

Cass City Enterprise.

Vol. X. No. 7.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, JAN. 30, 1891.

BY BROOKER & WICKWARE.

CASS CITY BANK

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

REAL ESTATE LOANS. - Old System.

Make the loan due in two, three, four or five years after date with no privilege of making payments.

New System.

Makes the loan due on or before five years with the privilege of making small payments each year, said payments to be endorsed on note given with the mortgage and interest in the amount paid to stop. Borrower not bound to pay any specified amount before maturity of loan; but lenders bound to accept any amount, large or small, (not under \$25) which borrower may be able to raise.

I ask every intelligent farmer who has a mortgage to contend with to carefully consider the merits of these two methods. It is not necessary for me to point out why the New System is by far the better, every thinking man can see its many advantages.

We are making these New Farm Mortgages at the Cass City Bank. We will loan you one-half the cash value of your land, not considering buildings, or one-third the cash value of your land and buildings, at the lowest rates.

If you are thinking of changing your loan, or for any reason are expecting to borrow money on land, I would be pleased to see you, and if I cannot save you money I shall not expect you to deal with me.

C. W. McPHAIL,
Banker

Professional Cards.

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

HENRY C. WALES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Agent for Caro Machine 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 auctioneering.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and Accouchenr. Graduate of V. C. University 1865. Office first floor over Fritz's drug store. Specialties—Diseases of women and nervous debility.

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

I. A. FRITZ,
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over post office.

INSURANCE.
Fidelity Mutual Life Association of Philadelphia, issues policies to males or females, for ten, twenty years or for life at very low rates.
J. E. FRITZBERG, State Agent. J. H. McLEAN, Medical Examiner.

Lodges.

I. O. O. F.
CASS CITY LODGE, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.

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

E. O. T. M.
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the 1st Friday evening of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.

A. D. GILLIES, RECORD KEEPER.
JAS. McARTHUR, COMMANDER.
Tyler Lodge.
Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, P. & A. M., for 1891, Jan. 24, Feb. 21, Mar. 21, Apr. 18, May 23, June 20, June 24, (St. John) July 18, Aug. 15, Sept. 12, Oct. 17, Nov. 14 (election of officers) Dec. 12
HENRY STEWART, W. M.
A. H. ALE, Secretary.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

RECORDED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	90
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	85
do No. 2 red.....	85
do No. 3 red.....	84
Oats.....	40 @ 44
Beans hand-picked.....	140 @ 140
do unpicked.....	100 @ 130
Potatoes.....	70 @ 75
Rye.....	40 @ 45
Barley.....	110 @ 125
Clover seed.....	42 @ 50
Pens per bushel.....	50 @ 70
Buckwheat.....	30 @ 35
Pork, live weight.....	2 75
Pork, dressed.....	3 50 @ 4 00
Butter.....	roll 16
Eggs.....	15 @ 23
Wool, unwashed.....	25 @ 33
Wool, washed.....	25 @ 33

Caught On The Fly.

Sheriff Jarvis was in town Monday.
J. D. Owen, of Owendale, Sundayed in town.

F. Fillion, of Bad Axe, sojourned in town Friday.
M. H. Short, of Pontiac, was in the city last week.

Geo. F. James, of Ovid, visited his son, O. K. Janes, this week.

E. A. Ellis will open up a general store at Wickware, this week.

J. D. Crosby is confined to the house with rheumatism this week.

Jas. Brackenbury, of Detroit, visited C. Perkins the latter part of last week.

Geo. Mann, of Oakland county, is visiting his brother-in-law, Matt Gulick.

Miss Carrie Hitchcock completed her term of school in Novesta last Tuesday.

Amos Predmore reports the sale of two binders during the month of December.

Remember the spider web social at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Crosby, to-night.

Wallace's harness shop is now divided into two departments—work shop and sales room.

H. Losey and wife and Win. Harrison and lady, of Bad Axe, passed the Sunday in this place.

Mack Wood, of Saginaw, is here visiting at his brother's, O. C. Wood, and calling on his many friends.

Mrs. Harrington, of Reese, will be at Gageton, on the 31st, to organize a Ladies Hive.

Mrs. J. H. Howell and son paid their many friends in this place a visit Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

E. H. Pinney has purchased the brick store known as the Brown building, now occupied by Chas. St. Mary.

Revival services will begin in the Methodist Church next Sunday. Rev. Jacob Sedwick will assist the pastor.

Elder Deming will preach at the Strickland school house Sunday, Feb. 1st, at two o'clock p. m. Text: 1st Cor. 15: 37.

Stick your pin in a potato if you haven't a fancy pen wiper, says a writer who is evidently not posted on the price of potatoes this winter.

The drawing for the large doll at Hendrick's jewelry store took place last Saturday. No. 30, held by L. C. Smith, captured the prize.

The band will meet for practice Thursday nights hereafter, so that the members may attend the High School Lyceum if they so desire.

L. M. Howey has moved his shop on Main street again, and now occupies cosy quarters in the Rowell building. Read his ad. elsewhere.

The Presbyterian society of this place have extended an invitation to Rev. Hnyser, to accept the position of pastor for the coming year.

We doubt if there is a town in the Thumb where more produce is marketed than there is in Cass City. We are willing to compare figures with any of 'em.

Oscar Anten, who lives one mile east and one-half mile south of Gageton, will have a public sale of his stock and implements on Tuesday, February 3d, at 1 o'clock p. m. J. H. Striffler is master of ceremonies.

Henry Butler drove over to Sanilac Center Tuesday morning. He "argued a case" during the day, and spoke to an audience in the interest of the Industrial party in the evening, thereby killing two birds with one stone.

Elmwood Tent, No. 174, K. O. T. M., are making extensive preparations to give a grand masquerade ball and oyster supper, at Echo Hall, Gageton, on Monday evening, February 9th. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend. Reed & Allen will furnish music.

R. Klein will sell at public auction at his farm one mile west and one mile north of Gageton, on Monday, Feb. 2d, at 1 o'clock p. m., a number of horses, cattle, etc., also his stock of farming implements. He is about to engage in the hardware business at Elkton, hence his desire to sell. Auctioneer, J. H. Striffler.

J. D. Crosby now drives a \$400 team. The band was out serenading Monday night.

Geo. L. Kile returned from Pontiac Tuesday night.

E. H. Pinney was a county seat visitor Wednesday forenoon.

C. W. McPhail was an Owendale visitor Thursday afternoon.

A. A. McKenzie is loading potatoes to market at Findlay, Ohio.

J. F. Hendrick is spending the week with his brother at Elmwood.

Thos. Finkel and Miles McMillan, of Gageton, was in town yesterday.

Samuel Bigelow has severed his connection with Fritz Bros' drug store.

Quite a few cutters and sleighs were brought into use Monday and Tuesday.

W. W. Scott, of Mayville, was in town on Tuesday, looking after potatoes.

L. C. Smith, of Morency, is now clerking in the drug store of Fritz Bros'.

E. C. Shearer, postal clerk on the P. O. & N. called on Postmaster Seed Tuesday.

E. Bartlett, of Dryden, and H. H. Gould, of Bay Port, were in town Wednesday.

S. F. Owen, superintendent of J. G. Owen's mills at Owendale, was in town Tuesday.

Sebowaing is to have a new bank, with the title of The Sebowaing Bank of Frank W. Hubbard & Co.

Adam Vornwald, who has been in the employ of W. D. Schooley for some time, left for Marlette last Wednesday.

Rev. Bamabas Lyman will preach in the Presbyterian Church on Sabbath next, Feb. 1st, both morning and evening.

Holzhey, the famous upper peninsula bandit, has written a history of his life and wants it printed with yellow covers.

The P. O. & N. pay car stopped at this station Tuesday, and dealt out greenbacks, gold and silver to the employees of that company at this place.

J. F. Stevens, of San Francisco, passed through town last Wednesday, on his way to Caseville, to see his father whom he has not seen for twenty years.

The High School Lyceum will be held on Saturday evening this week, having been postponed on account of the spider web social at Mrs. J. D. Crosby's.

Druggist Stiner, of Unionville, Ed. Hart, of Wilmot, Daniel Dickson, of Caseville and R. W. Black, of Quincasee, were Cass City visitors last Saturday.

The spider web social at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Crosby to-night, should be attended by all. An excellent supper will be served for only 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

Frank Dolise still continues to throw his electricity into the limbs of the traveling men, who are unfortunate enough to enter his domicile.

A social hop was given at the residence of Michael Sheridan and wife, on Friday last week. A large number of their friends were present and a good time was had.

T. H. Fritz left Monday morning for Cole's Creek, Pa., to see his father who is in a feeble condition. Perry Fritz returned from Detroit Saturday night and will remain here until his brother returns.

Never judge a man by appearances. A shabby old coat may contain an editor, while the man wearing a high-toned plug hat and sporting a duds' cane may be a delinquent subscriber. — Wolverine Citizen.

We take pleasure in being able to announce to our readers this week that we have perfected arrangements whereby we can furnish them each week with the latest state, general and foreign news. This is done at extra expense but we trust will be appreciated by our readers.

The following is the definition of the word "boom." We print it for the benefit of the dictionary maker: A boom is one-third enterprise, one-third liberality and the other third advertising; the whole based on an indomitable intention of getting there.—Ex.

The National Loan and Investment Co., of Detroit, made its first annual statement on the 15th inst., which shows that the company's stock has earned an interest of twenty-one per cent. It will be remembered that this company has a local board at this place and a good sized membership.

We learn the sad news that Jacob Fritz, of Pennsylvania, father of I. A. Fritz, T. H. Fritz, W. S. Fritz and P. L. Fritz died on Monday at his home at Cole's Creek, Pa., after a long illness and before his sons T. H. of this place, and W. S. Fritz, of Caro, could reach their parental home, although they were enroute at the time of his death. The family have the deepest sympathy of this entire community.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies Aid Society, of the M. E. Church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. S. M. Gilchriese, Wednesday, Feb. 4th.

The directors of the Cass City Fair Ground and Driving Park Association, are contemplating building an agricultural hall and a grand stand the coming summer. All such improvements are necessary and will enhance the value of each share of stock.

The men in the Presbyterian church at Allegan cooked the supper for a social the other night. They boiled some oysters, stewed pork and beans, fried some cakes and pies, and had all the doctors in town present with their implements. Nobody died.

It is sad to relate the fact that there are people in the vicinity of Cass City, (a few only) who claim that they cannot afford to take the Enterprise. A person must be poor indeed who cannot afford to take their home paper, which costs them less than two cents (.02) per week. They are entitled to all the sympathy that can be found lying around loose.

We believe that there is an ordinance prohibiting snow balling on the streets, but we noticed quite a number of boys thus engaged in front of the post office last Saturday afternoon. The horses hitched along the walk were continually jerking at their tie straps and it is a wonder that some of them did not break loose. A stop should be put to this before damage is done.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. McPhail entertained a number of their friends on Monday evening, also on Wednesday evening. Pedro was the chief amusement. Refreshments were served and a good time had. W. I. Frost was the person who won the prize on Monday evening and Miss Jennie McIntyre was the lucky one on Wednesday evening. No pains were spared by the host and hostess to make everything enjoyable for the guests.

The Methodist Episcopal Church people have adopted a system known as the "monthly envelope system," for paying the pastor's salary. The first Sunday (next Sunday) of each month each member and supporter of the church is asked to place in an envelope one-twelfth of the amount subscribed for the year, and place it on the plate when the collection is taken up. A novel plan; but it works well.

Frank Leslie's Monthly has a nice romance about the fish town on the ice below Bay City. It says that when a fisherman becomes real hungry he kills his dog and eats it, but if not satisfied with that, he chews the leather hinges off the door of his fish shanty. The story reads nicely, but loses its bottom when it is known fish wagons from the city visit them hourly, and it would be possible to skate to town in 20 minutes.

The debate at the citizens lyceum next Monday night will be of unusual interest as two ladies are to take part in the discussion. Following is the subject and the names of the debaters: "Resolved, That the right of suffrage should be based on educational qualifications regardless of sex." Affirmative—E. F. Marr, T. A. Conlon and Mrs. R. E. Gamble; negative—Henry Butler, J. D. Brooker and Mrs. O. G. Doying. Let there be a good turnout.

Misses Una Howell and Mamie Keiff, of Caro, were the guests of Misses Belle McKenzie and Eva Wickware last Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Miss Belle gave a party in their honor at her home Saturday evening, to which a large number of her friends were invited, all of whom had a pleasant time. It leaked out during the evening that it was Belle's 16th birthday and the boys accordingly made her a present of a beautiful pair of vases, as practical evidence of their good wishes and to help her remember the anniversary.

The social circles of Detroit and Lansing have experienced a pleasant surprise in the announcement the past week, of the coming marriage of Hon. C. P. Black, of the city of the straits, to Miss Eva Turner, of Michigan's capital city, next Wednesday at Lansing. Mr. Black is too well known to Caro people, from his recent residence in this place, to need an introduction, and a host of friends here join in congratulations and best wishes.—Caro Advertiser. The above voices the sentiments of Mr. Black's many Cass City friends and acquaintances.

Sad tidings came from the far west last Monday, announcing the death of Edgar Butler, a son of Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Butler and a brother of Henry Butler and Mrs. O. G. Doying of this place. Consumption was the cause of his death, and he was buried by the I. O. O. F. Lodge, of which organization he was a member. He was well and favorably known in this vicinity, having visited here last summer. Some years ago he took a trip to Australia, in the hopes of regaining his health, and was engaged in teaching school previous to his death.

Messrs E. L. Streeter and Earnest Tompkins, of Caro, drove over last Saturday night and attended the party given by Miss Belle McKenzie. Their horse received such good treatment while here, that it required about half an hour's urging to induce it to start for Caro, when they were about to return Sunday afternoon.

Bad Axe Democrat.—There is no bit of excitement in the vicinity of Caseville over the discovery of silver ore in Lake township. A few days ago Robert Gots, who is operating a saw mill near Rush Lake, in Lake township, put down a well for the purpose of furnishing a water supply for his boiler. At a depth of about fifteen feet, in a solid bed of rock, was found evidences of silver ore. Pieces have been sent away for analysis, and further drilling is being made to ascertain the thickness of the vein. People in that vicinity are anxiously awaiting the result of the analysis.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the High School Lyceum by the scholars and others. The second meeting for this year was held last Friday night, and the room was filled to overflowing with interested listeners. Vocal and instrumental music, debates, recitations, select readings, papers, etc., comprised the program. The question, "Resolved, That strikes are detrimental to the laboring man" was discussed. The three judges selected from the audience after carefully considering the arguments presented by the debaters on each side, were unanimous in their belief that strikes were not beneficial to the working man. President McClinton is impartial in his rulings and everything passes off harmoniously.

The sentiment expressed in the following from an exchange is the simple truth: "The men of worth to a town or community are those who forget their own selfish ends long enough and who are liberal enough in their ideas to encourage every public enterprise; to push all projects calculated to build up the town and enhance its importance. The enterprise and push of a town or community constitute the foundation of its permanent success. A town may as well prepare for its funeral as to become indifferent to the enterprises in its midst. Men who come to town to make it their future home, who cannot look far enough before them to see that money placed judiciously in a public enterprise will be increased a hundred fold is the appreciation of their property are to be pitied. They are of a class who are ready to take all they can of someone's building enterprise, but they are not willing to do anything themselves."

Everybody in this busy age appreciates the value of current history and tries his best to keep in touch with recent events with those things which are happening under his own nose and which are the results of the latest activity and thought. The newspaper strives to supply this popular need for the general current intelligence, but has often to be hastily swallowed between sips of coffee at the break of day and sips of tea in the evening. The occupied man of affairs has to content himself with a hasty glimpse at the day's news, frequently from time to time losing the connection of events and finding himself unable to sum up the real value of the various world happenings. The Detroit Evening News has realized this difficulty and with characteristic enterprise has sought to remedy it. There is now in the press a handsome magazine, "The Quarterly Register of Current Events," in which the News has digested this mass of intelligence for its 45,000 readers and for all those others who certainly will eagerly avail themselves of the valuable volume. This first number, which is promised early in February, contains a digest of the world's history for 1890, a compact but appreciative epitome of all the essential events of the entire globe during the year just ended. Those who have read their daily papers carefully indeed will obtain in this latest of the News' public benefits their first clear insight probably into the really important events of the year. The magazine will ornament any bookshelf, and those who secure the various issues quarterly, will have in their library an exact, carefully condensed and yet appreciative history of the day.

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TWO GOOD BROTHERS GO TO LAW ABOUT A LADY'S CLOAK.

INTERESTING EPISTLES FROM SAGINAW TO BAY CITY.

Items of Interest from All Parts of Michigan.

The Tale of a Coat.

BAY CITY, MICH., January 27.—A suit between two ministers of the gospel was adjudicated in a justice court here recently. The litigants were both gentlemen of color. One resides in Saginaw and the other in Bay City. Each is the leader of a more or less prosperous and devout flock of colored brethren and sisters who regard their respective pastors with all the respect and veneration due to conscientious gentlemen of the cloth. The flocks, however, did not figure in the lawsuit except as interested spectators. The cause belli was a lady's plush cloak of uncertain age. It was the property of the Saginaw clergyman, or rather of his wife. In time it came to pass that the Bay City preacher began to covet his neighbor's wife's cloak and duly made overtures for the purchase of the same. It was agreed that \$25 was a just price for the article. The sum of \$8 was paid in cash, the balance to follow on the installment plan. The goods were delivered and the better half of the Bay City pastor was responsible in the figurative sense of the word. But there was a thorn in the side of the Bay City people. The cloak was too small. It did not come up to expectations and this so rankled in the breast of the lord of the household that he concluded not to pay any more on the garment. The installment plan was not pursued further. In the fulness of time it began to dawn on the Saginaw preacher that there was something coming to him. He knew from experience that the tardiness of the doctor could not be due to lack of funds. It must be forgetfulness induced by a press of spiritual cares. He would write. Here is the first epistle to the Bay Citizen: "Saginaw, Oct. 13, 1890.—Esteemed Brother: I take the liberty to remind you that there is due me a payment on that cloak. Will you kindly attend to it? Your brother in Christ, W. W. ..."

STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

Bruce Hoag, a wealthy Madison farmer and old settler, is dead. He was 82 years old. The 93 mines in the upper peninsula produced over 9,000,000 tons of ore in 1890. David McLeod, a Saginaw lumberman and mill owner, dropped dead of heart disease Saturday. The farm residence of George Taft, in Genesee township, Genesee county, burned Monday at a loss of \$500. James Kershaw's house in Plainfield was gutted by fire Saturday. The loss was practically covered by insurance. William Robinson was arrested at Grand Rapids Saturday, charged with impersonating a government pension agent. R. Biggar's farm house, five miles east of Mayville, Tuscola county, was burned with most of its contents, Sunday. William Smith, a Grand Trunk employe, was struck by a passenger train at Marcellus Tuesday and instantly killed. Ray Sillman, 12 years old, of Three Rivers, broke through the ice while skating Monday and narrowly escaped drowning. Henry Anfield of Saginaw was killed at Sebeyville Saturday by a log rolling on him. He was 22 years old and unmarried. C. A. Shipman of Muskegon, an engineer, was killed by a falling tree while at work in the woods near Woodville, Saturday. The Pontiac national bank directors have elected William C. Hinman, president; B. F. Elwood, vice president, and Abie Lull, cashier. The 4-year-old son of Alfred Searles of Rich township, Lapeer county, was burned to death while playing with matches Monday. Two freight cars of the Michigan Central at West Bay City came together with a crash Tuesday, wrecking both. No one was hurt. Peter Hawley, a Manistee saloon-keeper, in whose place a man was found dead recently, has been convicted of manslaughter. David McWhinney, after 20 years' service as the keeper of the Oakland county poor house, has resigned and will retire March 20. The Babcock hotel at Rodney was burned Monday night from an over-heated stove. The loss was about \$5,000, of which \$3,200 is covered by insurance. The Ann Arbor ladies organized a woman's relief corps Friday evening under the direction of Mrs. E. B. McKinstry, state installing officer of Detroit. Charles H. Sutton, a boiler-maker of Kalamazoo, died Sunday from lockjaw, the result of injuries received in a runaway accident. He was 45 years old. Horace C. Thurber, formerly of Pontiac, died in Saginaw Saturday. He had been in feeble health more than a year, but was convalescing to his room only one week.

CLOSURE SHELVED. THE ELECTIONS BILL AND THE CLOSURE RULE VOTED DOWN.

REPUBLICANS WHO HELPED THE DEMOCRATS TO DO IT.

The News of the Past Week Summarized for Busy Readers.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—SENATE.—The senate met at noon today in continuation of the legislative day of Thursday last, the pending question being the resolution to amend the rules by providing a method of closing debate. Mr. Morgan resumed the floor and continued his argument begun in opposition to the proposed rule and to the elections bill. At 1:30 Mr. Morgan yielded the floor for a motion from Mr. Wolcott to proceed to the consideration of the appropriation bill. Mr. Dolph moved to lay that motion on the table and the motion was rejected amid much applause—yeas 34, nays 35. Both Michigan senators voted "yea" with their party. Senators Cameron, Jones of Nevada, Stewart, Teller, Washburn and Wolcott voted with the democrats, and Mr. Ingalls was paired with Mr. Sanders. The vote was then taken on the motion to take up the appropriation bill, and it was carried by a like vote, yeas 33, nays 34. The resolution for the amendment of the rules having been thus disposed of and rejected, the calendar (at the elections bill had previously been), the senate proceeded to the consideration of the appropriation bill. The reading of the bill and report continued until 3 o'clock, and the bill was then laid aside till two o'clock tomorrow when it comes up as the unfinished business. The army appropriation bill was reported and Mr. Allison gave notice that he would call it up this week. Mr. Blair moved to proceed to the consideration of the house bill providing for the adjustment of the accounts of laborers, workmen and mechanics arising under the eight hour law. Pending action on the motion the senate adjourned. HOUSE.—The usual skirmish took place as to the reading and approval of the journal. The journal was finally approved—yeas 141, nays 107. Mr. Boutelle of Maine moved that the house go into committee of the whole on the naval appropriation bill. The yeas and nays were ordered and the clerk had called but a few names when Messrs. Mansur and Heard of Missouri, returning from the senate side, spoke a few words to their democratic colleagues. Mr. Rogers of Arkansas then rose and interrupting the call, informed the house that the "force" bill had been defeated. Then the democratic side gave cheer after cheer, the speaker's gravel being ineffectual for some moments to check the democratic enthusiasm. The roll call was continued, and the house went into committee, and after rising from committee and passing the bill the house adjourned. WASHINGTON, Jan. 24.—SENATE.—The senate met at 11 a. m. in continuation of Thursday's session. There was no prayer, no journal and no morning hour, but there was a call of the roll which showed that there were forty-five senators in attendance—exactly a quorum. Mr. Stewart took the floor to address the senate on the closure resolution, but yielded to a motion by Mr. Frye for an executive session on the assurance that it would not occupy more than five or ten minutes. The legislative session was resumed at 11:35, when Mr. Stewart took the floor and offered the amendment of which he had given notice on Thursday last. Mr. Faulkner demanded the yeas and nays on the amendment and they were ordered. Mr. Stewart then commenced his argument against the proposed rule and against the elections bill. At the close of Mr. Stewart's speech Mr. Sanders took the floor, but yielded to Mr. Aldrich, who asked unanimous consent, first to limit the debate to half an hour, then to limit the length of speeches to one hour, and then to have the vote taken on Monday next, but to each of these requests objection was made on the democratic side. Then Mr. Aldrich asked whether the senator from Nevada and the senators on the other side were prepared to fix any time for taking the vote. He was told by Mr. Faulkner that several senators desired to speak, and that it would be impossible until they had spoken, to fix any time for taking the vote. Mr. Sanders then proceeded with his speech in advocacy of the proposed rule and of the elections bill. Mr. Morgan spoke in opposition to the proposed rule. Without concluding his speech, Mr. Morgan yielded the floor, and then on motion of Mr. Aldrich, the senate took a recess until Monday at noon. HOUSE.—The house, immediately after assembling and hearing the reading of the journal went into committee of the whole (Mr. Burrows of Michigan in the chair) on the naval appropriation bill. Pending a disposition of the bill, the committee rose and the house adjourned. WASHINGTON, Jan. 23.—SENATE.—The senate met this morning without a quorum which was soon completed by the entrance of Messrs. Chandler and Aldrich. Mr. Cockrell had the floor to continue his argument against the closure resolution, but yielded to Mr. Hoar, whose remarks supplemented his remarks made in his favor last evening. Mr. Cockrell then resumed the floor and in the course of his remarks said the closure rule "was to be Reeded, Lodged, Davenported and Hoared through the senate just as measures had been through the other house without consideration, without deliberation, and without any knowledge of what they were." Mr. Gray spoke against the bill and requested that it go over until the next congress. Mr. Stewart then gained the floor and the senate took a recess until eleven o'clock tomorrow. HOUSE.—In the house Mr. Cooper complained that his resolution, making charges against Pension Commissioner Ramm and asking for a broader investigation, had been buried by a special committee, and it was referred to the committee on rules. The house then went into committee of the whole. Mr. Burrows of Michigan in the chair, on the naval appropriation bill. Adjournment was soon after taken. Sickness in Michigan. LANSING, Jan. 23.—Reports of the state board of health show that influenza, bronchitis, rheumatism and neuralgia, in the order named, caused the most sickness in Michigan during the past week. Diphtheria was reported at 33 places, scarlet fever at 55, typhoid fever at 21 and measles at 31 places. Dan Oleskie struck Bay City from St. Henry's lumber camp Wednesday with \$140 in his inside pocket, and like the man in the song when he awoke Thursday morning he found himself dead broke, having gone on a spree and been robbed.

LOCAL LEGISLATURE.

LANSING, Jan. 23.—SENATE.—Bills introduced: For the retirement of aged and disabled pensioners and for the payment of pensions to their widows and children. Bills passed: To reincorporate the village of Manistee. Adjourned until January 23 at 9:15 p. m. HOUSE.—Bills introduced: Mr. Carpenter, amending the law to prohibit railroad companies from taking up and abandoning their tracks in certain cases; Mr. Knight, legalizing the action of Bay county in voting \$50,000 to build a bridge across the Saginaw river; Mr. Rowden, establishing a state road in Bangor, Monitor and Williams in Bay county; Mr. Jackson, amending the law for the incorporation of union railroad companies; Mr. Miner, amending act 122 of 1877 for the incorporation of yachting, boating and fishing corporations. Approved: The governor signed his approval of the bill appropriating \$7,000 to the Michigan mining school to make up a deficiency in current expenses. A resolution by Mr. Doremus, setting forth that the Michigan mining school had cost \$321,500 and had graduated but twenty students in five years, and instructing the committee on that institution to enquire upon the advisability of closing the school was adopted. A resolution by Mr. White of Kent, prohibiting members from drawing pay except for actual attendance or absence upon a legitimate mission for the house, was made a special order for January 29. Adjourned until January 23 at 9:15 p. m. LANSING, Jan. 22.—SENATE.—Bills introduced: Detaching certain territory from the township of Chester, county of Ottawa, and attach the same to the county of Muskegon; detaching certain territory from the township of Ellis, county of Cheboygan, and attach the same to the township of Munda, county of Cheboygan. Approved by the governor: Ceding to the United States exclusive jurisdiction over certain lands in the city of Lansing. Adjourned. HOUSE.—Bills introduced: Mr. Richardson, amending the general tax laws so as to abolish the board of review in townships and allow citizens to make claims for deductions to the supervisor on the days set for review. Mr. Doremus, for the collection of delinquent taxes by the county system and the repeal of acts inconsistent therewith. Mr. Henze, authorizing the Detroit & Prairie Mount company to abandon its road. Mr. Watts, amending section 23, article 4, act 193 of 1873, being the law relating to railroads, as amended by act 134 of 1885 relating to the drainage of lands. Mr. Dufee, providing for the employment of a stenographer for the twenty-sixth judicial or Alpena circuit. C. L. Eaton, providing for a continuance of the copying of the list of soldiers in the adjutant general's office, and appropriating \$9,000 for that purpose. Mr. Orth, authorizing East Tawas to borrow \$5,000 for an electric light plant; also for the pay of a stenographer for the twenty-third judicial circuit. Bills passed: S. 1, making an appropriation of \$7,000 for a deficiency in the current expenses of the Michigan mining school at Houghton. Adjourned.

BRIEFLY TOLD.

Steinitz won the world's championship in the chess contest with Gunsberg. Frank Edwards, an 8-year-old boy, was drowned in a Patterson, N. J., sewer Thursday. Callixa Lavelle, one of the best pianists and composers in this country, has just died at Boston. Chicago claims to have a factory that is being operated by the use of natural gas found on the premises. Miss Georgia Mortimer, a member of the "Night Owl" theatrical company, dropped dead in Cleveland Thursday. Wm. C. Duncan, a salesman for Lew-son & Co., New York jewelers, has disappeared with \$30,000 worth of diamonds and pearls. Five thousand men in the Cambria iron works at Pittsburgh have received notice that their wages will be cut 10 per cent on February 1. The large hardware house of Walbridge & Co., at Buffalo, was destroyed by fire Sunday. The loss is estimated at \$250,000, with an insurance of \$200,000. The annual meeting of the Kalamazoo academy of medicine resulted in the election of Dr. Adolph Hochstein as president. A banquet followed up the proceedings. Fred Franke, 60 years old, of Waterloo, married his second wife a few years ago and ever since then has been moody and despondent. Thursday morning he shuffled off this mortal coil by hanging himself in his barn. Stephen Moore of Gageton, Tuscola county, has been arrested for horse stealing. He bought a horse from Nelson Hoover and could not make his payments as he promised and Hoover had him arrested hoping to force payment. Lansing is proud, and not without cause, as the year which has just closed has been the best financially that the town has ever known. About \$273,000 has been spent for general improvements, while the transfers of city property have amounted to \$993,898. Emory Duchamber of Saginaw, 10 years old, stood up in his wagon, Monday, to strike the horse he was driving. The beast sprang forward throwing Duchamber out on his head. The boy lingered in an unconscious condition until Thursday night when he died. Sheriff McQueen of Kent county has inaugurated a system of new rules at the jail. Hereafter no card playing or other amusements will be allowed and the prisoners will be locked in the cells all the time except one hour each morning and one hour in the afternoon. The well dressed body of a man, about six feet tall and weighing over 200 pounds, was found in a vacant lot at Manistee. Apoplexy. From a letter on his person it is supposed that his name was Frederick Coulson, but no one has yet been found who can identify the body. A number of Flint people, including ex-Gov. Begole, George E. Taylor, Frank Cotherin, Menzo Swart and Philo D. Phillips are large stockholders in the Mexican iron company, which company has been offered \$9,000,000 for the plant. These Flint men will clear up \$65,000 if the deal goes through. William Moore and Hattie Moore of Wyoming determined to separate and Hattie took the old horse as her portion, but did not say anything to William about her intention to sell it. She put it up in a stable, but William knew her and before she had a chance to dispose of the beast he had a writ of replevin issued and Hattie is not pleased.

FATAL ACCIDENT. A FORMER RESIDENT OF MICHIGAN KILLED IN MONTANA.

A RAILROAD ACCIDENT NEAR BUTTE CITY THE CAUSE.

A Number of Others More or Less Seriously Injured.

R. R. Accident in Montana.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Jan. 27.—A collision occurred on the Northern Pacific near this city yesterday afternoon in which H. W. Lord of Devil's Lake, N. D., lost his life, and eight others were badly injured. It is the custom of the west-bound train over this road to leave the through sleeper at the "Y," immediately east of the city, where it is taken up by the Montana Union and run through to Garrison. This was done today, but before the Union engine appeared, a Northern Pacific freight, a double-header, blundered along and ran into the sleeper while running at full speed. Mr. Lord was standing on the front platform at the time and was knocked off and run over by the entire freight train, being mangled out of all semblance to humanity. Mr. Lord is well known throughout the west and northwest, having been a member of congress from Michigan before going to Dakota, where he has been prominently mentioned for both congress and the senate. He was register of the land office at Devil's Lake. The injured were: S. B. Calderhead, general passenger and freight agent of the Montana Union, back badly sprained and seven scalp wounds. Mrs. Calderhead, arm and ankle broken. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Cottrell of Dayton, O., had scalp wounds and body bruised. Mrs. A. A. Cooke, Seattle, scalp wounds. Engineer Tim Suffered had a leg broken. All the others suffered sprains and bruises in jumping. FOREIGN NOTES. Sara Bernhardt has sailed from France to New York. The fund for the relief of the Irish poor has reached \$150,000. A Rio Janeiro dispatch to London announces the resignation of the whole Brazilian ministry. Jean Ernest Meissonnier, the distinguished French painter, is suffering from a serious attack of bronchitis. It is reported that over 100 miners have been killed by an explosion in a mine at Jasinowata, in European Russia. A disease resembling influenza has become epidemic in Berlin. These affected show a tendency to inflammation of the bowels. Advice from St. Petersburg state that the Russian government has determined to dismiss all the Swedish officers from the Finnish military forces and put Russians in their places. The strike of 2,000 miners of Sosnowice, Russia, marks the first strike in that empire. Men at the imperial dock yards, St. Petersburg, have also struck. In Ireland the government is vigorously suppressing the remains of the plan of campaign. Two men, John Connor and Terence Sullivan, have been convicted of assaulting the caretaker of an evicted farm in Kerry were sentenced each to twelve months imprisonment. Two cattle drovers, for attacking a boycotted man, were sentenced to the same penalty. The police in Tipperary have been instructed to act promptly and unsparingly against anyone interfering with the returned tenants of Smith-Barry. THE MARKETS. Detroit. Apples, per bbl. \$ 3 00 @ 3 50 Apples, evaporated 13 @ 13 1/2 Butter, per lb. 16 @ 17 Creamery 23 @ 25 Beans, unsplit, per bu. 1 50 @ 1 55 City hand-picked, 1 90 @ 1 95 Cabbage, per 100 heads. 0 00 @ 0 00 Eggs, per doz. 20 @ 20 Hides, green, per lb. 3 1/2 @ 4 " county 4 @ 4 1/2 " cured 8 @ 8 1/2 Hay, No. 2 per ton 7 50 @ 8 00 Mess pork, per bbl. 10 50 @ 10 75 Poultry, chickens, 7 @ 8 " ducks, 11 @ 11 " geese, 8 @ 9 " turkeys, 12 @ 12 1/2 pigeons, per pair, 20 @ 25 Potatoes, per bu. 95 @ 1 00 Straw, per ton 6 00 @ 7 00 Wool, fine, per lb. 28 @ 29 " coarse, 20 @ 20 Tallow, per lb. 4 @ 4 1/2 Vegetables, celery, per doz cauliflower 60 @ 65 " onions, per bu 1 00 @ 1 00 " asparagus, doz 1 75 @ 1 75 Wheat, red spot, No. 2, 97 @ 98 1/2 " rod spot, No. 3, 90 @ 90 1/2 " white spot, No. 1, 95 @ 95 " Corn, No. 2 spot, 50 @ 51 1/2 " No. 3 yellow, 45 @ 46 " No. 2 white, spot, 4 50 @ 4 50 Clover seed, 4 60 @ 4 60 Barley, 1 30 @ 1 50 Rye, 74 @ 74 Live Stock. CHICAGO. Cattle—Market higher; extra steers, \$5 50 and from that down to \$4 50 for good; advanced largely on cattle that sold at \$1 25@4 75 last week. Hogs—Market active and higher; rough and common, \$3 46 @ \$3 60; packers, \$3 60@3 70; prime butchers and heavy weights, \$3 70@3 85; light, \$3 60@3 70. Sheep—Market moderately active, lower; westerns, \$4 75@4 90; Texans, \$3 60@4 60. NEW YORK. Beeves—Market dull; native steers, \$4 @ 5 25; bulls and cows, \$1 30@3 55. Calves—Market 1/2 higher per pound; veals, \$5 @ 5; westerns, \$2 50@3 50. Sheep—Sheep firm; lambs, 1/2 higher; sheep, \$4 @ 4 75; lambs, \$6 @ 8 75. Hogs—Nominally steady, \$3 46 @ 4 per cwt. KANSAS CITY. Cattle—Market active, 102@150 higher; steers, \$3 45@4 05; cows, \$1 65@3 35; stockers and feeders, \$2 @ 3 65. Hogs—Market steady to strong; bulk, \$3 35@3 50; all grades, \$3 @ 65. Sheep—Market steady, unchanged. West Michigan Fair. GRAND RAPIDS, Jan. 22.—The West Michigan agricultural society directors have decided to issue bonds for \$50,000 with which to erect buildings and hold a fair upon the Comstock site north of the city during the week beginning Sept. 14. C. C. Comstock donates the site.

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Next to getting married, probably the most important duty the ordinary man has to perform in a lifetime is to run for a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup when the baby is in the croup.

From what country did cats come? Cats. I cheerfully recommend Salivation Oil for chilblains and sprains. We have tested it at home for these troubles, and three applications gave me free relief in each case. It's the boss liniment. J. J. NORFOLK, (of J. J. Norfolk & Bro.) 60 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

Where are crows the most plentiful? In the Caucasus. Mothers should watch carefully those signs of ill health in their daughters, and at once use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It will prove a lasting blessing.

Why is a cat's tail like the earth? It is fur to the end. The Galves on Mardi-Gras, February 5th to 10th, will be the grandest celebration ever held in the south.

What kin is the doormat to the door? It is a step-father. For Throat Diseases and Coughs use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHISCS. Like all really good things, they are imitated. The genuine are sold only in boxes.

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it is sat in. If you have ever used Dobbin's Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you know that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you have not tried it, ask your grocer for it now. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

When is a bonnet not a bonnet? When it becomes a lady. If you want to see something fine, see Galveston Mardi-Gras illustrated hangings.

If you were going through the woods which would you prefer, to have a lion eat you or a bear? I should prefer to have the lion eat the bear. A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years, ought to know what from sugar: read what he says: TOLEDO, O., Jan. 10, 1887. Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—Gentlemen:—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience I have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. I have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of Catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours Truly, L. L. GORSUCH, M.D.

Office, 215 Summit St. We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken Internally. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot. What is the difference between a cross-roads and the butcher business? One is a meeting of ways, and the other is a weighing of meats.

A peculiar fact with reference to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is, that, unlike sarsaparillas and other blood medicines, which are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May, the "Discovery" works equally well all the year round, and in all cases of blood-taints or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

It's the cheapest blood-purifier sold through druggists. Why? Because it's sold on a peculiar plan, and you only pay for the good you get.

Can you ask more? "Golden Medical Discovery" is a concentrated vegetable extract, put up in large bottles; contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; is pleasant to the taste, and equally good for adults or children.

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FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box: One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cents. One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream 15 cents. One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice 10 cents. One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented 10 cents. One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented 10 cents. One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 10 cents.

Or for stamps any single article at the price. If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take Vaseline put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without the real value, and give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents. GILBERTSON & CO., 24 State St., New York.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XV.

"A word with you, Duchess," says this young lady, seating herself in the deep window recess of the room where Norah is scribbling a letter to her dad. "We've sworn a friendship, you and I—and if I'm nothing else I am at least faithful to my Lords. Now, as to Kilgarraff: have you quite done with him?"

"What's he doing for you?" says Delaney, laughing, glad to see an absurd degree that anything has led her to spontaneously address him again.

"Faith, there's a deal of sense, though, in what she says, declares Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, shaking her ringlets vigorously: "A rare good smattering of reason. Only the day is too hot to follow it up. Let us come out and see what our friends in the open air are doing."

CHAPTER XVI.

"Just when I seemed about to learn, where is the thread now? Off again! The old trick! Only I discern infinite passion and the pain of the heart."

Not very much, when all is told. The day is too warm for that. A good deal of tennis, a little sauntering amongst the late roses, a tremendous amount of lounging and flirtation at will. The afternoon flies by almost before one remembers it has begun, and now everybody is lying about, rather exhausted from doing nothing, and drinking tea, and champagne, and divers cut up with an unfeigned appreciation of their merits.

Col. O'Shaughnessy, a large, florid, well-bred looking man, with a dictatorial manner and the kindest heart in the world, is toiling an old and thrilling Indian tale (born of his years in Hyderabad) to a select company. His wife, at a few yards' distance, is giving all the local gossip, collected since her return yesterday, to a pale little woman, who seems rather upset by it.

Some of our other friends are scattered round the lawn. Mr. Greene, who makes no secret of his adoration, is lying prone at the feet of the Duchess. The Colonel, having brought his tale to a pitch that is positively appalling, winds it up suddenly with all the knowledge of a clever raconteur, and is rewarded by a silence that is half hysterical on the part of his female audience.

Suddenly says some one—the rector's wife, I think—the little pale woman—"Does any one know how Mrs. Brady is to-day? I heard she was ill, but—"

"Yes," called this morning," shouts Col. O'Shaughnessy—he always shouts more or less. "She's far from well. They told me she had been confined—"

Here a more inopportune fit of coughing overtakes him.

"Confined? What are you talking about, Colonel?" cries the wife in condemnation. "Why, they have only been married—"

Provisionally at this moment her cup slips along the saucer in the nasty, treacherous way cups will at times, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy makes a grab at it, forgetful in her fear for the ruin of the silk of the astomachment and horror that possesses her.

"Confined to her bed with a bad cold," roars the Colonel in a voice suggestive of murder and with a complexion positively apoplectic.

There is a dead pause; then somebody whispers something into Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's ear, who appears bewildered, and somebody else gives an indignant kick to Mr. Greene's recumbent form, who is plainly on the verge of hysterics.

"A bad cold," persists the Colonel wildly. "Called there—saw her? Nothing worse than that. I give you my honor!"

The "nothing worse than that" is the last straw, and finishes Mr. Greene, who explodes with laughter and then rolls over and bites the daisies in a last vain endeavor to restrain his ungodly enjoyment. But Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who has at last mastered the real meaning of the thing, evidently sees no reason for restraining anything, and leaning back in her chair gives way to mirth.

"Ah, there is that," she says. "Bless me, what a mistake I made!" And off she goes into an unlimited number of cackles, until she shakes again. Then Miss Cazelot is seen to draw gently near, and as with a trick of d'yeing out in her presence, once more a decorous tranquility holds sway. Mr. Wylding, the author, is with her.

"One can see I scribble," he is saying, in his delightful soft voice. "Yet when people look at me they sometimes hesitate if it is a compliment. I am sure you; I am always charmed with it, and I can almost hear them say, 'He is like it, of course, but he is not so spiritual as I imagined. And yet—'"

You can read the rest for yourself. Is it not? It is all in my nose I think, with a delirious frankness, "which is of a goodly length, and in my upper lip—have you noticed my upper lip?—which is distinctly en suite."

Miss Cazelot murmurs some inanity or other, quite unworthy of her, her mind being with her eyes, which are far away across the shaven lawn, where stands Delaney. He is conversing with some one she cannot see whom—but some one in white. Presently he moves a little, and her pulses grow more even as she sees that the woman in white is not—Norah!

A voice at her elbow makes her start. "Can I do anything for you, Duchess?" The voice is Lord Kilgarraff's, and Miss Cazelot, looking abruptly round, finds that Norah is sitting almost exactly behind her.

"Eh? what?" says the Duchess, with a rather absent air, turning to Kilgarraff. It is in vain that she tries to recall the words, having reached her ears.

"Miss Delaney—why this abstraction?" says Mr. Greene in accents mildly reproachful. "Are all we nothing to you, that you thus wander into realms of phantasmagoria? Come back, come back, I entreat you, to solid earth and us and cease to tread in spirit immaterial space."

Norah, thus importuned, turns upon him a smiling face.

"I have been thinking," she says, "that I should like to pay one set—"

"With me?" exclaims he rapturously, scrambling to his feet. "Consider it done. Now to find two others on playful thoughts intent."

"I was just wishing for a game myself," says Mrs. Cazelot amiably. "What do you say? You and Miss Delaney against Mr. Wylding and me?"

"THE DUCHESS."

"THE DUCHESS."

A Tale of Irish Country Life.

BY THE "DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XVII.

The last guest has departed; only the house party is left to enjoy the glory of the dying suns. Lounging about on the shaven grass, or else cozily nestling down in the garden chairs, they seem one and all loth to leave the sweetness of the evening.

There is almost unwarped stillness over everything; a calm that bodes well for the peaceful night, that already shows signs of descending upon them. A little tired, a little languid, they are sitting voiceless—a sense of such pleasurable laziness upon them as forbids the desire for speech—when suddenly, from some unknown distance, sound reaches them; sound that ever gathers its volume, and at last disperses rapidly the delicious touch of rest in which they had been indulging.



Delaney seeing them—and that they have come to a halt on the central part of the gravelled sweep before the hall door, that had of course been the part of the lawn on which he and his guests were seated, moves lightly from his lounging position on the grass and goes forward to meet them.

The Duchess, as he passes her, can see that he has changed color, and a cold, hard expression has settled round his lips.

"Well!" he says icily, addressing himself exclusively to the priest, and treating the others as though they were outside his vision. His tone is uncompromising, his whole air studiously contemptuous.

As the priest begins his speech, already prepared, and which it would be useless to reproduce here. The people's wants and wrongs, set forth in florid language, and with a keen edge of heartfelt, eloquent, compassion to it that touches Norah, but leaves Delaney as stern and unmoved as before. The demand for redress; the speaker's conviction, that they, his parishioners, have it not in their power to pay the money said by the law to be due, but which the sight of heaven and man is an exact tax—And so on—and on.

It is a strange scene, full of incongruities. On one side extreme poverty and general demoralization; on the other riches and all the little refinements that go to make up a well-to-do, self-satisfied society. There, the ill-dressed (although each man in it is wearing his Sunday's best) ill-looking crowd, shuffling together in a nervous, treacherous fashion, half uneasy, wholly vindictive. Before them their spokesman, a tall, thin, dark, almost black man with dark piercing eyes that now are aglow with fervid eloquence. Facing him, the tall, handsome, young man, faultlessly attired, with head well up, and stern, finely cut mouth, and aristocrat written on every line of him; and behind all, the fashionably dressed few, gazing with well-bred amazement at the picture of which they make a part.

Father Doolin has brought his speech to a rather abrupt termination. It is difficult to diffuse the explanatory or persuasive with those handsome, unsympathetic eyes fixed upon one, as though compelling a speedy finish to one's harangue; and now that it has reached its end Delaney throws out his hand with an openly aggressive gesture.

"It is useless," he says, taking advantage of this unexpected break in Father Doolin's appeal, "your coming to me on this errand. To those," turning cold, angry eyes upon the crowd, "who have shown no mercy, no mercy will I show."

"Take care, sir," says the priest, in a sort of sharp, involuntary way, as if a little frightened.

"Do you threaten me, sir?" asks Delaney, turning upon him fiercely. "Nay, then, threaten as you will. What I have said remains. These people," with a light and scornful wave of his hand in their direction, "have chosen to defy me, even to the extent of killing my trusted agent; let them abide by their choice. I should abate one fraction more of my just dues, I have said this before, publicly. I say it again. Twenty per cent has been offered and refused. No other offer shall be made. And I may as well say now, too, as the opportunity presents itself, that it was against my better judgment, my sense of justice, that such grace was ever shown."

An angry growl rises from the crowd, and the Duchess blanches a little and makes a quick movement, as though she would rise from her seat.

Then a tall man steps from the crowd and stands in front of it, as though he feels himself to be their leader—though perhaps an unacknowledged one.

He is a great powerful fellow, with a rather brutal appearance. A heavy, bull-like neck, a lowering brow and a type of feature that suggests strongly that of the gorilla.

"Say forty per cent and we might be listening to ye," says the giant with a threatening air.

"Stand back, Moloney," says Father Doolin, with a frown.

"Why would I, then? Why shouldn't I hear the truth for what is in his lie? If you won't speak it I will. Why shouldn't I tell him what we all think of him and his comrades?"

"Why not, indeed?" says Delaney, with a curious laugh. "There is, however, some thing even more than that that you are to be aware of. It goes to the name of Moloney and fixes his gaze on him. "The name of him who murdered Mr. Meredith!"

A convulsive shudder seems to run through the ragged crowd. Many angry faces show themselves there; many carefully repressed.

"Ha! That allusion troubles you!" cries Denis, with ill-suppressed passion. "That went straight home. Does there stand one innocent man amongst you, I wonder; one who didn't know of or connive at that devilish deed? Until the murderer is given up to me I shan't believe it. I sent that kind, good man amongst you, that lenient, loyal gentleman, my own best friend—who had, I swear it to you!—with growing vehemence—'your interests most honestly at heart. He came—he accepted you as his friend. Oh! if you could have seen his letters to me, how he trusted, how he believed in you, how his heart was wrapped up in a scheme that was to do you and

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yours a life-long good! And you—you, for reward, most foully, most brutally destroyed him!" He draws a long breath, his eyes are a flame. "His blood," he says, in a low tone, "his blood forever cries to me for vengeance. I declare to you, throwing one hand heavenwards, 'I shall never rest until I bring his murderer to the scaffold!'"

"Sir! Think. Consider," says the priest hastily. "Can you not leave him to time—to his own conscience, for revenge?"

"His conscience!" "Yes, sir. His surely. Be it soon or be it late, be assured that the memory of that awful crime will some time seize upon that man and burn into his soul like a red hot iron. Sir, I entreat you, be content with that certainty, and do not punish the innocent for the guilty."

"No. I shall be content only with a justice that I shall see," replies Delaney grimly. "A life for a life is but meagre satisfaction in this case, for what dozen lives among that sordid crew"—indicating the peasants by a gesture full of withering contempt—"could compensate for the life they took?"

"Each man, Delaney," says the priest solemnly, reprovingly, "has his own soul. That is as precious to the lowest as to the highest. And you—are you just? Is it justice you seek or only vengeance? Is it right?—with mitigation—to punish the many for the few? I beg you to hear me, sir, in a kinder spirit; I entreat you to believe that they are anxious to be reconciled to you—to—"

"I respect you, Mr. Doolin," says Delaney, interrupting him gently, but deliberately. "I honor you indeed, because I know you to be a good man, who is wasting his life in a vain endeavor to reform a hopeless vicious people—"

"Not vain, I hope, sir," protests the priest, in a tone of deep distress.

"So I at least believe," with a slight bow, "and yet you would ask me to regard these people as being desirous of returning their allegiance, to a sense of their duty towards me, their landlord, when you must know what happened at the farm at Gril-lagh only last week. Was that brutal mutilation of a number of helpless cattle a sign of their desire to be on good terms with me? I confess it looked to me more like a declaration of war. I really believe, raising his voice so as to be heard by all, "it was meant for a threat. But threats to me," with a short insolent laugh, "are, I assure you," addressing himself with an aggravating air to the people, "idle as the wind."

Again that angry murmur rises from the head of the crowd.

"The wind isn't always idle. It has overthrown many a strong man before now," says Moloney ominously, a villainous scowl upon his brow.

"If, sir, you would make some further abatement," goes on the priest hurriedly, as if trying to drown this mutinous speech; "anything—say thirty, even twenty-five, per cent—"

"Not a penny," briefly, "as matters now stand. One however, I still hold out. Let them deliver into my hands the man who assassinated Mr. Meredith, and I may—I do not promise, remember—but then I might be induced to listen to their complaints; until then, nothing. You hear, all of you," speaking in a clear, cold, steady voice; "and I give you notice that you have from this until November, only, to settle your rents; after that I shall evict the non-payers, man by man."

There is something about his manner that precludes the idea of a change. What he has said he will surely do. There is no appeal from that sternly delivered fiat. A hoarse cry runs through the crowd from mouth to mouth, partly fear, partly hatred. There is something at once so savage, yet so thrilling, in it that involuntarily one or two of the men lounging on the lawn get up hastily, and a magnificent oil hound that lies stretched at Delaney's feet leaps from the ground with a growl and stands trembling as if waiting for the word to spring upon the four.

At this moment Moloney makes a fierce gesture, and the dog, losing all control over its awakened temper, with a bound reaches him. With hair bristling and lips drawn back, showing the fangs within, he looks a more formidable enemy than he really is, and Moloney, yielding to a vicious impulse and a longing for revenge, lifts his heavy foot and gives the poor old brute a cruel kick.

With a sharp yell the hound rolls over in the gravel, his leg broken.

"Damn you! you are aoundrel!" cries Delaney, forgetful of everything in his mad rage as he sees the dog lying in mortal pain before him. It is his favorite dog, old now, but a faithful creature who has had a good share of his master's heart for many a long day. In a second Denis has flung himself upon Moloney, and is seizing him by the collar, in spite of his powerful struggle, shakes

him to and fro like a terrier might a rat, and then dashes him heavily to the ground. For a minute or two he lies there stunned, Delaney looking down upon him, pale, panting more with passion than fatigue. Then he re-overs himself and rises slowly to his feet. One dark malignant glance he casts at Delaney, one bitter curse escapes his lips, and then he moves away, followed by the crowd, now grown strangely silent.

Only the old priest remains, and turns in an agitated fashion to madam, who, with some of the others, has hurried up, looking pale and horrified.

"I wish he had not done that, madam," said Father Doolin in a trembling voice. "It was most unfortunate. They are already much incensed against him; and I wish he had not done that."

"I wish he had not, indeed," says madam, who is very white, "indeed," says madam. "And I wish he had done more," cried Miss Blake, looking up with flashing eyes from where she and the Duchess, with Delaney, are kneeling over the injured dog. "I wish he had killed the cowardly wretch who dealt that blow on this poor brute."

Tears are standing thickly in her eyes, and seeing them Kilgarraff, who is never proof against beauty in distress, goes up to her. The Duchess, sitting on the gravel, has got the dog's head in her lap; warm drops are falling from her eyes on his handsome old head. The poor brute, more hurt than they at first had thought, is dying; even as Denis calls to him, in the hope of cheering him, and Sir Phillip, who is a clever man about dogs, is examining the

broken leg, he gives a groan or two, and with a last vain effort to struggle to his feet and go to his master drops back dead.

It is after all a very small affair; the death of a dog only. A mere trifle beside the bloody deeds that, night by night, and day by day are enacted in all parts of ill-fated Kerry, whilst our English protectors talk and talk and talk at the other and safe side of the water and do nothing. The death of a dog, and the knocking down of his sinner. Yet, insignificant as all this sounds, it bears in the future bitter fruit!

"Let it be now love? All my soul breaks How I do love you! Give my love its way! Grant me my heaven!"

"Norah, may I have the pleasure of this dance?" says Denis, gravely, looking down at his cousin. The old familiar "Duchess" has long been laid aside.

Madam's calliope has come off at last in spite of many delays. It is now October; warm and bright on its hot days, lowering and dark enough on the others. To-night, however, is beyond expectation, lovely and mild, as though a last breath of the dead summer had been wafted to it by spirit hands. All the gardens are aglow with colored lamps, poor counterfeiters of the myriads of stars that deck the firmament above, where, too, Diana sails in perfect splendor. It is an ideal night, balmy, and calm as death itself, with no sound save the whispering of the lime trees under the tender moonlight and the far-off breaking of the waves upon the pebbly shore.

"With pleasure," responds the Duchess coldly, not looking at him. She is staring past him, with unseeing eyes, however, very pale, but lovely as a dream, in the quaint costume she wears. She is a very exquisite "Miss Muffet" in her short-waisted gown of æsthetic saffron tint, a very big bow cap, and long soft gloves that reach up to her white shoulder, and then girth wide all the way down again from that to her wrists. A more admirable picture than she makes it would be impossible to conceive.

She is without doubt the belle of the evening, though Katherine Cazelot, who is supremely lovely as Queen of Hearts, in long trailing skirts of white and gold, runs her hard. Miss Blake, too, as "My Pretty Maid," is charming; and Lady Glendore a thing of beauty as "Miss Mary."

The Duchess, indeed, seems quite transformed. A brilliant fire has lit itself in each of her great gray eyes, and though her cheeks have turned strangely white within the last few minutes her lips still are crimson.

"But to dance!" she says, still not looking at him. "I am tired of dancing. Is there no place to be found for the sole of one's tired foot to this evening?"

"THE DUCHESS."

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CHAPTER XVIII.

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"But to dance!" she says, still not looking at him. "I am tired of dancing. Is there no place to be found for the sole of one's tired foot to this evening?"

By intuition she knows that she will not suffer his arm around her waist, and a bitter pain beats within his heart; pain that is mingled with an anger's bitter.

"If you are tired we can sit still in one of the conservatories, or better still, in one of the gardens," he says, as calmly as he can. "Will that suit you, or shall I give up my place to another?"

"That is a very rude speech, isn't it?" says the Duchess, at last turning her eyes on him. "And might almost lead me to believe—"

"No!" interrupted he with a sternness that yet is agitated—"you could never believe that!" He draws her hand with a touch of determination within his arm, and moves toward a door on his left. This leads to a conservatory. Entering it, he comes to an open glass door beyond that, opens on a veranda. Three or four steps from this lead to the terrace beneath, which in turn gives access to the garden glowing in the moonlight.

"What a lovely night!" says the Duchess, looking round her, evidently with a view to making conversation. There is a slight touch of nervousness in her manner, a suspicion of uneasiness.

"Yes, I am glad it has turned out fine. Such a mere chance as it was. You are enjoying yourself?" with a steady glance at her.

"So much!" with enthusiasm. "I hardly thought it possible that one could compress such an amount of thorough enjoyment into one short evening. Oh, yes, I am feeling absurdly happy."

"You should," bitterly. "The right is all your own. You have the world at your feet."

"The world! A large statement."

"Not so large as it sounds. Each of us has a world of our own, which to know grief or joy; your world is a most submissive one; it owns itself captive to your will."

"Does it?" with a little unworldly laugh. "And who are my captives?"

"The question is not like you," says he, bitterly. "But you are so changed, so different from the cousin I once knew, that—is it to gratify your vanity you ask? Shall I speak of Greene—of Kilgarraff—of—"

"Fray don't if you want to make yourself interesting; I know quite as much of them as I wish to know."

"Is that true, Norah? Is that slighting tone he? Am I really to believe that they—all—that Kilgarraff is of no account in your eyes?"

"Why should you seek to believe anything of that sort?" demands she, coldly, lifting large, resentful eyes to his. "Are you my guardian, my brother, that you thus speak?"

"Do not do not deny then," exclaims he, recklessly, "that there is now, at all events, something between you and Kilgarraff?" There is such passionate anguish in his tone that had her own heart been free from care she must have condescended to his words.

"This is an examination to which I refuse to be subjected," she says, lightly enough, but with an angry glance. Her heart is beating wildly, painfully; a fear of his next words is oppressing her, with that a vehement indignation that has engaged to and doubtless in love with another woman, as he should dare to take her to task.

"It is true—I have no right to speak," says Delaney, controlling himself by a visible effort. "But you are very young, and such as you may dislike the idea I am in a sense your guardian whilst you remain here."

"You are not my guardian, here or elsewhere. You, with a cold, steady glance, 'are a thing to me. Please understand that at once I am under my aunt's care, not yours. If I thought otherwise I should not remain an hour longer under this roof. I cannot permit you to interfere with me in any way."

"Not even for—"

"Not in any way," haughtily. "Now," with a slight curl of her lip, "if you have quite finished your impromptu lecture, I should be glad to return to the house."

"I have not finished," breaks he out, fiercely, goaded to quicker wrath by that last unworldly glance. "I have still to ask you what right you treat me as you do. What have I done that I should be placed beneath a ban—that I should receive from you none but uncourteous words and looks? Not so many weeks ago—"

"Hush," says she in a low but peremptory tone. "No. You shall hear me."

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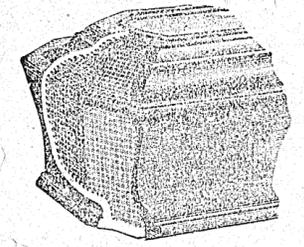
A. A. McKenzie,



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.

Three Cent Column.

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

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

CUTTER—New cutter to exchange for wood. Inquire at THIS OFFICE.

WANTED—A girl to do general house work at Amos Martins, three miles west of Cass City.

FOR SALE—Good dwelling house, lot and barn, 1-16-1w E. R. MARKHAM Cass City.

FOR SALE—Good sound horse, weight about 1200 lbs, also one single wagon and harness, 1-16-1t. L. N. HOWEY, Cass City.

FOR SALE—40 acres of land 2 miles west of Cass City, mostly improved, good orchard and good house. More can be known as the Leverage farm. Enquire of M. SHERMAN or J. D. BROOKER.

PULL—Registered Jersey, Pope S'this, No. 17076, will stand at my residence for services. H. P. MANONEY, Cass City.

LOTS FOR SALE—Best location in the city. Will sell on time if desired. T. A. CONLON, Cass City.

WANTED A SAW MILL—to saw out 200,000 feet of pine, hemlock and hardwood logs, enquire of JAS. REAGAN, Wickwau, Sanilac county, Mich. 1-9-1t.

FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING, 9-12-1t.

FOR SALE—One good farm horse. Enquire of A. E. BOLLIGON, 3 miles north of Cass City, 9-12-1t.

MARE FOR SALE—Cheap, or will exchange. A. A. MCKENZIE, 9-12-1t for colt.

FARM FOR SALE—40 acres; soil clay loam; all cleared and fenced; small house; barn; 3600; nearly new; basement stable; young orchard; near school; good neighbors; price low; terms easy. 1-9-4. E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

VEDAR RAIRS AND POSTS—for sale, inquire of J. D. TURKEY, one and one fourth mile west of Cass City. 1-9-1t.

I 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. STRIFFLER.

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. BOLLIGON, 7-4-1t. Three miles north of Cass City.

FOR SALE—One dark bay Royal George mare weighing about 1650; also one good cow coming in in the spring. Time will be given or approval paper. J. D. CROSBY, 1-16-1t.

FOR SALE—Eighty acres of good farming land, the east half of the west half of the southwest quarter of section 31, township of Austin, Sanilac county; about 20 acres cleared. Small payment down, balance on time. DUNCAN MCGOWALL, Argyle P. O.

SAVE MONEY—By calling on the undersigned when wishing to purchase a sewing machine, 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. STRIFFLER, Cass City, Mich. 6-13-1t.

FOR SALE—A splendid improved farm of 117 acres, good buildings, 5 1/2 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 go cheap. Apply to Administrators C. J. LOWRIE, Detroit, or J. MARSHALL, Cass City 6-11-1t.

Save \$36.50 on Your Ticket to California. J. C. JUDSON & CO. personally conducted California Excursions in brand new Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, via Denver & Rio Grande R. R., the scenic line of the world, leave Chicago via Chicago & Alton R. R. 12:00 noon Saturday of every week, each excursion in charge of an efficient and reliable excursion manager, Pullman tourist sleeping cars through from Boston and Chicago to San Francisco and Los Angeles. For rates, reservation of berths, etc., call on or address, J. C. JUDSON & CO., 115 Clark Street, Chicago.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate" and 36 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size 8 1/2 of Sheet Music. Sent, post-paid, for ONLY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken. AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO., 6960 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE

GAGETOWN.

Simon Campbell is seriously ill. Dr. Lyman is attending him.

Pat Toohy, his sister Jane and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hennessy visited here Monday.

Logs, shingles, heading and bolts are coming into the yard of Quinn & Co. quite rapidly.

It is reported that Likan & Co. will buy elm stave bolts through J. M. Young and ship the same to Berne.

Anthony Weiler and Miss Hartman, of Sebawaing, were married at the Catholic Church last week. We wish them success.

Fifteen persons asked to become members of the Macabee Tent at Gagetown last Saturday night. Their requests were granted.

Miss Kate McCallum arrived here on Saturday from Saginaw to visit her sister, Mrs. Welsh, whose health has been very poor for some time, but at present is improving.

MARRIAGE CORNERS.

Mrs. P. Landrigan is very ill. She is attended by Dr. McClinton.

Miss Anna McCauley departed for Highland on Thursday last.

Dr. Johnson will preach at the Winton school house on Friday evening, Jan. 30.

Miss Frankie Karr, who has been afflicted with consumption for a number of years, is very low at present.

Alex Marshall had a three year-old heifer that committed suicide the other day, by hanging herself while trying to get to her calf.

We think that our Wilmot friend might be satisfied with six inches of snow and let us fellows up here have a little, so we can draw our logs to mill.

Mr. Tanner is again able to say "Whoa! Bill," and has taken up his residence in the shanty which he built over by the woods in Huron county.

WEST GREENLEAF.

The county line has become noted. A saw mill on Jas. Tindall's farm.

Miss Jane Blackmer visited in Elmwood last week.

The mitten social held at Mrs. Lepia's proved a success.

Mrs. Lepia has returned home from her eastward visit.

A "ten cent night-cap social" at Geo. Bond's one week from to-night.

H. T. Pardo, of Elmwood, was the guest of Geo. Bond last Tuesday.

Mr. Vogel is building a house on his farm west of John Smith's farm.

Mr. Lyman, of Dakota, will give a free lecture at the McConnell school house to night.

A talk of a drain from John Wagoner's farm to follow the swamp to the end, going northeast.

Wilmot.

Kerosene oil 10 cents per gallon at Wilmot.

H. C. Palmer was a Cass City visitor Tuesday.

We are very much in need of a hotel in our village.

Mr. Dubois is moving into the Enoch Hart house this week.

F. B. Howard & Co. are paying \$2.00 per cord for stave bolts.

Colin Ferguson and Miss Cora Peterson were Cass City visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Underwood returned last week from a visit with friends in Canada.

John Lewis is going to move his saw mill on to the Manly land in the spring.

If you have any vicious horses to shoe bring them to our blacksmith, he will shoe them every time.

Jas. McCallum has bought Ira Rock's house and is going to place it at the back end of his store. He will make a boarding house of it.

EVERGREEN.

(Last week's Correspondence.)

Splendid wheeling.

Ezra Travis has returned home from the lumber woods.

Elumet Halcomb and family have returned home, after a short visit with friends in Brockway.

Messrs. Wait and Battersbee traded horses last week, both parties made money or horseflesh in the transaction.

Last Friday, while Cyrus Phillips was chopping in the woods, he had the misfortune to cut his foot very bad. He will have to rest the remainder of the winter.

The revival meetings are still going on at the Proctor school house, under the leadership of Rev. Manly Karr. About twenty have turned from the errors of their ways and accepted Christ, while many others are coming to the anxious seat.

Death has been among us again and claimed for its victim Mr. Hagle. He has been a great sufferer for some time but he finally passed away and the funeral was held on Saturday last, Elder Demming officiating. Also the youngest child of Mrs. Isaac Craig was buried on Sunday last.

6 ANNUAL CLEARING SALE 6

OUR SIXTH ANNUAL CLEARING SALE will begin JANUARY 26 and end FEBRUARY 14, 1891. The Sales HAVE BECOME SO POPULAR that they need only to be mentioned.

BIG BARGAINS! BIG RUSH!

You can't afford to miss these Bargains. Dress Flannels as low as 15 cents per yard; best Prints, Clothing and Cloaks at your own price. Boots and Shoes will be Slaughtered.

REMEMBER THE DATE!

-2-MACKS-2-

DEFORD.

Mrs. L. Parmateer is on the sick list.

John Gimmills and wife have gone on a visit to Sanilac.

By Huffman has a sick ox, which breaks up his team.

Daniel Ellsworth, of Goodland township, Lapeer county, is here visiting old friends.

Clark Cornliss and family visited their daughter at Inlay City, Mrs. N. D. Funk last week.

Orvin Stowell, who labors at Oweada, injured his arm slightly last week. He is at home at present.

The net proceeds of the Union Sunday School social was \$5.35. A splendid time and every body happy.

Seven foot, Robert Vance, has come among us again, after one year's sojourn amidst the southing pines of northern Michigan.

We feel almost safe to say that we will have a cheese factory, a joint stock company is being formed at the present time. The factory will be fitted with all modern machinery.

Wm. McCracken has very poor health this winter. His physical strength was lost defending his country against the traitorous efforts of a domestic foe, for which he has never received a recompense.

We learn that H. Daugherty, formerly of this place, met a foe in legal war at Kingston on the 23d; vanquished him in a "York minute;" returned to Cass City on the noon train, accompanied by his council, Henry Butler.

Bro. of Grant, 'tis a well known fact that able minds and strong passions go hand in hand, hence we must be careful how we read the pages that inform us of the conduct of the ancient Lots. Avoid everything that might excite lascivious love.

On February 15th, Edward Lockwood and family will move to Highland station, Oakland county, to reside, and for that reason the young people will call on Miss Ella, January 30th, to say good bye and present her with some mementoes as tokens of respect.

In a Grand Rapids factory they have a "sweat box." Every time a man swears 5 cents goes into the box; when it runs over the money goes to the heathen. We mildly suggest, without any toughts of dictation, that a similar box be placed in our cheese factory now under contemplation.

OWENDALE and CREEL.

News is scarce on Centre street.

Mrs. Dan Chisholm is quite sick at the present writing.

Adam Davidson and Jasper Holmes traded teams the past week.

Jas. Brackenbury made this burg a pleasant call on Wednesday last.

J. D. Owen can boast of a fifty ton ice house. How is that for this little burg?

Arthur Sharrard, of Cass City, was in town on Wednesday, looking after business.

Jas. Gage, of Elkland, made friends in this town a pleasant call on Saturday last.

Miss Julia McAlpin, of Canbora, was the guest of Miss Belle Taylor on Sunday last.

J. D. Owen drove over to Cass City on Sunday. He was accompanied home by P. Reilly.

Alex McKenzie, of Northern Michigan, is at present the guest of his sister, Mrs. R. Hughes.

Ed. Owen now drives a handsome horse and carriage, lately purchased from Edgar Tindall.

R. Ballagh and Wm. Burress have been engaged filling J. D. Owen's large ice house here the past week.

Charley Monroe, of Bad Axe, has the contract for building George Taylor's barn the coming summer.

Quite a number from Gagetown attended the Macabee invitation in tent No. 211, of this place Thursday evening last.

Pat Reilly was in Novesta the last week, looking after the southern branch of John G. Owen's large lumbering establishment here.

The Beaver Society will hold its second meeting at Canbora, the second Saturday in February. A large attendance will be expected.

Remember the school entertainment a week from Friday. A good time will certainly be had as we learn that tribes of all nations will be represented.

Edgar Tindall has already purchased the scales from a Chicago firm to be used in the new cheese factory the coming summer. Such men of industry, farmers, are scarce in most communities.

Miss McColl, Mrs. C. S. Graves and Mrs. A. J. Hughes made camp No. 3 a pleasant call on Saturday last, and was kindly escorted through the many branches of lumbering scenery at that point by E. Young, comptroller of the forest city.

E. J. Hughes and E. Young are reported as quite under the weather, after their encounter with the goat on Thursday evening last. The boys had not the least idea that animals of so woolly a nature were quite so ferocious in this part of the forest.

A Graduate of Medicine.

Being a graduate of a Medical College, I am of course prejudice against all secret proprietary medicines, but I am compelled to say, after being cured of a violent case of Inflammatory Rheumatism, that S. S. S. is the remedy for that disease. I took S. S. S. after everything else had failed. I had all sorts of treatment with the best physicians. Had the Turkish bath treatment; went to Hot Springs, Ark.; Jacksonville Fla, Colorado Springs, and to California; but no relief. Then I started home, tired and worn, disgusted with medicine. A friend persuaded me to take S. S. S. and I did it more to gratify him than from any hope of cure, and the first bottle put me far on the road to permanent cure. I continued it until I am sound and well.

Geo. B. HAYCOCK, Duluth, Minn. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys; will remove pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For Headache, constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50 cts. and \$1.00 per bottle at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore.

A Wonder Worker. Read the following: Mr. C. H. Morris, Newark, Ark., says: "Was down with Abscess of Lungs, and friends and physicians pronounced me an incurable Consumptive. Began taking Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, am now on my third bottle, and able to oversee the work on my farm. It is the finest medicine ever made." Jessie Midlewart, Decatur, Ohio, says: "Had it not been for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption I would have died of Lung Troubles. Was given up by doctors. Am now in best of health. Try it. Sample bottles free at Fritz Bros.' Drugstore."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Fritz Bros., Drugists.

Eminent physicians everywhere recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as the most reliable remedy that can be had for colds, coughs, and all pulmonary disorders. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Almanac; it is the best publication of the kind, and full of information.

Frost & Hebblewhite.

TAKE STOCK FEBRUARY 15

As we are Over Stocked with— Cloaks, Blankets, Jackets, Staple Dry Goods, Mitts, Crockery, Glassware, Gloves, Groceries, Underwear, and Provisions

To every Cash Purchaser of \$5 worth of Mdse. we will give

1 lb. 25 Cent Tea, FREE!

Best in the Market. This Offer holds Good Until Feb. 15th, '91 Butter and Eggs taken same as Cash.

FRITZ BROS.,

—Have Just Received a Complete Stock of—

HOLIDAY GOODS

Their long experience has enabled them to select the BEST GOODS and buy at the Lowest Figures. They intend to give you BARGAINS in Holiday Goods. Remember the place when you want any Albums, Toilet Cases, Work Baskets, Work Boxes, Smoking Sets, Mirrors, Photo Frames, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Books, Bibles and many other articles that will make

VALUABLE PRESENTS!

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, MACHIE OIL, BELTING LACE, PAINTS & 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.

RAVETROUGHING + A SPECIALTY

MEXICAN contractors are importing thousands of Chinese laborers to work on railroads in course of construction in that land.

A FRUIT grower at Brocton, N. Y., picked nearly thirteen thousand pounds of grapes from half an acre of land last year.

If hypnotism once supersedes insanity as a standing defense in murder cases, our criminal lawyers will have to take up the subject of psychology and devote to it more years of study than they ever did to law.

A COUPLE were married at Atlanta, Ga., who were first betrothed thirty-five years ago.

Two men have found near Fresno, Cal., what is claimed to be the genuine petrified body of a man.

THE ready recovery from wounds and the success of grave surgical operations during our civil war, under circumstances which were on the whole less advantageous than those which attend the conduct of war in Europe.

WITH the death of Senator de La Fayette the famous family has become extinct. The last bearer of the name recently remarked: "The family is all but dead."

THERE'S nothing like a good investment. Columbia college has a landed estate of about twenty acres in the best part of New York City.

It is a little hard on King Kalakau to speak of him, as some of our contemporaries are doing, as "the King of the Cannibal Islands."

UNDOUBTEDLY the mission of the modern newspaper is expanding. It is occupying no small share of the literary field, and in judgment, taste and enterprise it puts many of the big magazines to shame.

THERE is nothing more misleading than the conventional phrase, descriptive of a political condition. Mexico, Brazil and France are called republics and are so in form.

An African bishop, whose diocese covers 40 degrees of latitude on the western coast of Africa, appeals to Europe on behalf of the natives of the land.

"THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

"I warn you," says she, in the same intense way, speaking almost under her breath.

"And I refuse to listen. I tell you I cannot live this thing out; I must end it one way or the other."

"Are you mad, that you speak to me like this?" exclaims she, recoiling from him. There is horror and condemnation and something else—in her glance.

"Nay, hear me out. Now, once for all. It seems to me you are laboring under a delusion that I would gladly dispel. It is indeed a matter of life and death with me, the speaking of this word, that you, you, with a chilling emphasis, "seem to think?"

"Don't go too far!" says Denis, in a curiously compressed tone. "I could not!" vehemently. "To say enough, that is the difficulty. But who could find words sufficient for such a cause."

"What?" catching her wrist. "That I hate and detest you!" cries she, with a sudden burst of indignation, wrenching herself free.

"Has it never occurred to you," says he, his own eyes flashing, "that you might teach me to return that feeling?"

"I am sure I didn't," says Mr. Greene, who is as usual Norah's shadow. "But Miss Delaney is innocently silent."

"Norah? Nonsense!" says Lady Glendore, coming good-naturedly to the girl's rescue. "Don't believe her if she pretends to be so much in love with you."

"As for Nancy Blake—" Lady Glendore is beginning, when suddenly the two in advance cry "Hush!" simultaneously and come to a dead stop.

"Oh, the self-contempt that awakes within her as she says this! The burning pain at her heart! Had she not bowed down and worshipped—and given, unasked, all the first sweet love of her life into his keeping?"

The insolence, the beauty of her, rouses in Delaney an anger uncontrollable, but with it a passion more uncontrollable still. She stands thus before him, defiant, lovely, he makes a sudden step forward and catches her in his arms.

"Oh! that I could kill you!" exclaims the Duchess, in a tone so intense as to be almost inaudible.

They are thus standing, facing each other—she trembling, unweary; he silent, remorseful—when a light footstep sounds upon her right. Involuntarily both raise their head and move a little further apart.

"What's this?" she says, looking at the Duchess, in a tone so intense as to be almost inaudible.

"Hopes and fears—belief and disbelief!" "Is it a rehearsal?" asks she sweetly, smiling upon Denis.

"Don't be frightened. I shall not betray you," says Miss Cazalet staring straight at her with an abominable excuse laugh.

"Katherine!" begins Delaney. "No, not a word. What should there be to explain to me? Secrecy is the principal thing in a matter of this kind is it not? It is always more amusing so, eh? At least, so I have been told."

"You had better hear me," says Delaney, coming a step or two forward, a look of eager excitement on his face—nay, more—an intense hope!

"I don't, I am sure," interrupts she with a clever haste. "But if you wish to insinuate that the extremely animated scene I just now witnessed was not acting, I fear it must mean a very serious quarrel between you and your cousin."

"Do not say that," she treats her, gently, but with a force and earnestness of agitation, which should weigh well your words before saying such a cruel thing as that. See, I am going away this afternoon—in an hour or so—and I shall be back until to-morrow; do not send me from you with this horrible weight upon my heart. Do not, I beseech you. I have been so many hours—so many sleepless hours—brooding on this thing that, with a heavy sigh, "I would entreat you to do me a kindly word, to lighten my remorse somewhat."

"No," a little taken off her guard by this prompt question. "Ah! Then you can take Denis off my hands," says the Duchess with a swift movement that at once separates her from the other two.

"You and your cousin are better friends than I have been led to believe," she says, turning a searching, a rather contemptuous glance on Denis.

"My cousin hates me," replies he, gloomily. "You say that! Well, I should not have thought it."

"All! Oh, no!" says she, with an inexpressible smile. "You are not enough at least to prove to you that Norah is in no wise to blame to-night, that I—I only—" he stops as though it were impossible for him to proceed, and a heavy sigh breaks from him.

"I am not thinking of her—the of the injury done to her fine feelings," coldly. "I am thinking of myself."

"I know; I understand that you have much to complain of. I can quite see that after this you will wish to put an end to—" "I shall put an end to nothing," steadily.

"Do you think," with a glance supposed to be fond, and that makes his heart die within him, "that I could not forgive you so much, and that I have not formed my own opinion of this unpleasant matter! I believe the truth to be that you were led into it by a consummate coquette, a heartless, unprincipled flirt!"

"One word, Katherine!" says Delaney, sternly. "You shall say no slanderous words of my cousin. Remember that, it is impossible, having seen Norah, that you should think so of her."

"I have my own views, as I told you before, with a curl of her thin lips, "and I leave it to time to prove me right. Meanwhile," coldly, "it would be in better taste, I think, if you were to refrain from defaming her in my presence. However, I had no intention of quarreling with you on such worthless grounds. Come. Let us return to the house."

"Well, I don't know that I ever enjoyed myself more," says Lady Glendore in her languid way, "belonging to the joy of the past night. It is now come more a new day, and some of them are wandering aimlessly down the pathways that lead to the shrubbery, discussing the good and evil of the dead dance."

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"That you forgive me. It is a great deal to ask, I know, but—" "I will not," exclaims she, indignantly, her eyes always on the ground.

"Well, so to it," says he wearily. He moves away from her, and then suddenly comes back a gain, and raising her face with one hand, compels her to return his regard.

"What a face!" he says. "All love and tenderness and sweetness, yet how hard, how unforgiving you can be! Are you flesh and blood, that you thus coldly renounce me?"

"A moment since I said all this was nothing to you, because you did not care; but," passionately, "I spoke against my better judgment then—I believe against everything—that you do care. You were my friend once; you cannot be so altogether changed."

"And yet I am I," with a little quick frown, as though something had hurt her, "I hardly know myself since I came here. Call me capricious, what you will, but only believe me eagerly, that the girl you knew at Ballyhinch is not the girl you know now. All my tastes are altered. What I liked then I think worthless now; what then contented me seems now of the poorest value. Perhaps this may explain the change in me of which you complain; it must, it should," with a vehement desire to convince, "because there is no other reason, not one, for the—the dislike that I now feel for you."

"She has said this rapidly, with a nervous haste, and as she finishes looks almost on the point of fainting. Delaney, who has been watching her, whilst listening with a curious light in his eyes, now draws back a step or two as if to go.

"I must accept your explanation, of course. There is nothing else left to me. Well, good bye," says he, raising his hat. "You are not going to this theatrical entertainment to-night, then, at the Barracks?"

"No. I am going to nothing pleasant—not even to the devil," says he with a short laugh. "Some fellows in my case might find it poor consolation in taking that road, but to me even such paltry comfort is denied. Will you come back to the house, or will you join the others?"

"Neither. I should like to remain here alone," replies she, turning impatiently away from him.

"To be alone, however, is denied her. The last sound of Delaney's departing footsteps is still upon the air when Norah, glancing apprehensively to her right, sees Miss Cazalet advancing toward her from the upper walk.

"How fortunate!" says Katherine, seeing from a distance a desire on Norah's part to escape, and thus cutting it short. "I had no idea you were here, and I wanted so much to see you. There is something," with a peculiarly unpleasant smile, "I wish to say to you."

"Yes," says the Duchess faintly, instinct warning her that her hour is come. "What next?" begins Miss Cazalet in her clear, cutting tones, standing opposite to the girl and fixing her with her light, pitiless eyes.

"I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I AM SAYING" less eyes, "when next you want to kiss a young man do not choose the shrubberies as the scene of action, and—do not choose Denis!"

"You cannot," you cannot know what you are saying," gasps the Duchess, turning ghastly pale. The poor child is trembling in every limb—too horrified, too frightened to make any further protest.

"I do, perfectly. I always know what I am saying," says Miss Cazalet, calmly. "I saw you last night with Denis; I saw him—" she pauses an instant a glance of vivid hatred upon the shrinking girl before her.

"Would you have me repeat it?" she says contemptuously. "Do not speak to me like that," says the Duchess in a tone so low as to be almost inaudible.

"If—if indeed you were there last night you must have seen that I did not—that, stammering painfully, "I was not in fault—that I did not do this thing of which you so cruelly accuse me. I," with a sudden uplifting of her tone, "I could not. He—the affianced husband of another woman—oh, no, no," covering her eyes with her hands, "it is not like me. It would not be me if I could do such a thing. You must have seen that."

Her breath is coming heavily from between her parted lips. All her natural honest courage has forsaken her. She has fixed her eyes, which have grown large and wild, upon Katherine, and even as the latter watches her two heart-beat tears roll down her cheeks.

"You must know it," she says again, absolute entreaty in her tone. "I know only what I see and hear," returns the Duchess unmoved. "And—I saw you in his embrace, your pretended anger afterward did not deceive me in the least. It was a mere part of a well-arranged whole. However," carelessly, "there is really no reason why we should dwell on such a rather vulgar episode. I only spoke of it at all to warn you to—" repeating her words with cold meaning emphasis—"warn you to avoid Denis in the future."

"To warn me?" says the Duchess, recovering her courage at this insult and flushing brightly. "Quite so," calmly. "If you interfere with me and Denis again, I tell you openly that I shall inform every one here of what I saw last night."

"No one here would believe your version of it—no one!" passionately. "Still," with an unpleasant smile, "such stories damage! And besides, I hardly think you would care for me to make the experiment in Gazelet's garden."

The Duchess makes a slight gesture with her little trembling hand, she cannot speak. A sensation of positive sickness is overpowering her. Oh, to get away from this horrible woman; anywhere, only away. "You understand," says Miss Cazalet remorselessly, enjoying with an only half concealed amusement the girl's agony of shame.

"There is no reason why you should speak to me like this," says the Duchess, making a supreme effort to be calm. "Denis is nothing to me—nothing—and I am less to him! You mistake altogether."

"And last night—did I mistake then, too?" "Denis was in fault then, I admit," pressing one hand tightly over the other as a help to sustain the difficult calm. "I told him so just now."

"I know," says Miss Cazalet, with a peculiar glance. "But you should remember," with a foolish, generous desire to exonerate him in

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ABOUT BABYLON AND ITS SIN.

A Brilliant Description of the Glory of the Ancient City and the Revels Held Therein.—Lessons Deduced for the Use of Every-Day People.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 25.—Dr. Talmage preached the following sermon this morning in the Academy of Music in this city, and he repeated it tonight in the New York Academy of Music. His text was Daniel 5:30: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans slain."

After the site of Babylon had been selected, two million men were employed for the construction of the wall and principal works. The walls of the city were sixty miles in circumference. They were surrounded by a trench, out of which had been dug the material for the construction of the city.

Between every two gates a great watch tower sprang up into the heavens. From each of the twenty-five gates, on either side, a street ran straight through to the gate on the other side, so that there were fifty streets, each fifteen miles long, which gave to the city an appearance of wonderful regularity. The houses did not join each other on the ground, and between them were gardens and shrubbery.

"No. I am going to nothing pleasant—not even to the devil," says he with a short laugh. "Some fellows in my case might find it poor consolation in taking that road, but to me even such paltry comfort is denied. Will you come back to the house, or will you join the others?"

"Neither. I should like to remain here alone," replies she, turning impatiently away from him.

"To be alone, however, is denied her. The last sound of Delaney's departing footsteps is still upon the air when Norah, glancing apprehensively to her right, sees Miss Cazalet advancing toward her from the upper walk.

"How fortunate!" says Katherine, seeing from a distance a desire on Norah's part to escape, and thus cutting it short. "I had no idea you were here, and I wanted so much to see you. There is something," with a peculiarly unpleasant smile, "I wish to say to you."

"Yes," says the Duchess faintly, instinct warning her that her hour is come. "What next?" begins Miss Cazalet in her clear, cutting tones, standing opposite to the girl and fixing her with her light, pitiless eyes.

"I ALWAYS KNOW WHAT I AM SAYING" less eyes, "when next you want to kiss a young man do not choose the shrubberies as the scene of action, and—do not choose Denis!"

"You cannot," you cannot know what you are saying," gasps the Duchess, turning ghastly pale. The poor child is trembling in every limb—too horrified, too frightened to make any further protest.

"I do, perfectly. I always know what I am saying," says Miss Cazalet, calmly. "I saw you last night with Denis; I saw him—" she pauses an instant a glance of vivid hatred upon the shrinking girl before her.

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"There is no reason why you should speak to me like this," says the Duchess, making a supreme effort to be calm. "Denis is nothing to me—nothing—and I am less to him! You mistake altogether."

I go on to learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always of things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men, what shall I preach to you tonight? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh! no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will. If there is any handwriting on the wall it is this lesson: "Accept of Christ and be saved."

Another lesson that comes to us; there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its close. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would have wished you had been invited there, and could sit at the feast. "Oh! the grandeur of Belshazzar's feast!" you would have said; but look in at the close of the banquet, and your blood curdles with horror. The King of Terrors has there a ghastlier banquet; human blood is the wine, and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the earth. It has crowned itself. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banquet-hall the spoils of all kingdoms, and the banners of all nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its floor the tables and the floors, and the arches. And yet he often is that banquet broken up, and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is a handwriting on the wall. A King falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet; and that night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

I learn further from this subject that Death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were a few persons there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death. But he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, Death breaks in at the banquet.

We saw the same thing, on a larger scale, illustrated at the last war in this country. Our whole nation had been sitting at a national banquet—north, south, east and west. What grain was there, but we grew it on our hills. What invention was there, but our ovaries must turn the new wheel and make the strange shuttle. What warm furs, but our traders must bring them from the Arctic. What fish, but our nets must sweep them for the markets. What music, but it must sing in our halls. What eloquence, but it must speak in our senates. Ho! to the national banquet, reaching from mountain to mountain and from sea to sea! To prepare that banquet the sheepfolds and the aviaries of the country sent their best treasures. The orchards piled up on the table their sweetest fruits. The presses burst out with new wines. To sit at that table came the yeomanry of New Hampshire, and the lumbermen of Maine, and the Carolinians from the rice fields, and the western emigrant from the pines of Oregon, and we were all brothers—brothers at a banquet. Suddenly the feast ended. What meant those mounds thrown up at Chickamauga, Shiloh, Atlanta, Gettysburg, South Mountain? What meant those golden grain fields, turned into a pasturing ground for cavalry horses? What meant the corn fields gullied with the wheels of the heavy supply train? Why those rivers of tears—those lakes of blood? God was angry! Justice must come! A handwriting on the wall! The nation had been weighed and found wanting. Darkness! Darkness! Woe to the north! Woe to the south! Woe to the east! Woe to the west! Death at the banquet!

Are there any here who are unprepared for the eternal world? Are there any here who have been living without God, and without hope? Let me say to you that you had better accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, lest suddenly your last chance be gone. The lungs will cease to breathe; the heart will stop. The time will come when you shall go no more to the office, or to the store, or to the shop. Nothing will be left but Death, and Judgment, and Eternity. Oh! flee to God this hour! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from his sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Good-night, my young friends! May you have rosy sleep, guarded by him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh! art thou a deserter of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy room would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Hear the invitation of the Gospel! There may be some one in this house to whom I shall never speak again, and therefore let it be in the words of the Gospel, and not in my own, with which I close: "Ho, every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters. And let him that hath no money come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." "Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now make himself so attractive to your souls that you can not resist him; and that, if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that tonight you might pray saying:

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you can not think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter: "Lord save me, or I perish!" Or if that be too long a prayer, you need not utter one word. Just look and live!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

"German Syrup"

A Cough For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as children's troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Bo-schee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skinned milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot do better than to mix their cod liver oil with a palatable but sensitive substance. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLE.
All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

\$5.00 for **300** **\$2.50** for **150**

\$4.00 for **200** **\$2.00** for **100**

\$3.50 for **150** **\$1.75** for **75**

\$2.50 for **100** **\$1.25** for **50**

\$2.25 for **75** **\$1.12** for **37**

\$2.00 for **50** **\$1.00** for **25**

\$1.75 for **37** **\$0.87** for **18**

\$1.50 for **25** **\$0.75** for **12**

\$1.25 for **18** **\$0.62** for **9**

\$1.00 for **12** **\$0.50** for **6**

\$0.75 for **9** **\$0.37** for **4**

\$0.50 for **6** **\$0.25** for **3**

\$0.37 for **4** **\$0.18** for **2**

\$0.25 for **3** **\$0.12** for **1**

\$0.18 for **2** **\$0.09** for **1**

\$0.12 for **1** **\$0.06** for **1/2**

\$0.09 for **1/2** **\$0.04** for **1/4**

\$0.06 for **1/4** **\$0.03** for **1/8**

\$0.03 for **1/8** **\$0.01** for **1/16**

\$0.01 for **1/16** **\$0.00** for **1/32**

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE CENTLEMEN.

\$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commands itself.

\$4.00 Hand-sewed Work, a fine calf shoe unequalled for style and durability.

\$3.50 Good year Welt is the standard dress shoe, at a popular price.

\$3.00 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for road men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

\$3.00 for Ladies, is the only hand-sewed shoe sold at this popular price.

\$2.50 Dongola Shoe for Ladies, a new departure and promises to become popular.

\$2.00 Shoe for Ladies, and \$1.75 for Misses will retain their excellence for style, etc.

All goods warranted and stamped with name on bottom. If advertised local agent, cannot supply you, send direct to factory enclosing address of a retail or wholesale dealer, W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

MOTHERS' FRIEND
MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY

IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT.

BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE.

BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ONE SHOT WAS ENOUGH

SUCCESSFUL BUT DANGEROUS PURSUIT OF A TIGER.

How a Royal Specimen Was Trapped in His Lair and Followed to His Death.

Was that is, the major, doctor and myself—had been pottering about the outskirts of the Terai for some days, hoping to get news of a tiger, says a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. We had just pitched our camp when our shikari, Ali by name, came, hurriedly to our tent, saying that the headman of a neighboring village wished to speak with us. With him were some of the villagers, who came as a deputation, praying us to rid them of a tiger that was playing sad havoc with their cattle. The proposition was jumped at, and with Ali and two of his assistants I returned to the village with the headman. A wretched specimen of a bullock was bought for a few rupees, and was led out into the jungle.

A good spot was found in an open space that at some time or another had been cleared for cultivation. A dead tree stood conveniently near the dense forest, and to this the bullock was tied, while two men climbed into a tree to watch. Dinner was ready by the time I returned to camp; and the major told us of his previous experiences with tigers. The doctor had been on many a tiger hunt, but had never yet bagged one of the royal quarry. The fact of the matter was he was mad on ornithology, and he confessed that on more than one occasion he had been watching some rare specimen of the feathered tribe and lost the golden opportunity for a good shot.

We turned in early, and soon the camp was hushed in silence, but the forest was alive with animal and insect life. Thousands of stridulating cicada seemed to make the very air vibrate, while here and there among bushes the fire-flies flashed to and fro. Above all, the insect chorus, however, could be heard the howl of the hyena or the bark of the prowling jackal.

Daylight saw us astir, and with it came the welcome news that the tiger had killed our bait during the night. Chantabazari, consisting of coffee and eggs, was soon disposed of and we climbed into the howdah, strapped to our elephant, and started for the village. Here all was excitement when we arrived. The headman had already mustered all available hands for beaters. Tom-toms, tin cans, and short cudgels formed their armament, and it was a motley crew that marched out of the village that morning.

As we walked silently along the jungle path, for we had left the elephant at the edge of the forest, getting more and more wet every step from the dewdrops we shook from the tall grass and overhanging boughs, the whole line was suddenly brought to a standstill.

In front was the village shikari, then followed the doctor. The latter was the cause of the halt. As the major and myself pushed to the front we saw him cautiously pointing to a tree above him with one hand, while the other was stretched out for his shot-gun.

"What the deuce is it?" asked the major.

"Don't you see it?" answered the doctor, excitedly. "Where's that fool with my gun?"

"Do you mean that infernal little bird?" questioned the major.

"My dear major, that's one of the rarest of finches. Where's my gun?" continued the doctor in Hindostanee.

For the moment we were speechless, but the sight of the half-frightened servant coming up with the gun loosened at least the major's tongue. He seized the gun himself, and turning to the doctor said: "Do you mean to say you are thinking of shooting that bird?"

"Of course I am," answered the astonished doctor.

"And give the tiger notice of our approach? I've a good mind to shoot you first," angrily retorted the major.

"By Jove! I forgot all about the tiger."

There was no doubt he had.

As we entered the open space signs were not wanting that the bullock had been killed, for sitting on the boughs of trees were vultures, while others were circling above in the air. As we came in sight of the carcass two jackals were seen running for the shelter of the neighboring jungle, while some of the carrion were gorging themselves on the corpse. The tiger had made a meal of the hindquarters and we could easily trace its spoor down toward the nullah, or water course.

The doctor, who had won first choice of stations, determined to take up his position in the fork of a tree that commanded the open patch and also a short stretch of the nullah. The major and myself had to make a detour to take up our posts lower down the water course, as in all probability "stripes" would conclude to cross it and seek for shelter in the dense jungle beyond.

Half an hour saw us in position. The major ensconced himself behind a rock, with a capital view of the now nearly dry river bed and a friendly tree in his rear, while I commanded a long stretch of the same, which just at the foot of the rock on which I lay took a sharp turn to the left. I also had a partial view of the patch that the doctor was supposed to guard. Word was sent to the beaters, and I, at least, waited anxiously for coming events.

It was not long before the silence of the jungle was broken by the noise of the villagers.

There are few things more exciting than waiting to get your first sight of a tiger. Despite the knowledge that one must keep cool, the nerve got the upper hand, and it seemed as though the holding of the rifle steadily had become an impossibility.

Now and again the long grass that bordered the nullah stirred, as some deer, hog or jackal, fearful of the din, would dash across the water stream

A Fact.

(From an interview, N. Y. World.)

In an interview with a leading druggist the N. Y. World, Nov. 9, 1890, gives the following comment on the proprietors of reliable patent medicines:

"He is a specialist, and should know more of the disease he actually treats than the ordinary physician; for while the latter may come across say fifty cases in a year of the particular disease which this medicine combats, its manufacturer investigates thousands. Don't you suppose his prescription, which you buy ready made up for 10 cents, is likely to do more good than that of the ordinary physician, who charges you anywhere from \$2 to \$10 for giving it, and leaves you to pay the cost of having it prepared?"

"The patent medicine man, too, usually has the good sense to confine himself to ordinary, every-day diseases. He leaves to the physician cases in which there is immediate danger to life, such as violent fevers. He does this because, in the treatment of such cases, there are other elements of importance besides medicine, such as propaedeutic, good nursing, a knowledge of the patient's strength and so on. Where there is no absolute danger to life, where the disease is one which the patient can diagnose for himself, or which some physician has already determined, the patent medicine maker says fearlessly: 'I have a preparation which is better than any other known and which will cure you.' In nine cases out of ten his statement is true."

This is absolutely true as regards the great remedy for pain, St. Jacobs Oil. It can show proofs of cures of chronic cases of 20, 30 and 40 years' standing. In truth it rarely ever fails if used according to directions, and a large proportion of cures is made by half the contents of a single bottle. It is therefore the best.

Where are mules most at home? In Brazil.

A TALE OF TOMMY.

Tommy is only three years old. He is to a great extent a reputable and well-conducted citizen, his chief moral weakness being (as with many older and wiser people) a passion for the forbidden. Never mind what, only let some particular course of action or manner of speech become vetoed by the powers above him, and Tommy rests not day or night till he has performed that action or spoken that speech.

The other night he was being prepared for his little cot, and while his mother was buttoning his small night-shirt, his father passed through the nursery into an adjoining room. He laid his hat down on a chair, saying to his wife, "Don't let that youngster sit in my hat, Mary."

That was enough; as the words struck Tommy's ear, an expression of alert attention, mingled with dawning determination, crept into his round eyes. "Want to sit down in papa's hat," he presently announced, calmly.

"No, Tommy," his mother said; "you heard what papa said. If you touch that hat I shall whip you well."

Tommy spoke not; Napoleonic determination did not waste words, it acts. But the moment he was released from his mother's hands he marched across the room, and firmly sat down in the hat. Then Tommy's mother fulfilled her part of the contract, and he was placed in the cot, a supperless, sobbing little outcast.

When his father returned, the case was explained to him, with the concluding words, "Tommy is a naughty boy, so he doesn't want to say prayers to-night."

Instantly the sobs lessened in volume, while the sufferer gave his attention to this statement of the case. He didn't want to say prayers, didn't he? That was all they knew about it. Presently a fresh burst of grief from the cot, mingled with the information, "Tommy wants to say prayers."

Now Tommy's mother believes devoutly in the efficacy of prayer, and although she had schooled herself to adamantine firmness as to the supper part of the punishment, she was wailing around the nursery, and folding all the tiny clothes many times over to give Tommy's hardened soul a chance to reach this very point in its evolution. She went to the cot and lifted him out; he knelt upon her lap, and folded his fat little hands. He was still heaving with the sobs of grief and astonishment at finding that whipping "hurts," and to give him time to recover, his mother reasoned with him on the enormity of his crime.

"Does Tommy want to ask God to forgive him, and make him a good boy?" she asked, when at length he grew calmer.

"Ess," he gulped.

"Then say your prayers like a nice little boy," she advised.

Then he attacked the throne of grace with another gulp, and the following form of petition: "Please God, make Tommy a good boy; and bless papa and mamma, and don't let him sit in papa's hat, and let a piece of bread and milk come to Tommy in the night sake. Amen." A mixture of devotion and diplomacy that reached one hearer at least with great directness, so that whether he was made a good boy or not I do not know, but I am quite sure that "a piece of bread and milk" came to him in the night.—*L. L'Estrange, in Harper's Young People.*

Dissertation on Doctors.

The world is not likely to run out of doctors for a long time to come. Beside the multitude that are run out every year from the regular M. D. manufactories, there is a host of doctors springing up continually from the highways and byways. The growth may almost be called spontaneous.

Look at the varieties. There are old-school doctors, new-school doctors, and doctors without any schooling worth speaking of. Pill doctors, and doctors who are a "pill" in themselves.

Doctors of laws and doctors of mother-in-laws, laying-on-of hands doctors, and doctors who will take anything they can lay their hands on; magnetic doctors and doctors with no more magnetism in them than a doughnut.

Then there is the Indian doctor, who never saw an Indian, though he caught to, with the Indian in a scolding mood. The herb doctor, and the doctor in the sub-herbs. The electric doctor, and the doctor up to all manner of tricks.

Bleeding has gone out of fashion, yet there are doctors who will bleed you every opportunity they get. Cupping is indulged in now and then, although it is to the credit of the profession that you rarely see a doctor in his cups, with the exception of an occasional hiccough.

In conclusion, I will say, never call a doctor unless you are satisfied you hold a better hand than he does.—*A. M. Griswold.*

Galveston is the coming sea port of the south and invites the north to visit her, February 5th to 10th, during her grand celebration.

Why is hash like faith? Because it is all things to all men.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Etc. a bottle.

What fish would be most likely to escape the net? The go-by.

Garfield Tea is guaranteed. If not satisfactory return package and get money back. Cures sick headache.

What bird resembles a ten-months' old baby? The creeper.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails; send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

What is the difference between an apple and a pretty girl? One you squeeze to get cider, and the other you get 'sicker to squeeze.

BURNS AND SCALDS are cured by **St. Jacobs Oil** used according to DIRECTIONS with each BOTTLE.

SORE THROAT WOUNDS, CUTS, SWELLINGS

SICK HEADACHE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve every ailment arising from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Bowel Complaint. A perfect remedy for Biliousness, Nervousness, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, They regulate the Bowels Purely Vegetables.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

HOW TO GET WELL

is a question of vital importance, but it is equally important that you use some harmless remedy; many people completely wreck their health by taking mercury and potash mixtures, for pimples and blotches, or some other trivial disease. S. S. S. is purely vegetable containing no mercury or poison of any kind. And is at the same time an infallible cure for skin diseases.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND PENNYROYAL PILLS.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. They are Safe, Sure, and reliable for sale. London, ask Druggists for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes sealed with blue ribbon. "Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutes and Imitations." All pills in parchment boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Ask Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," by return mail. 10,000 Testimonials. **CHICHESTER CHEMISTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA.** Sold by all Local Druggists.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best, easiest to use. Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HARRINGTON, Warren, Pa.

Book-keepers and Draughtsmen Attention!

Matthews Improved Flexible Ruler

BOOKS, RULES, AND DRAWING INSTRUMENTS. Used once, used always. Avoids blotting, prevents staining, and is perfect in every respect. The latest and best thing out. Manufactured of fine polished combination hard and soft rubber. Instantly made perfect in action and the ruling favorite wherever known. Market throughout America postage free, 50c. Postal Note Money Order or Draft. Address: **O. S. MATTHEWS, P. O. Box 522, DALLAS, TEX., U. S. A.**

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FEBRUARY 5th to 10th INCLUSIVE.

Don't fail to see the U. S. SQUADRON OF EVOLUTION. Never before in Southern Waters.

SPANISH AND BRAZILIAN SQUADRONS EXPECTED.

Special Round Trip Tourists Tickets over all lines. Ask your nearest ticket agent for Illustrated Hanger, Programme and further information.

EVERY WATERPROOF COLLAR OR CUFF

THAT CAN BE RELIED ON

Not to Split!

Not to Discolor!

BEARS THIS MARK.

TRADE MARK.

CELLULOID

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT.

THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.



Having taken your POSITIVE Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Cure with the best results, cheerfully recommend it to persons afflicted with the above troubles.

A. T. WARD,
Broker, 106 South Jefferson Street.

East Saginaw, Mich., Dec. 10th, 1890.

Dear Sir—Having tried your Dyspepsia Cure in my family and finding that it proves to be just what you say it is, I can honestly recommend it. It cures where other medicines hardly give relief.

Yours,
R. N. WHEELER,
Local Ticket Agent, M. C. R. R.

East Saginaw, Mich., Nov. 4th, 1890.

Dear Sir—For some time I had been terribly distressed with indigestion and Dyspepsia. Having tried several physicians to no effect, I was induced to try a bottle of your POSITIVE Dyspepsia and Kidney Cure, and I am happy to say that one bottle, so far as I can see, has entirely cured me.

Respectfully yours,
M. V. MURPHY, JR.,
Supt. Saginaw, Mackinac & Huron R. R.

LADIES write for terms. \$3 Sample Course, free to Agents. Lewis Schlotz & Co., 321 1/2 W. 14th St., N.Y.

TACOMA \$100 or \$1000 Carefully Invested here: 100% Test us. **TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., TACOMA, WASH.**

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid Comfort. Pumpkin feet. Sample pair, 10c. **The Pedico Co., New York.**

20 RARE FEMALE PHOTOS and True Love Photos. A Photo of a Woman that has the Art of Pleasure. Thousands for sale. Address: Box 4, Lincoln Park, N.J.

ASTHMA CURED. TAYLOR'S ASTHMA REMEDY never fails; send us your name and we will mail you a free trial bottle. **DR. TAYLOR'S, N. C., ROCHESTER, N. Y. FREE**

BEAUTIES—18 handsome actresses in light-colored figures. Prepared for use. Cabinet size. J. H. Hay & Co., Box 108, San Francisco, Cal.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES—A sure Asthma Remedy. Sold by mail. \$1.00 per box. **CHARLES W. KIDDER, CHARLESTON, S. C.**

How to Learn Modern Languages Without cost. Address Linguist, Hartford, Conn., N. Y.

\$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove 100% for you. New arrivals just out. A \$50 sample sent free to all. **W. H. CHILBERT & SON, 30 Bond St., N. Y.**

How to win at Cards Dice, etc. A sure thing, sent free to anyone on receipt of 4c. stamp to pay postage. Address or call on **DAN SUYDAS, 23 Union Square, N. Y.**

STEREOPTICONS Battery & Optical Co. **CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS.**

MANHOOD RESTORED. A victim of youthfulness, losing Manhood, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of cure, which will sell (sealed) for 15c. by the Postoffice. Address: **J. H. REEVES, Esq., Box 209, N. Y. City.**

MEMORY—Mind wandering cured. Books learned in one reading. Testimonials from all parts of the globe. Free trial. Send 1c. for application to **Prof. A. L. LINDSEY, 27 Fifth Ave., New York.**

CANARY BIRDS that have ceased to sing, or become on account of moulting, can be made to sing again by placing a cake of BIRD MANNA in their cages. It acts almost like a charm in restoring them to song. It is an absolute necessity for the comfort and hygiene of CAGE BIRDS. It is made after the Androsberg recipe. Sold by druggists, grocers and bird dealers. Mailed to any P. O. in the U. S. or Canada for 15c. by the Postoffice Co., 400 N. 3d St., Philadelphia, Pa. Bird Book free.

Best Sewing Machine Ever Printed. **FREE SEED** cheaply distributed by **Dr. J. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.** One cent a pkg. Up for free. Cheap, pure, best, 100,000 extras. Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue free. **R. H. SHUMWAY, Rockford, Ill.**

"Down With High Prices." **THIS SEWING MACHINE** ONLY \$10!

Top Sewing, \$55.00; \$75.00; \$100.00; \$125.00; \$150.00; \$175.00; \$200.00; \$225.00; \$250.00; \$275.00; \$300.00; \$325.00; \$350.00; \$375.00; \$400.00; \$425.00; \$450.00; \$475.00; \$500.00; \$525.00; \$550.00; \$575.00; \$600.00; \$625.00; \$650.00; \$675.00; \$700.00; \$725.00; \$750.00; \$775.00; \$800.00; \$825.00; \$850.00; \$875.00; \$900.00; \$925.00; \$950.00; \$975.00; \$1000.00.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. **H. G. ROOT, Jr., C., 133 Pearl St., N. Y.**

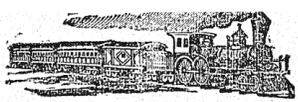
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Our Well Machines are the most reliable, durable, successful, and profitable ever made. They are the only ones that will give you a greater profit. They are the only ones that will give you a greater profit. They are the only ones that will give you a greater profit.

LOOMIS & NYMAN Catalogue FREE. **TIFFIN, - OHIO.**

W. N. U., D-9-5.

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.



Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE NO. 3.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Freight, Mixed, Pass. Rows include Pontiac, Oxford, Dryden, Inlay City, North Branch, Elford, Kingston, Wilnot, Deford, Cass City, Sagetown, Owendale, Berne, Cassville.

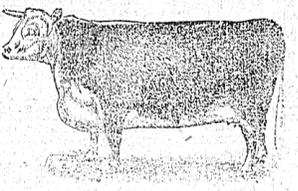
GOING SOUTH.

Table with columns: STATIONS, Pass, Mixed, Freight. Rows include Cassville, Berne, Owendale, Sagetown, Cass City, Deford, Wilnot, Kingston, Clifford, North Branch, Inlay City, Dryden, Oxford, Pontiac.

GOING NORTH.

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

Central - Maat - Market.



J. H. WINEGAR, Proprietor.

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

TRY - OUR - CUTS - AND - SLICES.

THE FINEST LINE

Jewelry, Silverware, Watches, Clocks, Spectacles, Etc.

To be Found in the City is at J. F. HENDRICK'S Jewelry Store.

Repairing done in a workmanlike manner.

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to bring each my fully intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who after instruction, will work industrially, how to earn Three Thousand Dollars in the shortest time possible, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation, employment, which you can earn, the amount, no money given unless successful as above. Easy and quick to learn. I desire but one worker from each district or county. Have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over \$2000 a year each. I WRITE AND SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address: F. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

MONEY Spang little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Tex., and Mrs. Jones, Toledo, Ohio. See cut. Others are doing as well. Who can do it? Some can see it. \$100 a month. You can do the work and live in the place, wherever you are. Even the poorest are easily excited from \$25 to \$100 a day. All ages. We show you how and where you can work in spare time or all the time. Big money for workers. Full particulars FREE. Address: F. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

TAR-OLD THE GREAT HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR PILES Salt Rheum, Eozema, Wounds, Burns, Sores, Croup, Bronchitis, Etc., PRICE 50 CENTS. Send three two-cent stamps for free sample box and book.

TAR-OLD SOAP, ABSOLUTELY PURE, FOR MEDICINAL, TOILET, BATH AND NURSERY PURPOSES. TAB-OLD CO., Chicago, Ill.

CASS CITY HOUSE. GEO. L. KILE, PROP.

Fine brick hotel recently refitted throughout.

Best Accommodations For the Traveling Public.

GOOD SAMPLE ROOMS And Barn in Connection.

CASS CITY, - MICH.

OUR TINSHOP Has again moved on Mainstreet and secured quarters in the Rowell building, nearly opposite J. L. Hitchcock's. We will as usual keep on hand a

Complete Stock of Tinware Of the Best Quality.

Repairing done in a Workmanlike manner. L. N. HOWEY, PROP.

ELLINGTON.

A light snow last Friday night. Bailey & Son commenced hauling logs Monday morning on sleighs.

Barna Turner has quit cutting wood and returned to his father's last Saturday.

Charles Myers went up to Owendale, Huron county, last week, returning Saturday.

Wood is still being hauled in large quantities for farmers' use and for the Caro markets.

A large amount of ice of excellent quality, was cut and housed by our farmers last week.

Mrs. Mory Valley, and daughter Edvish, spent a couple days last week at George Turner's visiting.

A. W. Adams had the misfortune to be thrown from a load of shingle belts Saturday, and got hurt severely.

The water has fallen rapidly for several days past, causing the ice to settle with it, and melt, opening the river.

Burt Riddle, and the gentleman from Saginaw, finished repairing the boiler of A. A. Bailey & Son's mill last Friday and returned home, unday.

Miss Adelia Whipple arrived homelast Tuesday from West Branch, where she has been working for some months, for her sister, Mrs. Cora Brackenbury.

Richard Makey has sold his oxen to Richard McReedy and let him his farm work. Makey has moved into the Charles Wickware house with his brother-in-law, Edgar T. Balch, and he will work for A. J. Turner this year.

I learn that Everett Hobart and children, who have been so very sick with the typhoid malaria fever, have so far recovered as to be up around the house and are gaining quite fast now. It is to be hoped that they will all soon recover.

J. A. Cambell brought two tons and J. Turner's team between 34 and 35 hundred pounds of coal from Sebewading instead of one ton a piece as stated last week. And Smead's heater is just being used in it to warm the house of school Dis. No 1.

Report of school district No. 1, of Ellington, for term ending Jan. 13th, 1891: Whole number of days taught, 7; number of scholars enrolled, 45; whole number enrolled during term, 59; average daily attendance, 42. Those not absent during term are Polly Whipple, Edvish Valley and Earl Bailey.

In my last week's communication I stated that James K. Turner sold John Hubinger and delivered 100 bushels of oats at 42 cents per bushel, and four bushels of potatoes at 75 cents, and the compositor makes me say four hundred bushels of potatoes at 75 cents per bushel. The difference is entirely too large.

Alya Phelps moved his family to North Wells last week, from his former home in Columbia. He and Mrs. Phelps have made this change so as to be near to their work in holding meetings. Last year they, by their labor, built up a good work in south Ellington and will endeavor to extend the work this year to other places, where there is no one holding meetings. May they prosper in the work and may many be brought to see the reality in religion, and become better men and women.

GRANT. Mr. Lyman, of Cass City, has been doing a musical business up in this neighborhood. Music bath its charms. A saw mill is in operation on the bank of the Pigeon River, on Mr. McKenzie's place, southeast of Grant Center. Who the parties are we have not heard.

We are glad to see the boys good friends again and no duels will be fought on account of feminine difficulties. There are millions of young females in the world, boys.

Dr. Truscott, of Cass City, was unhere attending Geo. Hopkin's youngest child which is sick with inflammation of the lungs. Geo. speaks very highly of the doctor.

We omitted to state that the post-office has been moved from John Carroll's to Grant Center, therefore, John Ashmore is now postmaster and merchant at that distinguished center.

FRESH AIR AND DYSPEPSIA. M. Tanner has moved onto forty acres near the verge of that dismal swamp of Mud Lake, where the owls can be heard in their evening concerts, free of charge.

To be or not to be? That is the question. We used to have some very good school exhibitions by the children; are we to have no more, or has social enjoyment been vetoed by the President of the United States.

Forty acres in Mud Lake swamp is an awful extent of territory. Good measure is given on account of poor soil and bad water. We should guess that forty acres would be about one mile long. How is that for good measure?

Come without money and enjoy the pleasures of skating on one of Huron County's rinks, known as "Mud Lake" rink. It is rather too large to put a door on, therefore, the admittance is free, regardless of sect or color.

A grand illuminated Exhibition was advertised to come off at the school house in Dist. No. 4, on Saturday Eve, the 24th, but for some unknown reason it did not materialize. Probably hard times for money was considered.

We hear that Thomas Walters and John Breckenridge are about to emigrate to the iron regions of Lake Superior before long, to see if money can be made faster than in backwoods mossbacking. Taxes suck up the profits of that too fast, but those that dwell in marble halls must be kept up.

In reading ancient history it seems strange how it was possible for that little flying jewel, the Humming bird, to exist in Noah's ark, as they live on the pollen of flowers only, and the state of the atmosphere in that crowded craft must have been very uncongenial to their good health. We also come to the conclusion, that Columbus has lost his laurels, as America must have been discovered hundreds of years before he was born, as all the animals and birds of America, as well as the most minute insect, had to be brought unto Noah.

Wh. t. is your opinion on this subject. Bro. of Deford? Let us hear your comment, you are not a man of Greenleaf or Evergreen.

Toothache. What is it? and how prevented? The first question it is not necessary to answer as almost the entire human family know by experience all about it and that its most general cause is from decay of the teeth. But while that is true are we not individually the cause of nine tenths of all aches and pains? It is true in regard to the tooth-ache almost entirely to carelessness and can be prevented in almost every case by taking care of the teeth. It costs but very little more to keep the teeth good than it does to let them decay and suffer with the toothache. Every person should have their teeth examined by a dentist once or twice a year and repaired if they need it. Parents should see that their children take proper care of their teeth. I. A. Fritz, Dentist.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nicely Hall's Remover would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

By a very ingenious and original process, Dr. J. C. Ayer's & Co., of Lowell Mass., are enabled to extract the essential properties of the material used in the preparation of their famous "Ayer's Sarsaparill," thus securing purity and strength that can be obtained in no other way.

Please Settle. All persons owing us on account will please call and settle the same by Feb. 15th, 1891, as we wish to close our books for the year. 1-16-tf. FROST & HERBLEWHITE.

Ladies! For novelties and all the new improvements in corsets and corset-waists go to Mrs. E. K. Wickware's

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 OVID 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.

Extract from a Lecture by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., of the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

It is a popular error that a person can be healthy even if he is not strong, for it is actually necessary to have good muscles if one is to have strong heart and lung action, strong nerves and a vigorous brain. We ordinarily breathe once for every four heart beats. Exercise increases respiration, and relatively, the action of the heart. A strong heart is able to empty itself completely and send the blood coursing through the bloodvessels, but a weak heart is like an old pump—it has to labor vigorously to crowd the blood along. The heart is a great muscle and is made strong by exercise. The blood is the life, and the activity of an organ depends upon the amount of blood sent to it. The muscles need blood for force, the brain for thought. By means of the lungs oxygen is introduced, which is the vital agent for the entire bodily activity. The difference between a frog with its slow motions and low temperature and the bird with its warm blood and the velocity of the lightning express is in the amount of oxygen consumed. The one has a little bag in which it swallows a small amount of air and the other has enormous lungs in proportion to its size. The stomach can not make good gastric juice without oxygen, nor can the liver do its rendering work or its poison-destroying work. Asking the liver to work without oxygen is something like asking the Israelites to make bricks without straw.

Another thing to be considered with reference to the liver and stomach, as regards exercise, is that the process of breathing in itself helps the work of digestion. Did you ever stop to think how food and drink get into the blood? A person takes a glass of hot water and in five minutes he is in profuse perspiration, the water coming out through the pores of the skin. The millions of little papillae hanging out into the mucous membrane lying in the stomach are each little suction tubes by means of which, with that great pump, the diaphragm behind them, fluids are speedily drawn into the blood. Suppose you stop breathing by holding your nose. You feel a sense of something pulling clear down to the ends of your fingers. It is the suction force of the pump drawing the blood from the extremities and from the liver. You see what a beautiful arrangement this is. The chest is the pump which draws the blood from all these organs, and after the food is digested, the little villi dip into the food and draw it into the blood by the same great general movement.

Breathing, then, is of the utmost importance with regard to the process of digestion. The liver has a constant tendency to stagnation and torpidity, but if the breathing is normal, by its position under the diaphragm, it gets a good, hearty squeeze with every breath, and besides that is pressed upon by the abdominal muscles from without. It is thus emptied of its contents, and the newly-digested food can be taken in. Deep breathing helps the liver in three ways—it brings in a fresh supply of oxygen, it helps circulation through the liver and it squeezes the liver and empties it out. We can not have good livers without good lungs.

Exercise has a very important relation to the muscles of the trunk, as well as of the arms and legs. Without exercise they become weak and relaxed, instead of being tense and strong, as they should be to hold the abdominal viscera in place. The liver of a man who takes no exercise is just as heavy or a little heavier than that of a man who exercises; his bowels are likely to become clogged and the contents of the whole abdomen heavier than they should be, while the muscles whose duty it is to support them are weaker. It is very common to find persons with their chests flattened, the abdomen protruding and all the internal organs more or less out of place, as the result of weakness of the abdominal muscles.

Grace, beauty and health agree. The really beautiful are always healthful. Nature's laws and arrangements are harmonious. You can not find such a thing as beauty and health unalloyed.—Reported by Helen L. Manning.

AN IMPROBABLE STORY. A Mysterious Vessel Said to Have Been Seen in the Colorado Desert.

As weird a tale as ever sprang from a traveler's imagination is told of a ship that lies in the midst of the great Colorado desert, a waste of sand double the size of the State of Massachusetts. Some years ago a daring explorer journeyed over a part of the desert, several hundred feet below the level of the sea, which had never been visited by man before. At last he came to a valley, which stretched out as smooth as a floor for miles and miles. The surface was of an ashy white hue, and in the midst a vessel lay. The appearance of the wreck—for such it seemed—was exceedingly ancient. To a point out of pistol range from the ship the traveler approached without difficulty, but when he strove to come nearer, the ground, which was but a crust covering a slimy liquid, broke beneath his feet, so that he was compelled to abandon his efforts to reach her. He got to the nearest settlement with difficulty, but his wanderings en route had been so extensive that he could not do more than guess at the location of the valley. To this day the mysterious vessel has never been seen again, but it is surmised that it may be a Spanish galleon, loaded with gold, which the old Mexican chroniclers say sailed up the California gulf, which at that time extended as far as the Colorado desert, and was lost in the ocean sand.—Household Monthly.

The Accumulation of Years. Miss Tenseason—I am so fond of books, Mr. Scott. Papa gives me a book for my Christmas present every year.

Mr. Scott—And are all those bookshelves the result.—Munsey's Weekly.

A man can easily have his own way by not wanting it.—Indianapolis Journal.

J. L. HITCHCOCK

Is Closing Out his Stock of

WOOD AND COAL HEATERS

AT A BARGAIN!

It will pay you to purchase a Stove NOW even for next years' use.

LET US REASON WITH YOU.

PERHAPS you buy part of your goods from us, but why not more? We aim to carry, and we think the result warrants us in saying that we have a stock of Men's Furnishings that covers every range of quality and price. We also sell Neckwear in amount second to none. Our Hosiery and Handkerchief stocks are selected from the best mills in the United States, while our Underwear assortment cannot be surpassed.

In selecting your seasonable suits and overcoats it may be to our mutual interests if you will look through our stock of new goods just received for the Xmas trade.

McDOUGALL & Co., Cass City.

If "Seeing is Believing," take a look at the Mammoth Stock and Fresh Arrivals of Goods at

Crosby's Boot and Shoe House.

and satisfy yourself of his ability to fit you out in just what you want at prices to astonish the natives.

CARO To Builders! 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.