached its mark and sent the astonished canine yelping down the street with his tail between his legs.

"I'll teach you to laugh at me, you miserable spalpeens," exclaimed the irate Hibernian, turning his attention to the boys. He taught them so effectively that their notes of joy were soon changed to wailing and lamentation.

Then he sought the goat. But the goat meanwhile had sought a rocky crag, from whose serene heights he placidly surveyed the discomfiture that had overtaken his foes.

"Michael O'Shaughnessy," shouted a voice from the shanty, "didn't I tell you never to fool wid Daniel O'Connell's 'billy' goat? Shure, you're served just right, so you are."

Then the goat wagged his apology for a tail gleefully, and prepared to make a meal of a kite that had come to lie on the rocks.

Earnings of Popular Authors.

A simple glance over the list of American authors is in itself a convincing evidence that literature is not profitable as our literary paragraphists would have us believe. The Home urnal says few of our modern authors do themselves able to depend entirely on the revenues of their work. I will not say that they could not do so; I merely state the fact that they do not. Mr. Cable, for example, devotes considerable time to lecturing. Mark Twain is now more of a publisher than an author. Joel Chandler Harris is an editor as is Richard Henry Stoddard. Dr. Holmes found his medical practice immensely valuable to him for years before he reached an eminence in literature accorded to but few. Marion Harland and Margaret E. Sangster both find the editorial chair profitable; likewise, John Habberton, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Warner, and Mr. Gilder. Bret Harte's consulate was not accepted purely for the honor it brought. Mary Mapes Dodge doubtless finds more peace of mind in the assured income which her position as editor of St. Nicholas brings her than in the lottery of simple authorship.

SUPERSTITIOUS MORMON.

The Younger Generation Takes Little Stock in It.

When sickness comes to a saint's family he does not send for a physician; he calls in the elders of the Church and they anoint the sick person with oil and pray over him. If he gets well, the cure is attributed to the prayers and the laying on of hands; if he dies, there is the sweet consolation that it was the will of the Lord that he should pass away. Mormon women tell wonderful stories of cures they have seen or heard of. The World correspondent listened to a Bishop's wife tell of her conversion.

It took place at Richmond, Mo. She was dying; the physicians could do no more for her. While awaiting her last moment her eyes opened to the beauties of the Mormon faith and she asked to be received into the Church. It was winter and cold as the Arctic circle, but two of the elders carried her to a stream, broke the ice and ducked her in. Then they prayed over her and she got well. Now she is one of six wives that own the same hubby. A daughter of Brigham Young, who made her debut on the stage with Julia Dean in the Salt Lake Theatre, was also cured by the power of prayer. President Taylor, in his last sickness, would not permit a physician to be brought to his bedside. His ailment was dropsy, but he insisted on curing it by the Mormon method. Elders anointed him, laid on hands and prayed over him, but the dropsy grew and death continued its approach. Progressive Mormons, of whom there are a few here, pleaded to have a regular physician brought into the case, but Taylor said no, and it was not until the president was unconscious that they succeeded in getting a doctor to his bedside, who tapped him.

The young women and the young men, too, do not take much stock in all this nonsense. Most of the young men have imbibed Gentile ideas and do not think that they are able to support two or more wives, therefore they are satisfied with one. The young women openly declare themselves against polygamy. The World correspondent heard the beautiful wife of a son of Bishop Clawson say that if her husband dared to think of taking a second wife she would pull all his hair out, and if after that he brought wife No. 2 in anyhow she would scratch her eyes out.

The Location of the Soul.

The soul, says Dr. A. H. Stevens of Philadelphia is located in the corpus callosum, a little spongy body situated at the base of the brain, which has defied the efforts of physicians in their endeavors to ascertain its uses in the human anatomy. "The corpus callosum," said the doctor, "is the seat of the imperishable mind, and is the great reservoir and storehouse of electricity, which is abstracted from the blood in the arteries and conveyed through the nerves up the spinal cord to the corpus callosum."

The Hunt for Notoriety.

It would be a great thing if the men in their eagerness for notoriety would refrain from meddling with religion. But so sure as a man has brains and religion in inverse ratio with an enormous conceit, knowing he can secure notoriety to himself in no other way, he tries to say something "startling" in religion. A Baptist thus afflicted recently declared there is no devil, and now a Presbyterian professor in a theological seminary declares Job is a myth and the book of Job was written by a Jewish poet during the exile. His only reason for such assertion is that he has examined the rules of "higher criticism," and has decided that a man suffering as Job was could not have uttered such lofty poetical sentiments! This is a case for the fool killer rather than for church discipline.—Louisville Western Recorder.

Plants Noxious to Insects.

It has been shown by repeated experiments that the nasturtium, Tropaeolum, planted about the trunks of apple trees infested with the woolly aphis, will eventually rid the trees of this pest. The insects are much reduced in numbers the first year, and all disappear the second season, if the planting is repeated.

The roots of the black henbane, Hyoscyamus niger, placed in granaries will drive away rats.

The Lepidium rudemale, a plant belonging to the same genus as the garden peppergrass, will free beds of bugs.

The common tansy, Tannacetum vulgare, used as a litter in the kennel, will rid dogs of fleas.

The ox-eyed daisy, Chrysanthemum leucanthemum, mixed with the litter of stables will drive away flies from the horses.

The fresh leaves of the black elder, Sambucus nigra, will rid cabbage of caterpillars.

The castor oil plant, Ricinus communis, has been successfully used to protect the grapevine from injury by moles.

The buckwheat, Fagopyrum, protects cabbages and radishes from the flea-beetle, Haltica.

The leaves of the chamomile, Anthemis, rubbed upon the skin of horses, protects them from annoyance by flies.

A decoction of the leaves of the walnut, Juglans, answers the same purpose.

THE PHANTOM VESSEL.

A Regular "Flying Dutchman" Seen on the Great Colorado Desert.

Romantic Account of Prospectors Who Have Sighted the Ghostly Craft and her Shadowy Crew—Did the Ocean Once Flow Where the Desert Is Now?

Few persons who read the newspapers will fail to remember the accounts which were published some fifteen years ago and which reappear at intervals in their regular rounds of the press regarding the discovery of the hull of a ship in the central part of the Colorado desert. This dreary, trackless waste of sand, which lies in San Diego county, is bordered by the San Bernardino mountains, the San Jacinto mountains, and extends from the San Geronimo pass to the Colorado river, and has claimed more human victims than any other section of similar area within the boundaries of the United States. It is absolutely devoid of water, and to attempt to cross it without making ample provision in this respect is suicide, simple and plain, unless a heavy fall of rain immediately previous has filled up the tanks and water-holes which exist at certain isolated points. A large part of this desert is below the level of the sea, the greatest depression being at Volcano Springs—a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad—where the traveler has the satisfaction of knowing, if such knowledge is productive of satisfaction, that he is 255 feet lower than the waves of the Pacific ocean that are breaking on the rocks scarcely seventy-five miles distant.

That the Colorado desert was once covered by water and formed a large bay of the Pacific ocean there is every evidence. High up on the mountain sides can be plainly seen the water marks, and the lashings of the waves for unknown ages have cut the rock in horizontal grooves as regularly as if done by the carver's tool. Into this arm of the sea the Colorado river once flowed, but some mighty volcanic upheaval threw up the slight environs which now direct that stream in another course, and the gradual recession of the ocean made the work permanent. What ancient galleys have plowed the billows of this land-locked bay, what ships may have found safety on its peaceful bosom are mysteries of the obscure and historic past, which none may ever know.

Late in the summer of 1878, several years after the story of the discovery of the remains of a ship had been made public, two German prospectors reached Yuma from the Colorado desert. They were in a state of great distress and reported the loss of a companion on the desert, at a point about 100 miles northwest from Yuma. The peculiar feature of their story was associating with a and attributing the disappearance of their comrade to an apparition which they had beheld the previous evening. About sundown, so the Germans said, and while encamped on the desert, they saw, at a short distance, an immense ship under full sail, which appeared to float before them as a cloud. She was of different form of construction from any vessel they had ever seen, and was complicated and fantastic in her rigging. Their description of the vessel was by no means lucid, but they were very positive that their companion had been shanghaied and taken off on the "ghost ship," as they called on calling it.

The story of the Germans was received with a good deal of contempt by the people of Yuma, who, after telling the prospectors that they were double-adjunctive fools, sent two men and three Indian trailers on the train to India to search the desert east of that station for the missing man. The second day his naked corpse was found about forty miles from the railroad, with the scorching rays of the sun falling full upon it. He had died in the desert of thirst, but no sign of the phantom ship was seen.

Early in 1882 Tom Brown, then a citizen of Arizona, and the writer of this article, organized a quiet little expedition for the purpose of ascertaining what truth there was in the stories regarding the Desert Ship, several persons having reported that they had seen it. Nick Wolford, an Arizona mountaineer, was induced to join, while a "happy-go-lucky" known simply as Jack completed the party. In order to escape ridicule the real object of the expedition was not made known.

On the 4th day of February the expedition left Yuma, fully equipped for a three weeks' trip. Hugging the base of the mountains closely in order to admit of prospecting for precious metal, water was not only found in abundance, but there was plenty of grass for the burro, which poked lazily under his heavy pack. Water marks on rocky precipices, far above, showed plainly where the ocean breakers once expended their force, while in the west, south and southeast from the slightest elevated course we were traveling, the eye fell upon miles and miles of sand hills and valleys of sand, and oceans of sand, which being driven and formed by the wind presented the appearance of rolling billows, varying in color according to distance, the shadings, the existence of alkalis and the feeble attempts at growth of hardy vegetation. Even the rugged and thorny cactus could not find on the desert plain a soil sufficiently congenial as to raise its weird branches as a

warning to the traveler against attempting to cross this trackless waste. Ten miles from the mountains the dismal squawk of the raven was the only sound of bird to break the depressing silence, while the lizard and kangaroo rat were the only members of the animal kingdom to abide in this valley of death, and a system of cannibalism can alone account for their means of subsistence.

As the trip was being made alone for pleasure and out of sheer curiosity, it was on the sixteenth day before the party reached a point about 120 miles northeast of Yuma, and about 40 miles directly east of India.

"By George, there she is, Charley, sure as shooting. Look!"

Turning around and casting my eyes in the direction which his hand indicated I saw before me the outlines of a sailing vessel. Every portion of her was clearly defined, yet a haze or a peculiar, indescribable light was cast upon the scene. It was too late an hour for a mirage; besides this, the view was not stationary, the craft moving rapidly on its course with all sails set. Apparently she was about half a mile distant and stood quarter to us. The vessel, I judged, was about eighty feet in length, eighteen feet breadth of beam, and of about forty tons burden. The hull sat well out of the water—which was plainly visible—while the bow arose straight above the deck. The stern also sat high out of the water, after the fashion of Chinese junks, and the two masts, fore and aft rigged, gave the strange vessel a very odd appearance, unlike any I had ever seen. The decks projected beyond the hull after the manner of those of the old Roman galleys, but undoubtedly the vessel was of more modern construction and probably belonged to the sixteenth century.

As strange and startling as was the weird scene, I was more than astonished at the sounds I heard. The creaking, straining noise of a sailing vessel running before a stiff breeze was plainly heard, while the distant notes of a sailor's song fell upon my ear.

The discharge of a rifle near at hand, followed by a lusty halloo, distracted our attention from the vision, and we hastily answered the signal. A few moments afterward Wolford and Jack walked into camp, explaining that they had lost their direction in returning and fired the shot to attract our attention. Brown and I turned from our companions to again view the mysterious ship, but it had disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Darkness was upon us.

Tom Brown then told Wolford and Jack of the remarkable scene he had witnessed, calling upon me for corroboration. I discovered from his conversation that he had been more observing than myself, and also was much better versed in nautical history. "The bear's head on her bow is sufficient to prove that she is an English vessel," said Mr. Brown, "and her rigging and form of hull and deck leave no doubt that she belonged to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. She may be, and probably was one of the lost vessels of that patriotic pirate, Sir Francis Drake, who made his first expedition up this coast in 1578, the commander's frigate passing the winter of that year in the bay of San Francisco."

About five days later the party reached India safety, the burros and camp outfit were sold, and the mid-night train was taken for Arizona, where the party disbanded.

Superstitious Samoans.

There is an extraordinary reverence in Samoa for certain relics, notably sundry filthy old mats, one of which was venerated as the god of war. This sacred rag, says E. F. Gordon Cumming, was simply a strip of matting about four inches wide and three yards long, which was always attached to the war canoe of the highest chief when he went to battle. Even when the Samoans had wholeheartedly accepted Christianity one of their most vexed questions was how to dispose of the time-honored rag with the least indignity. The suggestion of burning it was scouted with horror, and at length it was resolved to launch a new canoe, which should be rowed out to sea by a number of high chiefs, who, having fastened a heavy stone to Papo, should reverently commit him to the deep. They had actually started on this sad errand when the teachers started in another canoe and begged that the war god might be presented to the missionary, a suggestion which was received with acclamation; so the venerable rag is now preserved in the museum of the London Mission.

Most Men are Honest.

After all the great majority of people must be fairly honest, for if it was not so the present conditions of trade would have to be altogether changed. The methods of business everywhere prevalent show that the mass of men can be trusted to deal squarely and are not intent on cheating. There is no better evidence than this, for the world is quick to guard its material interests, and if rogues were the rule instead of the exception the universal trust would be speedily revoked.

New German Postage-Stamp.

New postage-stamps were introduced in Germany lately. They differ from those formerly in use both in color and in the form of the imperial eagle and crown.

LEARNING TO THINK.

A Process, of Which Few People Are Capable.

In every day life no fact is more noticeable than the inability of many persons to do their own thinking, even in matters and upon lines wholly within range of their intelligence. They will see a point that is suggested to them and will at once understand its bearing on some matter on hand; but they do not seem to have the faculty or art of raising points for themselves, and consequently their action is not as intelligent as it might be. If given a rule to work by they will apply it, not only in season but out of season, and look amazed if one suggests that, under special circumstances, they should have varied their usual procedure. Every employer and overseer of labor knows to what an extent this is the case. It is the exceptional workman who really thinks, and who can therefore be trusted to suit his action to circumstances. And so in nearly every sphere of life; a kind of automatism seems to be the rule, and intelligent self-direction, in the light of present facts, more or less the exception. One is, therefore, tempted to ask whether, in connection with our system of education, some gymnastics might not be devised for the special purpose of teaching the rising generation to think. The mere introduction of the natural sciences into school and college courses will not suffice, for the sciences may be taught with very little intellectual result. According to the Popular Science Monthly, what is needed is to form the habit of thought in connection with everything, and without assuming to speak with authority, we cannot help inclining to the opinion that this might be done by presenting every object of thought as something not complete in itself, but as requiring, for its proper comprehension, to be considered in its relations to other things.

An Unorthodox View of Profanity.

I suppose that the use of strong language, more forcible than polite, may be classed among the evils of our social condition, says a writer in the New York Mercury, but I deny that it is the outcome of total depravity. Instead, it is an escape valve for the annoyances of overwrought, overtaxed humanity, and reform in its direction should strike beyond it at the evils requiring the escape valve.

Women, being somewhat nearer the angels than men, may smooth their ruffled feelings in some less emphatic manner but they are foolish to lift up their hands in holy horror or give lectures gratis on the beauty of self-control when man indulges in forcible language. Self-control is all very well in its place, but it is suicidal at times to bottle up one's exasperation. It ought to find vent. Of course one is shocked by low, gross profanity, but we all know there are situations to which nothing but that short, crisp, telling word in such common use among us will do justice. Unprovoked profanity is, of course, a weakness. It is a waste of shot and powder. "Blessings on the man who first invented sleep," writes Sanchez Panza, and the other man who invented that satisfactory monosyllable we have indicated had a sharp eye to the needs of future generations.

There is a sort of home-manufactured profanity used by those who lack the moral(?) courage to take hold of the genuine article. I always feel a mild contempt for such people. They are the "mealy-mouthed" sort, who would damn a neighbor's character by base insinuation.

What the Scientists Say.

Science has added much to our comfort, but it has also made people uncomfortable. In the opinion of the Atlanta Constitution the fact is, we know too much. Our grandfathers drank milk and ate beef and mutton with a genuine relish. But we of the present generation find that the scientists have placed nearly every article of diet under the ban. We are told that the animals whose flesh is used for food are subject to pulmonary consumption. When we devour them we contract the disease. Eighty per cent of the meat sold in London is said to be affected with tuberculosis. In Glasgow it is even worse, Milk it is almost unnecessary to say, is similarly affected.

It is true that these discoveries of the experts have not placed any new dangers in our way, but they have made people uneasy and discontented.

We must not subject everything in life to a too rigid a scrutiny. Doubtless there is poison in the air we breathe, the water we drink and the food we eat, but why think about it? The average duration of life has been steadily increasing for centuries in spite of this talk about death in the pot. This shows that the conditions under which we live are not unfavorable enough to be very alarming. Let the scientists have their say, and let them quit eating if they feel like it. The average man has his work to do, and with his natural appetite, cannot be too particular. If he knows what is good for him he will not spend his time staring at his food through a microscope. The thing for him to do is to eat, drink, sleep and be merry after the fashion of his ancestors, without bothering himself about the discoveries of the scientists. He will live just as long as the health experts and will have more fun.

WANT PROTECTION.

Buckeye Wool Growers Contingent are Unsatisfied.

The Ohio wool-growers' association held a meeting in Columbus the other day, with a large attendance, and adopted an address to the wool-growers of the United States, which says:

"The wool-growers of Ohio advocate a protective system. A tariff for revenue will not secure protection. As wool-growers we ask for such legislation and such administration of existing laws as are required by the deliberate promises made by the republican party prior to the last presidential election."

They denounce the injustice of allowing the carpet industry to damage the wool industry by importing clothing wool under the false name of carpet wool.

Do you value the health and comfort of your children? Then guard them against croup by taking hold of that cough or cold at the start, and relieving the information with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. If they have the whooping cough do what you can to alleviate their pain by giving them Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. All children love it.

A free trade club has been organized in Grand Rapids.

Firemen will find that Salvation Oil is a sure remedy for frost-bitten feet. All druggists keep it. It is sold for 25 cents a bottle.

William Porter of Mosherville was killed by a falling tree in a lumber camp in Oseoda county the other day.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

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

Frank Koeb of Negaunee was killed by the cars the other day.

Now's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Halls Catarrh Cure.

E. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Frost, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; Walbridge, Kinman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio; E. H. Van Hoesen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Halls Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Howard City will put in a water works system.

Tourists.

Whether on pleasure beat or business, should take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Children Starving to Death.

On account of their inability to digest food, will find a most marvelous food and remedy in Scott's Emulsion. Very palatable and easily digested. Dr. S. W. Cohen of Waco, Texas, writes: "I have used your Emulsion in infantile wasting. It not only restores wasted tissues, but gives strength and increases the appetite."

James O'Connor of Kalamazoo uses Frank Wagner, a saloonkeeper, for selling liquor to his son, who is a minor.

Millions of women use Dobbin's Electric Soap daily, and say it is the best and cheapest. If they are right you ought to use it. If wrong, one trial only will show you. Buy a bar of your grocer and try it next Monday.

William Granger, a Port Huron merchant, has become insane.

"Tis sad to see a woman growing old before her time. All broken down and hopeless when life should hold its prime; She feels herself a burden when a blessing And longs for death to bring her release from misery."

If these poor, discouraged women who suffer from diseases peculiar to women could only know that health could be regained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, how eagerly they would hasten to avail themselves of it. They ought to know it, and try it. Every woman who is still healthy ought to be told about the wonderful virtue in this medicine, and understand that it is a safeguard against the terrible diseases common to her sex. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money paid for it will be refunded.

Cleanse the liver, stomach, bowels and whole system by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. The doctor's delight—"Tanilla's Punch."

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

The trial of M. Corvelin, proprietor, and M. Delaney, engineer of the centrifugal factory in Anvers, Belgium, which an explosion disastrous to life and property, occurred last September, ended in their conviction of manslaughter by imprudence. M. Corvelin was sentenced to four years and six months' imprisonment, and M. Delaney to 18 months' imprisonment and a fine of \$2,500 was imposed in each case.

Storm Calendar and Weather Forecasts for 1890, by Rev. I. R. Hicks, mailed to you on receipt of a two-cent stamp.—This Dr. J. H. McLean Mfg. Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Abner's house near Bridgewater was burned the other day, and her 12-year old daughter perished in the flames.

Lucky People.

Campbellville, (Ky.) Times-Journal Nov. 6. When it was stated that Wm. and W. P. Fawcett held ticket No. 63,856 which last month drew the First Capital Prize of \$30,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery and had received their money—\$15,000—a great many persons thought it was a joke. The Times-Journal man, wishing to know the truth of the matter, saw the parties and was assured that the report was correct. They received the money last Friday week by draft, which was paid by the Bank of Campbellville at this place. It is certainly a large investment for a dollar. They have for several months been buying one or two tickets in this Lottery and stated to us that they had always drawn enough money to pay for their tickets up to the time of drawing the capital prize.

It will be remembered that some time ago, Mr. Sam Frank Spencer of our neighboring town, Greensburg, drew \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery and that several of the adjoining county of Marion has been lucky in holding tickets drawing from \$500 to \$15,000.

To Those Interested.

Hastings, Mich., April 22, 1889. Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich. GENTS: This is to certify that I had been troubled with rheumatism in all its forms for the past twelve years, and was confined to my bed at various periods from three to six months at a time, and I could get about only by the aid of crutches. I employed several first class physicians of this city, none of whom affected a cure or gave temporary relief even. About two years ago I was induced to try Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and, after taking a few bottles, I experienced relief, and now consider myself cured. I unhesitatingly recommend this medicine for rheumatism. I know what it has done for me, what physicians could not do, i. e., cured me of rheumatism.

Mrs. H. J. KENFIELD. Ask your druggist for it. I certify to the above statement. FRED L. HEATH, Druggist.

Mrs. R. T. B. Allen, a niece of President Andrew Jackson, died in Seattle, W. T., recently.

Have You Seen Libby Prison? A most beautiful handsomely colored picture mailed to you for the price of 10c. See the advertisement of Libby Prison War Museum in this paper.

Agents. John Worth, of St. Louis, wants you to write him for particulars free. Agents are coming money selling the Missouri Steam Washer. Sent on trial. Gives satisfaction everywhere. Territory exclusive.

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

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

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

For 20 Years. Pilot Knob, Mo., September 3, 1888. I suffered with chronic rheumatism in my knees and ankles for twenty years and had to use crutches. I was treated in times by several doctors, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Have had no return of pain in three years. HENRY F. TRAVERS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. A SPECIFIC FOR PAINFUL, PROFUSE, SCANTY, SUPPRESSED, IRREGULAR MENSTRUATION. OF MONTHLY SICKNESS. IF TAKEN DURING CHANGE OF LIFE, GREAT DANGER OF SUFFERING WILL BE AVOIDED. BOOK TO WOMAN MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

THE BEST REMEDY FOR CHILDREN COLD IN HEAD, COLD IN THROAT, COLD IN LUNGS, COLD IN STOMACH, COLD IN BOWELS, COLD IN BLADDER, COLD IN KIDNEYS, COLD IN LIVER, COLD IN SPLEEN, COLD IN PANCREAS, COLD IN TESTES, COLD IN VAGINA, COLD IN UTERUS, COLD IN OVARY, COLD IN FALLOPIAN TUBE, COLD IN PERITONEUM, COLD IN PELVIS, COLD IN VULVA, COLD IN CLITORIS, COLD IN PENIS, COLD IN SCROTUM, COLD IN BALANOPHIMOSIS, COLD IN HYDROTIC, COLD IN EPIDIDYMITIS, COLD IN ORCHITIS, COLD IN PROSTITIS, COLD IN GONORRHOEA, COLD IN SYPHILIS, COLD IN CHANCER, COLD IN BOB, COLD IN FISTULA, COLD IN ABSCESS, COLD IN CARCINOMA, COLD IN SARCOMA, COLD IN MELANOMA, COLD IN LEUKEMIA, COLD IN LYMPHOMA, COLD IN MYELOMA, COLD IN OSTEOID, COLD IN CHONDROID, COLD IN FIBROID, COLD IN ADENOID, COLD IN CYSTOID, COLD IN EPITHELIOID, COLD IN GLIOMATOID, COLD IN NEURINOMATOID, COLD IN SARCOMATOID, COLD IN CARCINOMATOID, COLD IN MELANOMATOID, COLD IN LEUKEMATOID, COLD IN LYMPHOMATOID, COLD IN MYELOMATOID, COLD IN OSTEOID, COLD IN 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A FEW FACTS!

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

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

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

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

Men's oots at	\$1.75 and upwards.
" calf Boots	2.00
women's Lace Shoes	1.00
" Button Shoes	1.00

CROSBY'S Boot and Shoe House, CASS CITY.

Special Sale!

For the Holidays Just Received at 2 MACKS 2. A large Line of Samples in Boots, Shoes, Shawls, Neck Scarfs, Ties and Fancy Goods, which will be sold at **LESS** than **WHOLESALE** Prices.

BIG REDUCTION

In Ladies' Cloaks and Men's and Boy's Overcoats. Some Immense **BARGAINS** in Dress Goods just received.

A Full Stock of Everything in Our Line at Rock Bottom **PRICES**. Come and get Good, Useful Presents for the **HOLIDAYS**.

AN INSPECTION of our Stock is Earnestly Solicited.

2 MACKS 2.

CLOSING-OUT-AT-COST!

As I have Decided to Retire from Business, I will Sell Anything and Everything in my Line of Goods at **COST**. I MEAN WHAT I SAY as the Goods **MUST BE SOLD** before **JANUARY 1st**.

If You want a Bargain on Anything in my Line Give me a Call.

K. S. WORK,
P. O. Building.

HAVE YOU SEEN THEM?

—If not, Call into—

CITY DRUGSTORE

—OF—

A. W. SEED,

Where they have the Finest Line of Christmas Goods in the City, Our Stock Includes a Fine line of

BLOCKS, BOOKS,

PHOTO ALBUMS,

PICTURE BOOKS,

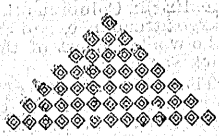
TOYS AND DOLLS

In China, Wax and Bisk, and Endless variety, All at Prices not to be Discounted at any place in Town.

Call and get a number on the **LARGE DOLL**. Only 10 Cents a Number.

A. W. SEED,
City Drugstore.

PROHIBITION



We have been prohibited from ringing the bell but the **AUCTION** will go on just the same. A new consignment of Goods have been received, consisting of **Dry Goods, Clothing, Notions, Groceries, Boots, Shoes and Rubbers**. Will sell by **Auction SATURDAY Afternoon and Evening**. Come and Buy at Your Own Prices, These Goods Must be Sold.



M^c KENZIE AND STEWART.

Home Bakery

Having got my Bakery in first class shape I am now

Better Prepared Than Ever To Furnish the Public with the finest of

BREAD AND PASTRY GOODS.

GOOD LUNCH ROOM In connection. Remember that I still sell a two pound loaf of good bread for six cents. Don't forget the place.

J. N. La RUE.

West of Cass City House.



ST. NICHOLAS.

The Century Co.'s Magazine for Young Folks, Embracing the best printed in New Type.

Since 1873, when, under the editorial management of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the publication of St. Nicholas for Young Folks was begun, it has led all magazines for boys and girls. Nothing like it was known before, and to day, as the Chicago Times recently said, "it is the model and ideal juvenile magazine of the world." Through its pages the greatest writers of our time are speaking to the youth of America and England, and the best artists and engravers are training the eyes of the boys and girls to appreciate the highest in art. Nobody knows how many readers St. Nicholas has. In the third largest public library in America, that in Indianapolis—more than 3,000 people read each month's number.

Since the first issue Mrs. Dodge has remained as editor. Early in its history other young people's magazines, "Our Young Folks," "The Little Corporal," "Riverside," etc., were consolidated with it, and its history has been one of growth from the first. Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Miss Alcott, Mrs. Burdett, Charles Dudley Warner, W. D. Howells and almost every well-known writer of our time have contributed to its pages. There is only one way in which the conductors can make it better and that is by making more of it, and so the publishers announce that with the beginning of the seventeenth volume (November, 1889) St. Nicholas will be enlarged by the addition of eight, and sometimes sixteen, extra pages in each number. This enlargement is absolutely required to make room for the rich store of new material which has been secured for the benefit of St. Nicholas readers. The use of new and clearer type will be begun with the November number.

During the coming year there are to be four important serial stories by four well-known American authors. Athletic and outdoor sports will be a special feature (contributed by Walter Camp, of Yale, and others) and there will be stories of character and adventure, sketches of information and travel, outdoor papers, articles of special literary interest, other scientific subjects and the march of events. Both the December and January numbers are to be holiday issues.

The price will be the same as heretofore, \$3 a year, 25 cents a number, and all dealers and the publishers (The Century Co., New York) take subscriptions. New subscriptions should begin with November.

AGENTS WANTED—To sell the best Bread Knife made. Also, Cake and Paring Knives. Will send a sample Paring Knife on receipt of 15 cents, in one cent unused postage stamps of U. S. Government—so you can see what our knives are like. Let us hear from you. Address, Christy Knife Co., P. O. box 66, Sandusky, O.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

BROWNE BROS.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1889.

AROUND THE STATE.

George Falls, of Grand Rapids, was arrested Monday while drunk and taken to jail. A few hours later he was found dead. The coroner is investigating, but the verdict will be: "Too much Grand Rapids whisky."

Two single men, miners, John Sullivan, Charles Carlson and a boy named Andrew Adamski, were blown to pieces Tuesday morning by a premature explosion of dynamite cartridges, 1,500 feet down in the Osceola mine at Hancock.

Marshal Glode, of Republic, has been notified by the claim departments of the Wisconsin Central and South Shore roads that he will receive the \$2,000 reward for the capture of Reimund Holzhay, the "Black Bart" of the upper peninsula.

Ira Walker, of Plymouth, passed through a narrow hallway, Saturday evening, carrying his gun at half-rest. The weapon was discharged, and Mr. Walker is wearing a flesh wound near the temple as an evidence that he came near being killed.

Dr. Whitefeather, an Indian "doctor," near Gillespie, whose home is at Sturgis, has been blind of one eye for years. One day last week while sharpening an ax the Frank struck him in the face and drove a piece of glass into his good eye, destroying his sight.

Frank Anderson, who was recently arrested on a charge of burning the Charlevoix county court house, and was acquitted, has been held to the circuit court for perjury, because he put knowledge of the court house burning upon a man who indignantly denies it.

Judge Grant, who became a justice of the supreme court on January 1, has forwarded to Gov. Luce his resignation as judge of the twenty-fifth circuit, to take effect at the end of the year. The governor has not yet decided whether to appoint a successor or call a special election.

Two brothers, named Berglund were instantly killed in the Cleveland mine Ishpeming Tuesday morning. They were endeavoring to discover why a certain blast to dynamite had not exploded, when the discharge suddenly took place. Both men were terribly mangled and died instantly.

Editor Stout, of the Lake City Independent, is having hard luck of late. One evening last week, while skating on the lake with a young lady, they broke through the ice and narrowly escaped drowning. Tuesday night he broke two bones in his right hand in a scrimmage with an unruly cow. Condolences are in order.

Rose Winters, a pretty girl to whom Tom Kelley, the Owosso murderer, was to have been married four days after the murder was committed, was at his side the entire trial in Corunna last week. After the verdict was given she kissed the prisoner, and as the jury filed out shook hands with each juror, thanking them for their verdict.

John O'Brien, a Lake City saloon keeper, was slightly stabbed Monday night while encouraging a quarrel between two drunken men. One of these was a stranger and thought himself in danger, and proceeded to scatter the crowd with the aid of a knife. O'Brien is not seriously hurt, receiving only a small gash in the neck, narrowly missing the jugular vein.

Rosel W. Squier, one of the first settlers of the township of Napoleon, Jackson county, died Wednesday evening aged nearly 83 years. He was born in Yates County, N. Y., December 24, 1806, and came to Michigan in 1831, settling on a 400-acre tract of land which he secured from the government and upon which he has resided ever since. He leaves a wife and two children. He was an ardent Mason and a member of Jackson Chapter, No. 3, R. A. M.

A drunken farmer came near wrecking a Battle Creek bank the other day. He fooled around the saloons after selling his wheat until about 5 p. m., and then tried to deposit his money, but, of course, found the bank closed. In his befuddled condition he could only interpret the case in one way; so he climbed into his wagon and told every man he met on the way home that the bank had gone up. The next morning an excited crowd of farmers hurried to town, and it took a heap of talk to explain the facts and keep them from starting a run on the bank.

SANTA CLAUS

—ON—

SOCKS!

For the last 1,800 years I have been more or less imposed upon by some of the good people of Cass City and vicinity in the matter of **SOCKS**. After I have made my way down the chimney and into the house, I don't want to find an old sock with the toes all out; nor an old stocking with the heel wore through; and above all things an old pair of dirty socks that smell like a four by four building with a subterranean ventilation. These things I take to be an imposition and I won't stand it any longer, and everything must be clean and whole or I don't go down this year. I make my headquarters at G. A. Stevenson's as usual, where I can find the largest stock of **HOLIDAY GOODS** ever seen in the "Thumb," consisting of Hanging and Stand Lamps, Vases, China Cups and Saucers, Smoking Sets, Rustic and China Cuspadores, Oat Meal Sets, Christmas tree Brilliants, Wax Candles, Sleds, and an endless variety of Toys. Also my good friends you will find the freshest, cleanest, and cheapest stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries in the City. I also purchase all my candy and nuts of Mr. Stevenson, as he keeps the finest line in town. In fact, for anything in the Line of Holiday goods Stevenson's is the place to go. I trust you will all heed my few remarks in regard to Socks, and hoping to gaze on your smiling faces soon, I am, Respectfully yours, **OLD ST. NICK. DON'T FORGET MY HEADQUARTERS, GEO. A. STEVENSON'S GROCERY.**

FROST & HEBBLEWHITE

—CAN GIVE YOU—

Great Bargains (

—IN—

DRESS GOODS, CLOAKS, SHAWLS, BLANKETS, LADIES and GENTS' UNDERWEAR, HOODS, TOBOGGANS, GLOVES, MITTS, MUFFLERS, SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, RIBBONS, ETC.

LOW PRICES!

IN HANGING and STAND LAMPS, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, ETC.

CHOICE GROCERIES AT CASH PRICES!

Butter and Eggs wanted. Cash Paid for Eggs.

J. P. HOWE

N. BIGELOW

DON'T READ THIS!

For you will Discover that the

AMERICAN EAGLE

Has Flopped her Wings and Crowed, but Instantly Dropped with Hysterics Over the Fact that

HOWE & BIGELOW

Are Selling Stoves and All Goods in the Hardware Line at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

Give us a Call.

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

—OF—

Feed Drills,

Harrows,

Plows,

Buggies, Etc.,

GO TO

J. H. STRIFFLER,

He can Supply your Wants.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

He Says True Courage Is Founded on Presence of Mind.

Sir Edward Arnold in a Letter to the London Telegraph Writes Most Entertainingly of America's Greatest Living Military Commander—A Few Anecdotes.

It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another, and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, General Sherman, nor could any conversations have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which pierced the confederate states like the thrust of a rapier, and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The general was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could ask for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied."

General Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, "distinguishing it impatiently from brutish age," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who, in the face of imminent peril, can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with unselfishness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence, bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and, in later life, have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of General Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pages of his autobiography, or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is, perhaps, worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoy. "General Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign.

"Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the general, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action until one day, riding outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet, so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some pork-chops. 'Ah,' cried the general, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time, and I will make an example out of you, sir!'

"'Bead! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shootin' me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed General Thomas.

"'Why, your honor!' the soldier replied, 'this bad basto here had just been disaceratin' the regimental badge; and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atin' the acorns that I found him at!' Even General Thomas was obliged to laugh at this, and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

Popular Science.

Molds for casting iron can only be made in sand. Iron or other metallic molds chill the iron and it does not fill well. The great heat at which iron melts will burn any other metal, or will stick so as to break the mold.

The supposed oldest pieces of wrought iron in existence are a sickle blade found near the Sphinx, near Thebes; a blade found imbedded in the masonry of the Great Pyramid, and a piece of a cross-cut saw exhumed at Nimrod, all of which are now in the British museum.

The magnetic needle points in the same direction as to the magnetic poles in all parts of the earth. The magnetic poles do not correspond with the axis of the earth, which makes a variation of the needle at places not on a meridian which coincides with both poles. The needle is never inverted, but dips as it approaches the magnetic poles.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once. One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body. The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood

eighty; at sixty years, sixty. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

Prof. Fresenius of Wiesbaden, after a long series of chemical analyses, declares that an egg contains as much nourishment as a pound and an ounce of cherries, a pound and a quarter of grapes, a pound and a half of russet apples, two pounds of gooseberries and four pounds of pears, and that 114 pounds of grapes 127 pounds of russet apples, 193 pounds of pears and 327 pounds of plums are equal in nourishment to 100 pounds of potatoes.

Cement should never be disturbed after commencing to set. It should be kept moist and wet until hard. Cold returns, heat quickens settings. Brick or stone should be wet or moist, or cement will not adhere well. Portland cement requires less water than natural or American cements. It sets in from three to twelve hours. It must be kept dry, or it will become lumpy and spoiled. It need never be used pure, but should always be mixed with sand.

The president of the British Association, Prof. Flower, endorses Sir John Lubbock's idea that the field of inquiry is limitless, and that there may be "fifty other senses as different from ours as sound is from sight; and even within the boundaries of our own senses there may be endless sounds which we cannot hear, and colors as different as red from green of which we have no conception. These and a thousand other questions remain for solution. The familiar world which surrounds us may be a totally different place to other animals. To them it may be full of music which we cannot hear, of color which we cannot see, of sensation which we cannot conceive."

An Aristocratic Canine.

"You mean dog collars," said a New York Press reporter to the omniscient society man.

"No, sir; I mean a dog ring. You see, fashionable people who love their pets tired of gold and silver and studied collars, so, after much laborious brain searching, they hit upon the idea of a jeweled ring."

"Isn't the ring liable to slip off the animal's leg when in action?"

"It isn't for the leg. It's for the tail."

"Don't you think their jewels will excite the cupidity of dog-stealers?"

"Undoubtedly; but you must remember they will only be worn by animals who are well able to take care of themselves."

"Don't you think that it would be an excellent idea if society people provided their dogs with eye-glasses and toothpicks?"

"I never gave the subject any thought."

"And with increasing civilization, culture and refinement oughtn't society cats to be provided with braaiobots?"

"Really, now, don't ask me such questions. We men look after the dogs. The welfare and adornment of the cats is a matter for the consideration of the ladies."

At first the reporter was inclined to believe that his informant, who sucked most of his knowledge from the head of his walking-stick, was lying with Munchausen-like aplomb. A stroll up Fifth avenue, however, convinced him that he had not been listening to an innocent fiction. Within a quarter of an hour half a dozen ring-tailed bulldogs were encountered. Each of them waddled along with a proper pride, and each of them was accompanied by one or more of those rapid specimens of incipient manhood known as dudes.

Earl, Archdeacon, and Young Man.

An interesting anecdote appears in a north county paper under the title of "The Earl, the Archdeacon, and the Young Man." The earl was traveling in a first class carriage on the North-eastern line, occupying a corner seat with his back to the engine. The young man occupied the other end of the same seat. The archdeacon entered and sat on the opposite side to the earl.

The wind was boisterous, and as the window next to the earl was partially down, the archdeacon got the full benefit of the draught. The reverend gentleman therefore, with an apology to the earl, rose and closed the window. The earl, remarking that they must have ventilation and that the archdeacon could sit on the other side, opened the window again. Upon this the young man changed places with the archdeacon, and again put the window up. The earl prudently collapsed. It subsequently transpired that he was traveling with a director's pass. Now, I know who the archdeacon was, and I know who the young man was. But who was the earl?—London Truth.

Where Is the Museum Man?

George H. Short, a Chattanooga negro, will cry for ten minutes by the watch for ten cents, or at the rate of a paltry cent a minute. It is a genuine weep, with regular tears, and big boohos at intervals, and why he has not been secured by the museums is a question that should be explained at once.

Salad Days.

First Lobster—Well, what are you going to do now?

Second Lobster—Get dressed for dinner.—Life.

The man who is most ready to give advice is the one who received a great deal that he failed to use.

ARIZONA WONDERLAND.

San Francisco Mountain and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

Adventures of an Agent of the Agricultural Department in the Rocky Wilds and What He Saw There—Facing Death in the Torrents.

The story of adventure told by Dr. Merriam on his return from his wonderful expedition to the San Francisco Mountain—whither he was sent by the agricultural department, to study the animal and vegetable life of that gigantic extinct volcano in Arizona—reminds one of a tale by some such writer of extravagant romance as Jules Verne and Rider Haggard. He not only ascended the precipitous cliffs of this solitary peak, passing in the journey of 13,000 perpendicular feet through all the floral and faunal zones of the earth, from the semi-tropics at the base to the Arctic apex towering, snow-laden, into the sky, but, incidentally to the trip, he witnessed many marvels in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

"It is simply the channel of the great Colorado river worn by the erosion of running water to a depth of 5,000 to 6,000 feet. The sides were perpendicular cliffs, with fifteen miles between them; at the bottom runs the river, over cascades and rapids, with tremendous velocity. Owing to the difference of altitude, I found the temperature 81° at the bottom while the water I left at the top was freezing. We were camped at the bottom, alongside the stream, when the survivors of Maj. Brown's party, which had started to go through the canyon in boats, turned up. You read about the accident, I suppose, in the newspapers. Maj. Brown and one other man were drowned, and, of the four who reached our camp, one was already hopelessly insane from fright. The only human being who ever went through the Grand Canyon and lived to tell the tale was Maj. Powell, of the Geological Survey. The three men who were with him got frightened early in the journey and climbed out over the cliffs, only to be killed by the Indians in Southern Utah a few days later. The talk of running a railroad through the canyon is the sheerest nonsense; for stretches of the distance the river occupies its whole width, and in seasons of flood it rises from 30 to 70 feet. It was very interesting to observe that the animals of the tropical belt had made their way up thousands of miles through this warm canyon from the far south, so that the fauna in the canyon was entirely different from the fauna of the country round about. The vegetation, too, was tropical. There was not much room for animal life on the river's very brink, but shelves miles in extent along the cliffs, high up in the air and overgrown with cactus, afforded plenty of space for such beasts as were good at climbing. I shot an owl in the canyon of so rare a kind that only five or six specimens have ever been secured before. I also got a new species of skunk, with a beautiful spotted coat."

"I found more new kinds of mice on the San Francisco Mountain. Eight novel varieties of mouse I discovered altogether on my trip. There was also a queer gopher with cheek pockets, and a seed-eating squirrel that exhibited an interesting adaptation of coloring to environment. On the dark lava of the mountain-side it was dark and speckled like the lava; from the mountain to the desert it became steadily lighter, until, when the latter was reached, it was the very yellow of the sand. The horned toads, likewise, were black as ink when found on the lava, while those of the desert were nearly white. There were humming-birds in swarms on the mountain, too; many of them, and of other birds also that I got, are new to science, I believe; but I must have time to study the specimens at leisure before I venture upon too many statements in this regard. One interesting animal that I found in the desert, by the way, was an antelope squirrel, which resembles an antelope somewhat in shape. The little beasts of all sorts I caught in traps, so small that you can put three dozen of them into one coat pocket. Birds' heads and brains were mostly used for bait. I have brought back a great number of specimens, ready stuffed. That some additions to ornithological and mammalogical science have been made by my trip to the great desert and the extinct volcano these specimens, I think, will satisfactorily demonstrate."

Strategy With Kusbands.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him, but, unlike the dog or horse that Indian woman is possessed of one of the strongest human instincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam, is through her influence over the men of her family. This being the case she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him.

We all know householders today where these wigwag tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing and obstinate. The wife is his equal in most respects and in some his superior, in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master.

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THE INTELLIGENT JURYMAN.

How He Generally Arrives at a Verdict.

But what does a juryman do, once he becomes a juryman? Having listened with all the attentiveness and intelligence for which jurors are distinguished to the evidence, the addresses of eloquent counsel and finally to the charge of the court, he retires with the other eleven men to the jury-room. Here he is locked up, sequestered from the world, with nothing to contemplate save the sacred duty which he has sworn to perform. How does he go to work?

If he is an astute juryman, a "fly" juryman, a juryman who has been there before, he inquires first of all the time of day. Say it is 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

"Say," he says, yawning and addressing his fellow good men, "we don't want to be in any hurry. If we hold out for an hour or so it will then be too late to sit in another case and his nibs [meaning his honor] will excuse us till to-morrow."

The correctness of this reasoning appeals to the enlightened sense of the other eleven bulwarks of liberty at once. The case which they are to adjudicate is a perfectly plain one; they could have given their verdict without leaving the box; but that's another matter. The idea now is to kill time and escape further duty for the day.

"Betcher Jack Stephens is elected," declares a lanky juryman, as he stands at the window and stretches his legs. "Let's take a vote on it."

This is agreed to and the first ballot shows six for Stephens, leaving the recordership and the verdict in the case in equal doubt, all of which consumes some time and leads up to another ballot, this time on the foreman-ship. The humor that may enter into such a contest is boundless. It is such a comical thing to decide who shall be foreman of a jury in a case involving the price of John Doe's wagon or Richard Roe's apple cart. Facetious speeches of nomination are made and seconded, until at length, with a guffaw of appreciation at the humor of the thing, the stupidest and ugliest man of the twelve is chosen foreman. That important point settled, the waning light warns these upholders of popular liberty that it is time to take a vote on the case. The first ballot is eight for the plaintiff and four for the defendant.

"What's yous fellows kicking about?" demands the foreman, who evidently voted in the majority. "Don't you see it's gettin' late?"

"What-was was the case?" meekly inquired a timid juryman in a dark corner. "I didn't hear the evidence—that is all of it. Let's vote again."

Second ballot—Plaintiff 9, defendant 3. More angry expostulations from the chairman and signs of impatience among the others. Third ballot—Plaintiff 11, defendant 1.

"Come, now, no more of this monkeying," exclaims the foreman. He is angry now and he scowls at the faces of the other eleven men trying to discover some signs of weakness to mark the obstinate twelfth juror. Evidently he is satisfied with his scrutiny for he says impressively: "Now we'll ballot again—the last time, mind you."

Fourth ballot—Plaintiff 12, defendant 0.

Sometimes the twelfth juror is not so complaisant to the demands of the "obstinate eleven."

But He Lied.

A Nebraska miller put a sign on the safe in his office to the effect that it contained only seven cents, and advising robbers not to throw away their time, but they busted it the other night and got \$4,000 of the long green. Robbers should not be too ready to believe.

Cremation in Germany.

Cremation is coming more and more into vogue in Germany, in spite of the expense and certain legal difficulties which render its performance in some parts almost an impossibility. At Gotha no fewer than 100 bodies have been cremated during a present year.

The First and Last.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to smoke and chat. All at once he got up, took down a sword which formed part of a trophy, and brandishing it in the air, exclaimed:

"Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time!"

"Pray, where did you draw it?" said an inquiring guest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's simple rejoinder.—Golden Days.

No Opinions.

Lawyer—Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible juror—No, sir, I ain't tried to have no opinions of my own for a good many years.

"Humph! How many years?"

"Oh, I dunno; ever since I married."

All for Sham.

We often put forth our hardest efforts for the good that will follow so much as for the envy the results may excite in some other person's mind.

The easiest way for a good wife to get along pleasantly is to practise what her husband preaches.—Aitchison Globe.

THE PARLOR MAGIC.

Two Highly Amusing Tricks Fully Exposed.

THE ENRAGED GUEST.—This is a most enjoyable trick and ought to provide good substantial snickering for a week if properly done. Ask some stout, bald-headed gentleman among the spectators to take a seat in a heavy oak chair, though mahogany can be made to serve. A committee of four must then firmly bind him in the chair with a hundred and eleven feet of well-tarred rope. When all is secure the prisoner must be turned upside down and stood in the corner in such a position that the old party's weight rests entirely upon the crown of his head. This will prove very irritating and send the subject into a violent rage, which can be increased by removing his wallet from his vest pocket, and reading out loud the love letters and unpaid saloon bills it contains. Where no pocket-book can be found, dropping lighted fire crackers inside the old party's trouser legs is an excellent substitute. This trick is especially suited to heavily-timbered districts, as it is usually found necessary for the amateur magician to take to the woods for a few weeks after its perpetration.

THE GOBLIN BANKER.—This should always be the concluding trick of a performance as will be seen. Place on the table—in full view of the audience—the house cage of canaries, a chaffish dish, a salver covered by a plain white handkerchief, and a lighted candle of green wax. Pass the salver around, asking each of the guests to place on the handkerchief a coin—gold if possible—first marking the same so as to be readily recognized should they ever see it again. While tying up the handkerchief say "Come in!" in a loud voice. Everybody will look at the door, when you can slip the bag in your pocket, substituting another handkerchief filled with broken china. Light some spirits in the chaffish dish, dropping the supposed coin into the flames into which you also throw six lace handkerchiefs and three ivory fans collected from the audience. Next cut off the canaries' heads and ram them into a horse-pistol which you fire at the chaffish dish, over which you have previously placed an inlaid box, with double false lid and dummy hinges. Then requesting the audience to watch the box sharply so that there may be no deception, you pass into the next room, where your confederate awaits you with your hat and ulster. Rapidly assuming these you descend together through the kitchen, and leaving rapidly by the back gate go at once to the depot and take the first train to some remote village, where you divide. This is the best goblining trick known.

Alaska Resources.

The list of Alaska resources grows larger almost every month. Not only is it said to have an abundance of minerals and an inexhaustible supply of coal, but it is now claimed by a few enthusiasts that it is a great natural wheat country in some parts. Still further, a learned crank now comes forward to prove that the heart of Alaska is a magnificent semi-tropical region, being protected from the cold of the north by a lofty chain of mountains and artificially warmed by vast number of volcanoes and hot springs. He admits that he has never been in Alaska, but the fact, he says, is really a point in favor of his theory, for he is not burdened with any prejudices on the subject.

Roman English.

A hotel in Rome, which is anxious to secure English and American patronage, has the following placard numerously distributed about the Paris exposition: "The Hotel de—, the very most favorite resort by English and American travelers, as during the winter presents all kinds of comforts for what concerns the general heating, during the summer is just fit to afford the freshest and the most wholesome temperature on account of its special position, breadth, and ventilation. The largest and most monumental table d'hote is there to be found."

A Sagacious Cop.

A rather unusual case of a policeman's sagacity is told by a gentleman of central Missouri, says the St. Louis Republic. Some years ago Col. William F. Switzer of Columbia, in company with an old gentleman of Howard county and a St. Louis physician, were in this city together, witnessing some exhibition. During the performance a lady spectator exclaimed, "I'm robbed!" To prevent the thief from dropping the purse into another's pocket, Col. Switzer exclaimed, "Hold your pockets!" A policeman standing near by immediately and energetically ordered all the men in the immediate locality to stand in line. Walking around the line twice he began at the gentleman from Howard and said: "You are a carpenter;" to the next, "You are a literary man;" to the next, "You are a doctor;" coming to the next he said, "You are the thief," and searching him found the pocket-book. Asked by one of the gentlemen how he could designate a man's calling the officer said: "The doctor there has caustic on his fingers; the carpenter has cuts on his hands; the literary man has ink on his fingers; the thief has hands which show no evidence of good work of any kind."

THREE WARNINGS.

Startling Results Attending the Free Use of Brandy, Whisky and Whalebone.

A man who travels a good deal and who has recently returned from London, came into a popular New York resort yesterday, tossed off a drink of whisky made on the block of 1867, and said as he smacked his lips: "Ah, that's the stuff! I haven't had any of it since I left Chicago. I don't mean to say that all Chicago whisky is good, for I know it isn't. When I went away from here an alleged kind friend gave me a flask of the stuff to accompany me on my journey. He said it was great, but I found that it was regular peevish liquor. After I had taken two drinks of it I felt as though I wanted to lick the train conductor, but I had head enough on me to pause right there. I gave the flask to the sleeping-car porter, and about an hour later he was lying on the sofa in the smoking compartment, singing negro songs and howling at the top of his voice. Not a single pair of shoes in that car was blacked that night. Finally the sleeping-car conductor took the flask from the porter, and it was not very long before he wanted to lick the train conductor. If that flask had ever reached the engineer we would surely have gone off the track. Was it the whisky? Well, you can judge whether it was or not when I tell you that it affected the porter so that the next morning he gave the passengers in his car a quarter each as they came out."

"I was presented with a similar gift once," said a young theatrical manager who had been listening to the conversation. "I was about to start on the road with a company and a reputed friend of mine handed me a bottle of what he said was 1814 brandy and prime stuff. Well, I tucked it away in my grip, and never thought of it until the next morning. Then I felt like a drink and went after it. I found to my dismay that the bottle had been broken and the rich contents had thoroughly saturated my belongings in the satchel. In the outfit was a pair of fine alligator skin slippers, and when I took them out on reaching my first town I found that the choice liquor had shrunk that tough alligator skin down so close to the soles that a man could not insert a toothpick in the slippers let a lone his foot. Then I wondered what effect that brandy would have on the lining of a man's stomach if it could shrink alligator skin in that way. I was glad I did not drink it under the circumstances."

"That reminds me of the London liquor," said the much traveled young man, "and," he continued, "the London liquor reminds me of the way they kill polar bears in the Arctic regions. An exploring friend of mine told me about it. They kill bears for food, and in the killing they take no chances. How do they do it? Well, it's like this: They procure a stiff and sharp piece of whalebone and wind it tightly in a roll. Then they thrust this inside of a big chunk of whale's blubber. This mass is exposed until it is frozen. Then it is laid out upon the ice as a sort of bait. The first polar bear that comes along bolts the mass at a single gulp. Then, of course, the heat of the bear's stomach thaws out the frozen blubber and the sharp whalebone expands. In straightening out it penetrates the sides of the bear and kills him. He is found dead on the ice and is skinned and cut up. Now London whisky is like that. It goes down smoothly, but it subsequently expands and kills a man."—Tribune.

Americans and Royalty.

It is a curious fact, and one only just beginning to be comprehended in the United States, that Americans of both sexes have, at one time or another, enjoyed far more popularity with royal personages than have any Europeans of a rank below that of the highest aristocracy. The Philadelphia Times gives a very intelligent explanation of this. In Europe everybody, outside of the charmed circle immediately surrounding kings and queens, stands so much in awe of the sovereign and royal family that they are formal and constrained in the presence of even the remotest relative of a crowned head. Americans, on the other hand, while rendering all due respect to the prince or princess to whom they may have been introduced, are won't to chat with them agreeably and vivaciously as with any other acquaintance, without being struck dumb by the high station of the august personage. One can readily imagine what a pleasant change such bright and unrestrained conversation must be to those whose intercourse with his or her countrymen or women, outside the immediate group of personal attendants is limited to "Yes, your Highness," or "No, your Highness," uttered with bated breath and with an air of intense reverence.

We Catch Right On.

It doesn't take an American long to catch on to any sort of situation. A Detroitier goes to Germany, remains two weeks, and returns to report that there will be no war in Europe for the next five years. It would have taken any other sort of a man a month to make up his mind on a matter like that.

Two hearts that beat as one—An eloping pair who leave the confiding woman's husband without a cent.—Boston Gazette.

EUGENE FIELD.

Our refuge and our strength is God,
Our help in time of trouble:
We will not fear, though tree and sod,
And mountain which we oft have trod,
Should cause the sea to bubble.

A river shall make glad the place
Of tabernacles, holy,
A city where does shine God's face:
Soon she shall stand by his good grace
And nevermore be lowly.

The heathen raged and did defy,
And moved were all the nations,
The earth was melted at His cry,
The God of Jacob now is by,
The Lord of congregations.

Behold the works which God has wrought;
In earth what great destruction
By Him is made. By Him is brought
An end to war, how, spear, are naught,
Are broke for our instruction.

"That I am God be satisfied,
And high above all nations;
By heathen I'll not be denied,"
The God of Jacob by our side,
The Lord of congregations.

POOR NEXT DOOR.

CHAPTER I.

"Beatrice, they've come!"
"Who have come?"
"The next-door people, of course."
"I didn't know there were any people next door," Beatrice said quietly, and she relapsed into her former indolent attitude in the old hammock.

Alice sighed. It was very hard, after having made herself hot and out of breath with running, to have her news received so calmly.

Sinking down on a little folding-chair, she untied the ribbons of her big sun-hat, and threw it on the grass at her feet.

"You are fearfully exasperating, Beatrice! I told you the other day that the next house was lot, and you were the first to wish we might have nice neighbors. Now they are here you don't care a bit!"

"Have you seen them?"
"Yes—at least, one of them"—here Alice hesitated a little; "an old lady."

"A lady?" Beatrice asked quickly, lifting herself to a sitting position.

"Well, not exactly a lady, but a very respectable-looking person."

An expression of deep disgust crossed Beatrice's pretty face, and she closed her eyes wearily.

"Then the house might just as well have remained empty. We wanted neighbors we could visit, not respectable persons."

"You are never satisfied, Bee. The next time I have any news I shall keep it to myself."

"Do, dear, if it is as interesting."

Alice pouted, then, with a slight laugh, caught up her hat, and drew her graceful form to its full height.

"Tea's ready," she said abruptly, as she turned away.

"All right; I'm coming."

Wide awake now, Beatrice slowly rolled out of her comfortable perch, giving herself a little shake when once on her feet. There was a half-rueful, half-wondering gleam in her eyes as she glanced down at the crumpled folds of her blue linen dress.

"Clean on this afternoon, and all the rest in the wash. What will mother say?" she said dismally.

Alice smiled, and looked rather complacently at her own crisp robes. She thought Beatrice a little reckless; but then, when would pretty young Bee learn to be as careful as her younger, wiser sister?

They went slowly toward the house, an old-fashioned, ivy-covered dwelling, hardly bigger than a small-sized cottage.

In the dining-room sat Mrs. Stanley and her youngest daughter, Nance; both looked up in relief as the sisters entered.

The girls were much alike; all had the same golden hair, sweet blue eyes, and delicate skins. Their expressions varied, and Beatrice was perhaps more perfectly lovely than the other two—her round graceful figure and slightly taller.

"Have you seen the new people next door?" Beatrice asked presently, as she helped herself to a piece of home-made cake.

"Yes; I was watching at the window when the cab drove up."

"I wonder if there are others to come," Alice mused. "One woman wouldn't want that house all to herself."

"My dears, you are very curious," Mrs. Stanley broke in gently, and a reproving smile crossed her faded though still youthful-looking face. "I wish you would let poor next door alone."

"All right, mother; only it does seem strange she should take a nice furnished house like that for her own use."

"Perhaps she intends letting it," Nance suggested.

An expression of deep consternation crossed Beatrice's face, and her eyes filled with disgust.

"I hope not," she said fervently. "Fancy having our quietude invaded by a family of noisy children, or several young men from the city, who would smoke and lounge about the garden all the evening? I should hate it."

After that emphatic outburst, Beatrice elapsed into silence, leaving Alice and Nance to continue the conversation. When tea was over she rose, without a word, and wandered out into the garden.

The hammocks looked very tempting and an open book lay on the ground, just where she had let it fall earlier in the day.

As she stood there her eyes unconsciously rested, half resentfully, upon the low ivy-covered fence, that alone separated their garden from the next.

"I suppose we shall be obliged to move our hammock to another part of the garden," she thought disconsolately. "What a nuisance! and these are the nicest, shadiest trees in the whole place!"

She glanced towards the house, which, like their own, was old-fashion-

ed and covered with trailing creepers; but she could not see any signs of life, although all the windows were flung wide open.

Picking up her neglected volume, Beatrice crawled cautiously into the pretty swaying hammock, and lay there contentedly.

It was near sundown, and a soft cool breeze had sprung up, stirring the green leaves, and blowing refreshingly upon the girl's hot brow. She read on, until the letters seemed to grow dim and uncertain, and her sweet blue eyes reluctantly closed.

She did not know how long she slept, but suddenly she awoke with a start, to find the evening shadows lowering slowly about her; a last gleam of red lingered in the grey sky, and one lovely lustrous star shone faintly in the soft haze.

Almost involuntarily Beatrice turned her eyes from the heavens, and let them rest upon the green-covered fence beside her.

Her heart gave a big throb, half of fear, but she neither moved nor cried out.

Looking down upon her, through the parted branches of a tree, she saw a man's face—a handsome pale face, lighted up by a pair of brilliant dark eyes.

For one brief second that intent unfathomable gaze met hers; then the branches closed and the face disappeared from her sight.

Beatrice lay still a few moments, trying to shake off the unreality creeping over her. Had she been dreaming, or was the vision real? That question remained unanswered, and with a slight shiver the girl slipped from her hammock and fled into the house.

"Why, Bee, how scared you look! What is the matter?" Alice exclaimed impulsively, as she rushed amongst them.

"You look as though you had seen a ghost!" Nance added mockingly.

Beatrice sank down on a chair near the table, and leaning forward, she gazed with awe-filled eyes at her sisters.

"That is what I have seen," she whispered.

"A ghost?" Nance cried merrily, and a low laugh broke from her. "Oh, Bee, how silly you are!"

"Indeed, but I wish you had been there!" Beatrice answered, her resentment rising against Nance, "I nearly died of fright!"

"Come, this grows serious. Tell us, Bee, all about it, there's a good girl!" Alice broke in softly, giving Nance a sly pinch to keep her quiet.

"I had been sleeping," Beatrice began impressively.

"So I should think!" Nance interrupted audibly.

"Hush!" Alice urged, giving her another sharp pinch.

"Suddenly I awoke, feeling strange and uncomfortable, like one feels when one is being closely watched. Happening to glance up, I saw a white face gleaming through the branches of the trees—a pair of the most brilliant eyes I have ever seen, gazing into mine."

"Well," Alice interrupted eagerly, "and what did it do?"

"Disappeared! And though I listened, I could not hear the faintest sound of footsteps, nor the slightest rustling of leaves!"

"Dear me, how fearfully romantic!"

"Be quiet, Nance! Did you look well to see if anyone was hiding there?"

A flush rose to Beatrice's cheeks, and a little nervous laugh escaped her.

"No; truth to tell, I was much too frightened to do anything but fly."

"Which side of the fence was it?" Nance asked quickly, struck by a sudden brilliant idea. "This?"

"No; the other."

Nance laughed heartily, her blue eyes full of mischievous mirth.

"Goose!" she said disdainfully; "you might have guessed it was the person next door—our next door!"

"Nonsense! I tell you it was a man's face!"

"Of course! Probably the husband or son come home from the city, and taking stock of the premises! How flattered he would be if he only knew he had startled you nearly out of your wits."

Beatrice looked incredulous, but did not contradict. Nance might be right—indeed, possibly was right, and the face she had seen belonged to one of the new inmates next door.

The Stanleys never kept late hours, so at 10 o'clock that night every light was extinct in the house.

Had Beatrice only peeped through her snowy curtains out into the moonlight garden, she would have seen a man's form strolling about the neighboring garden long, long after, and smelt the nice scent of a cigar wafted on the breeze.

But she slept on unconscious of this, and rose in the morning as bright and fresh as a daisy, all her fright dispelled, and, perhaps, all memory of the scare of yesterday forgotten.

Early as she was in the breakfast room, Nance was there before her, and Beatrice was surprised at the animation on her face as she turned to greet her.

"Bee," she exclaimed impulsively, "I've seen him!"

"Seen whom?" Beatrice asked with rather a listless air.

"Your ghost—otherwise our new neighbor! And oh, Bee, isn't he good looking?"

"If it is the same, he is decidedly handsome, as far as I could judge in the twilight. When did you see him?"

"Just now. I came down earlier on purpose to keep a look-out, and was not disappointed. The poor man started off at a terribly early hour—I suppose to business."

"Poor! Did he look poor?"

Nance hesitated, and a pondering expression entered her eyes.

"Well, no, not exactly," she said at length. "His clothes were not shabby, if that is what you mean. But, Bee, he seemed so gentlemanly!"

"That is not to his discredit!"
"I know. I was only thinking he seemed to nice and handsome to belong to that ordinary-looking woman, and have to go to the city."

"Don't judge by appearances," Beatrice began calmly; then, in a lower voice, she added: "Hush!" here is mother.

Mrs. Stanley entered the room followed by Alice, and in the morning light the resemblance, faded though it was, to her daughters, was more striking than the evening before.

"What are you going to do this morning?" she inquired after breakfast.

Beatrice looked wistfully toward the sunshiny garden, and then let her eyes rest on her mother's face, an expression of stern resolution in their depths.

"I will go to town, mother, and get that lace you wanted. I dare say it isn't quite so warm out as yesterday."

"Very well, dear," Mrs. Stanley said, and a slight smile crossed her lips. "And you, Alice?"

"I am going to be terribly busy, Hannah is turning out the drawing room, and I mean to help her."

"And I shall finish that dress for poor Mrs. Moore's little girl, at least I can work at it out in the garden," Nance added in a lower tone.

So in less than half an hour all the sisters were fully occupied, but it was Nance who came off best, for in the hammock beneath shady trees, she could work in blissful coolness, out of reach of the blazing sun.

Beatrice, feeling dreadfully virtuous, trudged on. The road was long and white—so white that it dazzled her eyes when she dared glance down.

Keeping her sunshade well lowered, she toiled onward, a graceful girlish figure in her blue dress.

She hardly met anyone on the way; the wide ugly streets were deserted, and all the houses seemed yet more dreary-looking because of the blinds drawn down to keep out the sun's hot rays.

The girl matched her lace, and got several other small articles wanted at home; then, encumbered by a few awkward little packages, she commenced her homeward journey.

She soon left the town, and even the change from the little stuffy streets to the broad white road made her give a relieved sigh.

At least there was a breath of fresh air blown from across sundry fields and hills.

As she sauntered along, her lithe form bowed and her eyes half closed, one of her many packets fell to the ground, and, unconscious of her loss, Beatrice did not pause.

She had not gone far, however, before a sharp hurried step behind caused her to turn half wondering to see who could thus summon up sufficient courage to run in the heat.

A man's tall form reached her side, and the next moment she saw him taking off his hat to greet her.

"I beg your pardon, but did you not drop this?"

The voice was musical and gentlemanly; the smile which accompanied the words full of tranquil sweetness; yet Beatrice drew back and gazed at him fearfully.

His eyes met hers, and across both faces passed a glance of swift recognition, of pleased surprise. Beatrice, with almost a start of dismay, knew that her ghost now stood before her!

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Atheist's Prayer.

When I was a boy away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was eager to argue against the existence of God. That is what infidelity hates, the existence of a God. A young preacher, against the warning of friends as to his abuses and his obscenities, resolved to see that blatant scuffer, and confronted him with the truth of God.

The septic was soon vociferating against the idea of there being a God. He was sitting in his sawmill, just over the lever that lifts the saw leaves the log, and while denouncing the doctrine of a deity, that lever sprang, catching him under the heels, and flung him backward and downward headlong into the stream.

As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could yell, "God have mercy!"

The preacher ran around, waded into the water and pulled the struggling man ashore. Said the pastor: "I thought that you did not believe in a God." As soon as the infidel stopped struggling, he said in a subdued voice:

"Well, if there isn't any God, there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself."—Vanguard.

Dickens and the Clergyman.
Says James Payne in the Independent: "Dickens used to tell a story of meeting with a clergyman in a railway train who held forth to his fellow-travelers ever so long upon the novelist's private failings."

"Dickens is an atheist, sir, as I happen to know; he is also a gambler, and I regret to say, drinks," etc.

"Dear me, how sad. Have you ever seen him drunk?" asked Dickens.

"Well, not exactly drunk; no, but certainly overtaken by liquor." "Have you ever seen him sober?" "Well, that is too much to say. Oh, yes, I have seen him sober." "Often?" "Yes, often."

"No, sir; only once. You see him now for the first time."

A Chicago Woman.

Miss Snowball—"So you are going to marry Henry again, are you? I thought you had had enough of him for the rest of your life."

Mrs. Coldsnap—"Circumstances alter cases, you know. He wasn't worth a cent when I left him, and now he's well off."

"Oh, yes. That is different."

Besides, I would get considerable alimony next time if I should want to leave him again."—Chicago Herald.

KENTUCKY COLONELS.

How It Happens that They Are So Numerous in the Blue-Grass State.

It is somewhat hard for an outside barbarian to understand why "Colonels" are so plentiful in Kentucky. In the first place Kentucky furnished a great many soldiers, both to the Northern and to the Southern armies, during the war, and naturally some of these soldiers are sure-enough colonels by rank and service. Others who were minor officers, or perhaps high privates, are now dubbed colonels by way of courtesy. Then we have a very few colonels who hold over from the Mexican war, and there are other colonels of militia, like the Louisville Legion, who come by their titles honestly.

The Governor of Kentucky has the privilege of appointing persons on his staff with the rank of colonel. These colonels are expected to look pretty and martial at the Governor's ball and to ride horseback when the Governor heads a procession. The last duty frequently gives them great pain and anxiety. There are scores and scores of these Governor-staff colonels in this proud old commonwealth.

Some executives have been more lavish than others in the distribution of these gilded honors. That kindly old gentleman, Gov. Luke Blackburn, M. D., was fond of creating colonels. During his term he made some sixty colonels in the city of Louisville alone, if I remember the figures correctly. There are various reasons which entitle a man to this gubernatorial compliment. Col. Will Hays is a colonel because he is such a gifted poet, while Col. Albert Dietzman was given his title by Gov. Knott because he was the greatest business manager on earth.

I trust the facts will make it somewhat clearer to the wondering Northerner why colonels are so plentiful in Kentucky. But there are other reasons. Many prominent citizens are honored with this complimentary title simply as a recognition of their merit by the community. Thus every man who conducts a large distillery is ipso facto a colonel; for instance, Col. John M. Atherton, or Col. Tom Sherley. Every prominent railroad officer is also a colonel; for instance, Col. Milton H. Smith. Every congressman is a colonel, as Col. Asher G. Caruth. Every man with a government office is a colonel, as Col. George Du Ruelle. Every great editor is a colonel, like Col. Henry Watterson. The chief of the police department is a de facto colonel, as Col. Wood. Then there other gentlemen who are colonels because no other title fits them. But the law on the subject is a little vague and has never been formulated by the legislature.

If a man has been a captain in the war, never call him captain; call him colonel. He is entitled to this promotion twenty-four years after the war closed. The only men proud to be called captain are the commanders of steamboats, the captains of fire companies, the conductors of railroad trains and the officers in a Salvation army. The title of major is comparatively rare, and, therefore, is really more of a distinction than colonel. Only prominent people who have seen actual service wear the title; for instance, Major Ed Hughes and Major J. Washington Wann. But still if you call a major a colonel he is not likely to get mad at you. By the observance of these few rules I have jotted down, the stranger can get along in Kentucky without committing any serious breach of etiquette.—Louisville Post.

IN TWENTY-EIGHT BATTLES
And Can Freely Say That He Never Got "Used to It."

Colonel James M. Thompson gave his opinion as follows: "The quality of courage in battle I regard as being to a large extent a physical attribute. I have heard a good deal of talk about the nonchalance of men in action and their ease and composure after the first gun was fired, but I never took much stock in it. I went through the war in the army, and it was my fortune to be in a portion of the service in Virginia, where there was a good deal of hard fighting to do, and there wasn't any creditable way to get out of it, either. I saw service in twenty-eight battles and I can freely say that I for one never got 'used to it.' I never went into a fight without an all prevailing sense of danger and was always glad when it was over. Of course moral courage, high patriotism and the military spirit kept the great majority of men right up to the mark, but there were notable instances of men whose physical natures simply failed to respond when called on. They could not possibly go into a fight. A clear head and a full conception of the enormous consequences of cowardice to themselves failed to spur them to the staying point, and on the first whiz of a bullet their signals of distress were visible to all in sight. A well known New York colonel, a perfect gentleman, a scholar, a patriot, and a really noble fellow, was so weak in point of courage and his humiliation so great at really being afraid to face danger that he was forced to retire from the army, went to Washington, pined away and died in a few weeks. I knew another prominent officer whose friends, out of consideration for his well known failing, used to manage, on one pretext or another, to keep him out of engagements and thus shield him from exposure. Men like that are to be pitied, not blamed. They want to fight, but their bodies actually refuse to obey their will."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Edison's Answer.

You ask me about the future of electricity. It is the coming motive power. It will be used on all railroads some day, but the point is to get an economical engine. My theory is to have immense dynamos located all along the line of the road and have the electricity conveyed from these stationary engines to the locomotives by wires through the rails. For example, I would put two big engines between New York and Philadelphia and enough power could be furnished to whisk the limited at the rate of 100 miles per hour.

BURDETTE AS A PREACHER.

The Humorist's First Sermon in the West.

Bob Burdette preached his first sermon in the west in a Methodist church in Chicago. Long before the hour for the services to begin the church was crowded to its greatest capacity and the doors closed against large numbers who went away disappointed. It was quite evident, said the Times next morning, by the demeanor of the congregation that the people had come to laugh with the funny man rather than to listen to a sermon. Interest in that part of the service which preceded the sermon was plainly small, and people chatted and fanned themselves unconcernedly until the antebellum hymn, when the famous humorist advanced to the edge of the platform.

Mr. Burdette chose as his text II Timothy v, 1; "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." The sermon was clearly the work of an enthusiastic optimist, eagerly desirous that every one might share the joy he had experienced in the teachings of his religion. "God is good," he said in effect. "The world is a mighty fine place, after all. Sin may be banished and sorrow overcome, and happiness may be had for the asking." In the course of the discourse he said:

"These words of the apostle were not the utterance of a cold and crafty preceptor who proposed to bring up his adopted child that he should tread the devious paths of the world in safety and achieve the greatest possible amount of material good. If St. Paul had been such a teacher he would have said: 'Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the wiles of the devil. Cheat, lie, steal, trample upon conscience, murder, scruple, take to thyself that which thou canst seize upon, whether lawfully or unlawfully. Fear not—there may be heaven, there may be hell; meantime, there is one earth.' But St. Paul was not that kind of a man. 'Thou, therefore, my son,' he said, 'be strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ.'"

"That way lies happiness; there is sweet content and the heart's ease of a calm and quiet conscience. The heathen rage furiously, the wicked make a stir in the world, but there is no health in them. They sow the wind, and they reap the whirlwind; and they pass away. Be thou, thou, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Jesus Christ, and everything that is pleasant and beautiful shall be about thee, and joy and rapture will fill thy soul eternally. Now, you may not believe it, but it is true that St. Paul knew what he was talking about, and some day you will come to the conclusion that you would have been better and happier if you had followed and profited by his sage advice."

"Then you will look back with sorrow and bitter tears upon the vast fields of pestilential wild oats that you have sown so thick and with such diligence, and slowly with halting step, you will go to the bank of God and say: 'Let me have fifteen years this morning, please.' And the cashier will say: 'No, my son, you have overdrawn your account.' 'What!' you will exclaim, in surprise, 'I have checked out only thirty-five years so far.' 'Ah, my son,' the angel of life will say to you, 'you have lived seventy years in those thirty-five, and your credit is exhausted.' Then will come, all too soon, the time when you will be stricken down, and then—Think of it my boy!"

"Eternity! Never more to greet God's glorious sun with the smile of perfect and unconscious innocence; never again to hear the lowing of the kine of the hillside you knew so well in your boyhood; never again to listen to the melody of the birds; never again to join in the romping of merry children on the village green; never again. Eternity! Never again to feel the arms of loving women about your neck; never again to hear the glad-some prattling of your child; never again to know the delights of your friendship; never again. Eternity! And thus, at your own desire, you will go forth into the black night of death, hopeless, helpless and alone. My boy, is that to be your life? Is this to be your latter end? No; God forbid."

"Be true. Be honest—not because some one has said that honesty is the best policy, for if you are honest from considerations of policy you will be dishonest just as soon as dishonesty seems to you to be a better policy. But be honest because honesty is right, honesty is noble. And if you find the task a hard one, remember that there is one that will keep you, if you will ask His aid."

"He died for the priests and the Pharisees who judged Him falsely. He died for Pilate, who condemned Him. He died for the people who jeered at Him. He died for them who crucified Him. He died for the millions who daily wound Him. He died for you and me. He will help you, my son. Ask Him."

The Growth of Trees.

In the parish of Winfarthing are two magnificent oak trees, one of which is known as the "Winfarthing Oak"; the other is little inferior to it in magnitude, but appears to have been generally passed over in favor of the more celebrated tree first mentioned. These trees were inspected by Robert Marsham, F. R. S., the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White, and a great agriculturist, in the year 1744; and he has left in his diary accurate measurements of both. The larger tree measured at that time 38 feet 7 inches in circumference, and the smaller just 30 feet. In the year 1874, when these trees were measured according to Marsham's method, the larger tree was just 40 feet in circumference, and the smaller 30 feet; it will thus be seen that one tree had increased 17 inches in 130 years, whereas the other had remained in statu quo.—London Standard.

No Harry.

Young Bird (on a tree)—"There comes a hunter. We'd better fly away."

Old Bird—"No hurry. He's got to climb a fence before he gets to us, and his gun will probably catch in a rail and shoot him. They 'most always do."—New York Weekly.

ROYAL GAMBLERS.

Palaces Where Kings, Queens, and Cardinals Played.

Gamblers being so prevalent and fashionable at present, it will surely be interesting to look back upon some of the old gamblers, their winnings, losses, peculiarities and experiences. During the reign of Henry IV. of France gaming in Paris was more universal than in London. Biron, one of the King's friends, lost in a single year 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 francs. The very evening before his arrest he was playing primero with the Queen, the favorite game everywhere at that time. Louis XIV., it is said, raised card-playing into an institution of state.

Jewelry, princely Venetian lace, point lace ruffles and such other trifles were frequently staked when bank accounts had given out, which reminds us that southern planters on board the Mississippi steamboats when they lost their all would wager their body-servant on the turn of a card, the poor slave being turned over to his new master with a curse. On another occasion Gourville won from Duc de Richelieu in a few moments 55,000 livres, which amount was paid by the Duke transferring to him an estate he owned in Saintonge. It must be remembered also that the value of money was infinitely greater in those days than it is now. In the works of St. Evremont it is related that the Duchess of Mazarin, the niece of the Cardinal, notwithstanding the fortune of twenty-five millions of lives left her by her cardinal uncle, gambled so recklessly, so madly, as to die insolvent and insane.

After the grand monarch had paid the last debt to eternity, another great character in the annals of gaming made a pyrotechnical debut among the nobility of Paris. He fairly dazzled them, and like the birds who beat themselves to death against the lighthouse beacon, they rushed to their ruin in his chamber of chance, which was, after all, to many of them but an entresol to the grave. This was, we need not say, John Law, the date of his advent 1716. He opened a bank and in partnership with Ducloux, a famous tragedienne of the day, became of the rich richest. He seldom lost, but when he did paid his debts of honor (?) in medals of gold of the value of eighteen louis each, which he had designed and struck for his own self-aggrandizement. In a short space of time he had won £67,000 sterling. It was at the house of this grand master of the cards that the Duchess of Berry lost in one night seventeen hundred thousand livres. He soon became a Past Grand Master, however, as he was expelled from Paris as suddenly and unexpectedly

KINGSTON.

Rain on Monday.
The roads are still muddy.
News never was so scarce.
Awful quiet in this little town now-days.

The bad condition of the roads makes business quiet.

Mr. and Mrs. McKay of Marlette Sunday in town.

Mrs. Marshall Friend is no better. She has been sick six weeks.

Wm. Peters of Columbiaville was in town on Saturday on business.

H. H. Miller is confined to his bed with a severe attack of neuralgia.

The sheds back of the M. E. church have been treated to a shingled roof.

O. G. Millikin and A. D. Moyer made a trip to Cass City on Friday last on business.

Two Christmas trees on Christmas eve, one at the M. E. church and one at the Baptist church.

The new bell for the Baptist church arrived and was placed in position in the belfry on Saturday.

O. A. Briggs made a business trip to Marlette on Saturday last. He was accompanied by Mrs. Briggs.

Soper, the druggist, is receiving new Xmas goods on every train. You can find anything in Santa Claus' line at his store.

Albert Veit has returned home from Portland, Oregon. He was taken sick on the road home and at this writing is feeling quite badly.

Jas. McGilvary of Cass City was in the village on Monday attending to the business interests of J. H. Striffler, the agricultural dealer of that city.

The social for the benefit of Elder Beach at the G. A. R. hall on Friday evening was very well attended, considering the condition of the roads. The proceeds amounted to \$9.75.

Wanted, in Kingston, a man to come into our town, build a good brick store, and fill the same with a large stock of goods and then do a cash business. To such a man we will guarantee a small fortune within ten years.

Tuesday evening Thomas Van Duzen, a switchman in the employ of the Toledo & Ann Arbor railroad, was killed at the "Y" of the Michigan Central, at Ann Arbor. He stepped out of the way of one train, and was struck by a box-car on another track, and his neck broken. He was about 30 yr's old, formerly lived at Elsie, and was married on Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Wilkinson, the teacher in the primary department went and drew her month's salary at Chas. Smith's last Tuesday, and carried the same, amounting to \$23, in her purse to school with her, but when school closed for the day she was very much surprised to find her purse missing. At this writing nothing has been discovered which would lead to the recovery. The purse containing the money was evidently stolen, as her contract and calling cards with her name on were found in a fence corner between Main street and the school house.

Three Cent Column.

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

HOUSE TO RENT—In Cass City. Enquire of J. O. STIFFLER.

TO RENT—A good warm house in Cass City. Inquire of E. H. FISHER, 12-29-14.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING, 4-12-14.

FOR SALE—The Bader building, formerly occupied by Holmes Bros. Price, \$950; one-third cash, balance on time. Enquire of J. D. BROOKER, 12-6-14.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—Improved farm of 120 acres, 240 acres of unimproved land and a few good horses. S. R. MARKHAM, 12-29-14.

FOR SALE CHEAP—A Chandler & Paylor Woley saw mill in good order. Also the Belles fence loom, the best on the market. Address, W. H. BELLES, Orion, Mich. 12-13-14.

FOR SALE—Or exchange. A farm near London, 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, 11-1-14.

LUMBER FOR SALE—I will sell cheap, timber on northwest 1/4 of southeast 1/4, section 18, Novesta, consisting of hemlock, cedar and birch. C. W. MCNAILL, 12-6-14wks. At the Cass City Bank.

STRAYED—Came into my enclosure on Nov 18, two yearlings. Owner will please call, prove property, pay charges and take the same away. Geo. FREEMORE, 3 miles west, one-half mile south of Cass City. 12-6-14wks.

MEAT MARKET FOR SALE!

Having other business, which occupies our whole time, we have decided to retire from the meat market business, and will sell at a Bargain our Meat Market and Butcher's Tools. We have also one span of Spotted Horses for sale. This is an Excellent chance for some person wishing to embark in the above business. SCHWADERER BROS. 11-19-14wks Cass City, Mich.

TO RENT!

A good house and four acres of land on the west side of the village of Cass City, just outside the corporation. Will rent the same for one year or more, on reasonable terms. Inquire of 12-6-14mo A. TRAVIS, Cass City.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

The coming farmers' institute will undoubtedly be of great value to the farmers of this county, and all who can possibly do so should aim to be present and secure a part of the benefit. There are no expenses attached to it save those of attendance, which will be slight compared to the advantage to be derived. There are many live questions now presented to the farmers, and a study of the methods adapted by the progressive and successful men in the business cannot fail to greatly help the struggling farmer. We shall publish the program as soon as it is prepared and earnestly urge every farmer to attend the institute which is to be held here in February.

Every spring the thousand and one little country cross-road printing offices have looked to "ticket printing" for a little change, as a bankrupt actor does to his benefit night. But this is to be no longer. The wise legislator has enacted that all copy of election tickets must be sent to the secretary of state at Lansing to be printed by the state contractor, and that no ballot shall be counted except those so officially printed. This is the climax of all infernal fool laws that ever were enacted, and it is time for the people to kick. If they can no longer be trusted to prepare their own ballots, they are unfit to cast them. We would like to see a general disregard and defiance of this law throughout the state.—Ypsilanti Sentinel.

We would invite our city fathers to gaze on pedestrians as they try to make their way across the main streets over those delightful passages called cross-walks. We noticed a lady the other day make several attempts to get across the street on one of our main thoroughfares, without getting swamped in mud. She was about to give up in despair, when a new thought presented itself to her and she immediately collected several boards, and laying them down one after another, succeeded in crossing. It is certainly a disgrace to the village that these crossings are not kept free from mud. Of course the male portion of the community does not find much difficulty in wading through the mud, but how about your wives and your daughters who are obliged to put up with this nuisance?

As the present yuletide approaches our country friends must of course decide upon a place in which to purchase their Christmas goods. To those who have not already decided we urge you to come to Cass City. Nowhere in the county can a more complete assortment of goods be found. In dry goods or other articles that tend to captivate the eyes of the fair sex the stores of 2 Macks, 2 Frost & Hebblewhite and J. C. Laing present an array of the finest of goods. In clothing and useful presents for the gentlemen your wants may be supplied at McDougall & Co.'s or E. F. Marr's, the clothiers. Then we have emporiums in town where presents may be bought for the little ones, and a choice selection be found at the establishments of A. W. Seed, Fritz Bros., Geo. A. Stevenson, the postoffice, and at J. F. Hendrick's, who have presents for both old and young. If you wish to purchase a good substantial gift call at the boot and shoe house of J. D. Crosby. Howe & Bigelow and J. L. Hitchcock are also at the front with a complete stock in the hardware line. L. A. DeWitt can also provide you with a beautiful gift from his large stock of furniture. In fact all our merchants have exceptionally fine assortments and can suit you in any line.

Popularity of Protection.

The natural impulse of our people is for protection. Every election in which the issue has been distinctly made between free foreign trade and protection for domestic industries has proven that the demand for the former is the voice of the minority, and that maintenance of the latter is the fixed determination of the majority of the American voters. Even that branch of the fiftieth congress which, under the guidance of selfish leaders, suicided by passing the Mills bill, went up from the people with a majority committed to protection. A knowledge of these facts will account for the inconsistent pleas of those who still find it for their interest to join with foreigners in the demand for lowering the barriers to the importation of foreign products.

Ignoring the fact that larger fortunes have been made by those who distribute goods than by those who manufacture them, these free trade attorneys seek to incite prejudice against the latter and gain votes for a policy intended to enlarge profits of manufacturers in other lands. This inconsistency, the outrageous injustice of this, voters are expected to overlook in their anxiety to get cheaper goods—cheaper because made where labor can be had for less money than it costs here.

Protection discriminates in favor of the American manufacturer who gives employment to domestic workmen and keeps the profits from his business in this country where it is made to contribute to the public good. Free trade discriminates in favor of the alien manufacturer who employs alien labor, the profits of which go to the enrichment of a foreign nation. Which is most directly in line with patriotism and sound business principles.

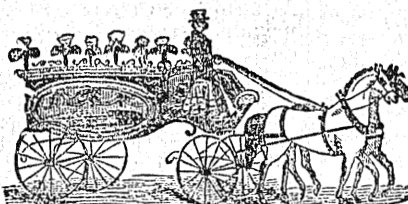
Wood wanted on subscription at this office.

Save Money!

By Buying Your
**HARDWARE,
DRY GOODS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
PAINTS, OILS,
PUMPS, ANVILS,
NAILS, ETC,**

OF
J. L. HITCHCOCK.

**A. A. McKenzie,
UNDERTAKER**



And Funeral Director.

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

EMBALMING WHEN DESIRED.

Burial Robes, Cape, Gloves, etc., always 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.

Central Meat Market!

SCHWADERER BROS., Prop'r.

Everything Fresh, Wholesome and Inviting.

Cattle, Hogs and Sheep brought for Eastern Market.

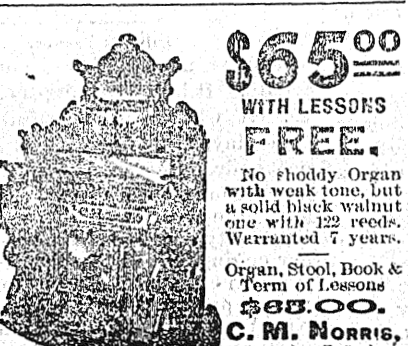
CASH PAID FOR HIDES.



WANTED

Good Cedar Land that has not been timbered; handy to railroad; will pay Cash or the same; enquire of W. P. Bloom, Agent, Cass City, or

MATHESON & WINEMAN, Detroit.



My trade for the Fall of '89 has opened with a rush. The popularity of the Wilmot Mills has gained through the Extra Values continual given my customers have brought an Increased Patronage.

No competition can Duplicate the Wilmot Mills Flour, as it is acknowledged to be the progressive mill of Tuscola County. A complete buck wheat and feed rig in connection.

JOHN STAGG.

Encourage Home Industry

—By Buying your—

FLOUR AND FEED Kingston Roller Mills!

Thereby keeping your money in Circulation in your own town. Bran and Feed

SOLD BY THE CWT. OR TON!

At Very Reasonable Rates. Flour and Feed kept Constantly on hand.

O. A. Briggs, - - Prop

To my CUSTOMERS AND FRIENDS.

The Year's Brightest Holidays will soon arrive and the over-welcome "Merry Christmas" will be heard on every hand. The day all hearts are moved by generous impulses, and hospitable "good cheer" will hold full sway. Anticipating the wants of our customers, we have a large and well selected stock of Xmas goods, such as will please. Our store is so full you cannot fail to find something to please you.

We have an elegant line of Albums, Autograph albums, Family Bibles, Teacher's Bibles, Scrap books, Christmas cards, Toy books, Novels, Books, Box Paper in Elegant Plush and Fancy Decorated Boxes, Stationery of all kinds, Hand sleds for the children, Work boxes, Toilet sets, Combs and Brushes, China cups and saucers, Shaving sets, Dominos, checkers, Authors, Toilet soaps, Perfumery, Novelties, Odds cases, Jack-knives, Pen-knives, etc., etc. Violins, Violin cases and bows, Mouth organs, etc.

We also have the Finest candies that are made, Peanuts, Walnuts, Brazils, etc. Smoker's sets, Cigar holders and cases, Cigars and tobaccos, and other articles which we have not space to mention.

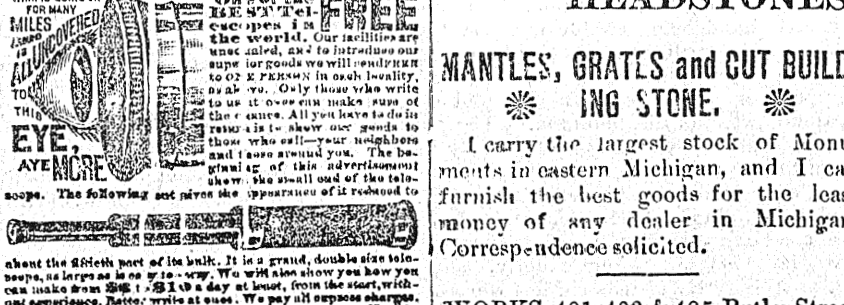
We shall extend to you a hearty welcome and will be pleased to show you our stock of goods and give you our prices. If you don't find in our stock that which you want, or if our prices are not satisfactory, we shall not expect you to buy. We are confident that we can make it pay you to give us your patronage, because our stock is complete and well selected and our prices are right. We are anxious to secure your trade and are bound to deal fairly and as far as in us lays to please all. Inviting all to call and see us we promise you careful attention and courteous treatment. Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year I remain

Yours truly,
CHAS. L. SOPER,
KINGSTON, MICH.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING,

Manufacturers of
**SASH, DOORS,
FLOORING,
BLINDS,
SIDING
and
MOULDING.**

Window and Door frames to order on short notice. Scroll Sawing also done. New mill near the P. O. P. A. Railroad Depot.



Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO. 2.

GOING NORTH

STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.	Pass.
Pontiac.....	4:30	6:00	8:10
Oxford.....	10:10	7:00	8:48
Dryden.....	11:32	8:00	9:26
Imlay City.....	4:40	8:10	9:48
North Branch.....	1:40	9:12	10:27
Clifford.....	2:16	9:32	10:45
Kingston.....	2:58	9:53	11:06
Wilmot.....	3:18	10:08	11:17
Deford.....	3:33	10:17	11:26
Cass City.....	4:40	10:35	11:44
Gagetown.....	5:05	12:01
Owendale.....	5:30	12:13
Berne.....	1:10	12:40
Cassville.....	1:40	1:00

GOING SOUTH

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed.	Freight
Cassville.....	3:20	5:00
Berne.....	3:41	6:00
Owendale.....	4:06	6:41
Gagetown.....	4:22	7:01
Cass City.....	4:40	7:43
Deford.....	4:59	5:48	8:14
Wilmot.....	5:09	5:58	8:31
Kingston.....	5:20	6:15	8:56
Clifford.....	5:42	6:40	9:13
North Branch.....	6:00	7:05	10:27
Imlay City.....	6:44	7:55	11:47
Dryden.....	7:00	12:36
Oxford.....	1:38	1:39
Pontiac.....	3:15	4:30	3:00

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily except Sundays. Train No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

*Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.

CONNECTIONS.

Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. Ry.
Oxford, Detroit and Bay City division of M. C.
Imlay City, C. & G. T.
Clifford, F. & P. M.
Berne Junction, S. T. & H.

JAMES H. HOUTON, Superintendent.

TIME TABLE.

Trains going North.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
East Saginaw.....	Depart.....	3:00	4:20	10:00
Reese.....	3:30	4:50	11:10
Fair Grove.....	3:55	5:15	12:20
Unionville.....	4:10	5:31	1:45
Sebewaing.....	4:23	5:43	2:18
Bayport Junction.....	Depart.....	4:40	6:00	2:50
Bayport.....	4:46	6:06	3:03
Bayport Junction.....	Depart.....	4:53	6:12	3:13
P. O. & P. A. R. Crossing.....	4:56	6:16	3:18
Robinson.....	5:05	6:24	3:20
Bad Axe.....	Arrive.....	10:43	7:00	5:40

Trains going South.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Bad Axe.....	Depart.....	4:40	6:00	7:20
Robinson's.....	4:55	6:15	8:00
Elkton.....	5:03	6:23	8:27
P. O. & P. A. R. Crossing.....	5:14	6:34	8:47
Bayport Junction.....	Depart.....	5:24	6:43	9:53
Bayport.....	5:32	6:50	10:03
Bayport Junction.....	5:37	6:55	10:13
Sebewaing.....	5:46	7:04	10:23
Unionville.....	5:52	7:10	10:33
Fairgrove.....	6:02	7:20	10:43
Reese.....	6:10	7:28	10:53
East Saginaw.....	6:18	7:36	11:03

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

CONNECTIONS.

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

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

Bad Axe—With P. H. & N. W. Ry. for Port Austin, Sand Beach & Sand Beach, etc.

ROBERT LAUGHLIN, Sup.

F. & P. M. R. R.

Time Table taking effect June 16, 1889.

PORT HURON DIVISION.

WEST.	STATIONS.	EAST.
Express and Mail.	Express and Mail.	Express and Mail.
P. m.	a. m.	P. m.
7:45	9:00	10:45
8:23	9:38	11:13
6:48	10:00	11:38
7:14	10:23	12:01
7:33	10:42	12:17
7:45	10:52	12:28
8:02	11:10	12:46
8:14	11:22	12:58
8:25	11:33	1:09
8:28	11:37	1:13
8:47	11:58	1:27
9:15	12:27	1:55
P. m.	P. m.	P. m.

SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVS.

NORTH.	STATIONS.	SOUTH.
Express.	Express.	Express.
Mail and Express.	Mail and Express.	Mail and Express.
P. m.	P. m.	P. m.
7:45	9:30	11:00
8:21	10:05	11:36
8:55	10:40	12:10
9:32	11:15	12:47
10:04	11:47	1:19
10:30	12:18	1:45
10:02	6:33	7:00
11:46	7:05	7:32
1:00	7:50	8:20
10:41	6:20	6:47
11:20	6:55	7:22
P. m.	P. m.	P. m.

† Flag Stations. a. m. p. m.

CONNECTIONS.

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

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

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

Yassur, with the M. C. R. for Caro, Bay City, Alpena, Mackinac, etc.

East Saginaw (Transfer) with the S. V. & St. L. R. for St. Louis, Alma, Grand Rapids, etc.

Bayport (Union Depot) with the S. V. & St. L. R. for Sebewaing, Unionville, East Saginaw, etc.

SANFORD KEELER, Superintendent.

PROBATE ORDER.

State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss.
At a session of the probate court for said county, held at the Probate office in the village of Caro on the twenty-second day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.
Present, James M. Van Tassel, Judge Pro-tem.
In the matter of the estate of Austin, Mazy, deceased. On reading and filing the petition duly verified, of Austin L. Mazy, praying that a certain inventory now on file in this court, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that administrations of said estate may be granted to the several persons interested in said estate. Thereupon it is ordered that Monday, the twenty-third day of November next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and at that time heirs at law of said deceased, and all persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be held in the Probate office in the village of Caro, and show cause, if any there be, why prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered that the petition for probate be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.
JAMES M. VANTASSEL,
Judge of said Court.

Notice to Farmers!
I keep a pure bred Inge English-shire hog for sale of farmers. E. H. BURN. 11-6-9wks Cass City.

Port Huron MARBLE WORKS,

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