

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. IX. No. 41.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1890.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

THE CASS CITY BANK.

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

I have recently purchased and put into my Fire Proof Vault A MODERN BURG-LAR PROOF SAFE. I now claim to have the BEST "Lock-up" in this section of the country.

This safe has every modern improvement; size 26 inches square and 30 inches high; weight 4,100 lbs.; cost \$1,000.

I take this method of inviting my customers, friends and the general public to call and inspect this safe. We have the best of facilities for taking care of valuables of any kind, weighing less than 4 lbs. Will receive and receipt for them and deliver them when called for. This is a new feature of our business. We also desire to call attention to the fact that you can send money to any foreign country from this bank. We can loan you money on land, providing you have ample security. We are willing to advance 1/2 of the cash value of farming lands, and to those that can get along with this amount, we solicit your business. We have some special advantages to offer you on this class of loans.

A liberal rate of interest paid on time deposits.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Banker.

Does Fruit Growing Pay in this Section?

Up to Sept. 1st K. S. Work and his brother have purchased between four and five hundred bushels of plums, besides a large quantity has been purchased by the merchants of Cass City, which goes to show that this section is adapted to fruit growing, especially the raising of plums. I do therefore recommend that farmers and all others interested in the cultivation of plums to prepare their ground this fall, and allow me to supply you with a good grade of trees for next spring's planting. Buyers are now here paying good prices for Fall apples and contracting for Winter fruit, which all goes to prove that, as fruit growing of all kinds increases in this section, a ready market at home will be the result. Again I desire to say to the public that I am fully prepared to furnish any and all kinds of nursery stock at very reasonable rates; special bargains to those desiring large orders. As I have had your liberal patronage for the past four years, I desire to extend to you my hearty thanks and hope for a continuation of the same.

Very truly yours,
HENRY W. ROBINSON.

Industrial County Convention.

The Tuscola county Nominating convention of the Industrial party, farmers and laborers, will be held at the court house in Caro, on Monday, Sept. 29th, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m. The basis of representatives will be Patrons of Industry and Grange Delegates as elected by former notice. Each Alliance, three delegates. Each Industrial club, three delegates.

By order of committee,

M. H. SMITH,
WM. H. BROWN,
D. P. DEMING.

During Fair Week ONLY!

As a Still further Attraction in My Store I Shall Sell My Elegant Line of

Jewelry, Silverware

And All Kinds of Time-Keepers at a

BIG REDUCTION!

Too Low For Direct Profit.

As an Advertisement

—I Trust That This Will—

Prove a Success!

For ONE WEEK ONLY, and then I shall again begin to live on a fair Reasonable Profit. A Bonified Reduction on

EVERYTHING IN MY STORE DURING FAIR WEEK ONLY.

J. F. HENDRICK

—THE—

Cass City Jeweler.

GRAND SUCCESS!

The First Fair of the Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac a Grand Success.

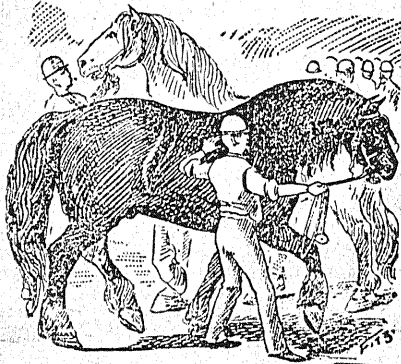
The Receipts Will Pay All The Premiums & Leave Several Hundred Dollars in the Treasury.

The Weather Was All That Could be Desired and Everything Went Off Smoothly.

The first annual fair of the Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac District Fair Association has been held and to say the least it was a grand success. Never before was Cass City visited by so large a crowd, as people from all over the three counties were in attendance. Seldom does it occur that so large a number of people collect as collected at our fair and no accidents happen, but this was the case as not the least collision by way of horses running into each other or people getting hurt. The peace officers made no arrests, as perfect peace and quietness prevailed.

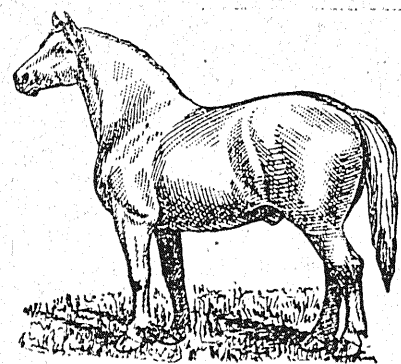
A nice rain occurred Thursday night which laid the dust and made the streets, fair grounds and track in good condition. Yes, success crowned the effort.

The Caro and North Branch bands furnished excellent music and added to a considerable extent to the attractions. They are two good bands and need only to be heard to be appreciated.



CLYDESDALE HORSES.

The Clydesdale horses were the most numerous, there being one-hundred Clydesdales on exhibition, a large number of which were registered stock. It will be remembered that we are close to the lines of Huron and Sanilac counties, which are well sprinkled with Scotch people and they are great raisers of the Clydesdale horse, which are natives of Scotland; therefore, it is quite easy to account for the large exhibition of Clydesdales, which are worthy of attention.



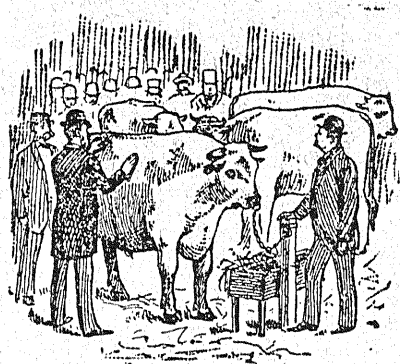
PERCHERON.

Horses of this breed were not so numerous as other horses but nevertheless there was a fine display of Percherons. T. W. Atwood exhibited his imported sires and there were several other fine sires of this same breed exhibited which were bred in this state. J. O. Patterson of Columbia, had three fine Percherons, also Jas. England, of Almer, exhibited a fine span of mares. Thos. Morrison, of Caro, also exhibited some Percheron stock. In the whole they made a fine collection of horses.



ROAD HORSES.

There was a large and fine display of roadsters which goes to show that the farmers are raising horses in this locality to suit the market, for road horse as well as for draft horse markets. The display of single and double carriage horses was more than ordinary.



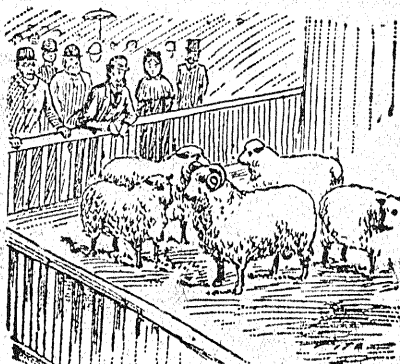
HEAVY WEIGHT BULLS AND SHORT HORNED CATTLE.

There was only a fare sized exhibition, not being quite so large as anticipated; although what were on exhibition were the finest kind. John Murphy, owner and proprietor of Maple Grove stock farm exhibited the largest number of any one person, although there were very fine specimens offered by farmers Wm. Spurgeon and J. D. Withey, but not so large in number as Mr. Murphy's.



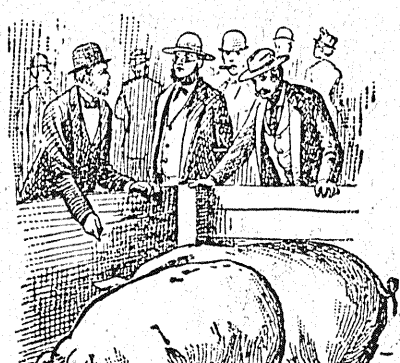
HOLSTEIN COWS.

Holstein cattle were not as well represented as we should have liked to had them, but there was a small herd well selected and of the finest kind.



SHEEP EXHIBIT.

There was a fine selection of sheep on exhibition, the most prominent breeds in the contest being Oxford Down and Lesters. It was plainly shown that the production of sheep in this section of the country is being fostered and improved.



PRIZE HOGS.

This class was well filled, there being a large number of registered Berkshire, Chesterwhite and Poland China. We were greatly surprised to see farmers proving to the satisfaction of the judges the breeding of their swine by producing certificates of registration issued from the different associations of swine breeders.



LADIES DEPARTMENT.

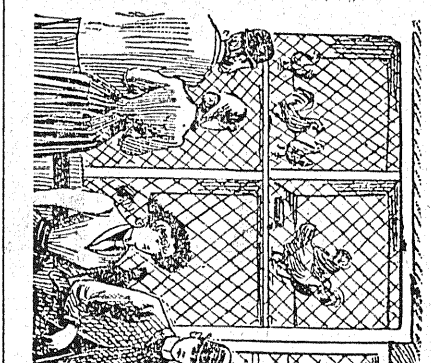
The ladies department was the center of attraction for the fair sex. It was full and crowded with Artistic work to its utmost capacity and fully went to show that the women had lost no time

in supplying their department with all that was necessary to make it compare well with that of which their husbands, fathers and brothers were managers.



HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

This department was conceded by all to be a grand affair. The farmers who exhibited are to be congratulated upon the articles produced and shown; it was full and complete in every respect. The farmers from the southern counties in Michigan, who visited our fair, conceded that this department would compare well with any they had witnessed in the older parts of the state.

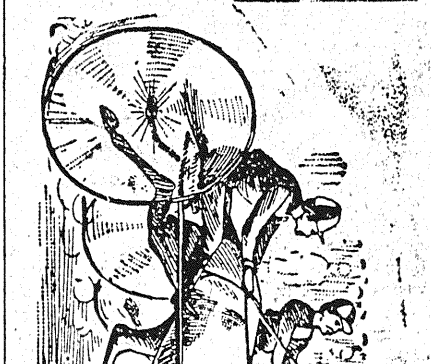


REAPER AND MOWER.



A GANG PLOW.

This department was small as is usual at all county fairs in this part of Michigan, although what few were exhibited were fine specimens.



SOME PLOWS.

There was a nice display of agricultural implements, wagons, buggies and road carts. Quite a number were made within our village and they spoke well for the makers. J. H. Striffler exhibited the largest assortment of all kinds of agricultural implements.

Farmer Foran Waylaid.

On Tuesday last Mark Foran, a farmer living two miles east of Wickware P. O., while on his way from Holbrook to his home was attacked by some lawless person, struck in the back of the head and knocked down and stabbed in the hand and arm with a sharp instrument supposed to be a knife, which cut his hand and arm quite badly. The clothing that covered his arm and breast was badly slit. After being struck he was rendered unconscious for about an hour and a half and therefore was unable to ascertain who the villain was that assaulted him. He lay in the road for some time and was picked up by Robt. Jackson who happened along and found him lying in the road about 60 rods from the place where he was assailed, where he had wandered in his dazed condition and was still unconscious when found. He thinks it was about sundown when he was struck and was picked up an hour later. He does not know of any reason why he should have been assaulted in this way and says he does not know of any enemies and thinks the villain was lying secreted in the bushes by the roadside waiting for someone other than himself. His injuries are not serious and he is able to be at work at present.

The speed class was one of the attractive things. On Thursday the farmers race, free to all running race and the three minute race occurred, which were all filled. The farmers race created lots of sport and was won by Wm. Wright's farm horse. The free to all running race was won by Ed. Dean, entered by J. H. Hobson. The three minute trotting race was won by Bellshaw, entered by Wm. Lewis.

On Friday occurred the green pacing race and the free for all trotting race. The green race was won by Charles H. owned by Charles Maynard, of Gageton.

VARIOUS TOPICS.

A doctor in a mountain town in North Carolina has this sign: "Dr. C. A. Quack, the Pillor of the People's Hope."

The Portland (Me.) Press presents the name of Ai Joy, of Cyr, as the shortest man in the shortest town in the United States.

Prof. Putnam in his report to the Peabody Museum for the current year says man has existed for ten thousand years in this country.

There is said to be a striking similarity between the sign language used by deaf mutes and that in vogue among the Indians of North and South America.

Experiments prove that the Atlantic breakers have a force of three tons to the square foot; thus a surface of only two square yards sustains a blow from a heavy Atlantic breaker equal to fifty-four tons.

The word apron is said to have originated in a curious blunder, viz: A napper, converted into an apron. Napper is French for napkin, from nappe (cloth in general). Some English counties still employ the word apron.

Women doctors say, and many women prove it in practice, that by going upstairs slowly, with the foot—heel and toe alike—put firmly on each stair, one may arrive at the top of four flights of stairs really rested, instead of gasping for breath as when one runs upstairs.

A KANSAS man after the expenditure of much time, labor and expense, has evolved a burglar-proof and rat-proof hencoop. Genius often takes unnecessary pains to accomplish its end. He could have made any ordinary henhouse both rat and burglar proof by the investment of fifty cents in a little sore-eyed dog.

Chauncey M. Depew was called upon recently by a middle-aged lady, who was so delighted by his urbanity that she impulsively kissed him when she arose to leave. A reporter who witnessed the disturbance asked Mr. Depew whether he was used to that sort of thing, and he replied: "It is one of the regular rules of the office."

But few persons who view a passenger train as it goes thundering past have an idea that it represents a cash value of from \$75,000 to \$120,000, but such is the case. The ordinary express train represents from \$85,000 to \$90,000. The engine and tender are valued at \$10,500; the baggage car, \$1,000; the postal car, \$2,000; the smoking car, \$5,000; two ordinary passenger cars, \$10,000 each; three palace cars, \$15,000 each; total, \$83,000.

A New York electrician who has made a specialty of spectacular electricity says the day is not far off when electrical fire-works will supersede those now used. He declares that for a comparatively moderate outlay he could arrange an electrical display for the city which would last for many years, and could be repeated as often as desired. It would comprise rockets, roman candles, wheels, Niagara falls and all the modern pyrotechnic effects.

Prof. Mayo says the power of the Mormon is broken in Salt Lake City and vicinity. They are now in the minority and have hardly a hand in the government of the city in which they were once supreme. The entire municipal government and the schools have passed into the hands of the Gentiles. The social customs which distinguished the Mormons are fast disappearing. There is even a society of young Mormon women who pledge themselves not to marry a polygamist.

A most remarkable case of fairness to customers is reported from Waterbury, Conn. Two coal firms consolidated their business recently and reduced the price to \$3.25. Then they gave notice that customers who had had their coal put in for the winter by either firm at the higher rate would have the difference refunded by calling at the office. It is to be regretted that the names of the members of this firm are not known. They certainly deserve to be enrolled on fame's immortal scroll.

The latest invention in door locks is one which can not be opened from the outside if it is locked from the inside, and for this reason is especially valuable for hotel rooms and inside doors of buildings generally. It has double bolts, one above the other. The lower one is used to lock the door from the outside. Its key-hole does not go clear through the lock, neither does the key-hole of the bolt that locks the door from the inside. When the door is locked on the inside there is no means of reaching the key or the key-hole of the inner bolt from the outside of the door.

An invention by which writing can be transferred from paper to iron is the work of a Boston man, who has invented a hard ink with which he writes (backward) upon ordinary paper. That paper is placed in a mold, melted iron is poured in, and when the hardened iron is removed it is found that, while the heat burned away the paper, it did not affect the ink, but left the impression of the writing molded into the iron. This discovery was made by noticing that the printing on an ordinary handbill that by accident had fallen into the mold was faintly transferred in the way.

NYE VISITS JAY GOULD.

AND FINDS HIM IN THE FIELD MAKING HAY.

Pictures the Millionaire as a Thrifty Granger and Tells of the Beauties of His Country Home—King's Little Piece.

Every summer I like to ride up to Irvington and spend a couple of days with Jay Gould. He treats me well while there at his house, and though nothing is said about it at the time there is a tacit understanding that I am to write a piece about him for the papers when I get home.

It is the pleasantest time always to go up during the haying season, which begins in June and rages with more or less violence for two days. Irvington is a beautiful little nest of well-to-do farmers like Jay Gould, Cy Field and such thrifty grangers as Hank Villard, whose place is a little lower down the river at Dobbs Ferry. Hank and Cy Field change workers in haying, but Jay keeps help enough to put in all of his grass himself. Sometimes he used to help Bob Hoe in haying and Bob would help him in stacking, but since the death of Mr. Hoe Jay doesn't depend much on the neighbors.

Mr. Gould's place sits back from the main road quite a piece and has an L to it. As you drive in you see four or five men with sheep shears trimming off the side whiskers on the mall. He has quite a good lot of tillable land around the house and he has a conservatory about the size of the Paris exposition. In this he grows quite a quantity of rare exotics, such as four o'clocks, marigolds, bachelor's buttons, "starchions," morning glories and Johnny-jump-ups (or Johnny-jump-up, rather). Mr. Gould is a great floriculturist and raises his own seeds rather than trust to the gaudy but provocative catalogue of the professional seedman.

Across the main road from the house is the hay lot. It covers about five and three-fourths acres, perhaps, and so with twenty-seven men, all willing to pitch right in with enthusiasm, Mr. Gould is able to get his haying out of the way in time to give him a week in town. This year he was drawn on the jury in New York just as he was going into the hay field. For quite a while he didn't know whether to go down and make sure of his little old \$2 a day or stick to the haying and save the crop, but finally he threw his scythe over his shoulder and said: "Come on, boys. They can get other jury men, but you would be a long while getting another man to take my place in the hay field."

Later I saw by the paper that Mr. Gould was fined \$100 for non-appearance when his name was called. "Is it true," I asked him yesterday at an equestrian lunch counter, "that the judge fined you \$100 for contempt?" "Yes," said Mr. Gould, removing a fillet of wienersurst from his whiskers and speaking in deep, interest-bearing notes. "I was fined \$100 by the judge as you say, but I proved by one of my hired hands that I was a member of the Barrytown hook and ladder company, and so the judge remitted the fine."

On a bright June morning, when the wood bird wakes the echoes along the Hudson and the wren and the thrush come down to bathe their little beaks in the beautiful brook which sings along past the door of Washington Irving's quaint and queer old home, the quick ear catches the sound of voices out behind Mr. Gould's barn. Following this sound one comes to a merry group of "hands" clustered about a large grindstone which has bacon rinds under the bearings. A small boy, reeking with perspiration, is turning the stone, while Mr. Gould, with an old scythe, may be seen riding on the top of it. There are other men about who could turn the grindstone easier than the small boy who is turning it, but no one is hopeful enough to turn a grindstone but a boy. It discourages a man, so it is customary to secure a boy to do this heart-breaking job, and generally a boy who is about to go fishing is selected. He grinds on hour after hour, while his worms are baking in the sun and his heart is slowly dying in his little bosom.



HELPING GOULD MAKE HAY. Later on the merry work hands go joyously afield. A jug containing spring water and a small straggling bug is taken to the lot and concealed under a swath of green grass. Mr. Gould, wearing a pair of brown linen trousers and blue wamans, together with a cloth hat, rolls up his sleeves so as to reveal the raven pin feathers, now slowly turning to iron gray, which adorn his brawny arms. He then stands his scythe and swath where he can get at it, and, pulling a large, four-pound whetstone from his pistol pocket, proceeds to put a keen edge upon his weapon.

It is quite interesting to see Mr. Gould and twenty-seven willing husbandmen turn loose on a little bunch of grass and wipe it out in two days. The hay is a mixture of red top, timothy and red clover, with ornamental hornets' nests made of paper mache in the fence corners. In his conversation Mr. Gould uses a good many railroad terms, of course, together with his farm slang, and most of his orders are given to a bald-headed Spaniard with an ecren plastron of Magenta whiskers, whose name is Terrance McClusky. "Terrance," said Mr. Gould the other morning, as he swung the jug over his arm and took a drink, "I do not know but it would be cheaper next season to fix up the old mower. You see, it costs me \$108 now to mow this grass. Then, new scythes and swaths each year, \$54 more; \$3 for whetstones, \$8 for or-

POWER IN POVERTY.

China Is the Land Where the Beggar Is King.

In the course of a recent article the Chinese Times of Tien-Tsin remarks that the practical power of poverty is perhaps greater in China than anywhere else; the beggar there is King. It is a distinct force in politics, and of this there have been many examples in recent times. The greatest of all the statesmen of the last thirty years, and the one who is the least known, owing to his early death, was Hu Linvi, Viceroy of the Hu Kwang during the time of the Taiping rebellion. It was he who thought out and organized the scheme for the suppression of that rebellion, for which his lieutenants, Tseng Kwo-fan and his brother, Tso Tsung-tang, Peng Yunli, and Li Hung Chang reaped the glory. He was distinguished by his poverty, as was Tseng Kwo-fan himself, Peng Yunli and Tso.

These men wielded immense influence over the councils of State, chiefly on account of their poverty, which in a Chinese official is a test of probity, an influence which owes much of its strength to the attachment of the people to every man who comes unspotted through the severe temptations of Chinese official life. Everything may be forgiven in China to a poor official. The greatest blunders of Tso Tsung-tang were condoned and no eccentricity of policy or brusquerie of deportment was able permanently to diminish his influence. The greatest living example, however, is the redoubtable Viceroy Chang Chintung, who owes much to the vacuous condition of his purse. "No doubt he is by nature courageous, but his courage derives its daily sustenance from the consciousness that he has nothing to fear. No treacherous subordinate or blackmailing censor can find a hole in his armor of proof, and he holds his head erect and defiant, triumphing even over his own mistakes and shortcomings."



HORNETS AT THE COUNTRY SEAT.

"All right, Terrance, and I wish you would see what repairs the hay rake needs. Then you can couple on to it and take it to the machine shop. My idea is that it only needs new crosshead babbiting, water gauge ferrules, pet cock-rod handles, steam chest gland bushing and a goose neck ring eye."

It is said that much of the hard earned money which Mr. Gould gets every month for his railroadings is spent on his farm at Irvington. He hasn't so much ground as Cy Field has, but it is under a higher state of cultivation. Mr. Gould likes to encourage crops, while Mr. Field prefers to see his grounds grow up kind of wild, as they do in England. Jay has a peculiar weakness. It is for having real hornets on his country seat. He says he thinks it promotes activity, and induces one to make gigantic strides toward something better.

Mr. Field has quite a lodge or toll gate at the entrance to his grounds, where the lodge-keeper's wife hangs out her clean clothes on Monday morning to scare the horses of the gentry. Mr. Gould goes up at about 4 o'clock on the New York Central Road, riding on an annual pass, and it is very rare that he is recognized by anybody. Quite often a large railroad hog occupies the seat with Mr. Gould and almost squats the life out of the man who has squeezed other people so much all his life. Mr. Gould stands it like a little man, however, and rarely squeals.

The great financier seems quite old this summer, but he says he is looking forward with hope to a bright immortality. He said that he was glad to see me, for he wanted to tell me about a kind act which he did a year ago in secret, hoping that it would get into the papers before this, but it had not. He said that other folks could do kind acts in secret somehow, and in forty-eight hours it would be in the papers, but he never could do it.

He then gave me a roll of solid manuscript in his own well-known hand, which had evidently been returned by a good many editors during the past year, as it had certain blue marks of disapproval all over the back. It reads as follows: "As the cold weather set in this year Mr. Gould began to do his butchering at Irvington. He generally kills three beef creatures and nine shotes in the fall with his own hand. He begins early in the morning to heat the water for scalding his hogs, and by sundown he is all through, and ready to cut up the meat as soon as it cools off."

"Yesterday was a gala day for Dobbs Ferry, Irvington and Tarrytown, for Mr. Gould gave out word in the morning to all the neighbors boys that they would be welcome at the killing, and could help themselves to their choice of the various internal organs of the animals killed. Many poor people got their winter's tripe in this way, and as far even as Youkers and Nyack people were supplied with sausage wrappers free."

"It was a beautiful scene, in the midst of which Mr. Gould might have been seen cheerily skipping about, and ever and anon opening up a fresh creature. It was an occasion which will be long remembered by the young people of Irvington, and fully illustrates the generosity and innate goodness of Mr. Gould. We trust that he may live long to give yet more delights and other such things to the young of the country."

I hope that the editor of this paper will see his way clear to print the enclosed, for it will not in any way compromise the paper, and I know it will do Mr. Gould much good.

BILL NYE.

P. S.—Mr. Gould would like two extra copies of the paper also.—B. N. in N. Y. World.

Will We Have American Quinine?

Adolph Sutro is trying the experiment of raising cinchona trees at his grounds above the Cliff House. It is from the bark of about a dozen varieties of this tree that quinine is extracted, and if they will thrive in this climate the trees will become very valuable. Moreover, the cinchona is a very showy tree and highly ornamental, some of them growing to a height of eighty feet. The enormous medicinal consumption of the bark of the cinchona has caused the tree to be extensively cultivated in India and Java. It grows in high altitudes in New Grenada, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, where there is a great deal of moisture. It has been tried with success in Australia, near the seacoast, and Mr. Sutro thinks some of the varieties will grow here, where there is a moisture in the atmosphere all the year round.—San Francisco Examiner.

Tailors say that the fast man is generally pretty slow about paying up.

NEWEST THING IN CARDS.

Directions That Clearly Explain "L'Adventure," So That Any One Can Play It.

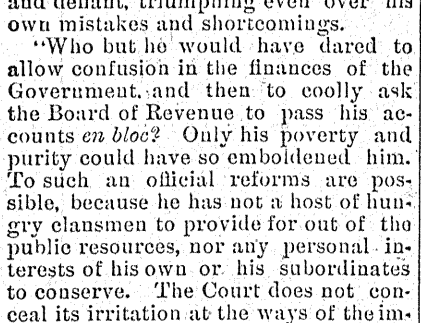
One of the newest games of cards popular in France is "L'Adventure" which may be translated as "risk" or "chance." The players may be any number, but not more than thirteen. The full pack of fifty-two cards is used, the cards holding their usual value. That is, the ace in each suit has the highest value; next the king, queen, knave, ten, etc., down to the deuce.

The player winning the deal shuffles the cards, and, after they are cut, deals them equally among the players, by single cards at a time. The number of cards each will thus receive of course depends upon the number of players. If there are five players each will receive ten cards; if six players, eight cards, and so on. Should a stock remain undealt it is laid to one side unturned.

Previous to or during the dealing of the cards a pool is formed by each player putting in as many counters as he receives cards. After the cards are dealt and the pool formed active play begins by each player in turn throwing down a card face upwards, commencing from the player to the right of the dealer and following this course around to the player on the dealer's left.

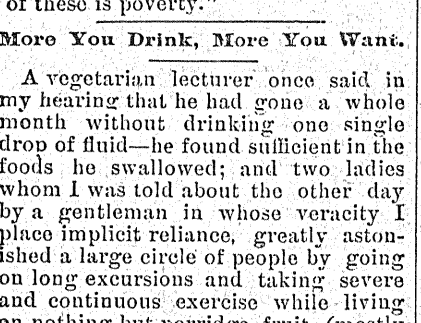
Each player lays his card before him on the table so that the cards belonging to each can be recognized. The players play any cards they please, without reference to suit or value. The trick is taken by the persons playing the card of highest value in the suit showing the most cards played in each particular round.

This will be made clearer by the following diagram. The players, numbering six, have played:

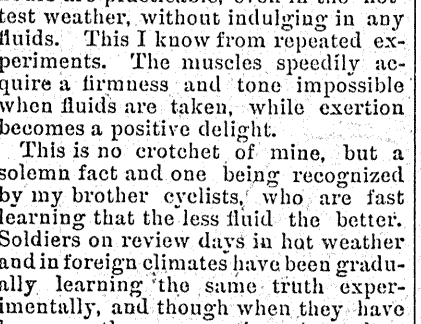


The player who has played the king of spades wins the trick, as that is the highest card in the suits of which the greatest number of cards were played.

If an equal number of cards are played in more than one suit the trick belongs to the player who may have played the highest card in those suits. For example:



The two leading suits here are spades and clubs, of which the highest is the ace of clubs. Consequently the trick belongs to the second player. If the two leading suits have their highest cards equal in value the trick is given to the player who has played the second highest card in these suits. As, for instance:



Here the trick belongs to the player of the five of spades, that card being nearest in value to the ten of spades, which is offset by the ten of clubs, according to the rule. In case of the second card being likewise equal to the rule applies to the card third in value, etc.

If it should happen that the preponderating suits are represented by exactly the same cards throughout the trick belongs to the first player. The player who wins a trick plays first in the next round. The hand played out, the players who have won one or more tricks share the pool according to the number of tricks won.

Each hand is played like the above; the player winning the last trick in the hand following.—Philadelphia Times.

Health Hints.

- Don't shake a hornets' nest to see if any of the family are at home.
- Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railway crossing.
- Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes towards you, run away. A slight draft is the most dangerous.
- Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.
- Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of a stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.
- Don't try to persuade a bull dog to give up a yard of which he is in possession. Possession to a bull dog is ten points of the law.
- Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy practices that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.—Texas Siftings.
- London Fogs. It is proposed to light up horses' heads with electric light during fogs in London.

ENGLISH FARM LIFE.

A Wayfaring Gossip Tells What He Saw in Lincolnshire.

I have recently had occasion to be moving about in the agricultural districts of Lincolnshire, says a writer in the London Daily News, and I am inclined to think that nobody could do that, with eyes and ears open, without now and again stopping to ask himself: "What is going to be the end of all this?"

"Just look round this neighborhood," said a particularly well-informed resident in the country. "Over yonder, at such a village, is an unoccupied farm of 700 acres; over yonder is another of 600 acres, and a little further off is another of perhaps 200 acres, which has attached to it 400 or 500 acres elsewhere. At another village," mentioning the name of it, "a farm of 400 or 500 acres lies vacant, another of 300 or 400, and another of 400 acres. All these are on one estate. There is another estate lying away yonder in another direction which has unoccupied farms of a total extent of about two thousand one hundred acres and another of 600 acres," and so the speaker proceeded with a list which apparently he could have continued almost indefinitely. Not, he was careful to have me understand, that the land was going out of cultivation, but that farmers were giving it up, and the great landowners were themselves cultivating it under the management of bailiffs. One very general effect of this is to reduce the number of hands employed upon the land, and, as a rule, bailiffs are harder taskmasters than farmers. Moreover as the number of employers diminishes the independence of the laborers diminishes also. A man has a smaller choice of masters, and is more completely under the thumb of any one who will give him work. If under such circumstances wages do not tend downward it is partly because they stand at a point at which it is scarcely possible for men to exist at all at a lower rate, and partly because there is a continual depletion of the country into the towns. Throughout the county of Lincoln wages stand at 12 shillings a week. There are some exceptional cases in which they are less, and there are other cases in which they are a trifle more; but 12 shillings a week appears to be the usual rate of pay nominally. The real pay is something less, because whenever the weather does not permit of their working in the fields, and nothing can be found to do indoors, 2 shillings a day is stopped; and, of course, it often happens that work is not to be had in any weather.

"I assure you, sir," said one dapper little woman, with a round, rosy face and a pair of laughing gray eyes that seemed to give the contradiction to all her statements of trouble and anxiety, "I assure you, sir, my ole man many a week in the winter ha' made on'y 8 or 10 shillings a week, and it's the winter-time as you seems to want it most."

You may hear any number of such ditties in almost any village of Lincolnshire, which, I suppose, is not conspicuously worse than other agricultural countries. All being well, however, the people make 5 pounds or so at harvest, and this may be taken to make up losses at other times; so that 12 shillings may be taken, perhaps, fairly to represent the weekly wages of agricultural laborers. House rent may, perhaps, be reckoned at 18 pence a week, and we have 10 and 6 pence for the keep of a man and wife and family in food, firing, clothing, schooling, and rates.

Good Cure for a Hoodoo.

"You would be surprised if you knew how many of the negroes still believe in the power of the hoodoo," said a police surgeon to a Kansas City Times reporter.

"They nearly all have the faith firmly fixed in their minds, though they are more careful about acknowledging it than they used to be. About two years ago I received a call from an old black man who said he had been 'conjured' by some old woman in Wyandotte, and he had been suffering from a terrible pain in both arms and shoulders ever since. He had been digging his yard all over in search of the coffin this old woman was supposed to have buried there in order to hoodoo him, and as the search had been useless he had become discouraged and come to me as a last resort."

"I sized up the case at once and gave him a prescription containing such odoriferous articles as iodiform, saltpeter, assafetida and a number of others, and told him to place them upon a red-hot shovel and fumigate the place. The Latin names I used greatly impressed the old man, and when he got a whiff of the villainous compound he was sure there must be something miraculous about the prescription. "He came to me the next morning and declared that he was thoroughly cured, and to the day of his death he ascribed that cure to the march he made about his house at midnight that night, carrying in front of him that shovel with its load of loud smells."

A Rattlesnake Baby.

The following is taken from a letter written by a Wasco county lady. After giving the name and date of a child's birth, she writes: "Where the child's fingers and toes ought to have been there were rattlesnake's heads, and there was a small snake grown from the top of its head and hung down on its face. The head of the snake was the child's nose, and whenever the baby moved the snake on its face would raise up, run out its tongue, and hiss. The baby only lived five hours, but the snake part lived five hours longer."—Portland Oregonian.

Politics and Literature.

In a recent interview Emile Zola, the French novelist, said: "I have always instinctively kept clear of politics. A man cannot be a politician and a literary man at the same time. These are two beings who strive in different ways for the same goal, that is, to be known and lauded by the multitude."

Deacon de Good.

It is said that a Frenchman has discovered that by watering dahlias with tepid water a delicious aroma is imparted to them.

AN UNHEARD OF ESCAPE.

How Nihilist Petrovski Eluded His Guards by Amputating His Thumb.

The recent outrage by the Siberian officials in flogging two women brings to mind an episode of the daring escape of a Siberian exile at Moscow, as told me by an Englishman, apropos of his residence in that city for some two years. "The exile," said he, "was the leader of a band of nihilists noted for their daring. He had many aliases, but was generally known as Petrovski. Physically he was one of the most perfect men I ever saw. He was of dark complexion, stood over six feet high and was built in proportion. It seems that he and part of his band had been captured in connection with some plot the authorities had unearthed and had been sentenced to life servitude in the mines of Kara. Knowing only too well what this meant, the men had become as desperate as caged lions by the time they reached Moscow and were willing to take any chance to effect their escape.

"If I remember correctly there were about a thousand prisoners in this cavalcade, and they were guarded by a regiment of St. Petersburg soldiers. Unlike the other prisoners, Petrovski and his party, were handcuffed to each other. They were under a double guard, as it was known that they would make an attempt at escape should the opportunity offer. No chance offered, however, until the day of starting for the mines arrived. The soldiers who were guarding the party appeared to be rather under the influence of liquor, and were not so vigilant as usual. I stood on the stoop of a small inn within ten feet of Petrovski and from the expression of his face I knew that something was in the wind. The officer who had charge of this part of the prisoners, who was noted for his brutality, had mounted his horse and stood near the party. The guards had walked off some distance and were conversing together. I saw Petrovski working at his handcuff, and then I saw him draw a common dinner knife from his jacket.

"The movement did not attract attention, and he then turned slightly, so that his back was toward the officer. Then I saw that he was going to attempt one of the most desperate escapes ever heard of. The man was certainly amputating his thumb with the table knife, so as to allow the handcuff to slip over his hand. He worked at it, never flinching, until the thumb dropped at his feet. The blood was flowing from the wound in a stream, but he tied it up with a rag after drawing the skin over the sickening wound, and had slipped the handcuff off. His companion was aware of his movements, but stood like a statue. The suppressed excitement I was suffering from, together with the daring bravery that I was witnessing, almost made me faint. I saw that the dare devil was as pale as a sheet, but without the slightest sign of fear.

He stood for a moment, and then began a slow slide movement toward the mounted officer. When within a few feet he turned with the fury of a tiger and seizing the officer dragged him from the horse. Before the guards could recover their senses he had mounted the horse and started off at a run down the street. A fusillade of shots followed him, but he escaped them all. His friends aided him, and he eventually made his way to Paris, where he still lives, with his wife and family, but minus his right thumb.—N. Y. Herald.

THIRSTY TRAVELERS' TREE.

It Furnishes an Unlimited Supply of Water to Weary Wanderers.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Antananarivo in the interior, had emptied his water flask, and was suffering from thirst, says the Missionary Herald. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water. "Any time you like it," said the native, smiling.

The European saw no signs of springs or water; but the native conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the tree.

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is good for." He pierced the root of one of the leaf-stems at the point where it joined the tree with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spouted out, which the European caught in his water-cin, and found cool, fresh, and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken supper, the native who had spoken went on. "This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the travelers' tree." "But where does the water come from that the tree contains?" asked the white man. "Is it taken up from the soil?" "Oh, no," said the native. "The leaves drink in the rain that falls on them, and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

A Nice Little Game.

Mr. Roe.—I have n't seen young Maus this morning. Mr. Dent.—No, poor fellow; I'm afraid he was pretty badly bitten at our little game last night. Mr. Roe.—Did he drop much? Mr. Dent.—Yes; he dropped his little all into the kitty.

Got Even with Him.

A lawyer in Pennsylvania was badgering a woman during the cross-examination, when she charged him with having sent his father to the poor-house, robbed his mother, and deserted his first wife, and the lawyer grew so quiet that a pin could have been heard to drop.

Deacon de Good.

"It might be a good idea to advertise your sermons in the Saturday papers. What is your subject for next Sunday?" The Rev. Prozy.—"How can I tell. The sermon is not half written yet."—N. Y. Weekly.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tings his brow with sunset glow.
Why should you go a words no'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song,
Prize it. Do not let the singer
Wish deserved praises long.
Why should one who thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you,
Prize it. 'Tis the joy man's saying—
Join it. Do not let the speaker
Ere before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Share them. And by kindly sharing,
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the joy man's saying—
For both grief and joy a place.
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By a friendly helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly,
Ere the darkness veils the land.
Should a brother workman learn
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go—
Leave to em. Trust the Harvest Giver;
He will make each seed to grow.
So, until its harvest end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

THE CRICKET.

A perfectly formed little person, with hands and feet a duchess might envy, a miniature woman, with the fresh, but freshly complexion given by life in the open air, with two liquid black eyes, which made the heart beat quicker of those on whom they rested—such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos. A rickety old house built over the stream, quite alone in a forest of alders, leaning over on one side, the life of the old stones taken out of them by their veil of ivy, with huge piles underneath, which looked like crutches; resounding continually with a busy hum like a woman's constant clatter—such was Noeline's home, the mill of Espitos.

Although it was old, the mill had faithful customers; and although the miller was small, she had many admirers. Among them the most devoted were Aristide Lariensec, a big red faced fellow, son of a neighboring miller, and Jonanin Lacaze, a pale blonde, who was serving his apprenticeship in one of the most important shops of the town.

Aristide, the miller's son, hung about the mill, his pockets full of fruit for the young miller. They sat before the millstone and ate them, while the iron wheel sang its rhythmic song as the water poured over it, and the flour fell white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin, the apprentice, was less fortunate. He could rarely see Noeline, except on Sunday after mass, when she went to the shop to buy needles and thread. Then indeed Jonanin was flushed with pleasure.

He spread out before the eyes of the young girl his whole store of thread and needles, and they were a long time in choosing, for sometimes their fingers met as they turned over the merchandise.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoon Jonanin had two hours to himself, and he went to fish in the stream of Espitos. He did not catch much, for the stream had fewer fish in it than any in the country, but Jonanin placed himself so that he could both watch the window of the mill and his float; he consoled himself for the immobility of the latter by what he saw through the former. At nightfall Noeline came to look for her ducks along the bank of the stream, and the pressure of hands which the lovers exchanged in the Sunday twilight was so sweet that Jonanin dreamed for nights about it.

The miller did not hesitate between her admirers. She preferred Jonanin. She hardly thought of any one else. When she was with him she was perfectly content.

Therefore the blonde Jonanin was authorized to pay his court to her. Noeline's mother invited him to come and eat chestnuts at the mill during the long autumn evenings. But the first time he went a strange thing happened. The cricket which always sang on the kitchen hearth was suddenly silent. "It is so singular," thought Noeline's mother, and the young girl turned pale.

And when the young man made his second visit the cricket did just the same. As soon as the young man opened the door the cricket ceased his song. Then Noeline's mother crossed herself and the young miller clasped her trembling hands under her apron.

And each time that Jonanin entered the house the hostile cricket was silent, and if they listened carefully they heard a strange noise, an inexplicable scratching in the chimney, like a protest of the little insect. Noeline wept abundantly; her mother was very unhappy.

Both of them, like most peasants, attached great importance to the song of their cricket. They knew that one of these insects singing in the house assures happiness and prosperity to its inmates. If it was silent when Jonanin came, it was because Jonanin brought ill luck. It was imperative that he should stay away.

Nevertheless Noeline knew that her suitor was good, honest, and laborious; she seemed to read promises of happiness in his tender gray eyes; but the cricket would not agree. It would perhaps be dangerous to despise its warning, and when the tired youth came, with a beating heart and a voice broken by emotion, to ask Noeline's mother for her hand, the mother was grave and the young miller could hardly keep from sobbing aloud behind her apron. Jonanin was refused. They did not give him the true reason. It would have pained him too much to learn that he would bring misfortune to any house he entered.

The mother found plausible reasons to

give him, and Noeline went out to conceal her sorrow. She sat down near the mill stone in the dilapidated mill listening to the drops of water as they fell on the big iron wheel, and when she heard Jonanin shut the door and pass out among the alders, and along the bank of the stream mourning to himself, it seemed to her that her heart had stopped beating, and she prayed to God aloud, as if she was afraid she should die.

The following week Jonanin left the country. With his clothes tied up in a little bundle he went away at dusk, when the last leaves were shivering on the trees. He went through the alder woods and along the bank of the little brook of Espitos. The young miller saw him come and she stood motionless before her mill.

"Good night, Noeline," he said slowly.

"Good night, Jonanin," she replied, dropping her eyes.

Then, as he went on, she ventured to ask:

"Are you leaving the country?"

He seemed to stagger on the leaf covered path.

"Yes, I have found a place at Orthez."

She said nothing. Her fingers played with the little silver cross which hung about her neck, and with troubled eyes she watched Jonanin until he disappeared among the deepening shadows of the silent forest.

A small, thin, pale person, with hands and feet like those of a skeleton, looking as if nature had begun to make a woman and failed, but with two big black eyes much younger than her face, such was Noeline Farques, the miller of Espitos, twenty years after the departure of Jonanin Lacaze. Women in the south fade early. The mill, older by twenty years, and showing it, stood across the stream, keeping erect by the aid of some additional crutches, and its tic tac was just as joyous as when it was new.

Noeline had never married. After Jonanin went away no other lover could touch her heart. Aristide Lariensec, who had loved her with a passionate, jealous love, had been refused like the others. The young man, long inconsolable, had married at last. He never came to see Noeline except to sell his grain. He had doubtless both forgotten the fruit they used to eat beside the millstone while the flour fell white and silent, powdering everything around.

Jonanin had never come back. Many and many a time Noeline had walked along the border of the stream with the hope of seeing him reappear. She thought of him every day; and every night when the cricket sang she dreamed melancholy dreams before her sad heartstone until her rusklight died out.

Alas! Orthez was so far off. People from Espitos never went there. At the shop in the town they had no news of Jonanin. What had become of the youth with the blonde hair? Sometimes, when her old maid's soul was sadder than usual, Noeline prayed for him, but little by little the beating of her heart grew cold and monotonous.

One night Noeline, who was 42 years old, was waiting for Lariensec, the former rival of Jonanin. He was coming to discuss the price of the maize he wished to sell her. The miller had offered 12 francs 5 sous a sack. The farmer asked 10 sous more. It was nearly 9 o'clock. The shadows were warm; the moon threw its white light on the winding path through the alders. Noeline, standing on the threshold of the mill, saw some one coming.

"It is not Lariensec," she thought; "he would not come by that path."

The man had a wooden box on his back, he walked slowly, seemed tired, and looked at the stream and the trees and the mill as a stranger might.

"Good evening," he said, stopping.

"Would you like to see Notre Dame de Lourdes?"

"He is a Bearnaise or a Bigourdan colporteur," thought Noeline. "One of those merchants from Pau or Bagnieres who, under the pretext of showing an image of the Virgin at the bottom of their box, sell chaplets and medals, thread and needles to the country people."

"My friend, it is rather dark to see your Virgin."

But as the merchant had a gentle voice, and as the intercession of the Virgin might induce Lariensec to sell his corn at 13 francs 5 sous the sack, Noeline said: "Come in; I will look at the Holy Virgin by the saint light."

And the merchant entered. When Noeline could see him she felt the blood rush to her thin cheeks, and when the colporteur had seen her face he seemed equally astonished. And in a plaintive voice he asked: "So you still live here, Noeline?"

"Ah! good God!" said the miller, feeling her heart beat as it had not done for years, "is it possible that it is you, Jonanin?"

And for a moment they were silent.

The water of the brook fell in noisy drops on the iron wheel, just as it did long ago, when Jonanin came to see her. And suddenly behind the warm hearthstone they heard the shrill chirp of a cricket. Noeline felt in her eyes a warm moisture like a gathering tear.

Jonanin told his story. He had been successful at Orthez. He had married, had children, had a shop of his own, was prosperous and happy. But after all these years the desire to see his old home had seized him, and for the sake of economy had come like a Bearnaise colporteur, selling needles and thread on his way.

"Oh, I was sure you would succeed, Jonanin," sighed Noeline.

The cricket in the chimney went on singing. The woman seemed almost overpowered by her increasing emotion.

"Then, why," stammered Jonanin, "will you tell me, Noeline, why you would not be my wife twenty years ago?"

At first she could not answer; she pointed to the chimney as if half ashamed, and would have been glad to hide her head in her apron, as she did when she was young.

"It was the fault of the cricket," she stammered.

"Of the cricket?"

"Yes! I was foolish. I thought you would bring me misfortune. The cricket

stopped singing when you came to see me.

"He stopped singing! Why?"

Noeline shrugged her shoulders, in sign that she did not know. They both stood silent, dreaming, and they dared not look into each other's eyes by the light of the smoking resin.

Very soon Lariensec, the farmer, entered.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, after the peasant fashion, saluting many times as there were persons in the company.

And when he had recognized the former shopkeeper—

"What, Jonanin! you here! What the devil are you doing here?"

"I come to talk over old times. It does one good at our age."

"Ah, yes, the old times?" said Lariensec. "I remember that you were to have been married, you and Noeline."

"Certainly!" replied the miller.

"And do you know what kept us apart?" asked the merchant. "A cricket."

"Bah!" exclaimed Lariensec. "In fact, I seem to remember—"

He burst into a loud laugh.

"Ah! It was too good!" said he, "too good!"

Then seriously.

"Bah! You are happy, are you not? Both happy? We are all happy here; so we may confess our little peccadilloes of other days! Ah! that was one too good. Do you know, Jonanin, why the cricket did not sing? We are all friends, you know, old fellow? Well, it was because I was watching you; I scratched in the chimney there, on the side next our field, when you came to pay your court. Ah! other people loved Noeline, too, and other people were furiously jealous!"

Then seeing that this revelation was coldly received, and that Noeline looked at him sadly, he resumed generously:

"That is not all; I come to tell you that I accept your price for the corn: 12 francs and 5 sous the sack. Does that suit you, Noeline?"

And Noeline in a low voice:

"That suits me, Lariensec."

Then the farmer bought some spools of thread from the merchant from Orthez for his wife and paid without bargaining.

"Good evening, good evening," he said, going out.

And the two old lovers were left alone.

They did not say much to each other. Jonanin slowly put up his merchandise. Noeline watched him, unconsciously turning over the little silver cross which she still wore with her bony fingers. For one despairing moment she was perhaps tempted to press her lips to Jonanin's hair, once blonde, now turning gray; but she restrained herself; her virgin lips were ignorant how to give such a kiss.

"Well, good night, Noeline," said the colporteur, lifting his box to his back.

"Good night, Jonanin!"

They awkwardly pressed each other's hands and parted.

He took the path through the woods on which the moonlight fell; she standing on her threshold watched him go, while in the chimney the cricket sung in the sad night, sung with a calm clear untiring voice, as if he wished to tell Noeline of all the happiness she might have had.—[The French of Jean Rameau.]

HE KNEW THE COMMODORE.

A Glimpse Into the Character of the Elder Vanderbilt.

One day when I was a boy I happened to be on the piazza of Gabe Case's old road house, watching the trotters, when old Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt drove along in a small road wagon, with jaws set hard and his brows drawn together in a thoughtful scowl. As he came along an old horseman with a wisp of whiskers on his chin wandered out of the door of the hotel, and catching sight of the great railroad king, suddenly started forward and yelled:

"Hay, Commodore! come in here; I want to see yer."

At the sight of him the commodore half reined in his horse, and losing all his look of worry and anxiety, cried:

"Hallo, Bill! When'd you come 't town? Can't stop now. Glad to see 't you."

"Come on in here, I tell you," said the stranger.

Nearly everybody was abashed at any man addressing the greatest citizen of New York in that fashion, but the commodore seemed to think it was all right.

"I will stop a minute," he said.

The two men shook hands, but before the commodore could speak the old backwoods horseman said with glittering eye:

"You know the chestnut colt?"

"With the white stockings?"

"The same."

"Well," said the rural visitor, with a smile that spread all over his face, "he's only done 18, that's all. An' you put him out of yer stable."

"Ee ain't trotted in 18?" said the commodore excitedly.

"He's done that same."

"Bill," said the railroad magnate thoughtfully, but with an air of overwhelming conviction, "I must say that when it comes to a hoss, you're a horse!"

The stranger accepted the great compliment modestly, and then the two men sat on a bench and talked about crossing different breeds for speed with the animation of school boys. The richest man in New York was absolutely oblivious to time and his surroundings, for it was 7 o'clock when he suddenly bounced up and started for home on the discovery that he was already an hour late for dinner.—[Philadelphia Times.]

Where They Smoke Cigars.

The Burmese girls are very bright, and good beggars, too, and when one steps up to you with a six inch cigar in her mouth and her comely person swathed in garments, the colors of which would rival Joseph's coat, and offers you her wares, the only thing for a man to do is to buy and buy at once. The girls are noted for their independence, and they walk about the streets and through the bazaars and around the pagodas with big cigars in their mouths with as much freedom as do the men in most countries.

WAVERLAND.

A Tale of Our Coming Landlords.

BY SARAH MABIE BRIGHAM.

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

Stella made no answer but her look of love and trust was more eloquent than words. Myrtle, my sweet shy little sister, came to Stella, and putting her arms about her neck wept for joy.

Annie came with her merry greeting, and not a shade of care or sorrow on her fair face. Colonel Haynes was also among the first to wish us joy and happiness. Soon after the congratulations were over we were invited to a most sumptuous banquet.

As I looked across the table I was pleased to see Colonel Haynes with Sir Wren and Annie, conversing in the most friendly manner. Melvorne looked contented. The quiet dignity that he always possessed seemed now to lend an added charm to his behavior, as he moved among the guests in the grand drawing room. Music and song, and the lively sparkle of joyous wit, made the evening pass like a fleeting fairy tale.

This was the beginning of a series of dinners and receptions. At Blue Ridge the next day, the mansion seemed a perfect Eden of bloom and fragrance. Lady Hortense, with exquisite taste had arranged everything in the most delightful order. A grand concert was the final treat.

Sir Wren could not forget the important political questions of the day even amid all this gaiety, but would always find some one with whom he could discuss the difficult problems agitating the country. During the concert instead of listening to the music, he was in a retired corner of the great drawing-room in earnest conversation with a member of the British Parliament. When I heard Parnell's name I became interested and asked Lady Waverland to excuse me and I soon joined them in the discussion.

"But sir," said Sir Wren, "why need the new party be destroyed?"

"The power they will hold can force one party or the other to grant their demands in the coming parliament. If the men are elected, in the strength that Parnell expects, he will hold a controlling power," said the M. P.

"I believe he will elect nearly every candidate he chooses to nominate," said Sir Wren, earnestly. "But England need not care," he continued, "if she is willing to comply with an act of parliament passed in the first year of the present century. That the independence of Ireland should ever remain to her."

"Why sir," said the M. P., "that can never be. Ireland is a part of the empire, and as such she can never be independent!"

"Ireland does not ask complete independence, but to have the legislative right for a local parliament and local government."

"If we should grant that in this coming parliament, in the next she will ask even more. The more we grant the Irish people the more they want!" exclaimed the M. P., with animation.

"I will grant that, sir," said Sir Wren. "But one must remember that what rights they now enjoy they have had to struggle hard to obtain. And we cannot blame them for longing for more liberty. They only ask that their laws may be made by their own people, and that their interests may be protected by laws of their own making."

"Could we grant them so much without making our landed interest void?" asked the M. P.

"Yes sir, I think we could," replied Sir Wren. "But I believe the transfer of our land titles should be through the government, and that the owners of lands in Ireland should be compensated for their lands by bonds bearing interest issued by the government."

"Would you be willing to part with your lands on these conditions?" asked the M. P.

"I would. I believe every evil that now rests on Ireland or any other country where land monopoly is allowed, grows out of the false system of the lands being held by the few and worked by the many," said Sir Wren warmly.

"But, Sir Wren," I said, "if the English government held the lands of England and Ireland as carelessly as the American government holds the lands entrusted to it for future generations, in a few years the lands would all be held by a small minority."

"That is true," said Lord Sanders, as he joined the group. "I own nearly one hundred thousand acres in Illinois and about as much more in Kansas and Nebraska. And not an acre but will yield me ten times the amount it has cost me, in less than five years. And I can secure tenants on better terms than in Ireland."

"Then America will soon feel the same appalling misery and hear the same helpless cries that afflict and curse Ireland to-day!" said Sir Wren.

"Even now she feels that," I said, remembering my visit. "In the districts where tenants occupy the lands, you see the same wretched hovels and signs of destitution that we see in Ireland!"

"Well it brings us a fine income," said Lord Sanders, putting his hands into his pockets with a satisfied air. "I can live in luxury and ease and my family can hold a high position in the world while these proud Americans are glad to sweat for the gold I spend!"

"But how many families are bound under iron clad leases and driven almost to starvation to provide you with the means for all your pleasures?" said Sir Wren.

"I don't know," said Lord Sanders indifferently. "They do well enough. They only pay me rents for my lands."

"To think," said Colonel Haynes, who joined the group in time to hear Lord Sanders' last remark, "that any American citizen must pay tribute to a foreigner for the privilege of living on American soil! It would be a queer sight for our State militia to be called upon, as her majesty's troops are in Ireland, to evict an American citizen from his home, because he cannot pay his foreign landlord the rack-rent demanded. Why, we boast that we are free from paying tribute money to foreign nations, especially to Britons! I thought that our war of independence meant something!"

"Well I am glad to hear that America is following in our tracks," said the M. P. "They will soon feel the annoyances we are laboring under, from the false system that was established years ago; if it is a false system."

"Glad! no! I would rather sound the note of warning so long and loud that every free American citizen would rouse up with the independent energy of their forefathers and crush out this foreign element which only holds her lands as means to obtain tribute money. No bloody war can make her suffer more than this cruel

land monopoly will, in time," said Sir Wren, with solemn earnestness.

"O, well, sir," said Lord Sanders, "they are not so sensitive as you are. They are glad to sell us lands; it brings our money into the hands of their land agents. And as long as we can hold the titles and make our own terms with the tenants, our income is sure."

"But they may not always be so quiet," said Colonel Haynes. "If our people begin to realize the danger of allowing foreigners to obtain such immense tracts of lands they may soon find a remedy, and those wealthy landlords may have to seek some other source of revenue. It seems that for years the General Land Office, at Washington, has been the most corrupt department that ever existed in any government on the face of the globe. The choicest locations have been secured to alien landlords, who will not sell, and on the whole they have introduced into America the feudal system that oppresses the poor tenantry in Europe. Rentals are placed at two or three dollars per acre and the tenants are compelled to pay the taxes on lands they occupy, besides. When will our people awake to the dangers? Congress should make some laws curtailing these frauds and restore the lands to the people who have just claims on the government for protection against these unprincipled land thieves."

"How would you dispose of the lands we now hold?" asked Lord Sanders.

"Pay you what they have cost you and no more!" said Colonel Haynes. "We extend to aliens the same rights and privileges of a bona fide citizen. Our people will not quietly submit to being robbed of their inheritance by alien capitalists and enemies to our institutions! Our lands are to be preserved for the use and benefit of American citizens only, if we wish to retain our present system of free government."

The amusement of the evening ended and the company gradually gathered round the party that had been having such an earnest and interesting discussion. It was a signal for adjournment which proved effectual.

The last reception was given at Raven's Park. There, Lady Waverland, or Stella, as I love to call her, assisted by the Duchess of Melvorne received the guests at the grand old mansion with quiet dignity. Colonel Haynes had established himself as Annie's companion at all these entertainments. She seemed well pleased with his society.

Notwithstanding the pleasure we enjoyed, I longed for the quiet of Waverland, where I could have the luxury of a happy home; for such I was sure it would be with my dear wife as my companion. As we were standing together after the guests had nearly all left, I said:

"To-morrow, little wife, we will be at Waverland once more."

"I am so glad," said Stella, with a quiet pleasure in her voice. "All this gaiety is nice, but I long for the rest of home."

"Well, we'll soon be home again," said Sir Wren, joining us as we stood by an open door.

"I am sure you will stand as member of parliament from our district, Loyd, at the coming election."

"I am willing to try. But I fear there will be a strong fight against me," I said.

"Very much will depend on Lady Waverland. If she is popular she will be a great help to you in the coming campaign," said Sir Wren.

"They will meet her first," I said, "at our reception and banquet. But I have no fear for her; she has a strong hold on the people's hearts already."

"How do you know?" she asked with a smile.

"I have heard of you very often among my tenants," I said, as we passed into the hall.

Sir Wren, Annie and Colonel Haynes were our guests at Raven's Park, and were to accompany us home to Waverland.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BRIDE'S HOME COMING.

The next morning we bade good-bye to the happy friends with whom we had shared so many happy hours. With many promises for exchange of letters and visits in the near future we left Raven's Park and started for Waverland. Sir Wren, Annie and Colonel Haynes were still with us. The Colonel had accepted an invitation to spend a month or two with us in Ireland to learn something of the true state of things there. I suspect a certain pair of blue eyes had a charm for him, greater even than the troubles of the country, judging from the attention he paid their owner.

Raven's Park was left in the care of the servants who had lived there in the days of Sir Edward, Stella's grandfather. It was arranged that we were to return there to spend the Winter.

"O, this is our station!" exclaimed Myrtle, as our train rolled up to the platform. We were met by a delegation of our people, and such a throng!

"Why, I did not know there were so many people in the country," said Sir Wren as we stood contemplating the situation and waiting for the train to move on. It was indeed a sight to behold! Women in their blue cloaks with happy, smiling faces; men in their smart Sunday jackets and children of all sizes, eager for a glimpse of our party. As the train moved on, so that they could see us, cheer after cheer made the air ring with shouts of "Hurrah for the 'swate lady!'" "Long life to young mastaer!"

"This is your home coming, darling," I said, helping Stella to a place in the carriage.

When at a little distance from the depot we were met by carriages full of people; it seemed as though all the country had put on its holiday garments and were having a jubilee.

As we were passing through the gateway Stella said:

"O, Loyd! you have copied that poem of a gateway from one we saw in Glen Eyrie!"

"Yes, I tried to make it like that, as a memorial of the love I found awaiting me in that far away land. And may it ever be a pleasant reminder of the happy hours we passed there," I said.

Myrtle was in an ecstasy of delight at being home again, and seeing so many people about.

"Sister Stella," said Myrtle, nestling in her arms, "you will never go away again will you?"

"No, darling, I am at home to stay with you now," she said.

"And Loyd too?" asked Myrtle.

"This is our home, all together now, little sister," I said, as we drove up to the doorway.

The old butler and his wife met us as we entered the great hall. He was more pompous than ever in his enormous wig, high coat collar and cravat, while his wife, who was the housekeeper, looked smart in a new cotton gown and fancy cap.

"And it's welcome home, ye are, Lord Waverland; and long life to ye's, and may

Lady," said the butler, making a most profound bow, as we entered the house.

Sir Wren, Annie and the Colonel were soon with us, and friends from every direction came to offer their congratulations. The broad beautiful lawn was full of people. Soon Stella and I were in their midst shaking hands with them, and receiving their "God bless ye's!"

It was a merry company that gathered at the long tables to partake of the sumptuous feast that afternoon; and, as we passed here and there we heard these remarks:

"I thought it was a great lady coming to Waverland, but it is the swate angel who came to me when I was sick!" or, "It's the swate leddy who told me how to make bread!" and, "It's the governess who was



Soon Stella and I were in their midst shaking hands with them.

here and came with her little box of medicine and doctored my Jammie when he had the measles, so it is!"

All united in calling her "the swate leddy." The children gathered round Lady Waverland for a kind word. No one was overlooked. Most of them Stella knew and remembered their names. She had a peculiar faculty of gaining children's love. I had often noticed when in a room full of strangers, the children would soon find their way to Stella's side.

While we were busy seeing that our people were having good cheer, the invited guests were enjoying themselves according to their own tastes and inclinations. Some were busy with ball and mallet at croquet. Others with bow and arrow were sending forth joyous peals of laughter at the mistakes or good hits of their companions. One and all were having a good time. Sir Wren was in an ecstasy of delight, and seemed the youngest of the party, giving a passing joke and friendly greeting to every one he met. As he and I were standing together and Stella was engaged with the little ones, I said:

"You see, Sir Wren, that there is no danger but that Lady Waverland will be popular with our people. She has won their love and trust as she has won mine, by the goodness of her heart. I have no fear but that it will continue."

"You are very fortunate Loyd, in securing such a lovely wife. I congratulate you with a warmer heart since I have seen her among the people. Her gentle influence will have great force for their good."

In the evening Lady Waverland was no less a favorite than among the humbler classes. The rich and haughty were glad to claim her for an acquaintance on account of her noble birth and great wealth. I thought as I saw some of the grand ladies and gentlemen who had formerly stung her sensitive heart with cruel words, now trying to win more than a passing greeting from her, how different their conduct would have been had she returned as simply a governess! But wealth and position are powerful agents with those who have no higher aims in life than show and fashion.

Lady Waverland was equally a favorite with rich and poor and made every one who came into her presence feel at ease.

A few days after our return the people gathered to hear Mr. Parnell and to choose a candidate to stand from our district for member of parliament. Our district was one of the most extremely nationalistic of any in Ireland. When Mr. Parnell came he found a remarkable gathering. It was thoroughly representative; people of all trades, merchants, mechanics, professors, laborers and noblemen had met to see and hear the "uncrowned king."

The applause and cheers that greeted Mr. Parnell were loud and hearty, but some hissed and many flourished the black thorn shillalah. That is a practical weapon in the hands of an Irishman and has convinced many a man against his will.

[To be Continued.]

Ten Culture in Natal.

Natal, South Africa, is now looked upon as the great tea producing country of the future. None of the tea has yet appeared in this country. The first plants were brought from Ceylon in 1877. J. L. Hullett, the pioneer, now has nearly three hundred acres under cultivation, and his crop is from eighty thousand to ninety thousand pounds annually. His plant cost but \$5,000. The land lies about one thousand feet above sea level, the soil containing a fair proportion of sand and decomposed granite, vegetable and other organic matter. The tea farm is open, level and is well tilled. The rows are laid out five feet apart, and the plants are set four or five inches apart. A crop is obtained after the first year, and increases up to the sixth year, when the plant matures, after which it bears for an indefinite period. Great care has to be taken to keep the ground loose and clear of grass and weeds. The picking begins in September and continues every ten days until June—twenty to twenty-two pickings in all. Nothing could be done with the native help, but coolies are plentiful, and are exclusively employed. They are able to pick from thirty-five to forty pounds of green leaves daily. The crop is sold in Durban at from eighteen to thirty-eight cents per pound, fully twenty-five per cent cheaper than the foreign product can be laid down in that market. The withering is done on large floors, the leaves being laid thin and constantly stirred by boys and girls. A hot and dry temperature is needed. The rolling is done by machinery, and has the effect of breaking up the juice. The fermenting process is the most particular of all, and upon it depends the quality of the product. The drying is done by hot revolving cylinders. The sorting is accomplished by the use of sieves, the top one containing the lowest grade of tea.

The self-made man has no prejudice against the tailor-made girl.—New Orleans Picayune.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

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

BROOKER & WICKWARE
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

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

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

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1890.

Council Proceedings.

COMMON COUNCIL ROOMS.

Cass City, Mich., Sept. 22, 1890.

The second Regular adjourned meeting called to order by the president, J. H. McLean.

Present—Trustees Schooley, Steynson, Hendrick and Alo.

Absent—Trustees Outwater and Marr. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

Bills laid on the table Sept. 5 together with four new ones, were read and referred to committee on claims and accounts, as follows.

A. A. McKenzie, labor with team	\$3 50
Jas. Higgins, labor	11 92
Jas. Higgins, labor	7 99
S. Jameson, labor	3 00
Thos. Sheffer, labor	5 00
S. Botsford, labor	8 12
H. Sheffer, labor	1 87
A. H. Brown, labor as Clerk six mo.	25 00
Brown Bros., publishing	15 00
Wm. Brown, lumber	9 39
Scott Brotherton, draying	7 70

Committee on Claims and accounts recommended that the above bills be allowed and on motion, the report of the committee was accepted and clerk instructed to draw orders on the treasury for same.

Moved and supported that druggists be notified to file their bonds. Carried.

Moved and supported that two special police be appointed by the council to serve the last two days of fair, Sept. 25 and 26. Carried.

Moved and supported that James Higgins and Eugene Morse be appointed as such police. Carried.

Moved and supported that the council adjourn. Carried.

J. H. McLEAN, President.

O. K. JAMES, Clerk.

DEFORD.

S. Gowing's babe is very sick.

Jasie Retherford is quite sick at present writing.

Edward Griffis, of Almont, is visiting the Retherford boys, his cousins.

We learn that a band of gypsies passed over the road east of here on the 20th.

Miss Livingston teaches the winter term of school in district No. 4, Kingston.

The health of Frank Sole, who has been sick so long, does not seem to improve.

Mrs. A. W. Sole was sick-a-bed the forepart of last week, but is better at present writing.

We learn that John Vance is home from the north woods. Whether to stay or not we cannot say.

Men who have the big head seldom experience any trouble in finding a hat large enough to fit it.

J. D. Funk and wife were called to Inlay City last week to attend the funeral of Mrs. Funk's mother.

A little stranger came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Osborne on the 19th inst. 'Tis a boy and looks like a stayer.

Several of our boys are going to Alpena on the 29th to work for Elmer Bruce, who has a large cedar job in that country.

Clark Courliss has a horse afflicted with thick tounge and cannot feed. It is a disease unknown to horsemen in this locality.

School will commence in district No. 6, Kingston, Oct. 6th. Bertha Putman, of Wells, will crowd the "learning" into the plate of the juveniles.

O. Valentine, of Oxford, was here last week buying cattle. His nephew, James Valentine of this place, assisted him in making the purchases.

George Martin, of section 35, Novesta, who has been at his father's in the Port Huron country for some time past, came home on the 20th.

Retherford boys and John McCracken have each completed 40 rods of Varhe's drain in Novesta. Jessie Sole will also complete his sixty rod job this month.

Chas. Hington, of section 10, Kingston, had a log rolling on the 17th. We were not present, hence cannot tell how great nor how well the job was done.

We understand that our sister town, Wilmot, will have a boom this coming winter, as three lumber camps will be established soon in her suburbs. May she wax strong and grow in greatness.

The friends of W. H. Goodrich will be sorry to learn that his health is so poor that he was forced to give up his school at Beryille, St. Clair county, where he was teaching. The doctor says he must have out-door exercise for a year, at least.

C. W. Canfield, one of the contractors on the Varhe's drain, has arrived on the ground with a spade that costs \$230 in the shape of a four wheel scraper for

digging open ditches and grading roads. It will be operated with six horses and three men.

During the dry season as we passed through Wilmot we met one of our sons of toil driving the frame of two large swine away from home towards the creek. "Why do you drive them in that direction?" we asked, "'tis near night." "Oh, yes, I know it," said the farmer, "but it is near feeding time and the hogs must be soaked up so they will hold the swill."

School Notes.

Handed in by Principal Coulton.

School closed Thursday and Friday for the fair.

No cases of tardiness in primary or high school this week.

If you would like to see some nice diagraming visit our advanced class in grammar.

Mr. and Miss McGee, with their sister, Mrs. Dr. Truscott, were visitor at the school last week.

Joseph Hennessey, George Perkins and Ashton Tindall, of the intermediate department, are the boys who were tardy this week.

The following are the names of the pupils of the grammar department, who failed to put in their appearance until after the bell had stopped. Hattie Deming, Howard Ewing, Charles Schenck and Martin Kline.

Elta McArthur met with a very sad accident Thursday evening of last week after returning home from school. She was on a horse power, which was being used at that time to run a cutting machine, and accidently fell off the platform, was caught between the wheels and had a limb broken. We are glad to learn that she is improving rapidly and trust that she will soon be in school again.

BURGLARY!

The House of John Striffler Broken Into and \$295 Stolen.

The most successful robbery ever perpetrated in this part of the county was committed last Tuesday. While John Striffler and family were in attendance at the fair on that day their house was broken into by some unknown person and two hundred and ninety-five dollars in cold cash stolen. The only clue to the supposed perpetrator is the description of a man seen loitering about that neighborhood by some of the neighbors. The man in question was about five feet nine inches in height, heavy build and wore dark suit and straw hat. Constable Striffler offers \$25 for the capture of the thief and Mr. Striffler also offers \$25 for the return of the money. Further particulars next week.

MORTGAGE SALE.
Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the twenty-third day of June, A. D. 1888, and executed by Hugh McDermott and Catherine McDermott, his wife, to John Marshall and recorded in the office of the register of deeds for the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, in liber 61 of mortgages on page 276, on the 30th day of June, A. D. 1888.

That default has been made in the conditions of said mortgage and in the payment of the principal and interest due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of three hundred and nine dollars (\$309) that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder on Monday, the 29th day of December, A. D. 1890, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, (that being the place where in the Circuit Court for the county of Tuscola is held) and that said premises are described in said mortgage as follows to-wit: The east half of the north west quarter of section eleven, in township number fourteen, north of range eleven east, which said premises will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest, that may accrue thereon after this date and up to the time of sale aforesaid, including the costs of foreclosure.

Dated September 26th, 1890.
JOHN MARSHALL,
Mortgagee.

J. D. BROOKER,
Attorney for Mortgagee.

CHANCERY NOTICE.—State of Michigan, (24th judicial circuit in chancery. Suit pending in the circuit court for the county of Tuscola, in chancery, at the village of Caro, on the 15th day of September, A. D. 1890.

OLIVE A. HEATH,
Complainant,

vs.
WILBER E. HEATH,
Defendant.

It is factually appearing by affidavit on file, that the defendant, Wilber E. Heath, is a resident of this state, but is now absent from his place of residence and that his present whereabouts are unknown. On motion of J. D. Brooker, complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, cause his appearance to be entered herein within four months from the date of this order. And it is further ordered that within twenty days after the date hereof, the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper printed, published and circulating in said county, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks in succession, or until such cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant, Wilber E. Heath, at least twenty days before the time prescribed for his appearance.

LUCAS P. ZANDER,
Circuit Court Commissioner, Tuscola Co. Mich.
J. D. BROOKER,
Solicitor for Complainant.

A true copy. Attest:
PETER P. DAWSON, Register.

FORECLOSURE SALE.

Notice is hereby given that a mortgage dated the fourteenth day of July, 1888, was executed by Bertha A. Reilly to William J. Cooper and recorded in the register of deeds office in Tuscola county, and state of Michigan, in liber 61 of mortgages on page 309, on the fourteenth day of July, 1888. That default has been made in the condition of said mortgage and the payment of principal and interest due thereon and there is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice the sum of sixty-one dollars and seventy seven cents, that under the power of sale in said mortgage contained, said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of October, 1890, at ten o'clock in the forenoon at the front door of the court house in the village of Caro, in said Tuscola county, and that said premises are described in said mortgage substantially as follows: all that certain piece or parcel of land situate and being in the township of Akron, in the county of Tuscola and state of Michigan, known and described as follows, to-wit: Commencing at the north west corner of section eighteen, running thence east seventy (70) rods, thence south fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods, thence west seventy (70) rods, thence north fifty-six and one-half (56 1/2) rods to the place of beginning, and containing twenty-five acres of land, more or less, and will be sold as aforesaid to satisfy the amount due on said mortgage with the interest that may accrue thereon after this date and the costs of foreclosure.

Dated August 1st, 1890.
T. C. QUINN, WILLIAM J. COOPER,
Attorney for Mortgagee, Mortgagee.

SPECIAL PRICES

DURING FAIR WEEK!

OUR FALL STOCK OF DRY GOODS

JUST RECEIVED!

WE SHALL PUT ON SALE ON MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22,

All Wool Dress Flannels at 25cts. worth 35.
All Wool Dress Flannels, 54 inches wide, at 50c. worth 65.
1000 yds. of New Styles in Plain Dress Flannels, 36 inches wide, at 25cts. worth 35.
10 pieces of Wool Faced Cashmere. Latest Shades, 34 inches wide, at 22cts. worth 25.
50 pieces Double Faced Satin Ribbon, No. 9, at 10cts; No. 12 at 15cts. worth 30.
1000 yards of Standard Dress Prints at 5 cents per yard.

GLOAKS. NEWEST AND LATEST STYLES. GLOAKS

Ladies and Gents Underwear in all the different Grades at

ROCK BOTTOM PRICES!

Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

FARMERS, NOW IS YOUR TIME!

-- To Buy --

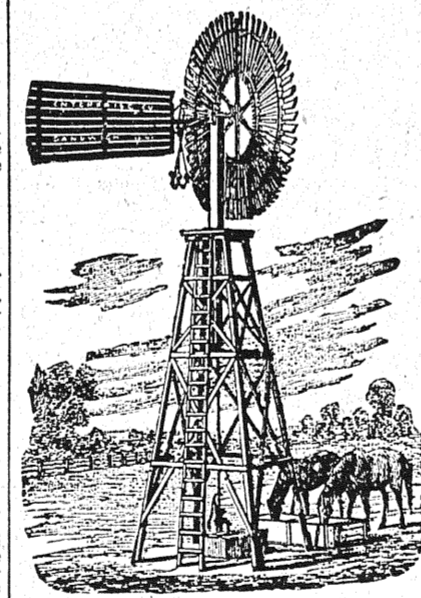
**Buggies,
Carts,
Wagons,
Cultivators,
Seed Drills,
Harrowes,**

Yes, Anything the Farmer needs, at

REDUCED PRICES.

For the Next Thirty Days.

Remember I Still Sell the Enterprise and Halladay Standard Wind Mills.



I will Exhibit on the Fair Ground, in Cass City, on

Sept. 24, 25, 26,

The Finest Line of

Agricultural

Implements

— YOU —

Ever Witnessed!

J. H. STRIFFLER!

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE!

— We have concluded to sell or Exchange our —

ENTIRE STOCK,

— CONSISTING OF —

Dry Goods, Groceries, Notions, Boots and Shoes, embracing a complete assortment of Ladies' Shoes made at the New Factory of A. C. McGraw & Co., and Warranted to be of Superior Excellence. WE WANT TO DISPOSE OF OUR ENTIRE STOCK, and will SELL or EXCHANGE it for Butter, Eggs, Greenbacks, Silver or Gold. Our reason for doing this is to make room for New Goods that are constantly arriving. A Large Stock of Dress Goods just received that are Sure to please you both in Style and price.

J. C. LAING, Cass City.

PULL, PULL, PULL!

Push, Push, Push!

We propose to do both, commencing Saturday, Sept. 20th and continuing during Fair week.

FIRST WE PULL,

By showing you the LARGEST STOCK of Boots and Shoes to select from ever shown in the county.

SECOND WE PUSH

By offering the GREATEST SALE ever heard of in the Thumb.

This [fair week] is the week we celebrate and we propose to make you a Party to the Celebration by Pulling and Pushing the Boots and Shoes before you so Cheap [for cash] that you can't resist the Temptation to help us celebrate the opening of the Cass City Fair Grounds.

Crosby's Boot and Shoe House.



Pilgrim's Progress.

A Pilgrim without Progress will not make a Saint, neither will a business without Progress stay long at the Front. It takes a constant Hustling, Bustling Tumult to keep in the Lead, which we have aimed to do since our start in life.

We have been Leaders in a jobbing way for nearly 20 years. Have been manufacturing many of our carriage goods for three years with such gratifying success that we have recently purchased a beautiful site and will erect a Model Carriage Factory.

This will be the Factory that A. & Co. and their friends have built. Will you, kind reader, throw few brick our way? Help us make this adventure a success by buying of us.

We will guarantee satisfaction and you may rely on First Quality Goods. We sell nothing we cannot fully warrant. Thanking you for past favors and hoping to have a continuance of the same, we remain,

Very Truly,
ANDERSON & CO.,
Port Huron, Mich.



Howe & Bigelow

— Don't Claim to Give Goods Away or Make —

Great Reduction Sales.

— But Sell all the Year Round at a Fair Margin a General Line of —

**HARDWARE,
MACHINE OIL,
BELTING LACE,
AINTS & OILS,
GAS PIPE,
TINWARE,
STOVES,
& PUMPS.**

We Have Just Secured the Services of our Former Tinner, MR. J. KLINE, and are now Prepared to Any Kind of Job Work.

REAVETROUGHING + A SPECIALTY.

Professional Cards.

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

HENRY G. WALES, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Agent for Caro Marble Works and Fire Insurance. Office day--Saturday.

A. D. GILLIES, NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc., carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Money to loan on Real Estate Also collecting.

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

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

Lodges.

I. O. O. F. CASS CITY LODGE, No. 208, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

W. B. PREDMORE, N. G. D. McGILVARY, Secretary.

H. O. T. M. Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Knights cordially invited.

H. C. WALES, RECORD KEEPER. JAS. OUTWATER, COMMANDER.

Tyler Lodge. TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., will hold its regular communications for the year 1890 in the Masonic hall on Saturday evenings on or preceding the full moon of each month.

HENRY STEWART, W. M. A. H. ALE, Secretary.

EXCHANGE BANK.

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

Commercial Business Transacted.

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

Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited. Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

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

CASS CITY MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like wheat, oats, beans, rye, barley, clover seed, peas, buckwheat, pork, butter, eggs, wool.

Caught On The Fly.

Fair week. Fair weather. It's a girl at Malcolm Crawford's. Mrs. Dr. McLean is on the sick list this week. Wm. West, of Caro, was in town on Tuesday. Harry Outwater is now playing the "devil" in this office. A list of the premiums awarded will be given next week. Mrs. J. H. Pearce, of Toronto, is the guest of Dr. McClinton's family. Mrs. Wm. Lewis, of Oxford, is the guest of Mrs. E. McGeorge, this week. Sam Champion imported a darkey barber to assist him this week. A. G. Berney closes his elevators today so the boys can attend the fair. The weather this week has been exceedingly favorable for holding the fair. Miss Studie McGilvary returned to her home in Bay City on Tuesday last. The front of W. Eliever's store is now illuminated each evening by gas lights. Miss Jennie Walmesley expects to leave soon for Detroit to learn more about the dressmaking trade. Rev. Tompkins visited Detroit Tuesday and called on his son, whom he had not seen for two years. Miss Bell McGilvary left on Tuesday last for Buffalo, where she intends remaining the coming winter. Mrs. Doctor Morris, of Vassar, and Mrs. C. H. Halsey, of Pontiac, are the guests of Mrs. M. A. Metcalf. Rob Green's familiar voice was heard on our fair ground during the fair. Bob had a one-horse show with him. The bands were out serenading Thursday night and the editors were among the favored ones. Thanks, gentlemen. The gypsies packed their baggage on Saturday night at the north river and again took up their journey for nowhere.

Insane.

Adam Heron, a farmer living six miles north of Cass City, has for some time past been showing signs of insanity. On Sunday last the family became frightened at his actions to such an extent that the neighbors were called in for assistance. On Monday he was conveyed to the county jail at Bad Axe for safe keeping until he can be removed to the asylum. Mr. Heron has always borne the reputation of being an upright, honest and hard working farmer.

There was an excursion from Bad Axe to the Sebawaing coal fields last Sunday.

K. S. Work shipped another carload of apples to the eastern markets last week Thursday.

Miss Carrie Robinson has returned from Bay City, where she has for some time past been engaged in dressmaking.

Our merchants have been offering some rare bargains this week as was evident by the large number of hand bills printed for them at this office.

Simmon Botsford and family expect to leave Cass City and take up their residence at Owosso. We regret their departure, but wish them success.

Ab. Higgins visited Sebawaing last Sunday. He was accompanied on his return by J. F. Hendick and wife, who have been visiting there for sometime.

Miss Kate Monroe, who came home from Detroit about three weeks ago sick with intermittent fever, is convalescing. She is so as to be able to sit up at present.

R. S. Brown of Gagetown presented the ENTERPRISE staff on Saturday last, with a box of beautiful grapes, that were raised in his vineyard north of Gagetown.

The regular monthly meeting of the ladies' aid society, of the M. E. church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. Orlando Predmore, Wednesday, Oct. 1st. All are cordially invited.

The ENTERPRISE is issued on Saturday this week in order to report the fair. An extraordinary rush of work and a shortage of help has made it impossible to issue it before that time anyway.

Robert Miller has returned home from West Superior, Wisconsin, where he has been engaged in a feed store. Robert says West Superior is a lively town and that he will move to that place in the spring with his family.

Chas. McKiehan, only son of the late Alex. McKiehan, had a narrow escape from being killed last week by being thrown out of a lumber wagon while returning home from school. The wheel passed over his head bruising it quite severely. Dr. McLean, who was called to attend him, has hopes for his recovery.

Dr. R. C. Ogilvie, of Port Hope, was nominated by the republican senatorial convention held at Caro on the 18 inst, for Senator from this district. As Tuscola county had held the office for two terms it was conceded that the nomination belonged to Huron county provided Huron county delegates would unite on a man, which they did unanimously.

John McCully's farm was visited by some party or parties one night last week and his grape vines relieved of considerable grapes and one of his peach trees broken. He says they are welcome to the grapes and can have the remainder of the peach tree by calling at his farm. Some individuals do not seem to be satisfied unless they are destroying the property of others.

On Saturday evening last while R. McBride and wife, who live five miles north of this place, were away from home and their sons were doing the chores at the barn, through some accident the lantern was upset and exploded. The barn and all its contents were soon consumed by the flames. The loss was about \$1,000, which was covered by insurance in the American Insurance Co.

Robert Brown and wife were very pleasantly surprised by their children and a number of their relatives assembling at their home on Saturday last to celebrate the thirty-fifth anniversary of their wedding. They were the recipients of some beautiful and costly presents. The surprise was complete and they were more than pleased with the manner in which their silver wedding was celebrated.

Rev. W. P. Tompkins will preach his farewell sermon at the Baptist church next Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. He has accepted a position to preach in the southern part of the state. During the time Mr. Tompkins has lived in our midst he has made many warm friends who will sincerely regret his departure. The best wishes of the ENTERPRISE for their future prosperity go with him and his family to their new place of residence.

Every newspaper man has, sometime in his business experience, met the man who "now takes more papers than he can read." One of our exchanges says he was in town last week. He wiped his nose on an awning, tried to blow out an electric light at the hotel, failed to light his cigar on it, paid 25 cents for an almanac, put a nickel in the slot at the post-office and kicked because the mail didn't appear, wanted to lick the cashier at the bank because he closed at 4 o'clock, and watched the clock sign over one of the jewelry stores waiting for it to strike, then went home--and next day secured the right to sell a patent ice cream freezer, paying therefor \$75. He is now on the war path in search of the patent right fakir.

DENTISTRY.

I desire to say to the people of Cass City and vicinity that in connection with my eight years' experience in dentistry I have just completed two practitioners courses in Chicago schools of dentistry; one with Drs. Haskell & Stout and one at Chicago college of Dental Surgery, both of which I have certificates to show, and invite you to give me a call when in need of dental work. My prices are reasonable and work guaranteed satisfactory.

I would say here that Dr. Haskell is known as one of the best Prosthetic dentists in the world, with about 40 years of experience.

Office in front rooms over Postoffice. I. A. FRITZ, DENTIST.

ENCOURAGE Home Industry

By Buying Your

SPRING and LUMBER WAGONS

OF

H. S. WICKWARE

Each wagon is of my own make and sold under a guarantee.

I also keep in stock the

OVIO BUGGIES

AND

Road Wagons.

On which I Defy Competition.

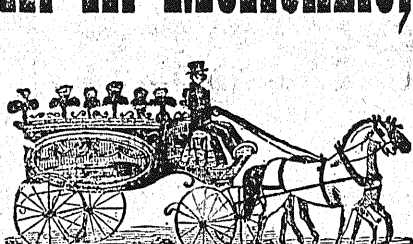
REPAIRING neatly executed on short notice.

BLACKSMITH SHOP in connection.

When in the city give me a call, see the work and get my prices.

H. S. WICKWARE.

A. A. McKenzie,

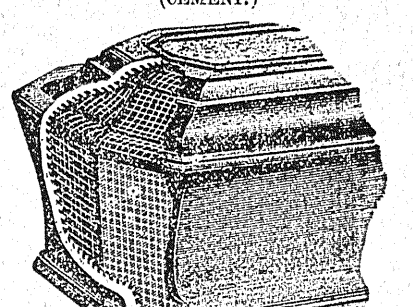


UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director.

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

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET. (CEMENT.)



The expense of the above Casket is but a trifle more than that of a wood Casket.

FOR SALE, VERY CHEAP.

AND ON THE

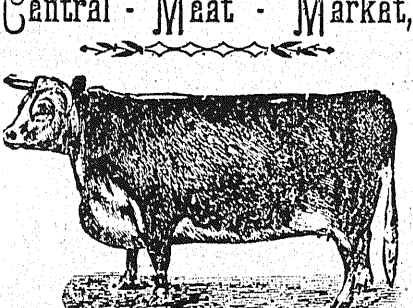
Most Liberal Terms!

The east half of southeast quarter of section 36, township 14 north of range 12 east. The land is going to be sold and the buyer will get a bargain. Write or call on

A. T. SLAGHT & CO.

CARO, MICH.

Central - Meat - Market,



J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.

Recently refitted throughout with all the latest conveniences. Finest Market in the city.

TRY - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.

McDougall & Co. McDougall & Co.

DOWN GOES THE PRICES ON CLOTHING!

Until Further Notice We Offer EVERYTHING in CLOTHING at Prices That Will Astonish You!

SUITS.

Come and See our Display of Mens', Boys', Youths' and Children's Suits

PANTS.

Largest Stock, Best Goods and Lowest Prices of any house in Cass City. Come while the Stock is Fresh.

HATS.

All the Latest Styles in Hats, Come and be Convinced of the Fact that this is the Place to Buy Everything in the line of Hats. We have them from Boys 25 centers up.

UNDERWEAR.

Oh Boys, they're Dandies! Do not Fail to See what We have to Offer. Our 50c. Shirts and Drawers are dandies. Our 75c. shirts and drawers can't be beat. Our \$1.00 shirts and drawers sell at first sight.

Complete stock of Lumbermen's supplies, such as Kerse Pants, Mackinaw Shirts, Jackets, Socks, Jersey Shirts and at Prices that will cause you to Buy at first sight.

Our Stock is all New and Complete!

NO OLD GOODS TO PUSH! EVERYTHING FRESH!

In addition to what we have named above we have a

Full Line!

Of White and Flannel Shirts, Ties, Collars, Gloves, Hosery, Etc.

McDougall & Co., Cass City.

LIKE lightning the cyclone seldom strikes the same spot twice, but the reason generally is that the spot isn't there.

IT is said that the house in which Columbus died is being used as a cattle shed. It should be brought to Chicago to the world's fair. Chicago is the largest cattle market in the world.

M. EMILE ZOLA whispers into the ear of the expectant world that he takes a cold bath every morning. This is very well, but where M. Zola makes his mistake is in not treating his works to a cold bath. They need it.

THERE is a large farm in Mississippi in which there is only one old whip, and that is not used. The owner will not permit the whip to be used on any of the stock, and the farm does well and the animals with a will without feeling the lash.

AMERICANS have little idea of the solemn formality that surrounds a marriage in European families and in noble families especially. The family council is always an imposing affair, even when there are no titles and but small estates involved.

NEW YORK city in many respects is as much of an English city as London. It is crowded with foreign contract labor. It has more sympathy with British institutions and ideas than with American. The typical American city is Chicago.

TOO MUCH wisdom may make a financial operator too cautious or too confident, either of which conditions may ruin him. The too ignorant speculator, like an ignorant man in any other vocation, is entirely too much in the power and at the mercy of others.

THE manufacture of cotton goods in Ceylon has for the last few years made remarkable progress. The island promises well to become as dangerous a rival to India in that branch of industry as in the cultivation of tea. Wages are even lower there than in India.

THE fact that the waves in the North Sea differ in shape when caused by northeast wind under high pressure from those caused by a southwest wind with low barometer is considered as a proof that the air in an anti-cyclone is a descending current and the air in a cyclone an ascending current.

IN this country the average man does not see one mad dog in a lifetime. To assume that every dog that bites a person has rabies is foolish and calculated to do harm. When a person is bit by a dog the proper thing to do is to have the wound cauterized and dressed immediately.

GAMBLING has been conventionalized into quasi-respectability in connection with the speed of horses. Why it should be it is difficult to understand. Although old as society, gambling in modern days and among reflecting people is considered immoral and disreputable, but it is indulged in even by those who must condemn it.

FARMERS should be progressive; but there is no need of following every new wrinkle that is advocated by erratic or cranky writers. Advice which is good for one is often fatal to another; as one man's meat is another man's poison. Following the advice of experts and truly wise men even is not a safe proceeding without the exercise of judgment and common sense of one's own.

TOO MUCH is attempted in our public schools, and hence those children who leave them at twelve years of age, as three-fourths of the pupils do, have not really completed anything. They write an indifferent hand, are inaccurate in numbers, are unvaluable to read from a book or a newspaper in such a manner as to convey the sense to another, and cannot compose in good English or ordinary letter.

"THE working women of New York" is growing to be a comprehensive phrase. It takes in a vast section of the city's population and the importance and influence of the working woman is so pronounced that she is a recognized factor in every branch of human industry in the metropolis, except politics. When a subject comes up which touches the interest of working women it at once amounts to a sensation.

ONE of the most sickening results of the prevailing anglo-mania is the habit of hyphenating the names of fashionable resorts. There is no especial objection to the use of this device in the naming of any of the numerous mushroom places of this class, but it is really too bad to see a town with such a dignified and purely American history as West Point, advertised as West Point-on-the-Hudson, or beautiful Bolton, from the site of which one might have watched the batteaux which formed the fresh water navies of the French war and that of the revolution, designated as Bolton-on-Lake George.

STORIES OF THE WAR.

EX-WARRIORS AT WASHINGTON FIGHT THEIR BATTLES O'ER AGAIN.

Gen. Basil Duke's Experience with a Lank Kentuckian During the Bar-bridge Raid.

number of Kentucky gentlemen, among them Gen. Basil Duke, stood in the rotunda of the Ebbitt house, the other day, conversing with Col. Dick Wintersmith, Col. Cummings of Louisville, the Hon. Asher G. Caruth, and other distinguished

Corncrackers. A member of congress was introduced to the general. The representative saw a slight gentleman, shaped like a pipstem, with flashing eyes, and hair and beard barely streaked with silver. His head was crowned with a bright straw-hat, with a rim about an inch wide. There was a broad white ribbon around his hat. The congressman remarked that in physique Gen. Duke hardly filled his ideas. "I fancied," said he, "from what I had heard that Basil Duke was at least six feet tall, and as broad shouldered as the late Senator Beck."

At this Gen. Duke smiled. It reminded him of a story of the war. He speaks with great exactness and rapidity. The best stenographer would find it hard work to "take him down." He said that the congressman was not the first man who had been disappointed in his personal appearance.

"When Barbridge made his last raid in Kentucky," said Gen. Duke, "my command was quite active. While I was in camp one morning an old mountaineer walked into my tent. He was 6 feet tall and as thin as a shadow. He had sharp gray eyes, with shaggy brows, and a beak like an eagle. He carried a long-barreled rifle and was arrayed from head to foot in buckskin. To tell the truth he looked like a hickory-rammer in a buckskin sheath. The weather was quite cold. Without saying a word he sat down in front of the fire. He made such an impression upon me that I can see him at this moment just as clearly as I saw him then. He gazed at the blaze for a minute or more, wiped a bead from



his nose with the back of his hand, and then glanced at me. I thought that the boys had been appropriating one of his horses and that he had come to seek satisfaction. The confederacy needed horses just then. We were like St. Paul—in want of all things. I was cogitating as to what was best to do. I wanted, if possible, to satisfy him and yet keep the horse. He was evidently a man of few words and of action. He sat gazing into the fire some time longer, cast another glance in my direction, emptied his mouth of tobacco juice, and then said: "This is Gen. Duke's headquarters, I take it."

"Yes, sir," I replied, "it is."

"He clasped his hands over his knee, fastened his eyes on me, and after a full scrutiny said: 'Well, sonny, I reckon the old giner' must be at breakfast, jist now, han't he?'"

"His coolness unnerved me. I was rattled. There was no doubt of the old man's honesty. He had taken me for an orderly. He seemed so positive that, for the world, I would not have had



him know that I was Gen. Duke. I replied firmly: 'Yes, sir; the old general is in at breakfast. I'll go and call him for you.'

honor. He undoubtedly kept his pledge. But the next day, when I mounted and rode to the head of my brigade, every man in it shouted: 'Well, sonny, I reckon the old giner' is in at breakfast, jist now, han't he?'"

Congressman John Allen recently told an amusing war story. It occurred upon some battle-field in the south, where a South Carolina brigade had charged federal works and had been driven back. The works were afterward captured by a Mississippi brigade. They had fairly established themselves in the intrenchments when a South Carolina captain, who had followed them, sprang upon a parapet and waved his sword above his head. He was a very small man, weighing not more than a hundred pounds. In a piping voice, he shouted: "South



Carolinians, your deeds of valor this day will, in future time, be the theme of many a writer in prose and verse. The gallant sons of the Palmetto state have today covered themselves with glory. Your fame is imperishable, and will—"

Just then a shell from a union battery some distance away came shrieking along the parapet ten feet above his head. He sprang from the intrenchment and ran as though the devil was after him. Suddenly he stumbled and fell. In a twinkling, however, he seemed to realize his situation. Springing to his feet, he again brandished his sword and shouted: "Halt, men; halt! The honor of South Carolina is at stake."

John says the whole Mississippi brigade roared with laughter. Men threw themselves upon their backs and screamed with merriment, paying not the slightest attention to the shells bursting above them.

Congressman Hilary A. Herbert also tells a good confederate war story. Mr. Herbert was colonel of the Eighth Alabama regiment, and was engaged in the thickest of the fight at Gettysburg. While his regiment was lying along the line of the Rippabannock before the march into Pennsylvania a camp guard was thrown out. Martin Riley was one of these guards. While Martin was on post Job Stuart's cavalry came in from one of its remarkable raids. The riding and fighting had been incessant. The head of the column as it passed the Eighth Alabama was well together. The rear of the brigade was broken by stragglers. The Alabama regiment passed jocose comments upon the troopers. Such expressions as "Go right along to the rear, boys, and get your buttcrack," and "Well, take care of you and see that nobody hurts you" were used.

The last straggler was eighty yards behind. He was mounted upon a perfect Rosinante. The horse was lame and completely jaded. The man wore a hat so slouchy that he had to throw the back of his head on the nape of his neck to see anything in front of him. The hat ran to a point like that of an Italian brigand. Its top was full of holes, and it was so dirty that no man could tell its original color. The Alabamians overhauled the fatigued warrior with gibes and jests. He was fearfully enraged, and gave vent to a choice collection of brass-mounted Virginia oaths. At the height of his profanity Martin Riley accosted him in a sympathetic tone of voice.

"See here, my good friend," he shouted. The Virginian halted his horse and asked Riley what he wanted.

"Well, I sympathize with you," Riley replied, "but I wouldn't be so mad at those fellows if I was in your place. They don't amount to anything. They're always hollering at some damphool or other."—Amos J. Cummings.

Courage of a Grouse. On one occasion, in company with my brother, I had gone to the woods, and was there to wait for a farmer, at whose house we had stopped over night, and who was to come on later with fox hounds, for we were to try for Reynard that day. We had got out of the road which ran through the forest and over a rail fence, and were standing under a large hemlock when we heard a ruffled grouse in the distance, writer a contributor to Forest and Stream. He came directly toward us and alighted on the ground about forty feet away. There was a small gully or water course between us and the bird. Before he struck the ground he had taken about two-thirds of a circle to break his lightning-like flight. As soon as he lit he straightened up and took a survey. He soon saw us, but instead of again flying he swelled up in a most pompous manner. Never had I seen a grouse appear larger or more magnificent. My brother looked at me and I suggested that he snap a cap at him. Neither of our muzzie-loaders was charged. At the sound of the first cap the grouse slightly shook himself, but seemed to swell his breast out more. My brother continued taking caps from his pocket and snapping them at the grouse, bringing his gun up each time and taking deliberate aim until nine were exploded. The grouse seemed to like the sound and to be fascinated by it, and the scene generally. The man coming down the road with the dogs alarmed him, and, turning, he ran several feet and took wing, and we heard him going through the thick evergreens away in the distance.

A citizen of Addison, Me., has the remains of an ancient walrus that was washed out of a clay bank near his home. The bones were at least fifteen feet underground, showing that the animal must have died many years ago, and that the walrus once inhabited the Maine coast.

MILLIONS OF RATS.

An Ingenious Scheme for Killing Them in Their Burrows.

The farmers of Hays, Caldwell, Guadalupe, Gonzales, Dewitt, Karnes, and other counties in the western and southwestern portions of the state, says a San Antonio (Tex.) letter to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, are suffering from a pest that is at once novel and costly. It is the first of its kind in the history of the state, and has already cost the loss of thousands of dollars. Last autumn the yield of cotton was so unprecedented and the labor so scant that corn was neglected for the fleecy staple, and was left standing in the fields until such time as it could be cribbed. When late in the season the farmers went to gather it they found that but little remained. Its presence standing in the fields had been a temptation to millions of rats, which poured down from the mountains and up from the river beds and infested the country. All fall and winter the work went on. What they gathered in November they stored and ate during the cold months, and when the spring came they were ready for a fresh change of food. The rats are of a great variety, nearly as large in fact, as a squirrel, and are capable of doing a vast amount of damage. As fast as the young corn has appeared above the surface of the ground they have cut it off, in some cases going down for the parent seed.

Capt. George S. Deitz, who does a great deal of traveling in the country precincts, states that along the roads and rivers it is no uncommon thing to see fifty rows on either hand cut down as though by frost. In the dusk of evening the rats come from their retreats in hordes, and cross the high-ways in defiance of passing vehicles, men and dogs. So many of them have been killed that the stench is discernible for miles, and their rotting carcasses are seen everywhere. Up to date, owing to their depredations, it has been found necessary to replant tens of thousands of acres of corn. The damage done amounts to thousands of dollars.

To get rid of them a novel expedient has come into use, and it is working so successfully that it is thought the rats will be exterminated within the next two weeks. The farmer finds a burrow in which from fifty to 100 rats reside. Every exit save one is carefully stopped. At this one is placed a common iron tea-kettle. Opposite the spout is bored a hole in which is inserted a piece of gaspipe about one foot long. Over the spout is placed another piece of pipe, which is run into the opening leading to the burrow. A fire is then put in the kettle and a couple of handfuls of sulphur thrown on the coals. The top being closed, the fumes are driven into the burrow by a hand bellows, the nozzle of which is inserted in the top pipe. Some of the burrows are fifty yards in length; the fumes go through all its passages, and in five minutes every young and old rodent is dead. The kettle is then removed, the hole closed, and the rats buried. Of late the blacksmiths of the county seats have been busy filling orders for these machines.

Cured of His Auidacity. "When much younger than I am now," said an old newspaper man, "I sold sewing machines. You may rest assured I was a trifle fresh, and suffered therefor, as the following adventure will show:

"Near the close of a hot August day I was driving through the little village of G— to the town where I made my headquarters. Suddenly a big black cloud appeared in the sky, and when my played-out horse had covered half a mile the rain came dancing down. I had two machines on and no blanket. To save myself and machines from getting drenched I drove for the only house within a radius of a mile.

"I was a sorry sight when I reached that old country mansion half hidden by tall maples. Jumping out I knocked at the door and explained that I would like to leave my machine temporarily in order to save them from the storm.

"Before I made the request I discovered that the young lady who responded to my knock was one with whom, much against her will, I had left a machine on trial a month or two before, and had only taken it back after repeated protestations on her part that she did not want it.

"You understand, we used to get a machine into a house, by representing that we would leave it on trial. But once we got it into the house we insisted on its being bought, and used every persuasive art to accomplish that result.

"Frequently it was very embarrassing to the lady of the house, and she never forgave us for the annoyance of leaving the machine for weeks and asking her every other day if she wouldn't buy when she had emphatically declared she would not.

"Now was the turn of the young lady in the old-fashioned house to get square. And although the rain had nearly washed the machine out of the wagon, she slammed the door in my face and then sat by the window enjoying my discomfort to her heart's content. As I prepared to drive away I turned my head and beheld her pretty face bubbling over with smiles.

"When I reached N— I was a sight to behold. But the experience cured my freshness."

An Embarrassment of Riches. New Jersey has a school fund of \$4,000,000 and doesn't know what to do with it. It can't be used for anything but the public schools, and not very much of it is allowed to go there, only a part of the annual income being available, so jealously has the State Constitution guarded its sacredness. Meanwhile it is piling up every year, and the Commissioners are at their wits' ends to find an investment for it. The original idea was to have a fund large enough to entirely support the schools throughout the State, but that, it is said, would take \$70,000,000, and besides, it is generally believed that it is better for the school system to have the local schools directly provided for by local taxes. People take more interest in something they have to pay for.

THREE TALL MEN.

Funny Story of Phillips Brooks—How an English Lecturer Was Discomfited.

I recalled the incident a few days ago, says a writer in the N. Y. World, as I sat in Trinity listening to Phillips Brooks' noon-time talks. It happened in the spring of 1883. The four of us had gone to Europe together—Dr. McVieker, of Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks and Mr. Robinson, the builder of Boston's Trinity church. Robinson stands 6 feet 2 inches in his stockings, Dr. McVieker measures 6 feet 4 inches, and Brooks exceeds 6 feet in height. Robinson is sensitive about his length, and suggested that in order to avoid comment the three tall men avoid being seen together. They humorously called themselves "Brown, Jones and Robinson." Arriving in England they went direct to Leeds, where they learned that a lecturer would address the working classes on "America and Americans." Anxious to bear what Englishmen thought of the great republic, they went to the hall. They entered separately and took seats as far apart as possible. The lecturer, after some uninteresting remarks, said that Americans were, as a rule, short, and seldom, if ever, rose to the height of five feet ten inches. In fact, they were a race of pigmies. He did not know to what cause he could attribute this fact, but he wished he could present examples.

Phillips Brooks rose to his feet and stretched his six-foot frame to the utmost as he said: "I am an American, and am, as you see, about six feet in height. I do not exceed the average American in stature or in weight, though I turn the scales at 200 pounds and I sincerely hope that if there be any other representative of my country present he will vouch for the truthfulness of my remarks."

After a moment's interval Mr. Robinson rose and, in a stentorian voice, cried: "I am from America, in which country my diminutive height—six feet two—is the subject of no remark, as I am just a little below the average. If there be any other American here I hope that he will corroborate my testimony."

"The house was in a jolly humor. Waiting until the excitement could abate in some degree and the 'poor lecturer regain control of his shattered nerves, Dr. McVieker slowly drew his majestic form to his full height and exclaimed: 'I am an—' But he got no further. The audience roared. The lecturer ran down the aisle into the street, and the people crowded about the three giants.

"Ah! The board closes in fifteen minutes."

English Domestic Felicity.

The American girl whose highest ambition it is to marry an English earl may be interested in this picture of domestic felicity written by an Indian grandee recently returned from a sojourn in England. He is much struck with the English home life, where "all love and adore one another. The mother is a nice old lady and has every authority in the domestic arrangements. The father and son go away to the city after breakfast, and return late at night. The father is received in the home with great rejoicing; the old mother gets up and orders some tea, and the daughters surround their papa, who kisses each. They then all sit around the domestic fire and the papa narrates his adventures at the different meetings he attended and the annoyance he experienced at a certain person's obstinacy; the whole family enjoy the talk, and opinions are freely expressed—of course in favor of the old papa."

Charming picture, isn't it? But how do you suppose the girl whose banner bears that very domestic, gentle, and affectionate bird, the North American spread-eagle, would enjoy that sort of thing seven nights in the week? asks the N. Y. Sun. The gloriously independent product of this emancipated nation's star-spangled freedom, who began to dictate to her mother before she cut her double teeth, and considers her papa a tiresome old duffer, whose chief virtue is that he is to her a kind of a walking national bank, who cashes checks on presentation and satisfies drafts on sight ad libitum. What sort of an evening would the oae described be to the woman who goes to her club in the morning, to a matinee in the afternoon, with a luncheon in between, who never eats any more dinners at home than Mr. Depew, and to whom two receptions, the opera, and a ball are the mild diversions of a single evening?

According to an Englishwoman's idea the American beauties have little to do in comparison with English wives. No children, no house to keep, no care of the house if they do have them, and nothing in the world expected of them only to look pretty, and occasionally, only at rare intervals, be in when their husbands come home to dinner.

Hearing Light. Light, we now learn, not only has sound, but can be heard. A beam of sunlight is made to pass through a prism, so as to produce the solar spectrum. This is turned upon a disk containing colored silk or wool, and all the colored lights of the spectrum fall upon it sounds are given by different parts of the spectrum, and there is silence in other parts. For instance, if the green light flashes upon the red worsted, loud sounds will be given. Only feeble sounds are heard when the red and blue parts of the rainbow fall upon the worsteds, and other colors evoke no sound at all. Green silks give sound best in red light. Every kind of material gives more or less sound in different colors, and no sound in others.

Woman and Marriage. You can't tell any more about a woman before you are married to her, than you can judge of the quality of a pudding without eating of it. It is not necessary to eat the whole of a pudding in order to judge of its quality, no more is it necessary to know a woman a lifetime in order to ascertain whether she is going to do for a life-companion.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A real estate and trust company in Lynchburg, composed of colored men, has declared a dividend of 10 per cent

BIG ELEPHANT YARN.

A Tug-of-War Extraordinary as Told by a Disciple of Munchausen.

The London Graphic prints some elephant and crocodile pictures obtained from a certain Maj-Gen Robley, who bases them on an "elephant yarn," as he styles it, told him by one Barcus, who was probably related to a celebrated German baron named Munchausen. Barcus thus told his tale, and it will be seen that there is a good deal of tail to it:

"Two year ago I was on a shooting expedition up the Ganges, and on the lookout for some big game of any kind. One day I came across the 'spoor' of a very big rogue elephant. As it was getting dark, I determined to follow the 'spoor' next day. Accordingly daybreak saw me on the track, and soon I came to a large tank, and there I saw my friend having a farewell drink, and splashing in the water like an animated haystack. He was far beyond range, and there was little or no cover near. I could only watch and wait. Presently he moved off, and the wind being favorable, I followed closely.

"And now comes the strange part of my story. We arrived at a smaller tank, which I saw at a glance was full of crocodiles. In floundered the elephant and down went his trunk for a drink. Suddenly he started and began to struggle like mad. I rushed close up and found he had been seized by a large crocodile. A brief struggle and the elephant began to 'walk away.' But soon there was a check, and then to my astonishment, I saw another 'croc' had got No. 1 by the tail. But still the elephant had the pull, when second and then a third 'croc' fell in each holding on to the other's tail.

"It was a grand sight, and I became quite excited. I offered my tracker 'evens' on the elephant, which he took. Suddenly another 'croc' fell in, and the elephant began to give. I thought it was all up with him, but he just twisted his tail around a tree, and there he was as firm as a rock. The tracker claimed a foul pull, but I overruled his objection."

"But how did it end?" asked I, yawning, for it was getting late.

"I will tell you," said Barcus. "The elephant brought his native cunning to bear where force failed. He took a deep breath and blew with all his force down the first 'croc's' throat, nearly choking him. 'Croc' opened his mouth to breathe, and the elephant walked away. And thus ends my yarn."

Silk and Satin.

Rich and beautiful as these fabrics are, and widely as they are used, yet few people know that the discovery of silk is attributed to one of the wives of the Emperor of China, Hoangti, who reigned about 2,000 years before the Christian era; and since that time a special spot has been allotted in gardens of the Chinese royal palace to the cultivation of the mulberry tree and to the keeping of silkworms. Persian monks who came to Constantinople revealed to the Emperor Justinian the secret of the production of silk and gave him some silkworms. From Greece the art passed into Italy at the end of the thirteenth century.

When the Popes left Rome to settle at Avignon, France, they introduced into that country the secret which had been kept by the Italians, and Louis XI. established at Tours a manufactory of silk fabrics. Francis I. founded the Lyons Silk Works, which to this day have kept the first rank. Henry II. of France wore at the wedding of his sister the first pair of silk hose ever made. The word "satin" which in the original, was applied to all silk stuffs in general, has since the last century been used to designate only tissues which present a lustrous surface.

The discovery of this particular brilliant stuff was accidental. Octave Mai, a silk weaver, finding business dull and not knowing what to invent to give a new impulse to the trade, was one day, pacing to and fro before his loom. Every time he passed the machine, with no definite object in view, he pulled little threads from the warp and put them into his mouth, which soon after he spat out. Later on he found the little ball of silk on the floor of his workshop, and attracted by the brilliant appearance of the threads, he repeated the experiment, and by using certain mucilaginous preparations succeeded in giving satin to the world.

Newspaper Men Exempt. "Paresis," said a physician, as he lighted a cigar and told a patient that smoking was a dangerous vice, "is a disease of which men, particularly men of affairs, are very much afraid. It is a hopeless disease, and physicians have never been able to cure it. The fear that it excites is due to the fact that it is a malady that men can measure as it grows from day to day. Paresis is popularly known as softening of the brain, but it is quite the reverse. The brain hardens, and contracts. The popular idea that this malady is due to excesses of an improper sort is altogether wrong. The great cause is worry and overwork, a too constant application of the brain along the one idea that is dominant in the United States—a desire to grow rich. I saw an article in the newspapers not long ago that stated that the man of undisciplined mentality, the self-made man, in fact, the man whose brain was not systemized by a good education, was more susceptible to paresis than any other type of man, and it has been my observation that this is true. Men who can not stand success, men who, to use a popular vulgarism, have the 'swelled head,' fall quicker than the others. Yes, it is true that no newspaper man has died of paresis."—Cincinnati Commercial.

Nerve in Locomotive Engineers. A Pennsylvania railroad man says young men are selected as the drivers of locomotives on fast trains because old men do not have the nerve to stand the strain of the terrible speed of these trains, and even the nerviest young man gets afraid of them after awhile. Then they get to letting up a little in speed, the trains run behind time, the engineers are given other runs, and new men are put on in their places.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

GOING NORTH:			
STATIONS.	Freight	Mixed	Pass.
Pontiac	8:30	8:40	8:15
Oxford	10:30	10:40	10:00
Dryden	11:32	11:40	11:00
Imlay City	12:08	12:18	11:52
North Branch	1:40	1:50	1:30
Clifford	2:16	2:26	2:00
Kingston	2:58	3:08	2:42
Wilcox	3:18	3:28	3:00
Deford	3:53	4:03	3:30
Cass City	4:30	4:40	4:00
Gagetown	5:11	5:21	4:45
Owendale	5:35	5:45	5:15
Berne	6:16	6:26	5:45
Caseville	6:46	6:56	6:15

GOING SOUTH:			
STATIONS.	Pass.	Mixed	Freight
Caseville	8:15	8:25	8:00
Berne	8:40	8:50	8:15
Owendale	9:11	9:21	8:45
Gagetown	9:52	10:02	9:25
Cass City	10:26	10:36	10:00
Deford	11:01	11:11	10:35
Wilcox	11:42	11:52	11:10
Kingston	12:01	12:11	11:30
Clifford	12:20	12:30	11:50
North Branch	12:36	12:46	12:05
Imlay City	12:51	13:01	12:20
Bryden	1:10	1:20	1:30
Oxford	1:30	1:40	1:50
Pontiac	1:40	1:50	2:00

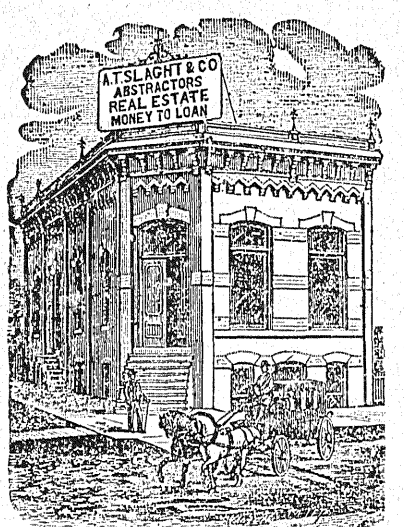
Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily except Sundays. Train No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
*Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.

CONNECTIONS.

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

JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent.

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



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

CORRESPONDENCE

Wilmot.

John Cook has moved his family to Kingston.
J. W. Perry, of Birmingham, is in town this week.
S. N. Manly, of Caro, was in Town Wednesday.
E. J. Hartt is visiting friends in Mt. Bridges, Ont. this week.
Mrs. McArthur and Mrs. Rock are visiting in Cass City this week.
Miss Addie and F. Summers, of Bay City are visiting their parents herenow.
Wm. Cook and Miss Murdock were married Tuesday in Caro. We all smoked.
James McCallum has moved from the Torrey house into the rooms over his store.
Our new saw and shingle mill on section 19, is getting ready to do a big business this winter.
Charley Bruce has concluded not to go to California. He says Michigan is good enough for him for some time yet.

ELLINGTON.

Continues dry.
A good rain is much needed.
Another frost last Sunday morning.
Some pieces of corn are badly cut with the frost.
Charles A. Fish has two little girls on the sick list this week.
Do not forget the republican caucus to be held at S. H. Gould's this week Saturday.
A large amount of wheat has already been sown and much more will be sown yet this week.
Mrs. Hannah Wickware returned home last Saturday from a week's visit with relatives near Cedar Run.
Henry A. Bailey started Monday on a visit to a brother living in Milwaukee Wisconsin, to last for several weeks.
The weather has been so very dry that fall feed is very short for cattle and the prospect at present is very dry weather.
Preston Cooley was engaged last week near Marlette collecting for the Wood Binder Co., of Chicago. He is there this week also.
James Brooker, of Cass City, was in Ellington last week attending a law suit

for Orville Langford. The suit came to grief and Mr. Brooker returned home jubilant.

Lots of office seekers nowadays; they are to be found every where, nearly. Some for one thing and some for another. Many of them are doomed to disappointment, however.

GAGETOWN.

Mrs. J. R. Moe is on the sick list.
Mrs. Dr. Morris is on the sick list.
Miles McMillan has a dandy driving horse.
A. C. Young was in Akron Friday on business.

Mr. Lyman, of Unionville, was in town Friday last.
Wm. E. Brown was to Cass City on business Friday.

Miss Jennie Watson is home from Sebawing.

Mr. Summers, of Owendale, was calling on his friends here Friday.

The storm struck us Friday about 10 o'clock a. m., as was predicted.

Our council can spend our money lavishly but they can't enforce their ordinances.

Miss Mary and Martha Williamsons are expected home from Unionville Wednesday.

Mr. Jno. Myers returned Friday from Port Huron, where she had been visiting her son Frank.

Rumor has it that Mr. Summers, of Owendale, and Jack Welsh, of Berne, will open a saloon here soon.

The gentleman from Wyago county, who leases Wm. J. Williamson's farm, is here to make final arrangements.

The altar and other church furniture made by Jas. Lehman for the new Catholic church in Port Huron, was shipped from here Saturday.

Albert Palmer and wife, of Akron, were in town Saturday and Mr. P. has leased the R. S. Brown store and will open up a general store Oct. 1st.

In the shipment of cattle to Buffalo Saturday, there was one car of 26 head from White & Cosgroves' stock farm and they were a nice lot too.

Uncle Johny Wilson is going to make another attempt at the drive well, and this time he is going to bore in the hollow north of his house and that will make hole No. 5.

The walk in front of Mr. Gifford's store has been lowered some two feet and the walk east of Young & Cos'. store has been shoveled out a foot or more from the building and is quite an improvement.

Duncan Morrison and wife, of Elkland, were visitors at John William's Sunday.
About 350 baskets of grapes were shipped from here Tuesday morning. Some went to Detroit but most of them went to Chicago.

GRANT.

Close communion or hardshell, which? That is the question often asked, but both are null and void.

Grant is heavy on the union labor question. Yes, they are red-hot and next November will tell the story.

Tom Doerr made a late but hasty trip to Bad Axe on Saturday the 20th, on some business which had to be attended to forthwith.

Mr. Hoffman removes from here soon to the vicinity of Cedar Run. Some are going and others coming all over the world; go where you will such is the case.

We would like to let our Evergreen brother know that the poor North American Indian still exists and pays no attention to roman rulers on their special days.

Poor Tom is going around like a lost Israelite the past few days, with a job comforter on the back of his neck, which makes it very awkward for him to perform much star gazing.

Every other day or so covered carriages can be seen containing two or more females hunting up jobs of school teaching, and thick as teachers are the country is full of ignorant urchins.

Nocturnal visitors are common things to apple orchards and water melon patches, but ruta bagas are not quite so palatable, therefore, they are not liable to disappear under cover of the darkness.

Some have lost a little corn and others say they have lost something else by nocturnal quadrupeds with long noses and horns on their heads and every body has turned pound master and the country around here is in a terrible state on a count of poor condition of fences.

A merry load from Elkton passed down the center line on Sunday en route for Cass City, with the violin pouring forth lively strains of music and singing, "We will be gay and Happy Still." If happiness filled the hearts of more there would be less to go to the asylums.

Geo. Hopkins has brought into this corner, called hard scabble, a dozen sheep. He is going into sheep raising for a change. Anything is better than common mossbacking until congress is made up of union labor representatives. So mote it be.

A warning may not be out of place to all readers of the ENTERPRISE. Do not trust young boys into barns at night with lanterns, as Robert McBride suffered by the loss of his barn also its contents consisting of all his winter fodder, hay, oats, clover seed and wheat to

bread his family. All this resulted from the recklessness of two boys, five miles north of Cass City. Some Insurance.

This corner of Grant was in a state of excitement on Sunday, the 21st, by Sheriff Conaton, of Bad Axe, removing Adam Heron Sen, from his family to the Asylum at Pontiac. He had been very troublesome for about three or four years. This makes three out of Huron county in three weeks.

In school district No. 4, in front of the school house, can be seen a figure-head. If some traveling photographer would stop and take a picture of it, it would be a laughable curiosity. Whether it was intended for an ornament to the school house or not would be hard to say, but it would be a hard job to counterfeit it, so let every one that see it laugh and grow fat.

Republican Caucuses.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a republican caucus for the township of Noyesta, held on Saturday evening, Sept. 27, A. D. 1890, at the McQuillan school house, for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention.

By ORDER OF COM.

You can not be too particular about the medicines you use. When you need a blood-purifier, be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and no other. It will mingle with, purify, and vitalize every drop of blood in your body. It makes the weak strong.

To strengthen the hair, thicken the growth, stop its blanching and falling out, and where it is gray to restore the youthful color, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

The use of calomel for derangements of the liver has ruined many a fine constitution. Those who, for similar troubles, have tried Ayer's Pills testify to their efficacy in thoroughly remedying the malady, without injury to the system.

Scrofula All His Life.

I consider my cure by S. S. S. one of the most wonderful on record. I had the worst type of Scrofula from my infancy until I was 22 years of age. My whole young life was embittered and made miserable by the loathsome disease. I not only suffered from the Scrofula, but was so marked that I was ashamed to associate with, and was avoided by, my playmates and fellow workmen. I tried every known patent medicine, and was first last attended by more than a dozen reputable physicians, but in spite of all, the disease continued to grow worse. About four years ago a friend from Pittsburg advised me to take S. S. S., which I did and after taking seven bottles I was cured and sound and well. The old skin peeled off and was replaced by a new skin, as smooth and free from blemish as any person. I have had no return or symptom of the disease.

HENRY V. SMITH, Belmont, W. Va.
Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.
SWIFT SPECIFIC Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Eupespy.

This is what you ought to have, in fact, you must have it to fully enjoy life. Thousands are searching for it daily, and mourning because they find it not. Thousands upon thousands of dollars are spent annually by our people in the hope that they may attain this boon. And yet it may be had by all. We guarantee that Electric Bitters, if used according to directions and the use persisted in, will bring you Good Digestion and oust the demon Dyspepsia and install instead Eupespy. We recommend Electric Bitters for Dyspepsia and all diseases of Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Sold at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle by Fritz Bros., Druggists.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

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

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.
"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andras D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamalipas, Mexico.
"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. These little bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists, 25c and 50c bottles.

Three Cent Column.

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

SHINGLES for sale. Inquire of S. S. 4 wks-tt HALL BROS.

FOR SALE—An A No. 1 yoke of working oxen 6 years old. Inquire of W. M. E. RANDALL.

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

LOTS FOR SALE—Best location in the city. Will sell on time if desired. T. A. COULSON, 7-11-tt.

FOR SALE—One heavy four year-old horse and one two-year-old mare, driver. S. 26-4 wks W. J. WILLIAMSON, Grant.

TO RENT—Suite of rooms suitable for one or two young men. Enquire of E. H. PINNEY.

FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING, 9-12-tt.

FOR SALE—One good farm horse. Enquire of C. E. HANSON, 3 miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—A litter of fine pigs, four weeks old. C. E. HANSON, 1 mile south of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Nine Berkshire pigs, six weeks old. Enquire of one-half mile west of Cass City.

MARE FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange for a cow. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-tt.

FOR SALE—Two milk cows and two good working horses. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-tt.

STRAVED OR STOLEN—Large red cow with one horn broke off. Will give \$10 to any person returning her to my premises, one mile east, four miles north and one mile east of Cass City. RODRICK McDONALD, 9-12-3 wks.

WILL SELL—One four-year-old horse, a lot of young cattle, one span of four-year-old mares, good workers, on time to suit purchaser. J. H. STIFFELER.

FOR SALE—A house and one acre of ground in the village of Cass City, known as the Wm. Walker property. Will take stock as part payment. Inquire of A. E. BOULTON, 7-1-tt.

WILL SELL—One team seven and eight-year old, weighing about 12 hundred each. Will sell cheap and on time to suit purchaser. For further particulars enquire of JOHN McPHEE, 2 miles south, 1 mile west and 1/2 mile north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land. The east half of the west half of the s. w. quarter of section 31, township of Austin, Sanilac county; about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN McDONALD, Arzyle P. O. 9-12-3 wks.

FOR SALE—I have a Birseil grain separator nearly new, also a Canton, No. 12 horse, engine in good order, with tank, etc. All ready to trawsh with, which I will sell cheap or exchange for other property. Call on or address, 7-3-tt W. H. BELLES, Orion.

SAVE MONEY—By calling on the undersigned when wishing to purchase a sewing machine cheap. I have secured the agency for the celebrated American sewing machine, which I am selling cheaper than ever before in this county. Yours Respectfully, CHAS. D. STRIPPLER, Cass City, Mich.

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 160 acres, good buildings, 32 miles northeast of Cass City and known as the Jacobs farm. This farm must be sold at once to close an estate, and it will be cheap. Apply to Administrators C. J. LEWIS, Detroit, or 9-11-tt J. MARSHALL, Cass City.

DEWARD—Strayed from my farm in Evergreen township, on Sunday, Sept. 14th, two coats, one two-year-old bay gelding, the other a yearling cream gelding. Any person furnishing information leading to the discovery of the whereabouts of the same will be suitably rewarded. LEWIS TRAVIS, Shabbona P. O., Mich. 9-17 2 wks.

CARO

Marble Works
Invites you to call and see stock and prices before purchasing.
JUST RECEIVED!
25

NEW MONUMENTS

—Of the Latest—
Designs.
A full line of all colors and shades constantly on hand at the works.
COME AND SEE
The works for yourselves.
Located op. Caro Exchange Bank
Owned and operated by
W. L. PARKER.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists, 25c and 50c bottles.

SALE! SALE! SALE!

Here We Go Again!

This sale will be confined strictly to our Clothing, Cloaks and Dry Goods departments. We have purchased a stock at regular

GIVE AWAY PRICES

We will commence our Sale of the same on Monday, September 15th, and will end September 27th, 1890.

Now is Your Time to Buy Dress Goods.

In the beginning of the season at Wholesale Prices. We quote a few prices as samples:—

1500 yards Check Gingham, (Good Quality) 5c
500 yards Canton Flannel, at 6cts per yard.
500 yard s half-wool Dress Goods, 8cts.
1000 yards, 1 yd wide Dress Flannel, 20cts
150 yards Print, 5 cents per yard.

Clothing, Clothing!

Here, Oh! Here is where you can get the Greatest Bargains yet offered in the Clothing line. We have everything you want in Shirts and Overcoats and the following are some of the cuts we are offering during our sale:

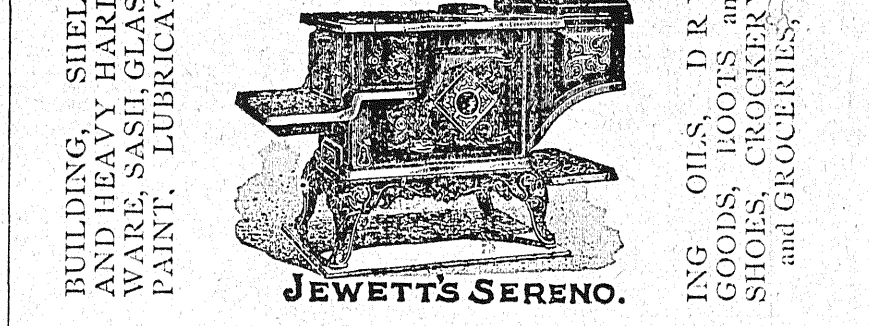
50 Men's suits \$7.50 worth \$10 to \$12
25 " " 12.50 worth 15 to 18
25 Boys' suits 3.50 worth \$5.00
30 Childs' suits at 90cts worth 1.25 to 1.50
75 pairs Cottonade Pants at 65c worth 1.00

The above are only a few of the Goods we are offering and you certainly will miss the Biggest Chance of the season if you don't buy while the Sale lasts.

DONT FORGET THE DATE!
-2-MACKS-2-

FOR
Quality, Quantity and Incomparably Low Prices

ONS. JEWETT'S
COOK AND PARLOR STOVES,



J. L. HITCHCOCK.
OF CASS CITY,

Who will offer for the next Ten Days the following Special Bargains:—
100 Pairs Ladies' Shoes Worth \$3.00 for \$2.50 and \$2.12
50 Pairs Men's Boots Worth \$2.50 for \$2.00.
Screen Doors Worth \$1.50 for 90 cents.
Window Sash, Oil Stoves, Barn Door Rollers for wood track.
Farmer's Anvils, Drills and Many other Goods in My Immense Stock at their ACTUAL COST.

J. L. HITCHCOCK.

About one Man in Ten

DOES NOT TRADE WITH US

We're After That Man.

About one man in ten doesn't know that the other nine of his fellow mortals have come to the conclusion that it's always safest to trade with Elevier.

We're After That Man.

About one man in ten doesn't know that his neighbors are saving money on every deal, because they trade with Elevier.

We're After That Man.

About one man in ten can't be expected to know that we are headquarters for Groceries, because he hasn't entered our store,
We're After That Man,
With a big Stock, with big Bargains, with Low Prices, with fair dealing; and we expect to get his trade. Are you the tenth man?
WER'E AFTER YOU.

Wm. ELEVIER,
CASS CITY, MICH.