

Cass City Enterprise, December 27, 1889

In the absence of a dated front page, issue date was obtained from new advertisements placed in the "Three Cent Column."

TO-MORROW NEVER COMES.

BY J. N. CAMPION.

"To-morrow!" cries the school boy, in light-hearted glee.
"Holiday will be my lot, and, from study free,
Bat and ball shall be my goal, pleasure all my theme,
And the day, for happiness, all too short will seem."

Little recked that childish heart, 'ere to-morrow's sun,
Life, with all its thousand joys, would for it be done;
Cold and stiff in death he lay, silent, sightless, dumb,
And the once more proved, To-morrow did not come.

To-morrow! breathes the maiden, "will my loving heart,
The husband of my choice, join, no more to part;
I of love's first plannings, all of fancy's schemes,
And to ripe fruition, past my wildest dreams."

To-morrow! cries the soldier, "we shall meet the foe,
And his blattant army in defeat be low;
Laurels then shall crown my brow, glory will be mine,
For with deeds of valor bold then my name will shine."

To-morrow! thinks the student, "to the world I'll give
Secrets of my busy brain, and my name shall live
Down the roll of ages, famed, revered and known,
Standing in its glory, unsurpassed, alone."

To-morrow! quoth the merchant, "all the world shall know,
How success has crowned my life, for my wealth shall flow
Into channels well prepared through these many years,
Long expected, gained at last, spite of many fears."

To-morrow! shouts the sailor, "my wife and home so sweet,
My children innocent, young and fair,
Ocean's storms no more will vex, winds will vainly blow,
Safe in port I then shall be, earth's best joys to know."

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

To-morrow! who can think of thee, in this vale of tears,
And the heart's longing not be torn by con-flicting fears?
All our brightest hopes and joys round thy pathway shed,
By the cold, relentless hand, withered, blasted, dead.

little sketch when you passed, and although a good-sized hedge divided us, I saw your parcel fall to the ground."
Beatrice looked up at him fully this time, her eyes brimful of interest. It did not surprise her now to see that handsome refined face amidst such un-congenial surroundings.

"You are an artist?" she asked softly.
He smiled, and drew a sudden deep breath.
"A very bad one, I'm afraid, but still an artist."
"Oh!"
The girl did not speak after that one eloquent exclamation. Her fair cheeks were flushed with an unusual color, and her eyes sparkled brightly.

Looking at her, Stewart was struck afresh by her delicate beauty, and his heart was stirred with a swift warm feeling which strangely surprised him.
Silence reigned until they reached Ivy House, and at the gate Beatrice paused to take her packets.
She smiled at him very sweetly as she thanked him; and he, with that new sensation still thrilling through every vein, watched her flit towards the house, his eyes full of a tender light.

Beatrice's delighted face as she rushed into the dining-room struck Avie at once, and she paused in the act of sewing new bows on to the sofa-cushion to gaze enquiringly at her sister.
"What is it, Bee? How pleased you look!" she said tranquilly.
"So I am," Beatrice answered. "I met him just now, Avie, and he is an artist."

"Met whom? who is he?"
"Next door, of course," Beatrice added impatiently. "I thought his face was an uncommon one when first I saw it."
"So uncommon that you took it for a ghost's?"
Beatrice started, and glanced towards the open French window. Nance stood there, looking at them laughingly, her slender young arms full of blue flannel.

"Don't interrupt, Nance; it isn't polite. Well, Bee, and where did you meet him?"
"As I was coming down the lane, I happened to drop that wretched parcel of wool, and never knew it. However, our neighbor, who had been sketching in a field close by, saw the packet fall, and brought it after me. He was perfectly courteous, and insisted upon carrying all my bundles home for me."
"Do you mean to say he walked as far as the gate with you?"
"Yes."

A horrified expression crossed Avie's pretty face, and she screwed up her mouth into a fearful grimace. Nance looked too astonished for words.
"What a good thing mother happened to be in the garden! How angry she would have been to see you arrive under strange escort!"
One bright afternoon the girls took their work and books into the garden, glad of the soft fresh breeze that was springing up.

Beatrice, in a clean muslin dress, azure-tinted, and relieved by knots of dainty ribbon, sat on the edge of the hammock, swaying gently to and fro while she read aloud to her sisters.
Avie was in her favorite rush-chair, her busy fingers embroidering a pretty plush table-cover for the drawing-room. Nance, always idle when possible, lay full length upon the mossy ground, her fair head propped against Avie's blue dress, her hands clasped loosely together over a few sweet-scented flowers.

Beatrice was reading from Tennyson's "Princess," and her clear voice fell softly on the air, mingling pleasantly with the songs of the birds above, and the hum of passing insects.
The poem interested them all, though they had read it over and over again. No sound had power to arouse them from their happy content, and neither saw the dark eyes gazing at them over the ivied fence—the handsome face, now full of dreamy earnestness.

The trio made such a fair picture of sweet maidenhood, no wonder Stewart Lindley examined them with more than ordinary interest. A slight smile curved his lips, though ever and anon a half-troubled sigh escaped him.
Presently Beatrice ceased, and closing her book with a sharp bang, she lunged one shapely arm over her head.
She looked very lovely, her face just flushed with excitement, her eyes darkened by an unusual brilliancy; the brown nothed trunk against which her head rested threw into greater relief the golden hair and the dazzling fairness of her skin. Her round figure, in its loose blue draperies, was full of sweet grace.

"Don't you wish you had been Princess Ida?" she asked softly.
"That depends," Avie answered lazily. "I should not have cared much for the fighting."
"I think that is what would have pleased me most. I must have been rare fun to have seen them all putting on brave airs, while all the time they were shivering with fright!" Nance exclaimed, looking up with a merry smile—a smile which died away suddenly, to be replaced by an expression of deep alarm.

Beatrice was not glancing in her direction, so her swift change of countenance did not surprise her. Avie, however, felt the nervous start, and almost involuntarily she turned to see what had caused it.
At sight of their daring neighbor, her first feeling was one of indignation, and her eyes flashed.
"Bee!" she whispered in a hollow tone, "Look!"

Bee did look, surprised at her sister's tragic air. A crimson blush dyed her cheeks, and she slipped from the hammock in sudden shy shame as she met the admiring gaze fastened upon her.

"I beg your pardon," Stewart said courteously, though he could scarce repress a smile at their alarm. "Your voice attracted me, and I could not resist the temptation of listening to the end. I hope my presence has not annoyed you?"
"Oh no," Beatrice answered hastily, recovering from her confusion. "Had I known you were there, though, I should have left off long ago."

"Then I am glad you did not see me. It is years since I have heard 'The Princess,' and your sweet voice gave it an added charm."
"Thank you," Beatrice murmured, and a little demure smile curved her red lips. "You are more complimentary than truthful."
"I assure you—" Stewart began hurriedly; then broke off and bit his lip.

The three pairs of blue eyes were fixed intently upon him, and in each there lurked a gleam of suppressed mirth difficult to meet without smiling.
"Never mind, we forgive you," Beatrice broke in softly. "But you must not listen again, else we shall be obliged to hang our hammock in another part of the garden."
Stewart's face fell, and an expression of deep disappointment entered his eyes. He had been anticipating much enjoyment from the delightful lowliness of the fence and the knowledge that this was a favorite spot of the girls.

"Mayn't I listen if I ask permission first?" he pleaded.
"Yes; of course you may. Don't heed Beatrice; she never means what she says," Nance added, lifting her saucy face to look at him.
"Thank you, Miss Nance; you are kinder than your sister."
"How do you know my name?" Nance asked rather fiercely. "Who told you?"

Stewart laughed, then let his eyes rest pensively upon the blue sky above.
"Let me see!" he began thoughtfully. "Some little bird must have told me, and I have not forgotten. Beatrice Stanley, aged nineteen; Avie Stephanie Stanley, aged seventeen and a half; Nance Helena Stanley, sweet sixteen."
The girls grew redder and redder as Stewart spoke, repeating his words like a newly learnt lesson.

Suddenly, however, Beatrice broke into a light laugh, and turned towards him.
"How stupid of us! Avie, don't you remember the day we carved our names and ages on the old bridge?" she said merrily. "You must think us terrible childish."
"Not at all, and to prove the truth of my words, you have only to look beneath your names to discover mine. I could not resist the temptation."
"What is yours?" Nance asked shyly.

"Stewart Lindley."
"A pretty name, and one that suits you," she added patronisingly.
Now the ice was broken they chatted freely, the girls grouped together in picturesque attitudes, Stewart resting with his arms folded on the top of the fence, and his eyes fixed upon Beatrice.

They hardly noticed the darkening shadows falling softly around them. It was with a violent start Avie at length aroused herself from the happy spell.
"Bee, Nance, it must be past tea-time, and mother does not like us to keep her waiting," she said hurriedly.
Not to be tempted to stay a moment longer, she gathered all her working materials together and stood on one side to await her sisters.

There was a naughty pout on Nance's red lips as she rose and shook herself, but she bade Stewart a very smiling "Good-bye."
The two girls walked on a little way leaving Beatrice alone with Stewart. For an instant they both remained silent, gazing regretfully into each other's eyes. At last, with an unconscious sigh, Beatrice picked up her work and prepared to leave him.

"Good-bye," she said softly.
"Good-bye," Miss Beatrice. You will not prove hard-hearted if I come again to this charming spot?"
"No," the girl murmured, and a lovely flush came to her cheeks.
He hesitated, looked at her entreatingly, then held out a strong white hand.

For a moment Beatrice remained immovable, the shy light in her eyes deepened; then, half reluctantly, she laid her hand in his clasp.
At that warm tremulous touch both felt something thrill through their veins. Not another word was uttered, but the silence was more eloquent.
"How sweet she is, my pure bright princess!" Stewart muttered, when she had gone from him. "I will win her—yes, in spite of all, I will win her for my very own!"

TO BE CONTINUED.
Five Anarchists Dine.
Five Anarchists went into a Paris restaurant and ordered and devoured a fine dinner. When the bill was presented they told the proprietor to look to the rascally capitalists for his pay. He sent for the police and the Anarchists cursed them for having carried out capitalistic behests, but went along. In the police court the mother of one of them appeared and paid the complainant for the five dinners, but her son shouted out that she was silly, that he and his friends had gone in for free dinners on principle, and would do it again every chance that they got. They were thereupon sent to prison for three months and fined.

Wanted to be an Opportunity.
At a party a few evenings ago when the ladies and gentlemen were telling what they would like best, one young lady remarked that she would prefer being an "opportunity." She was asked "Why?" by many and naively replied:
"Because the young men are so fond of embracing an opportunity."

THE STRANGEST WHIMS.

Many People Who Have Superstitions of All Conceivable Sorts.

Actors and Gamblers and Members of Other "Professions" Influenced by Alleged Omens—A Napoleonic Belief—The Influence of Superstitions—Beliefs Upon men.
"I don't believe there are any people as superstitious as that in this country!" said a lady to her escort one evening at the theatre, while listening to the droll sayings of the superstitious porter in a play. Everybody in the audience had been laughing heartily at the old man, who was as full of superstition as an egg is of meat, and who for the two hundredth time had just been interposing an objection to the doing of something because it would "be bad luck." Absolutely nothing, in fact, was done or was proposed during the whole play without Jonah lugging in one of his innumerable superstitions.

Was this lady right? The Chicago Herald has been at some pains to find out, so far at least as Chicago is concerned. And the conclusion arrived at was, most emphatically, that she was mistaken. There live to-day so many forms of superstition that it would take the compass of a good-sized tome to mention them all.

Everybody knows, of course, that the theatrical profession is extremely superstitious. Not even the most enlightened of them are quite free of this feeling, since it has crept into their very blood and marrow through the force of time-honored traditions and early training. Theatrical managers are aware of this and always respect these beliefs. It would not be safe for them to do otherwise. Here is a case in point:

About a year ago, while Julia Marlowe was filling an engagement at Chicago some of the scenery used in the play fell on Miss Marlowe's aunt and almost killed her. Last Tuesday night the stage carpenter, Mr. Rickets, approached this manager, and told him he must insist on new ropes being put on all the scenery to be used during the same play, which was to be given by Miss Marlowe the next night. And he had to give in, though he knew the ropes were as strong as first-class hemp could make them and though there was quite a needless expense involved in the purchase of a new set. But not to have yielded meant "bad luck," forsooth! And that is a thing anxiously to be avoided.

How very superstitious gamblers and card-players in general are, is likewise a thing of general record. Not even the most daring of these knights of the pasteboards would venture, for instance, to sit at a game with his hands closed, the idea being that luck could not then fly into their hollows. To hold their thumbs for a brief spell, on the other hand, means good luck for the party it is done for. A run of bad luck, as every one knows, can be best broken by changing chairs or by twisting one's own chair around once or twice. The worst omen, though, that can befall a gambler is to have a long succession of black cards (spades or clubs) dealt him. For that presages his own near death or the death of a member of his family. Veteran gamblers never disregard any of these warnings which fate, through the medium of the cards, is supposed to be vouchsafing them.

As with actors and gamblers, so it is with nearly every other profession or calling and life—each has its own set of superstitions. And it is safe to say that those men or women who are absolutely free of every form of superstition are probably so rare that they are never heard of. Those minds who have shaken off all religious faith are quite frequently more prone to superstition than the rest of mankind. It is stated of Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, the great infidel, that he believes in omens and warnings of all kinds. And history teaches us that other gifted men did likewise.

It is well known that the great Napoleon was a firm believer in various forms of superstition, particularly in clerimono. A curious book on divination was found in Bonaparte's cabinet of curiosities at Leipzig during the confusion that ensued there after his flight from that city and the rout of the French army. It was looked upon by him as a sacred work, and he was accustomed to consult it prior to his most hazardous undertakings.

This Napoleonic incident, however, forms but one link in the endless chain of stories that might be stretched out illustrating how even the most powerful minds in modern time could not divert themselves of every trace of superstition. Frederick the Great, another great warrior and as pronounced a fatalist as Napoleon I, might be cited, as well as Sir Walter Scott, in whose tomb at Melrose Abbey a set of books on magic—in which he believed was laid to rest along with the body of the great writer. Superstition, in fact, appears to be the common inheritance of the human race, of which no nationality is free.

A child when born ought to "go up in the world before going down." Hence the little creature ought to be borne up-stairs and then down again, else he or she will all through life remain in a low station. Most midwives, too, object to the weighing of a child after birth, as it is held to be unlucky. It is so held, too, if the first tooth of a baby makes its appearance in the upper jaw instead of the lower one. To rock baby's cradle when empty is likewise esteemed unlucky, although people who hail from Lancashire think differently about that, for they have it:

If you rock the cradle empty,
Then you should have babies plenty.
Chicagoans of Scotch lineage at the birth of a male child frequently indulge in a very old form of superstition, handed down from the time when the forefathers were Gaelic sun worshippers. They encircle three times, with a lighted candle, the body of the child, thus insuring its ration of good luck through life, although originally the custom meant the child's dedication to the sun god. Another very ancient bit of superstition is connected with the ash tree. This undoubtedly comes from the sacred ash Yggdrasir of Norse mythology, and traces of it are preserved in Scandinavian, German and English speaking countries, even Chicago being included. A few strokes with a brand of this tree is accounted a sovereign remedy against cramps and lameness in man and beast with the Scandinavians of this city. A young ash tree, if split and a sick child passed over the cleft, will cure the complaint. Children of English parents in this city still use the formula in trying to rid themselves of a troublesome wart, etc.:

Ashen tree, ashen tree,
Pray take this wart off me!
As to fire, however, most of the charms, incantations and spells against it—and their name is legion all over Europe—Chicagoans of all nationalities have given up imploring the aid of such means as that of St. Agatha or St. Florian, and have now altogether put their trust in the brave Chicago fire ladders, as being the most effective way of squelching a fire. On the other hand, though artistic whistling has become quite an accomplishment among the elite of Chicago ladies, the old saying:

A whistling woman and crowing hen,
Are neither fit for God nor men.
Another version making the second line read:
Will call the old gentleman out of his den.
And still another:
Never yet came to a good end.
Talking of hens brings to mind the curious saying which is perpetuated by old crones from the north of England and Wales, in which the flying of magpies is thus apostrophized:
One for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for death.
Which is probably a little bit of pagan bird augury left over to this day.

MAN EATING SHARKS.
An Unpleasant Adventure with a School of Them.

I shall never forget the time when I was a hand in a small fishing vessel that tended the London market, says a writer in the Boston Globe. The weather was very warm and fish scarce; some of the old hands thought some kind of a destructive fish was playing havoc, for set our trawls where he would they were skinned as clean as though the job was done by hand.

One evening two men that went in dory No. 3 brought the news that sharks were plenty and we had better ship to some other berth. The anchor was catheaded, sails hoisted and a course laid out that would bring us to Jeffries bank, which lies about thirty or forty miles off Portland. The next morning at daylight we were in our dories and proceeded to set our fishing gear. My partner and I took the outside on the western end and all went well; we were hauling in fish for half an hour with every promise of a good catch. I was hauling the trawl at the time, and felt a sudden tug and yank, that very nearly took me out of the dory.

I knew it was sharks in a minute, and stopped hauling to see if they would show up. Suddenly there was a twitch and a pull harder than ever, and I hauled away as lively as possible, knowing he would bite the line if he could to clear himself.

I pulled and he tugged, but I kept the line coming all the time. First, he would tow us in one direction and then in another, so I surmised we had him by the tail, and told my partner to have a sharp knife ready to cut away.

After a long and hard pull I got him to the top of the water and found that he had taken two good hitches around his tail and was working hard to get clear. The next thing to do was to get his tail on the rail of the dory and cut clear. A strong pull by both of us placed him at our mercy, then I looked overboard to see the kind of chap we had, and if anything would make a fisherman feel blue it would be a look from that angry man eating shark that we were fast to. He would curl up in a bow, look at us with those cold eyes, and slap his body about in a very dangerous manner, but the line was strong and we had him secure.

The only thing we could do was to cut off his tail and let him go clear of the trawl, and my partner held onto one side of his tail while I used the knife. In a minute he was clear, and with back and belly fins to propel with, drove for the bottom, leaving a trail of blood after him, that I knew would cause trouble. He came up with a rush, jumping full length out of the water, and dropped so close to our dory that the splash high swamped us. We hauled away clear of him, and after we got our gear we started to row for the vessel. After rowing a short distance we were in the midst of a school of man-eating sharks that had scented the blood of their maimed relative. My partner was rowing a new pair of oars and they attracted the sharks. They made snap after snap at the blades, and as our dory was deep loaded with fish they appeared to think we would be an easy prey.

So hard did they press us that the new oars had to be taken in and the fish thrown overboard to distract their attention.

We were within a quarter mile of the vessel and had succeeded in shaking off all but one of them. He was a small cuss and would purr up alongside the dory like a cat and never left us until we reached our vessel and were safe aboard.

The Waves of the Sea.
A very satisfactory experiment for learning how high the ocean waves rise was made recently by the Hon. Ralph Abercomby, a member of a British scientific expedition through the South Pacific.

Within a year there was an account published in the New York Sun of some calculations made by an observer from a ship's topmast. The latter climbed to a point at which, when his ship lay in the trough of the sea, he was on a level with the crest of the waves. These observations were made off Cape Horn, and they led to the belief that notwithstanding all previous theories tending to credit the waves with a comparatively small rise, they actually rose to a height of between sixty and seventy feet. Another authority, Admiral Fitzroy, has published his conclusion that they can rise as high as sixty feet. Mr. Abercomby's experiment, which was by a very original method, tended to establish this opinion.

He placed upon the surface of the water a very sensitive aneroid barometer, capable of recording its extreme rise or fall. With a sea not subjected to an atmosphere of unusual violence the barometer indicated an elevation of forty feet from the wave's base to crest. Mr. Abercomby concluded that under extraordinary conditions the waves would without doubt become sixty feet high.

It is not an uncommon thing for people when they first travel by ship to express disappointment at the majesty of the ocean. It may seem anything but awful to them. If they do not find those qualities in it when it is quiet they certainly would if they could ever see it raised by a genuine storm.

THE STRANGEST WHIMS.

Many People Who Have Superstitions of All Conceivable Sorts.

Actors and Gamblers and Members of Other "Professions" Influenced by Alleged Omens—A Napoleonic Belief—The Influence of Superstitions—Beliefs Upon men.
"I don't believe there are any people as superstitious as that in this country!" said a lady to her escort one evening at the theatre, while listening to the droll sayings of the superstitious porter in a play. Everybody in the audience had been laughing heartily at the old man, who was as full of superstition as an egg is of meat, and who for the two hundredth time had just been interposing an objection to the doing of something because it would "be bad luck." Absolutely nothing, in fact, was done or was proposed during the whole play without Jonah lugging in one of his innumerable superstitions.

Was this lady right? The Chicago Herald has been at some pains to find out, so far at least as Chicago is concerned. And the conclusion arrived at was, most emphatically, that she was mistaken. There live to-day so many forms of superstition that it would take the compass of a good-sized tome to mention them all.

Everybody knows, of course, that the theatrical profession is extremely superstitious. Not even the most enlightened of them are quite free of this feeling, since it has crept into their very blood and marrow through the force of time-honored traditions and early training. Theatrical managers are aware of this and always respect these beliefs. It would not be safe for them to do otherwise. Here is a case in point:

About a year ago, while Julia Marlowe was filling an engagement at Chicago some of the scenery used in the play fell on Miss Marlowe's aunt and almost killed her. Last Tuesday night the stage carpenter, Mr. Rickets, approached this manager, and told him he must insist on new ropes being put on all the scenery to be used during the same play, which was to be given by Miss Marlowe the next night. And he had to give in, though he knew the ropes were as strong as first-class hemp could make them and though there was quite a needless expense involved in the purchase of a new set. But not to have yielded meant "bad luck," forsooth! And that is a thing anxiously to be avoided.

How very superstitious gamblers and card-players in general are, is likewise a thing of general record. Not even the most daring of these knights of the pasteboards would venture, for instance, to sit at a game with his hands closed, the idea being that luck could not then fly into their hollows. To hold their thumbs for a brief spell, on the other hand, means good luck for the party it is done for. A run of bad luck, as every one knows, can be best broken by changing chairs or by twisting one's own chair around once or twice. The worst omen, though, that can befall a gambler is to have a long succession of black cards (spades or clubs) dealt him. For that presages his own near death or the death of a member of his family. Veteran gamblers never disregard any of these warnings which fate, through the medium of the cards, is supposed to be vouchsafing them.

As with actors and gamblers, so it is with nearly every other profession or calling and life—each has its own set of superstitions. And it is safe to say that those men or women who are absolutely free of every form of superstition are probably so rare that they are never heard of. Those minds who have shaken off all religious faith are quite frequently more prone to superstition than the rest of mankind. It is stated of Colonel "Bob" Ingersoll, the great infidel, that he believes in omens and warnings of all kinds. And history teaches us that other gifted men did likewise.

It is well known that the great Napoleon was a firm believer in various forms of superstition, particularly in clerimono. A curious book on divination was found in Bonaparte's cabinet of curiosities at Leipzig during the confusion that ensued there after his flight from that city and the rout of the French army. It was looked upon by him as a sacred work, and he was accustomed to consult it prior to his most hazardous undertakings.

This Napoleonic incident, however, forms but one link in the endless chain of stories that might be stretched out illustrating how even the most powerful minds in modern time could not divert themselves of every trace of superstition. Frederick the Great, another great warrior and as pronounced a fatalist as Napoleon I, might be cited, as well as Sir Walter Scott, in whose tomb at Melrose Abbey a set of books on magic—in which he believed was laid to rest along with the body of the great writer. Superstition, in fact, appears to be the common inheritance of the human race, of which no nationality is free.

A child when born ought to "go up in the world before going down." Hence the little creature ought to be borne up-stairs and then down again, else he or she will all through life remain in a low station. Most midwives, too, object to the weighing of a child after birth, as it is held to be unlucky. It is so held, too, if the first tooth of a baby makes its appearance in the upper jaw instead of the lower one. To rock baby's cradle when empty is likewise esteemed unlucky, although people who hail from Lancashire think differently about that, for they have it:

If you rock the cradle empty,
Then you should have babies plenty.
Chicagoans of Scotch lineage at the birth of a male child frequently indulge in a very old form of superstition, handed down from the time when the forefathers were Gaelic sun worshippers. They encircle three times, with a lighted candle, the body of the child, thus insuring its ration of good luck through life, although originally the custom meant the child's dedication to the sun god. Another very ancient bit of superstition is connected with the ash tree. This undoubtedly comes from the sacred ash Yggdrasir of Norse mythology, and traces of it are preserved in Scandinavian, German and English speaking countries, even Chicago being included. A few strokes with a brand of this tree is accounted a sovereign remedy against cramps and lameness in man and beast with the Scandinavians of this city. A young ash tree, if split and a sick child passed over the cleft, will cure the complaint. Children of English parents in this city still use the formula in trying to rid themselves of a troublesome wart, etc.:

Ashen tree, ashen tree,
Pray take this wart off me!
As to fire, however, most of the charms, incantations and spells against it—and their name is legion all over Europe—Chicagoans of all nationalities have given up imploring the aid of such means as that of St. Agatha or St. Florian, and have now altogether put their trust in the brave Chicago fire ladders, as being the most effective way of squelching a fire. On the other hand, though artistic whistling has become quite an accomplishment among the elite of Chicago ladies, the old saying:

A whistling woman and crowing hen,
Are neither fit for God nor men.
Another version making the second line read:
Will call the old gentleman out of his den.
And still another:
Never yet came to a good end.
Talking of hens brings to mind the curious saying which is perpetuated by old crones from the north of England and Wales, in which the flying of magpies is thus apostrophized:
One for sorrow, two for mirth,
Three for a wedding, four for death.
Which is probably a little bit of pagan bird augury left over to this day.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL.

The members of Milo Warner post, No. 232, G. A. R., are going to try and revive the interest in their organization by giving a public installation of officers after which a banquet will be served. It is to be hoped that it will have the required effect, as the post has been taking a very quiet sleep for the past few months.

If you want to know what a hustling town Vassar is getting to be send for a copy of last week's Tuscola County Pioneer. J. A. Trotter, its proprietor and editor, has engaged the services of Mr. Burwell to write up the business interests of that hustling town, the first of which appeared in the columns of the Pioneer last week.

As was advertised a few weeks ago, in the columns of this paper, on Christmas morning our hustling groceryman, G. A. Stevenson, gave away a very fine bronze standing lamp. The can that contained the beans and other articles, the number of which was guessed on during the past few weeks by a large host of his many customers, was placed in the hands of A. N. McAllister, Chas. Striffler and B. F. Browne by Mr. Stevenson. After breaking the seal and counting the contents the above gentlemen found that the can contained just 971 pieces. The book containing the names of the persons entitled to a guess and the number of each guess was then inspected, and the person guessing the nearest to the above number was Thos. Leach of Elmwood, 969. The lamp was a very fine piece of work and no doubt will be well taken care of by its future owner, as a remembrance of his luck.

Christmas Observances.

The joyous Xmas season was observed in an exquisite manner at the Presbyterian church on Wednesday evening. After the usual exercises, consisting of speaking, singing, etc., a cantata entitled "St. Nicholas," was rendered by about 20 of the older members of the school, all the parts were well taken, and the singing by the choir was a pleasant feature of the evening. During the course of the evening's entertainment Rev. Andrews was made the recipient of a cutter and sleigh bells from the members of his congregation. C. W. McPhail made the presentation speech with complimentary allusion spoke of the untiring efforts of the pastor in bringing his church to its present state of progressiveness. Rev. Andrews then responded in his usual pleasing manner. Much credit is due the committee who had the entertainment in charge, also much praise to Mr. Macomber, who took the part of Saint Nicholas in a very pleasing and creditable manner. After the entertainment the many beautiful presents hanging from the Xmas tree were then distributed to their respective owners.

The Xmas doings at the M. E. church consisted of a short entertainment, consisting chiefly of recitations and singing, although very short, the entertainment was very pleasing. The various presents were taken from the trees, two in number, and distributed through the audience, causing many hearts to rejoice.

Protection Vindicated by Experience

Listening to the denunciations of the policy of protection to home industries so persistently employed by free trade advocates, the unposted voter might readily infer that protection was a mere experiment, unsanctioned by practical statesmen of other countries and without warrant in the experience of nations older than ours.

The fact is England enforced the most rigid protective legislation known to history during a period of four hundred years, and changed her policy but forty years ago, when, confronted with the fact that there were more people on her little island than could be fed from her products she believed herself strong enough to compel other nations to adopt a policy which would make her the workshop of the world. In urging this step Cobden promised that in twenty years all the leading nations of the world would adopt a similar revenue policy, but despite the efforts to that end of emissaries who have persistently worked in colleges, in commerce and through the press, England is seemingly as far from the fulfillment of her ambition to dictate the tariffs of other nations as she was forty years ago. All the other leading governments of the world adhere to protection of the industries of their people, some of them (notably Germany) adding largely to their import duties of recent years.

While the overwhelming majority of statesmen throughout the world are thus vindicating the wisdom of protection by engraving it into the laws of their governments, it is fashionable for theorists without knowledge of government beyond that acquired in lecturing a class of undergraduates, and with business experience limited to receipting for salaries and paying for living expenses, to descend upon the beneficence of unrestricted competition between the peoples of all nations, however divergent their conditions. Which are likely to prove the best judges of a sound national policy?

New Years Ball.

The proprietor of the Cass City House will give a Grand Ball and Oyster Supper on New Years Eve, December 31st. The dance will be held in the Town Hall, and the supper will be served at the Cass City House. Excellent music and good floor managers will be in attendance. Bill \$1.00. Don't forget the date. Come one, come all, and have a pleasant time.

The Sidewalk Question.

EDITORS ENTERPRISE:

Dear Sirs.—In Mr. DeWitt's reply of Nov. 1st he said if I would explain why the sidewalks on West street were not completed during 1887 or 1888 while I was on the council he or some member of the council would explain why it was not done in 1889. Three weeks ago I gave the reason why it was not done in 1887 and 88, now why, oh why has it not been done in 1889. Suspense in wearing, do not keep us in suspense any longer. Mr. DeWitt please let us hear from you.

Yours Truly,

A. G. BERNER.

Proposals Wanted.

Proposals wanted for furnishing the Cass City Park Ground and Drying Park Association with 55,000 feet of hemlock lumber, 14 feet; 445 pieces, hemlock or tamarack, 16 feet, 2x6 inches; 330 cedar posts, 9 feet long, 6 in. at top; 116 cedar posts, 11 feet long, 6 in. at top; 3 cedar posts, 13 feet long, 12 inches at top.

J. C. LAING,
E. H. PINNEY,
C. W. McPHAIL,
Committee.

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. N. STRIFFLER.

TO RENT—A good warm house in Cass City. Inquire of E. H. PINNEY.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address J. C. LAING.

FOR SALE—The Bader building, formerly occupied by Holmes Bros. Price, \$850; one-third cash, balance on time. Enquire of J. D. BROOKER.

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

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.

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.

UMBER FOR SALE—I will sell cheap, timber on northwest 1/4 of southeast 1/4, section 13, Township 35 N., Range 10 E., Cass City, Mich. C. W. McPHAIL.

FARMS FOR SALE—Any size from 40 to 160 acres, two to six miles from Cass City. Price and terms reasonable. Apply to E. H. PINNEY.

STRAYED—Came into my enclosure about Nov. 1, one ewe lamb. Owner will please call, prove property, pay charges and take the same away. L. B. HOGGINS.

WANTED—Elmwood ditch orders, apply to 12-27-4wks. C. W. McPHAIL.

I Must.

I must have my dues without further notice, either in cash or good, responsible notes. This is my last call.

12-20 1wk. J. H. STRIFFLER.

When in Gagetown do not neglect going to Maynard's drug store to see the display of Christmas goods of the latest designs and low prices. See them before purchasing elsewhere.

11-22-4f

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.

34 Cattle, Hogs and Sheep brought for Eastern Market.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

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, Crape, 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.

34 Cattle, Hogs and Sheep brought for Eastern Market.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

FREE

Encourage Home Industry

—By Buying your—

FLOUR AND FEED

Manufactured at The

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, Odor 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 it is 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.

Port Huron

MARBLE

WORKS,

PHILO TRUEDELL, Prop.

Granite and Marble

MONUMENTS

and

HEADSTONES.

MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILD-

ING STONE.

I carry the largest stock of Monu-

ments in eastern Michigan, and I can

furnish the best goods for the least

money of any dealer in Michigan.

Correspondence solicited.

WORKS, 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Ave.

TIME TABLE NO. 2.

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed.
Pontiac	A. M. 8:30	P. M. 6:00
Oxford	10:19	7:02
Dryden	11:32	8:00
Imlay City	12:40	8:20
North Branch	1:40	9:12
Clifford	2:16	9:22
Kingston	2:58	9:53
Wilmot	3:18	10:08
Deford	3:33	10:17
Cass City	4:10	10:35
Gagetown	5:07	
Owendale	5:10	
Berne	5:20	
Caseville	5:40	

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Pass.	Mi.
Caseville	P. M. 8:20	A. M. 4:30
Berne	9:41	5:41
Owendale	10:06	6:06
Gagetown	10:21	6:21
Cass City	10:40	6:40
Deford	11:00	7:00
Wilmot	11:15	7:15
Kingston	11:30	7:30
Clifford	11:45	7:45
North Branch	12:00	8:00
Imlay City	12:15	8:15
Dryden	12:30	8:30
Oxford	12:45	8:45
Pontiac	1:00	9:00

Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run 7 days a week. Train No. 5 will run Monday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday and Saturday.

*Flag stations, where trains stop only on demand.

CONNECTIONS.

Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line
vision G. T. R. Y.
Oxford: Detroit and Bay City division of M.
Imlay City: C. & G. T.
Clifford: P. & P. M.
Berne Junction: S. T. & H.
JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent

Saginaw, Tuscola & Huron R.

TIME TABLE.

Trains going North.

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
East Saginaw	8:00	4:30	10:00	6:30
Reese	8:30	4:50	10:30	6:50
Phil Grove	8:50	5:10	10:50	7:10
Unionville	9:10	5:30	11:10	7:30
Selawing	9:30	5:50	11:30	7:50
Bayport Junction	9:40	6:00	11:40	8:00
Bayport Junction	9:45	6:05	11:45	8:05
P. O. & P. A. R. R. Crossing	10:00	6:20	12:00	8:20
Elkton	10:10	6:30	12:10	8:30
Robinsons	10:25	6:45	12:25	8:45
Bad Axe	10:40	7:00	12:40	9:00

Trains going South.

STATIONS.	No. 1.	No.
-----------	--------	-----

PHIL ARMOUR'S OLD-TIME FRIEND.

How He Was Entertained by the Chicago Millionaire.

Phil Armour had a visitor not long ago to whom he paid every attention, says the Chicago Herald. Mr. Armour made him a guest at his own house, had him driven about the city to see the sights in his own carriage and gave him what time he could from the heavy duties incident to his vast business; and yet the visitor was not, in appearance, exactly of Mr. Armour's set. This visitor lives in Macon City, Mo., and is a typical Missourian. His name is Edward Croarkin, but being an odd character is known throughout all the country as "Neddy," sometimes "Old Neddy." In making a recent trip through Missouri in the interest of the Chicago world's fair movement, it was Paul Hull's fortune to form the acquaintance of "Old Neddy," and knowing 22. Hull came from Chicago "Neddy" began talking of Mr. Armour and his visit to the millionaire. While "Neddy" was relating the incidents of marked attention received from Mr. Armour Paul could not but recognize the wide difference in the positions of the two men, and his curiosity was aroused. He questioned "Neddy" and the following story was elicited: During the gold fever in the stirring times of '49 Mr. Armour was attracted to the California gold fields, and he and "Neddy" became not only fast friends but partners in the search for the precious yellow treasure. "Neddy" says that every Saturday night a dividend was made. He and Phil would put the joint results of the week's work on the cabin table, and then on one night he would go outside while Phil took his knife, divided the pile, put one share away, when he ("Neddy") would come in and take the balance. The next night the same act would be repeated, only Phil would go out while "Neddy" made the "divvy." This went on through the whole time they were in the gold regions. "Neddy" told Paul that he had heard of Phil occasionally and knew that he had been successful, but he had no idea what his success was until he paid that visit to Chicago. On reaching the city "Neddy" went at once to Mr. Armour's office; he says the army of bookkeepers and clerks bewildered him, but presently he heard a familiar voice say, "Hellow, there, Ned," and in an instant his hand was being shaken by Phil himself. He was invited to sit down, and they had quite a talk about old times. Mr. Armour was busy at the time and excused himself from going out, but he called for his carriage, and, as "Neddy" says: "He sent me out riding with as nice and slick a young feller as you ever see." Speaking of the evenings at Phil's house, "Neddy" said he did not know what to do, everything was so fine, but Phil made him feel just as comfortable and at home as was possible. To wind up with "Neddy" told Paul that Mr. Armour got him transportation over several railways reaching watering places in the northwest. Mr. Armour drove with him to the depot, and just before he left he gave him a gold certificate for \$100. "I made the trip all around and had a good time, but I did not need to use the big bill," says "Neddy;" "I have it, stored away in a safe place." "Neddy" says there is no doubt "Phil is just rolling in wealth; that he has realized the dreams we both had out in the mines in '49, but for all that he is the same Phil he was then—always kind, honest and true."

The Rise of the Black Man.

From the present indications the colored race in this country will not much longer be lacking in numerous examples of men who have earned recognition by their ability, education and force of character. The election of a colored student as class orator at Harvard University has already been mentioned.

The same thing came near happening recently at Cornell. Professor Langston, of Virginia, who was making speeches in Ohio, surprised the people of that state by his cultivated oratory and eloquence. Professor W. S. Scarborough, a negro of unmixed blood, who fills the chair of Greek and Latin in Wilberforce University, is one of the finest Greek scholars in this country, the author of a Greek text-book now used in Harvard, Yale and other colleges, the translator of many Greek classics, and, though less than forty years old, a recognized authority in Greek literature. He ranks high as an essayist and lecturer, and has published papers which have attracted attention on "Andocides and the Andocidian orations," the "Eclogues of Virgil," the Greek Verb, and "Fatalism in Homer and Virgil." Professor Scarborough was born a slave in Georgia, 1852, and is a graduate of Oberlin college, Ohio. He had pursued the right course to obtain recognition for his race and himself, and nobody can take him believe that the negro is incapable of progress or that the way is open to him if he has the qualities of win.

A Young Philosopher.

Immy: "Mamma, I wish you'd like real good and hard." Mother (prised): "Whip you! Why, Jim, you havn't done anything wrong, you?" No; but me an' Bill Jones 'oim' swimmin' and you know you me you'd like me if I went, so I ght I'd enjoy the swim a good deal self you'd do it beforehand."

AN EXPERT IN ADDRESSES.

A Woman Who Can Read the Worst Hieroglyphics.

Of the many million pieces of mail matter which pass through the hands of the postoffice officials, says the Washington Post, there are many which are illegibly addressed, others have the wrong state or city, and others possess nothing which can give a clew to aid in ascertaining the wishes of the sender.

To decipher the illegible addresses, to correct the addresses, and to start the letters on the right track for delivery is the task of one of the divisions of the postoffice department in this city. The results accomplished are marvelous. Half a million letters, misdirected and otherwise lacking in the address, reach the office annually. Of this amount from 85 to 95 per cent have been delivered. The envelopes are not opened, and to decipher the handwriting on some of them would puzzle an ordinary person for a month. And yet there are chirographical experts in the dead-letter office to whom the reading of all the modern languages, as expressed on envelopes, besides a good many of the dead ones, is a peculiar pleasure. When a German undertakes to write an address, and mixes up his mother tongue in a foolhardy attempt to make English out of it, he makes the postal clerk very weary, and the same is equally true of any foreigner. But the experts of the postoffice laugh at it.

They are ladies, of course. A man could not fill the position. He would take up a letter with an indecipherable address on it and wrestle with it for about two minutes, and then in all likelihood he would swear for ten minutes or more, say that a person who could not write any better had no business to be sending letters, and conclude by allowing the letter to go to the dead-letter office to be opened.

But the ladies who look after this work are more patient. They have been at it so long and have acquired such experience in dealing with the foolishly and illogically directed letters that it does not require long to pass on each one. Mrs. P. L. Collings is in charge of this work, and by years of experience in blind reading is entitled to be ranked as the leading chirographical expert of the country. She has four or five assistants, and they are all competent to do work which would set a man crazy in less than a week.

Some of the misdirected letters have curious addresses, while others have no address at all except the state. By a process of associating the name of the addressed with the postmark on the letter the intended destination of the missive can be ascertained. A great deal depends upon the expert. She is thoroughly acquainted with the names of every postoffice in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with the geography of nearly all the principal cities.

In all cases where the correct address is ascertained and the letter delivered a request is made for the envelope, and it is usually returned to the department. Some of them are curious samples of chirography and stupidity, while others show that the fool-killer has little hope for a vacation for some time. Some people like to play jokes, and think it funny to write the names of parties with whom they are corresponding backward. To decipher this is easy, and the letter is delivered. Other witty persons like to show their smartness by writing puzzling addresses. The old chestnut of writing a name under another and over the address is common, and the address "Wood, John, Mass.," each below the other, is so common that John Underwood, Andover, Mass., receives his mail as quickly as if the address was legibly and sensibly written.

The Crows of Norway.

Birds of the crow tribe, especially the raven, the carrion-crow, the hoodle, and the magpie, are in ill repute in England for stealing eggs, and, when opportunity serves, for murdering chickens, ducklings, etc., but in the north or Norway these depredators are much bolder. They will even attempt to carry away the eggs and the young brood of the elder duck, and too often succeed in their foray, but if the drake is near at hand they are frequently defeated. He seizes the crow by the wing or the neck and plunges down with him into the sea. Being a good diver, he feels no inconvenience, while the carrion crow, however brave and strong in the air, is helpless in the water, and the end of the struggle is soon shown by his lifeless body floating upon the surface. Sometimes even the raven is disposed of in the same manner. It is a curious fact that the young sea fowl, when swimming or diving in waters which literally swarm with cod, halibut and other greedy and hungry fishes, are not often snapped up and swallowed. Yet veteran lobster fishermen, no small part of whose life has been spent in disemboweling such fishes, declare that they never find a young bird in the stomach of their prey.

The Little Boy's Question.

Sunday-school visitor: "Now, if any little boy wants to ask me a question I will be glad to tell him all I know. Ah! what is it, little boy?" Little boy: "Say, does a straight flush beat fours when there an't any agreement before the deal?"—Terre Haute Express.

MAINE MEN AND WOMEN.

A Half Dozen Samples of What the Granite State Produces.

The greatest living curiosity in Maine is an elderly and good-looking woman who resides in the town of Houlton, says a New York Sun letter. She has twice been married and is the mother of fourteen children, and has never worn a bit of jewelry, a collar, a piece of lace, bustle, nor hoop skirt. On the occasion of her first marriage she wore a modest little bow of ribbon, but that is the extent of her investment in fancy goods for a lifetime.

Most of the women down this way are pretty hard headed, and they like to have the plain truth on all occasions. Recently a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow here separated from his wife, and caused to be inserted in the newspapers a notice stating that, whereas his wife had left his bed and board, &c., he should pay no bills of her contracting from that date. Immediately upon the appearance of this, the wife published her side of the story as follows:

Having for the last three years supported my husband, Joseph H. Tarryeo, I give notice that from this time I shall pay no bills of his contracting. The statement that he publishes to the effect that I have left his bed and board is untrue, for the reason that he never had a bed to leave.

ETTA M. TARRYEO.

A Rockland woman was even more pointed in her expose of a worthless husband's short-comings. In reply to his published manifesto in regard to not paying her bills, she remarked that it was entirely superfluous for him to refuse to pay her debts, as everybody knew that he was unable to pay his own, and that as far as leaving his bed and board was concerned, she left his father's board and took her own bed with her.

Years ago there lived in Hancock county an itinerant preacher known as Father Cornish, who was equally devoted to his snuff box and his prayer book. One day he met a pretty young woman of his acquaintance, who had adorned herself with an enormous bustle, and, taking a pinch of snuff, thus addressed her: "Elizabeth, don't you suppose that if God had wanted you to look that way He would have made you so?" "Yes, I do," quickly replied the girl, "and I suppose that if He had intended your nose for a tobacco box He would have turned it the other end up."

Made the Speaker Sit Down.

"The Tale of Woe" song, calls to mind an incident that happened down in Ohio when Foraker was nominated for governor. The excitement ran high and the hall where the convention was held was packed, main floor and gallery. Nomination speeches were then in order, and a long, lanky individual, whom no one seemed to know much about, got to his feet and nominated a man named Lampson. The lanky orator was flowery at the start, but, unfortunately for him, though perhaps fortunately for the audience, his oratory did not hold out, and, after some high-flown expressions regarding Mr. Lampson, he said, and often repeated the words: "He will grow, he will grow." It became a trifle monotonous to the audience, when suddenly a boy in the gallery, who had without doubt heard Wilson and Jansen in the popular song, sang out in perfect rhyme with the speaker: "Listen to my tale of woe." It caught the audience and an uproar ensued. The speaker sat down as "squelched" a man as ever was seen.

What Work Has Done for the Human Race.

The human race has been saved by having to work. It digged its way out of its primeval pit by work. When it discovered its nakedness and had to be clothed it worked for its raiment; when it appreciated the responsibilities of fatherhood to be the feeding and rearing of the young it worked under the impulse of an affection that was refined above the instincts of the brute. The relation of husband and wife was made possible and proper only by the willingness to work that it might gather to it the necessities of existence and finally be adorned by the promptings of intellectual as well as physical wants. If Mother Eve is responsible for all this we lift our hat to her and offer the sincerest respect to her great memory. She did more for mankind than Adam and all of his male descendants.—San Francisco Alta.

Compensation for All Things.

An old peasant on the south shore of Long Island was telling his visitor how pleasant it was. "But," asked the friend, slapping his face with his handkerchief, "don't you have a great many mosquitoes and sand flies?" "Ya'as," said the man; "but, then, we sorter like them."

"How can that be?" "Wa'al, you see, we feel so kinder good when they go away."

Webster's Spelling Book.

The most profitable book ever printed, at least in this country, was Webster's spelling book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

MRS. BRADSAW'S VISIT.

She Goes to Chicago and Becomes Interested in the Cable.

Old Mrs. Bradshaw, of Indiana, came with an excursion party to Chicago the other day, says the Arkansas traveler, but being independent, and, moreover, of somewhat exploring disposition, she broke away from the excursion party and started out alone to view the city. She got on a North Side cable car and at once began a conversation with the conductor.

"These things run along right cute, don't they?"

"Gettin' to run putty well," the conductor answered as he rung up a fare.

"They tell me that there's a big iron rope under here that pulls the thing along."

"Yes, a cable."

"Well, it's right cute, anyhow. These cars run in all sorts of weather, don't they?"

"They are supposed to."

"Well, it's a great help to the people, I warrant you, and I guess many a person would have to walk if it wasn't for these things. Where are we going now?"

"In the tunnel."

"Well, this is the cutest I ever saw. But it took a power of diggin' an' 'soughin' jest to go under a street or two, didn't it?"

"It goes under the river."

"What!" she exclaimed.

"I say the tunnel goes under the river."

"You don't mean to say that we are goin' down under the river?"

"Yes. Ships are passing over us right now."

"Stop," she demanded; "stop the vehicle right here. Stop, I tell you."

"I can't stop here and you couldn't get out very well even if I did. Don't be scared; there's no danger."

"I know there is; I jest know it. I jest know that dirty, stinkin', good for nothin' water is goin' to pour right down on me an' make me look like a fright. I jest know I won't be fit to look at, an' I've got on my best clothes, too. Wish I hadn't come to the fete-taken place. Ah, we are coming out sure enough," she said after a few moments' silence. "Well, it's a good thing, for if that water was to pour on me I'd sue this town for all it's worth."

Purely Personal.

I read your story about the celebrated Kentucky lawyer and orator, Tom Marshall, said a Chicago attorney to a Harbald writer, "and it reminded me of a story I heard about his brilliant oratory some years ago. An old man, aged 86 years, had been arrested on a charge of counterfeiting. He had been caught in an attempt to pass counterfeit money and other counterfeits were found on him, so it looked like a clear case against the old chap. The judge asked if he had counsel and he replied in the negative—he was unable to hire a lawyer. As it happened, Tom Marshall was sitting in court at the time and the judge detailed him to defend the old rascal. He accepted as gracefully as he could and held a consultation with the aged prisoner, after which he said he was ready for trial. The state presented its indisputable evidence and Marshall said he had no witnesses. 'But,' he added, 'I should like to make a few remarks to the jury.' Permission was granted, but everyone wondered what he could say in his client's defense. In the brief consultation Marshall had learned that the old man had fought heroically at the battle of Lundy's Lane, and he made a stirring speech about this glorious country and its defenders, saying nothing about the case of counterfeiting. So great was the power of his oratory that the jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, but as the foreman of the jury left the court room he whispered to a friend: 'It's—lucky for that old chap that he fought at the battle of Lundy's Lane.'

He Carved Inscriptions.

In life the marble carver's trade He followed many years; Now, in a marble tomb he's laid, Unmoved by hopes or fears; Though cold and cheerless in his bed, And tears some eyes bedim, To lie in marble, it is said, Is nothing new to him.

Spanish Chambermaids.

The Fonda de la Paz is the "splash" hotel in Madrid, but the Rusia is less expensive and more Spanish. The manners of our attendants show a free and easy simplicity. Our waiters smoke a cigar while we take our luncheon, and from time to time help themselves to a mouthful of food or a draught of wine at a sideboard, but do it with backs discreetly turned. They bring us oranges upstairs in their hands. We were told to expect no chambermaids in Spain, but a dark-eyed woman with wild dark hair and untidy dark dress, and no suspicion of white collar, cap or apron, glides suddenly into our midst, without knocking, seizes our towels and as silently glides away. Once when we rang she arrived in the middle of fastening up her back coils of hair, holding one look between her teeth, with the serene observation that she was "a la Magdalena."—Madrid Letter.

A Short Answer.

"Why should I be compelled to pay extra for bringing things over from Europe in my trunk?" said a traveler. "Simply as a matter of duty," was the reply of the customs officer.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

And How Near She Came to Getting It in Arkansas.

It was a little out-of-the-way place in Arkansas, says the Youth's Companion. A big cabin of two rooms was the home of a family of six persons, father, mother, and four tall tow-headed children. Two northern tourists exploring the country on horseback, drew rein one day in front of cabin as the members of the family were sitting down to their supper, just within the open door.

"Good evening," called the gentleman from his saddle "can I get some water here for this lady?"

"Reckon ye kin," replied the head of the family. "Stopping to the springs, be ye?" "Purty peart crowd up to the hotel?"

Now the lady for whom the cup of cold water was required was very thirsty indeed, and, not wishing to wait for further conversational amenities between her escort and their host, she addressed the woman of the house:

"May I trouble you to hand me a glass?"

For answer her hostess turned and went into the cabin, whence she returned presently with a small, pin-framed mirror in her hand.

"There," said she, passing it up to her visitor on horseback, "you're welcome to look in it, though it will make yer face look purty kind of skew-gaw. It's better'n none, and her hair does need fixin', that's a fact."

The young lady understood the situation, took the glass, gravely tucked back the locks that the wind had disarranged, and then returned it. "You are very kind, said she, 'and now may I have some water?'"

"There!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of self-reproach. "I clean forgot about yer wantin' it. Here you, Jimmy, take the gourd and skoot down to the spring and git the lady a good dipperful of drinkin'-water."

ACROSS THE ANDES.

The Transandean Railroad, Over Ten Thousand Feet Above the Sea.

The year of 1892 will probably be signalized in South America by almost interesting, event in civil engineering and in international overland commerce, writes a Montevideo correspondent. This will be nothing less than the completion of the transandean railway, forming another railroad line from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and the first across the continent of South America. It is nineteen years since this work was begun, and it is now confidently expected that it will be finished by the beginning of 1892. The road is to run from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, a distance of 871 miles. There are now 640 miles of it finished at the Buenos Ayres end and eighty-two at the Valparaiso end. Of the remaining 149 miles, about one-third is practically complete the rails being laid.

The passage of the Andes mountains is accomplished at the Cumbre Pass, which is 13,015 feet above sea level. The railroad, however, does not reach the summit of the pass, but pierces the mountains by means of a tunnel more than three miles long, at an elevation of 10,450 feet above the sea. This makes it one of the highest if not the highest railroad in the world. There is nothing in Europe to compare with it. The St. Gothard Railroad is 3,788 feet high, and that on the Rigi only attains an elevation of 5,753 feet. The grades are, of course, very steep. For a considerable distance the rise is more than four hundred and twenty-two feet to the mile, or one foot in every twelve and a half. On this portion of the line a rackrail is employed, similar to those on the Hartz and other mountain roads.

Only a Jackass.

When men enter the speculative field they quickly show how much of the gambler is in their nature. Some men are such born gamblers that they never weaken so long as there is a stake to be obtained with which to operate, while others throw up the sponge after a dose or two of hard luck. Not very long ago a gentleman was seized with the fever to speculate, and he made some ventures on 'change. In all of them he had the hardest kind of luck and lost money too rapidly to feel comfortable or good natured. He was in ill-humor one day when he met a friend who had heard of his speculations. The friend, in the course of conversation, said: "Well, Jim, are you speculating any to-day?" The reply was brief and to the point; it was simply "No." Without noticing the abruptness of the answer or the tone of despondency in which it was given, the friend said: "I say, Jim, which are you, anyway, a bull or a bear?" To this the speculator replied in such a manner that his friend could not help but know the state of affairs and he refrained from further questioning. The answer was: "Neither, hang it; I am nothing but a bloody, blooming jackass."

Heredity.

"Mamma, what's hereditary?" asked Bobby, laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word. "Why, it is—is it anything you get from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled to find a definition suitable to his years. "Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"

A Plucky Boy.

The boy marched straight up to the counter.

"Well, my little man," said the merchant complacently, he had risen from such a glorious good dinner, "What will you have to-day?"

"Oh, please sir, mayn't I do so, work for you?"

It might have been the pleasant eyes that did it for the man was not accustomed to parley with such small gentlemen, and Tommy wasn't seven yet, and small of his age at that.

There were a few wisps of hair along the edges of the merchant's temples, and looking down on the appealing face, the man pulled at them. When he had done tweaking them he gave the ends of his cravat a brush, and then his hands travelled down to his vest pocket.

"Do some work for me, e? Well, now, about what sort of work might your small manship calculate to be able to perform? Why, you can't look over the counter?"

"Eh, yes, I can, and I'm growing, please, growing fast; there, see if I can't look over the counter?"

"Yes, by standing on your toes; are they copped?"

"What, sir?"

"Why, your toes. Your mother could not keep you in shoes if they were not."

"She can't keep me in shoes anyhow, sir," and the voice hesitated.

The man took pains to look over the counter. It was too much for him, he couldn't see the little toes. Then he went all the way around.

"I thought I should need a microscope," he said, very gravely, "but I reckon if I get close enough I can see what you look like."

"I'm older than I'm big, sir," was the neat rejoinder. "Purty big," I am very small, my age."

"What might your age be, sir?" responded the man, with emphasis.

"I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to impress even six feet nine. "You see, my mother hasn't anybody but me, and this morning I saw her crying, because she could not find five cents in her pocket-book, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and I have—not—had—any—any break-last, sir." The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes.

"I reckon I can help you to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket. "There, will that quarter do?" The boy shook his head.

"Mother wouldn't let me be, sir," was the simple answer.

"Humph! Where is your father?"

"We never heard of him, sir," after he went away. He was lost, sir, in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky little fellow, anyhow. Let me see," and he pucker up his mouth, and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Saunders, he asked, addressing a clerk, who was rattling up and writing on parcels, "Cash No. 4 still sick?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply.

"Ah, I'm sorry to hear that. Well, here's a youngster that can take his place."

Mr. Saunders looked up slowly, then he put his pen behind his ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy to Mr. Towers.

"Oh, I understand," said the latter; "yes, he is small, very small, very small indeed, but I like his pluck. What did No. 4 get?"

"Three dollars, sir," said the still astonished clerk.

"Put this boy down four. The youngster, give him your name, and run home and tell your mother you have got a place at \$4 a week. Come back on Monday and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance I'll take it out of your first week. Can you remember?"

"I've got it, mother! I'm took. I'm a cash boy! Don't you know when they take parcels the clerks call 'Cash?'—well I'm that. Four dollars a week! and the man said I had real pluck, courage, you know. And here's a dollar for breakfast; and don't you ever cry again, for I'm the man of the house now."

"Work, sir, work all the time?"

"As long as you deserve it, my man."

Tommy shot out of that shop. If ever broken stairs that had a twist through the whole flight creaked and trembled under the weight of a small boy, or perhaps, as might be better stated, laughed and chuckled on account of a small boy's good luck, those in that tenement-house enjoyed themselves thoroughly that mornin'.

The house was only a little room, but how those blue eyes magnify it! At first the mother confounded; then she looked, passes my power to tell her look as she took him in her hugged him and kissed him streaming down her cheeks were tears of thankfulness Journal.

In N

who I kept pose old off cor ti

