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."

BY J. N. CAMPION.

"To-morrow!" cries the school boy, in lighthearted 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 loys, would for it be done; Cold and stiff in death he lay, silent, sightless, dumb.

d the adage once more proved, To-mor row did not come. o-morrow!" breathes the maiden, "will

my loving heart, ith the husband of my choice, join, no more to part: l of love's bright plannings, all of fancy's rned to ripe fruition, past my wildest dreams," e the morrow's dawning all her hopes

have fied, r her lover mangled lies, battered, bruised and dead; ile the proverb homely through her senses hums, eaking to her tortured heart, "To-mor-

row never comes. To-morrow!" cries the soldier, "we shall meet the foe.
And his blatant 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. When the night descended on that mighty host, Treachery had opened wide every guarding And that warrior gory, deaf to call of drums, Froved in ghastly eloquence, "To-morrow

never comes. "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." long, brave struggle, and the awful strain the o'er-wrought intellect, wrecks that teeming brain;
And of reason's plenty, not the smallest

crumbs Stay to break the adage, "To morrow never

"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." Ere the next day's sun arose, all his wealth had fled And the broken heart was still, suicided,

dead, While his abject ruin all eloquence benumbs, Writing thus, indelibly, "To-morrow never comes.'

"Fo-morrow," shouts the sailor, "my wife and home so sweet, my children innocent, young and fair, I'll greet!
n's storms no more will vex, winds

will vainly blow,
Safe in pert I then shall
joys to know."
But the storm king in his strength, and his mighty wrath, Sweeps that vessel, like a toy, from his And in dark and desolate, wrecked and Shricks, with awful cuphosis, "To-morrow never comes.

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

Let man make the most of time, while 'tis

yet to day.

Learn the lessons scattered round him on his daily way:

And, as through existence, he, in weakness roams, Learn, by sad experience, "To-morrow never comes.

POOR NEXT DOOR.

CHAPTER II.

Certainly Nance had been right in her description; even Beatrice could find no fault in the handsome clear-cut face turned towards her. The dark eyes, so brilliant and yet so earnest, seemed to hold her spellbound. Not until he again spoke was the charm broken. "Is this yours?"

How stupid of "Thank you-yes. - not finding out before that it had dropped!" she murmured in almost painful confusion.

"You have so many parcels, and this one is too small to be missed," the stranger said quietly. "May I carry some of them for you? I am going

Beatrico hesitated. It suddenly flashed across her mind that Mrs. Stanley would hardly care to see her daughter walking home with a perfect stranger—a man to whom she had not even been introduced.

"I am afraid it would be troubling you," she faltered, and the rich color leant into her cheeks

Beneath his carnest regard her ever suddenly drooped; but Stewart Lindley had read something in their pure lepths which made him smile quietly to himself as he took several packets from her half reluctant hands. "We are neighbors, Miss Stanley,

and surely no one could blame you for accepting so trivial a service!" he addgravely; and seeing that he had her thought, Beatrice was i, letting him saunter by her

> is is a protty suburb," he went sently, after one or two furtive s at her sweet, down-cast face. pose you have been living here

t quite," Beatrice answered. im one fleeting glance from eves. We used to live right when I was a child; but pas fortune and died, so we ged to hide ourselves out

at is a long while ago now—ton years!" ust have been very young, by aid sympathetically.

you remember it all!"

like the scopery

I was just finishing

Avice and Nance are s n inc. both young er." London, but grav reason; comp me to seek this

detribut.

quiet

around here.

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 uncongenial surroundings.
"You are an artist?" she asked soft-

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 Avice 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.

met him just now, Avice, and he is an | saucy face to look at him. 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 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 neighor, 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?" "Yos."

A horrified expression crossed Avice'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. Avice was in her favorite rush-chair,

her busy fingers embroidering a pretty plush table-cover for the drawingroom. Nance, always idle when possible, lay full length upon the mossy ground, her fair head propped against Avice's blue dress, her hands clasped loosely together over a few sweetscented flowers.

Beatrice was reading from Tennyson's "Princess," and her clear voice ell 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 flung 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 notched trunk against which her head rested threw into greater relief the golden hair and the dazzling fairness of her skin. Her round

full of sweet grace. "Don't you wish you had been Princess Ida?' she asked softly "That depends," Avice answered

figure, in its loose blue drsperies, was

lazily. "I should not have cared much for the fighting." "I think that is what would have pleased me most. It 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 snddenly, to be replaced by an ex-

pression of deep alarm. Beatrice was not glancer in her direction, so her swift change of countenance did not suprise her. Avice, however, felt the nervous start, and almost involutarily 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

fone, "Look!" Bee did look, surprised at her siser'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 opress a smile at their alarm. "Your voice attracted me, and I could not re-

end. I hope my presence has not annoved 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 have red lips. "You are more compliment-

ary than truthful." "I assure you-" Stewart began hurriedly; then broke off and bit his

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 smil-

ing. "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 lowness of the fence and the knowlledge 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 "So I am," Beatrice answered. "I she says," Nance added, lifting her

"Thank you, Miss Nance; you are kinder than your sister." "How do you know my name?" Nance asked rather fiercely.

told you?" Stewart laughed, then let his eyes rest pensively upon the blue sky

"Let me see!" he began thoughtful-"Some little bird must have told me, and I have not forgotten. Beatrice Stanley, aged nineteen; Avice 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! Avice, 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. 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 restng 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 Avice at length aroused herself from the happy spell.

"Bee, Nance, it must be past teatime, and mother does not like us to keep her waiting," she said hurriedly. Not to be tempted to stay a moment 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, out 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.

will not prove hard-hearted if I come again to this charming spot?" "No," the girl murmured, and 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.'

sist the temptation of listening to the 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 peo-

ole 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 homp 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 gam blers 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 longer, she gathered all her working (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 superstitution are probably so rare that they are never heard of. Those minds who have shaken off all religous 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 clermonaco. A curious book on divination was found in Bonaparte's cabinet of curiosities at Leipsic 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 themseves 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. baby makes its appearance in the up- year.

per 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

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 worshipers. 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 Yggdrasic 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 laddies, 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 saving:

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.

Old Folks. Ah. don't be sorroful darling. And don't be sorroful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day. 'Tis wintery weather, my darling,

Time's waves they heavily run,

But taking the year together, my dear. There is't more cloud than sun. We have had our May, my darling, Had our roses long ago, And the time of the year has come, my

dear, For the silent night and snow. And God is God, my darling, Of night as well as day. And we feel and know that we must go

Wherever He leads the way. Aye, God of the night, my darling, Of the night of death so grim; The gate that leads out of life, good wife, Is the gate that leads to Him.

A Hungry Bloodsucker. A Pennsylvania hunter saw a weasel nopping over the dead leaves in a piece of woods near Dalton, dodging and sniffing at the ground as it ran. Soon the hunter saw that the weasel was in pursuit of a rabbit, and presently he got sight of the latter. When the rabbit discovered that it was being chased by its deadly foe it darted into a hole. The weasel followed it and stayed in the hole for several minutes. Then it skipped into the hole of another rabbit, where it remained about the same length of time. When it reappeared the hunter shot it as it was making for the burrow of another rabbit. On cutting the weasel open he found that its stomach was chock full of blood, and the hunter made up his mind that the active little creature had gorged itself on the blood of two rabbits since he first

A Grave Occupation.

caught sight of it.

A singular circumstance occurred at Biddeford, Me., which reminds one of the days when people bartered in beads and wampum. Two men, one a small, slender person and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of 300 pounds, were employed by one of the women in that locality to dig a grave on her lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware, the excavation was so large and deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed, and after quite a struggle the big man was once more on top. In payment for their services the woman a short time after gave each of the two men five quarts of gray beans-enough to keep them out of the ground for quite a while if it came to the worst.

Cremation.

Cremation is coming more and more into vogue in Germany, in spite of the which render its performance in some parts almost an impossibility. At Gotha no fewer than one hundred bodies have It is so held, too, if the first tooth of been cremated during the present they could ever see it raised by, a

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 Globa. The weather was very warm and tish 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 telt 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 awav.

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 lookedi 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 cutoff 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 nigh swamped! us. We hauled away clear of him, and after we got our gear we started torow for the vessel. After rowing a short distance we were in the midst of a school of man-eating sparks 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 atthe 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 usuntil 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 Fitzrov, has published his conclusion that they can rise ashigh as sixty feet. Mr. Abercromby'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 extremerise or fall. With a sea not subjected to an atmosphere of unusual violencethe 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 expense and certain legal difficulties 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 genuine storm.

town Vassar is getting to be send for a copy of last week's Tuscola County Proneer. J. A. Trotter, its proprietor and from you. 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 yery fine piece of work and no doubt will be well taken care of by its future owner, as a remembrance of his luck.

Christmas Observities.

The joyous Xmas season was observed in an exquisite manner at the Pres terian 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 Rey. 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 Nich. 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 yoter 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 engrafting it into the laws of their governments, it is fashionable for theorists without knowledge of government beyoud that acquired in lecturing a class of undergraduates, and with business experience limited to receipting for salaries and paying for living expenses, to descant 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 Eye., 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 Noy. 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 gave the reason why it was not done in 1887 and 88', now why, oh why has it If you want to know what a hustling not been done in 1889. Suspense in wearing, do not keep us in suspense any longer. Mr. DeWitt please let us hear

Yours Truly. A. G. BERNEY.

Proposals Wanted, Proposals wanted for furnishing the Cass City Factorind and Driving Park Association with 55,000 feet of hemlock lumber, 14 feet; 448 pieces, hemlock or tamarack, 16 feet, 2x6 inches; 380 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

HOUSE TO RENT-In Cass City. Enquire of 12-6-tf. JNO. STRIFFLER.

TO RENT-Agood warm house in Cass City. Inquire of E. H. PINNEY,

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

OR SALE—The Bader building, formerly of cupied by Holmes Bros. Price, \$650; one hird cash, balance on time. Enquire of 12-6-tf J. D. BROOKER.

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

S. R. MARKIAM, 12-20-ti.

Cass City,

TOR SALE CHEAP—A Chandler & Paylor Woley saw mill in good o'der. Also the Belles fence loom, the best on the market. Ad-dress.
W. H. Belles, Orion, Mich.

POE SALE—Or exchange. A farm near London, Canada, of 50 acres, with good brick bouse and out buildings. Will trade for farm near CassCity. Inquire of \$2.D.EDWARDS, Or at the Enterprise oflice. \$11-1-tf.

UMBER FOR SALE—I will sell cheap, timber on northwest ¼ of sontheast ¼, section 8, Novesta, consisting of hemlock, cedar and irch. C. W. MCPIAIL.

12-6-4wks, At the Cass City Bank.

TARMS FOR SALE—Any size from 40 to 160 Paches, two to six miles from Cass City, Price ind terms reasonable, Apply to E. H. Pinney, 12-27 4wks.

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

12-27-6wks Sec. 7, Greenleaf. same away. 12-27-6wks

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. STSIFFLER.

When in Gagetown do not neglect going to Maynard's drug store to see the lisplay of Christmas goods of the latest designs and low prices. See them before purchasing elsewhere. 11-22-tf



Mr. Lee. "Why, Addie, you needn't cry about it! I only said-Mrs. Allen was a very well-informed wemen, and I wished you would follow her example."

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

Mr. Lee. "What is that?"

Mr. Lee. "What is that is going on, and is bright and entertaining in conversation: but lead to east well as she does if I had the same source of infernation. She leet me the Jast number of her Magazine lately, and I learned more in one hour's reading, about various social matters and the topics of the day, 't-an I would pick up in a month by my occasional chats with friends. It certainly covers every topic of interest, from the news of the day down is the details of housekeeping; and everything is so beautifully illustrated, too. Every Mrae Maznie goes over be kie Allens' she comes back and teanes me to get you to take Demorest's Fannish Magazine, as it-stories are so goed. Even the boys watch for it every month, as a place is found for them also in its pages; and Mr. Allen awours by it. It is neally wonderful hew it suits every member of the family!"

Mr. Lee. "Work, perhaps I had better send for a Specimen Copy; for, it is anything hike what you say it will amuse and instruct the velociof as."

Mrs. Lyz. "I see hast W. Jon-Myss Domorest, the publisher, its least 14th Absect. Keev York, is offering to send a Specimen Copy for I seems, so we can't lose anything, as core in mables containes a 'Pattern Ornier' entiting fac keiter's any Pattern she may cheens, and it makes the velociof as."

Mrs. Ly

SCIENTIFICAMERICAN

Is the oldest and most pepular acientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engrayings. Published weekly. Send fer specimen copy. Price \$2 a year. Four months trial, \$1.
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HARDWARE, DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, PAINTS, OILS, PUMPS, ANVILS, NAILS, ETC,

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HITCHCOCK.



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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 Hearse 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

SCHWAUERER BROS. Prop'r.

Everything Fresh, Wholesome and inviting.

Gattle, Hogs and Sheep bough or Eastern Market.

CASH PAID FOR HIDES.



NA SECTION STORY S

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.



\$65≌ WITH LESSONS FREE. No shoddy Organ with weak tone, but a solid black walnut one with 122 reeds. Warranted 7 years.

Organ, Stool, Book & Torm of Lessons \$65.00. C. M. Norris,

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

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

JOHN STAGG.

-By Buying your--

-Manufactured at The-

Kingston Roller Mi

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



At Very Reasonable Rates. Flour and Feed kept Con-

WOMY GUSTOMERS ARD FRIERDS.

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, Domi- 18 28 11 37 nos, checkers, Authors, Toilet soaps, Perfumery, Novelties, Odor cases, 12 274 Jack knives, Pen-knives, etc., etc. Violins, Violin cases and bows, Mouth

We also have the Finest candies that are made, Peanuts, Walnuts, Brazils, etc. Smoker's sets, Cigar t olders 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 con fident that we can make it pay you to give us your patronage, because or r 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 as lays to please all, Inviting all to call and see us we promise you car ful attention and courteous treatment. Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year Yours traly, I remain

CHAS: In SOPER KINGSTON, MICH.

LANDON,-ENO-&-KEATING, Manufacturers of

SASH, DOORS, FLOORING, BLINDS. SIDING

> and MOULDING.

Window and Door short notice. Scroll Sawing also done.

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

about the Schieth part of its hulk. It is a grand, deable size

HILO TRUESDELL, Prop. frames to order on Granite and Marble MONUMENTS and

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MANTLES, GRATES and CUT BUILD-**业 ING STONE.** ∗

I cs rry the large t stock of Monuments in tastern Michigan, and I car furnish the best goods for the least money of any dealer in Michigan. Correst ven dence solicited.

WORI IS: 401, 403 & 405 Butler Street

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern was

TIME TABLE NO. 2. GOING NORTH Freig't Mixed. STATIONS. A.M. S:30 10:19 Dryden..... Imlay City..... North Branch

8:20 9:12 9:32 5:18 10:08 3:33 10:17 4:40 10:35 5:05 5:30 10... :40...

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS. Pass. Mi P. M. 32) 5:41 4:06 4:21 4:40 4:59 5:00 Wilmot*
Kingston
Clifford
North Branch
Imlay City

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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; F. & P. M. Berne Junction; S. T. & H.

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Bay Port........
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ROBERT LAUGHLIN. Sup.

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STATIONS.

9.15 12 27Ar....East Sag....Lv 700 607 p.m. p. m. f Flag Station, a. m. p. m. SAND BEACH AND PORT AUSTIN DIVS.

STATIONS. Exp Mail p. m. 8 30Lv...Port Huron...Ar $\begin{array}{r}
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naw, Efc. SANFOPD KEELER, Superintendent, Notice to Farmers! I keep a pure bred large English Berl-hire hog for use of farmers. R. FANC

MEAT MARKET FOI

11-6 3wks

Having other business cupies our whole time, 1 cided to retire from the ket business, and will gain our Meat Mark er's Tools. We have of Spotted Horses for ar Excellent chance f wishing to embark business. SCHWAD.

11 19 4wks

Fritz Bros.' holiday goods are now Fritz 1908. Honday goods are now ready for inspection. A complete line of albums and ad plush goods, libles, poems and miscellancous books. Call and see our stock before purchasing,

How He Was Entertained by the

Chicago Millioniare. 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 as 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 Mr. Hull came from Chicago "Neddy" began talking of Mr. Armour and his visit to the millioniare. 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 array of bookkeepers and clerks bewil-Cored him, but presently he heard a familiar voice say, . Helfow, 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 this 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 time. Some people like to play jokes, there is no doubt "Phil is just rolling and think it funny to write the 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 Geek text-book now used in Harvard, Yale and other coleges, the translator of many Greek clasics, and, though less than forty years old, a recognized authority in Greek litgrature. He ranks high as an essayist and lecturer, and has published papers which have attracted attention on 'Andocides and the Andocidean oraions," the "Eclogues of Virgil," the Greek Verb," and "Fatalisman in Iomer and Virgit." Professor Scarbrough was born a slave in Georgia college, Ohio. He had pursued the is race and himself, and nobody can take him believe that the negro is inpable of progress or that the way is ot open to him if he has the qualities

A Young Philosopher.

win.

immy: "Mamma, I wish you'd lick real good and hard." Mother prised): "Whip you! Why, Jimyou havn't done anything wrong, you?" No; but me an' Bill Jones oin' swimmin', and you know you ne you'd lick me if I went, so I weif you'd do it beforehand."

AN EXPERT IN ADDRESSES.

A Woman Who Can Read the

Worst Hleroglyphics. Of the many million pieces of mail matter which pass through the hands of the postoffice officials, says the Washington Pest, 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'nt 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 illegibly 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 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 name of every postoffice in the country, and an intimate acquaintance with the geography of nearly all the princi-

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 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 writting 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 boider. 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 1852, and is a graduate of Oberlin young sea fowl, when swimming or diving in waters which literally swarm ight course to obtain recognition for 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 ght I'd enjoy the swim a good deal there an't any agreement before the deal?"-Terre Haute Express.

MAINIE MEN AND WOMEN.

Half Dozen Samples of What the Gra nite State Produces.

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

Most of the women do wn this way are pretty hard headed, and they like to have the plain truth or, all occasions. Recently a lazy, \good-fornothing 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 trie story as follows:

Having for the last three years supported my husband, Joseph H. Tarryco, 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 if He had intended your nose for a wenth. 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 and gallery. Nomination speeches nominated a man named Lampson. The lanky orator was flowery at the start, but, unfortunately for him, audience, his oratory did not hold out, and, after some high-flown expressions the popular song, sang out in perfect rhyme with the speaker: "Listen to my tale of woe." It caught the audas 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 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 necessaries of existence and finally be adorned by the promptings of intellectual as well as physical wants. If Mother Eve is responbisle 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

Compensation for All Things.

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 paccure 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. Bradsaw, of Indiana, came with an excursion party to Chigago the other day, says the Arkansaw 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 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 house: 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' Gougin' jest to go under a street or Wyo, didn't it?"

"It goes under the river."

"What!" she exclaimed. "I say the tunnel goes under the

"You don't mean to say that we are go'in' down under the river!"

"Yes. Ships are passing over us right now." 'Stop," she demanded; "stop the

ehicle 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. est 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 fetchtaked place. Ah, we are coming out Sure enough," she said after a few rooments' silence. "Well, it's a good made you so?" "Yes, I do," quickly thing, for if that water was to pour replied the girl, "and I suppose that on me I'd sue this town for all it's

Purely Personal.

'I read your story about the celebrated Kentucky lawyer and orator, Tod Marshall," said a Chicago attorney o a Harald writer, "and it reminded me of a story I heard about for governor. The excitement ran his brilliant oratory som years ago. high and the hall where the conven- An old man, aged 86 years, ad been tion was held was packed, main floor arrested on a charge of counterlying and gallery. Nomination speeches He had been caught in an attempt to were then in order, and a long, lanky pass counterfeit money and other counindividual, whom no one seemed to terfeits were found on him, so it looked know much about, got-to his feet and 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 hapthough perhaps fortunately for the pened, Tom Marshall was sitting in court at the time and the judge detailed him to defend the old rascal. He regarding Mr. Lampson, he said, and accepted as gracefully as he could and often repeated the words: "He will held a consultation with the aged prisgrow, he will grow." It became a oner, after which he said he was ready trifle monotonous to the audience, when for trial. The state presented its insuddenly a boy in the gallery, who had | disputable evidence and Marshall said without doubt heard Wilson and Jansen | 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 ience and an uproar ensued. The say in his client's defense. In the brief speaker sat down as "squelched" a man | 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 it discovered its nakedness and had to 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 cutter's trade He followed many years; Now, in a marble temb 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.

Epanish Chambermaids.

The Fonda de la Paz is the "splash" otel in Madrid, but the Rusia is less expensive and more Spanish. The manners of our attendants show a free and easy simplicity. Our waiters An old peasant on the south shore of smoke a cigar while we take our Long Island was telling his visitor how | 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 lock between her teeth, with the serene observation that she was "a la Magdalena."-Madrid Letter.

A Short Answer.

the reply of the customs officer.

"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 WHAT SHE WANTED.

And How Near She Came to Get-

ting 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 sallow towheaded 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 heal of the family. "Stopping to the springs, be ye?" "Purty peart crowd up to the hotel?"

Now the lady for whom the cup of 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

"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, pineframed mirror in her hand.

"Theer," 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?" "Theer!" exclaimed the other, in a tone of self-reproach. "I clean forgot about yer wanting it. Here you, Jimmy, take the gourd and skoot down to the spring and git the lady a

good dipperful of drinking-water." ACROSS THE ANDES.

The Transandean Railroad, Ove Ten Thousand Feet Above the

The year of 1892 will probaby to signalized in South America by amost interesting event in civil enginering and in international overland commerce, writes a Montevideo correspondent. This will be nothing less than the completion of the trarsandean 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 oad is to run from Buenos Ayres to alraraiso, a distance of 871 miles. There are now 640 miles of it finished at the Buenos Ayres end and eightytwo at the Valparaiso end. Of the remaining 149 miles, about one-third is practically complete the rails being laid.

The passgae of the Andes mountain s 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 Railro d 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 you remember?" 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-it is anything you get kept from your father or me," replied the mother, a little puzzled to find a definition suitable to his years. "Then, oft

ma," he asked, "is spanking heredi-

taryp"

A Plucky Boy.

The boy marched straight up to the

counter. "Well, my little man," said the perchant complacently, he had risen fom such a glorious good dinner, "Wat

will you have to-day?" "Oh, please sir, mayn't I do sor

work for you?" It might have been the pleasal eyes that did it for the man was no 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 crava a brush, and then his hands travelle 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 coppered?"

"What, sir?" "Why, your toes. Your mother

could not keep you in shoes if they were not." "She can't keep me in shoes any-

how, 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 rejoind and "Follow" am very small a my age."
"What might your age be, sir?"

responded the man, with emphasis. "I am almost seven," said Tommy, with a look calculated to imi ress 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 pocketbook, and she thinks the boy who took the ashes stole it—and—I—have -not-had-any-any break ast, sir."

The voice again hesitated, and tears came to the blue eyes. "I reckon I can help lou to a breakfast, my little fellow," said the breakfast, my little fellow," said the man, feeling in his vest pocket.
"There, will that quarter depriment boy shook his head.

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

"Humph! Where is your fa her?"
"We never heard of him, sil after
he went away. He was lost, sir in the steamer City of Boston."

"Ah! that's bad. But you are a plucky and he puckered up his mouth, and looked straight down into the boy's eyes, which were looking straight into his. "Saunders, heasked, addressing a clerk, who was rylling up and writing on parcels, "i Cash No. 4 still sick ?"

"Dead, sir; died last night," was the low reply. "Ah, I'm serry to hea., that. Well,

here's a youngster that can take his place." Mr. Saunders looked up showly, then

he put his pen behind his ear, then his glance traveled curiously from Tommy

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

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

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

"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 morning The house was only a little 1° room, but how those blue eye magnify it! At first the mother confounded; then she lookedpasses my power to tell ho look as she took him in her hugged him and kissed him streaming down her cheeks were tears of thankfulnes Journal.

In N who l

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Having recently reforted and remodeled this modern to the public lines announce it or en to the pub-I now announce it of ed it through-lic. I have furnish Furniture, and out with the best of equipped with it is thoroughly convenience of everthing for the convenience of everthing for the convenience of R. Ballagh and wife and T. Cosgrove and wife. guests. Good burn, sample rooms, wife.

Miss Lizze Henderson arrived home on Wednesday from Bay City, where she atronage: 1 invite you to call seriously hurt by a kick from a horse ly hotel is strictly first-class. Jno. F. EMMONS.



L. S. Wichware wishes to ano the ladies of Cass City and that she has a nice line of

Millinary Goods,

she will sell at REDUCED ES until after the Holidays. She also as a nne stock of

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ing decided to retire from the iness I will sell or trade roperty, the Sheridan ity. A good chance who wishes to emove business to sebargain. For fur 1 address

> . SHERIDAN, Cass City.

ABOUT OUR MEIGHBORS

Crisp and Spicy News Gather ed by the Corps of Correspondents of the Enterprise.

dina.

Witteh how the price of pork will go up when tak time is over, it is all cut and dried for poor mossbacks.

A happy New Year to every bony is bur wish; but alias how thany will hall Mrs. G. Hopkins of Grant are visiting short of this wish. Christiflas is a time their sister at the tonsorial established we care naught about. Been an Indian ment. ourself.

The Bay City jew pedler was around again, when asked how he found the times through the country he said that the beopilsh dey hab no monish at all, we hab to drude mit dem.

The way the wind blew up here on the night of the 21st. was teriffic. Do not look for sleighing as long as it keeps rainmg, but look ye out the next two months may cause some to run with their noses in their hands, and don't you forget get

You are right, Mr. Deford, the days of Cotton Mather and Rodger Williams and the Connectiont Blue Laws are gone and good thing for us all, but once in a while we run across an old relict of the puritan strife, but it does not amount

to muth. Alex Frager lids purchased 40 acres of wild land from the Crawfard estate and is going to work to build a house in the woods where he can hear the woodpecker tupping on the hollow beach, also the melodious strains of that sweet singing bird called the owl. Go in, Alex, down the tree right and left.

dink edudel.

A happy New Year to our readers. Tony Hughes took a team up to Pat. Cooley's camp on Thursday last.

Mr. Watson of Ontario is visiting his uster, Mrs. Campbell, of this place.

Jus McCullough is again on the turi,

John Campbell and George MaGuire made a hip to the king of the cities on Wednesday last.

John Clisholm, of Elmwood, has moved on the Poss farm, and will engage in a streak of arming?

Wm. Burts was over to Kilmanagh on Saturdaylast and exchanged horses again before eturning. Jethro Ross Creel's hustling mechanic

reports work n his line rushing, with several jobs in advance. Owendale is suffering

rom un artack of Malarial fever. We one the worker prove fatal. Lay, Hillas of Gagetown made his apprintments at this place last Sunday on

look on account of his horse having a ame foot. Iran Ferson is doing a job of stumping

on the Front of the homtstead. Success, tan, to such enterprise, but don't tell A social hopest Johnnie Campbell's on

Thursday night last. Everybody report a splendid time. I wonder where Hank slept that night Elias Morrison and R, Shartrand de-

parted for the northern woods last week. Johnnie McAllister will have charge of the ranch until Elias returns.

To my farther friends I wish to has been waiting on her brother, Thom-

GAGETOWN.

The numerous friends and acquaintances of Miss May Weiler will hear with deep regret of her very sudden death which took place at the residence of her father, Jos. Weiler, at Gagetown the 15th inst. Some few weeks ago she was taken sick with malarial fever which terminated fatally, although she secured good medical care and attention. She bore her sufferings with that patience and resignation to the will of our Divine Surior which always charactrizes the pure and innocent. Although very young, being in her sixteenth year, yet she has left a roid which it will take some time to fill. In her loss St. Agatha's choir has been deprived of one of its best singers, her parents of an affectionate daughter, her brothers and sisters of a kind sister, and the sodality of the B. V, of an exemplary mamber. A stainless soul has winged its flight to meet the maker and redeemer. A fervent christian, a dutiful child, the joy of fond companions has indeed departed, and the separation has left aching hearts behind but the crown of the innocent has been et on her brow. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 17th. Requiera high mass was celebrated in St. Agathas' church by Rev. C. T. Krebs. The remains were conveyed from the church to the cemetery by six young ladies of the sodality and consigned to mother earth.

(Received too late for last week.) Ella Armstrong has returned to Ubly T. McAfee is the new self constituted

pound master. Della Beach is home from Saginaw to spend the holidays.

Next. A female tonsorial artist came o town on the 12th.

Wednesday Bolton & Bushaw, the inters, left town. The former says for

John Miles has severed his connec tious with Jos. Gage and gone to East

Pat Kehoe and family and three of Mr. Fridenmooth's family are down with

the fever. Dr. McClinton has been called here several times from Cass City to attend fever

patients. Where is the bottom of the roads? Can the Grant wild Indian or our brother from Evergreen answer the question?

Will be far superior to any year of the larger amount of money having the winted for the embelishment of the whalf ever before. Godey has been publicated without missing an issue, and

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JOSEPH JEWY BRSON.

Century Angeriae" in 1839—Los-Sefferson's Autobiography—No-sby Frank & Stockton, Amelia Tractand others A Cepical Programmane.

Mrs. Anthony Dourr of Elkton and tou CAMINUT 1821 A SETTER two dollars worth of ingenzine than by subscribing to "Going" the best lamily manaline scribing for 1800 in America. The leading after those for 1800 ite: Bestiffin colored inshior places of ignaryal inshion places in their asset white, representing tashion places in these asset white, representing the prevailing styles, prograted expressly for Godey.

intervalue.

Sunday was a blustery day. A heavy rain Saturday night.

Delano Bell is improving fast. Wm. J. Campbell's baby was buried on

unday. The san rose beautifully on Christmas

norhing. Minerya May is getting quite smart

she sits up some. A happy New Year to all the readers

of the Enterprise.

School closed in districts No. 1 and 2 ast Friday for two weeks: Wm. McDurmon has gone to Saginaw

to remain during the winter. Charles R. Hutchinson spent Wednes

day of last week in Enginaw. Miss Lizzie Lyon is spending a few days in Caro visiting relatives.

School district No. 3 will have a vacation, and No. 4 has closed for the winter. George and Charles Turner enipped a ot of poultry to Bay City on Saturday. Another heavy ram Monday night and all day Tuesday which caused Cass civer to rise.

A young man by the name of Tremper of Almer, stopped in Ellington eyer night the fore part of the week.

Gene Linglord feturfied home from Ann Arbor. His eyes have not improved much by the treatment they re ceived there. Taxes are coming in slowly and the

town board may have to extend the time and his many friends are glad to see him for collecting another month. Money is carce and hard to get hold of.

Wheat looks well for this time of the year, the top is green and it has grown all December thus far, and it now looks as though we hight have a good crop of wheat another year,

Franklin Keene had a sale last Wednesday and most of his goods sold very low. He expects to leave here as soon as he can get away. We do not know where his future home will be.

Walter Gerou, Henry Pardo and W S. Wilber have been engaged to run George Howel's logs down the river to Caro, and they are now (Tuesday morn ing) engaged in the rain in bearing the jam and starting them down the river.

ry person buying a five cent cigar at me.
e. Drawing to take place when tickets
ton er are to receive this case. I reserve
Very Respectfully. autiful Plush Smoker's Se d Cigarette holders of Go Match boxes, l

Set cons Genuine s, Nickle et consisting of six pieces; Pipo enuine Merechaum, Tobacco o Vickle Cigar Cutter. at my store will receive a ticket

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Programment. Programment. The line of the language (whose remainders as have methoded the language (whose remainders as he had been been as the line of the language of the line of the language of the line of the language of the language

tury has ever printed, Amelia E. Barr, Frank R. Stockton, Mark Twain, H. H. Boyesen and many other well known writers will furnish the fiction for the new volume, which is to be unusually strong, including stveral novels, illustrated novelettes, and short stories. "The Women of the French Salons" are to be described in a brilliant series of illustrated papers. The important discoveries made with the great Lick Telescope at San Francisco (the lurgest telescope in the world) and the latest explorations relating to prehistoric America (in Juding the Jamous Serpent Mound of Ohio) are to be chronicled in The Century. Century. Prot. Geo. P., Fisher of Yale University is to write a series of "The Nature and Method of Revelation," which will attract every Bible students Bishop Potter of New York will be one of several prominent writers who are to contribute a series of "Present-day Papers" on living topics, etc., etc., and the choicest pictures that the greatest artists and engravers can produce.

can produce. Every-bookseller: postmaster, and subscription agent-takes subscriptions to The Century (\$4.00\times \text{year}\$), or remitting may be made direct to the publisher. The Century Co., of New York. Begin new subscriptions with November (the first issue of the new volume) and get Mark Twam's story, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," in that number. |\$ FARM \$ FOR \$ SALE! \$ 类类类类

There is 130 acres of it im proved. Good Fences, Building and Wells. All kinds of Fruit. Twenty-five acres of Wheat in the ground. Three miles east and one nile south of Deford; 9 miles from both Kingston and Cass City. Price \$5,000, \$2,000 down: balance on easy terms. 200 acres in all BROWNE BROS.

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takes hold of this grand bushess piles up grand produs.
We start XOU in this business.
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ey Christmasi come again; Peace on earth, good will to men! and the world the chorus ring, Let all hearts rejoice and sing.

Merry Christmas! bell will ring, Merry Christmas! all may sing; Merry Christmas! millions say, Merry Christmas! happy day!

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Wen, which will frent of the various duties for
meth mouth. A children's corner for the little I have the tinesh Line in the County, consisting of Silver Ware, Plated Ware, Clocks, Watches, China Ware, and Toys for the little ones. Dolls by the thousand; every A rich army 6. literature by favorite authors among whom is a failly Lennox, Olivia Lovell Whson. Ada Majir Feels, Epide Snow. "6," and hors of "Gentil" Hold C. Greene, with her humbroof "Gentil" and others. department complete.

<u>&</u>\$\$\$**\$\$**\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

Merry Christmas! kindly day, May all ill be cast away! Hearts receive that matchless love

Other lives to aid and bless;

Christmas brought from heaven above, Merry Christmasl blessing givel Granting us each day we live,

Bringing all true happinesss. Q\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$\$

JEWELRY:

Gold Rings, Lace Pins, Gold Spectacles, Gold and Silver framents, Gold Bracelets, Knives, Forks, Spoons, in fact everything to be found in a first-class jewelry

When in the City do not forget to Call and see my complete stock consisting of

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Is a great reminder of new clothes, and nowhere else can you get as much value for your money as with us. A Complete Assortment of New Winter Suits and Overcoats have Just Arrived and are now on Sale.

YOUNG MEN'S OVERGOATS From \$3.00 to \$18.00, comprise the LARGEST STOCK

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CASS CITY

at Any Time and any Just Claim made by the Purchaser will be Allowed. M°DOUGALL & CO,

FRED. FREE, FREE,

A \$10.00 Plush Dressing Case to be GIVEN AWAY at N. B. SPON-ENBURG'S, Gagetown, on January 1st.

Any person buying 25 cents worth of goods at my store at one times will be entitled to one guess for each purchase of the above amount.

The manner in which this beautiful case will be disposed of will be by guessing the number of Seeds in a Pumpkin, which is now on exhibition in my store window. The person guessing the nearest to the number of seeds contained in the pumpkin will receive the prize.

N. B. SPONENBURG

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