

Cass City Enterprise.

VOL. X. No. 50.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, NOV. 27, 1891.

BY MACK M. WICKWARE.

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY, -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$35,000.

Commercial Business Transacted.
Drafts available Anywhere in the United States or Canada bought and sold.
Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited.
Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.

Pinney's new block, Main St., Cass City.

ATTENTION FARMERS

WE HAVE
MONEY
TO LOAN
AT 7 PERCENT!

On Farms in Tuscola and adjoining Counties.

Real Estate bought, sold and exchanged.

Webster & Crawford,
Props. Oakland Co. Abstract Books,
PONTIAC, MICH.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Poultry Wanted.

I will exchange merchandise for poultry and allow the highest market price.
W. ELEVIER, Cass City.

Take Notice.

All persons owing me on book account or notes past due will please call and settle at once.
Yours truly,
11-13 E. McKIM.

TAKE NOTICE—All persons in debt to me are requested to call and settle at once, either by money or note.
10-16-4. A. A. McKENZIE.

W. Elevier sells the best 25 cent tea in town.
11-13-2

Just received at C. D. Striffler's a complete line of Fall and Winter Dry Goods. Call and see them.

You will always find the best line of Ties at Frost & Hebblewhite's.

NOTICE!

All persons owing me on book account are requested to call and settle same at once by cash or note.

Respectfully,

10-30 W. J. CAMPBELL.

Remember the Bedroom Suits to be given away at W. Elevier's.

Call and see those New Lines of Carpets at Frost & Hebblewhite's.

FOR SALE.

I have for sale a good dwelling house and 1 1/2 acres of land, situated near the Presbyterian parsonage in Cass City. Inquire at Adam Muck's blacksmith shop. -18 N. GABLE.

Call at Frost & Hebblewhite's for Ladies', Misses' and Children's Furs and Muffs.

Go to C. D. Striffler's for a complete line of Boots and Shoes. Prices lower than lowest.

Stylish Jackets at Frost & Hebblewhite's.

Gloves and Mitts at Frost & Hebblewhite's.

NOTICE!

All owing me on book account are requested to call and settle.

10-9 E. F. MARR.

New and stylish line of Hats and Caps at Frost & Hebblewhite's.

Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, 40 in each package, at Fritz Bros.

Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros.

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullman's Great German Worm Lozengers, only 25 cents per box. For sale by Fritz Bros.

Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills 40 in each package. For sale by Fritz Bros.

W. Elevier will sell 3 pounds of 50 ct. tea for \$1.00 on Nov. 14th and 21st. These two days only. 11-13-2

Dressmaking.

Dressmaking at Mrs. William Meredith's. Cutting and fitting and all kinds of sewing done satisfactory. Call and see us. 11-13

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester," a lamp with the light of the morning. For catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York.

NO

MONKEY
BUSINESS

HERE

THAT'S

YOU'LL

PEOPLE

WE

McDOUGALL

WARD COMPANY,
Cass City, Mich.

Don't buy a
Piano, Organ

SEWING
MACHINE

until you call on
W. J. CLOAKY,
Cass City, Mich.

I deal direct with the manufacturers and pay cash, therefore can give you

BETTER BARGAINS!
than can be found elsewhere in the county.

No Middle Men's Commission to pay.

Call on me when in want of anything in this line and Save Money.

I handle the Clough & Warren Pianos and Organs, and the Singer Sewing Machine. Every machine and instrument are fully warranted.

Yours Respectfully,
W. J. CLOAKY.

Mrs. H. S. Wickware

Wishes to announce to the public that as she did not succeed in selling out her Millinery Business, she visited Detroit, and while there made a selection of the

Newest Styles

—AND—
Choicest Goods

TO BE FOUND IN THE CITY.

Thanking customers for their patronage in the past, would invite all who wish anything in this line to call and inspect, as goods and prices will please purchasers.

Also Stamping Done To Order.

Still in same store, Pinney Block.

MRS. H. S. WICKWARE

CASS CITY MARKETS.

COLLECTED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white.....	88
Wheat, No. 2 white.....	85
do No. 2 red.....	85
do No. 3 red.....	85
Oats.....	24 @ 30
Beans hand-picked.....	100 @ 1 40
do unpicked.....	75 @ 1 20
Potatoes.....	@ 18
Rye.....	@ 75
Barley.....	100 @ 1 10
Cloverseed.....	400 @ 4 75
Peas per bushel.....	35 @ 350
Buckwheat.....	@ 40
Pork, live weight.....	@ 4 50
Pork, dressed.....	@ 4 50
Butter.....	roll 19
Eggs.....	18
Wool, unwashed.....	15 @ 22
Wool, washed.....	22 @ 32

Caught On The Fly.

The goose hangs high.
Did you have "stuffed" Turkey?
Where did you spend Thanksgiving?
There is not a vacant house in town.
Caro is after a better and cheese factory.

Do those new street lamps dazzle your eyes?
A. H. Ale was in Gagetown on business last week Friday.

Warren Weydemeyer, of Wickware, was in town Monday.

Our merchants had their stores closed during Thanksgiving.

Did you take in "Ye Old People's Supper" Friday night?

The council ignored the street lamp question at their last meeting.

W. I. Frost was at his home in Ar. made the latter part of last week.

Frank Fairweather, of Imlay City, has been visiting in town this week.

Don't forget to call on the ENTERPRISE when in want of first class printing.

Miss Mollie Ormsby, of Canada, is the guest of her friend, Mrs. O. K. James.

The cellar under the basement of G. A. Stevenson's store is about completed.

H. O. Comor, of Mt. Clemens, was, in this vicinity the first of the week hunting.

J. D. Crosby has bought another bird dog—a pointer. J. D. says he is a good one.

Mrs. H. Striffler returned last Friday night from an extended visit at Buffalo, N. Y.

Ed Gilbert and son Elijah, are visiting Mrs. Alex Graham who is sister of Mr. Gilbert.

James E. Scripps' manager Scripps' League, has bought the Evening Sun in Detroit.

W. T. Brown, who has been teaching a school near Ellington, is enjoying a week's vacation.

Prof. Reavy, of Gagetown, was in town Friday night making collections for the Cass Advertiser.

Cass City should have free mail delivery for such weather as it has been for the past three weeks.

Henry Butler now has his law office conveniently located in the rooms under the Cass City Bank.

Our ministers preached to small congregations Sunday owing to the disagreeableness of the weather.

E. O. Scripps and L. M. Day, both of Detroit, are enjoying a few days hunt in the neighboring woods.

Jeff. Foidyce purchased the Basset house and lot on Pine Street at auction for the sum of \$237.

Geo. S. Farrar will make a business trip to the southern part of the state the latter part of this week.

Some of Cass City's hunters report having seen a drove of seven deer along the river east of town, last week.

Mrs. Wm. Green, wife of Conductor Green of the P. O. & N. R. R., spent Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Fairweather.

Wright, the pension swindler, who operated in this county quite extensively, has been caught in Gratiot county.

We want a few cords of hardwood and a load of cedar kindling on subscription right away. Who will accommodate us?

D. R. Graham has completed the house on E. H. Pinney's farm one mile east and one mile north of Cass City. It will be occupied by Henry Bigelow.

The subject of the discourse in the M. E. Church on next Sabbath morning will be the "Transfiguration of Christ." In the evening "Solomon the Brilliant Failure."

Walter Walker, senior member of the firm of Walter Walker and Co., elevator men, of Imlay City, was in the city Monday on business and stopped at the Tenant House.

The members of the Baptist Church will give a missionary entertainment next Sabbath evening, instead of the regular services. An appropriate program has been prepared and all are invited to attend.

Schwaderer Bros. made another shipment of cattle and hogs last Saturday. Also a shipment of hogs Monday.

The ENTERPRISE is issued on Wednesday this week, in order to allow the office force ample time to eat Thanksgiving Turkey.

The Baptist Church of this place have called a council to ordain their pastor, F. L. Curry, on Thursday, Dec. 3rd, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Two calves, which are now in the pound, will be sold at public auction Dec. 5th if the owner does not call for them.

Tax receipts, neatly printed and bound, for fifty cents per hundred at this office. This is as cheap as they can be purchased anywhere in the state. Leave your orders early.

Dr. H. L. Blair, formerly of this place but now of Inwood, Ont., says he wishes to here from Cass City and his friends, and therefore enclosed two dollars for subscription to the ENTERPRISE.

It is reported that Bert Smalley and John Leonard, two of the trio who left for the pine woods of northern Wisconsin to take up some land, are back. Not finding things as they expected is the cause of their return.

Frank Hoffman, driver of an Alpena hose cart, has invented appliances which will enable a fireman, when aroused up at night by the pounding of the gong, to dress in a little over one second. He will have his scheme patented.

Mahlon Beasly, of Pt. Huron, was in town Saturday and of course called to renew his subscription. Mr. Beasly is agent for the Pt. Huron Marble Works, and placed a tombstone and a monument in the Elkland cemetery.

As there is over four hundred dollars due the ENTERPRISE on subscription, a collector will call on delinquents as soon as the roads get passable. So get your \$\$ ready. We need the money due us, and trust that all will settle their accounts, at least when our collector calls upon them.

F. R. DeLisle, now of Benton Harbor, has our thanks for a beautiful picture of the steel steamer "City of Chicago," which plies between Benton Harbor and Chicago. Frank states that he and his brother are building tenement houses, and that he (Frank) is as chock full of electricity and politics as ever.

William Fairweather, of this place, has accepted a position with Huddell, Hubbert & Co. live stock commission dealers as salesman for them, with a \$1,600 a year salary attached. We are sorry to lose Will as he was a good citizen but hope he will have success in his new position.

Last July, Edward Vandemark, of Unionville, left his home, and until last week, when his badly decomposed body was found on the parrie near Saginaw Bay, his whereabouts had been unknown. As he was over seventy years old and addicted to the use of opium, the supposition is that in his journey across the parrie he had laid down to rest and either died from exposure or the effects of the drug.

J. F. Seeley reports orders coming in more rapidly than it is possible to fill them for Sebewaing coal, at the Sebewaing Coal Co's office. The recent rains of this coal against the Hocking Valley have proved immensely successful, and the F. & P. M. railroad, which uses 100,000 tons annually, will probably give the Sebewaing mine owners their patronage. The firm is now anxiously waiting for screens ordered from Pittsburgh, and when they arrive everything will be ready for big operations.—Cass Advertiser.

A medical authority says: "If in any house there should occur a case of typhoid fever or diphtheria, test the drinking water at once. Procure an ounce of saturated solution of permanganate of potash from your druggist. If when a drop of the solution is added to a tumbler of water, its color is changed to a brown, the water is not fit to drink. If it remains clear or slightly rose color, after an hour, it is, commonly speaking safe." This is a simple way of testing your drinking water and it would be a very good plan to do it.

The famous Ford Family made their first appearance before a Cass City audience Monday night at the Presbyterian Church. To say that the large audience present were pleased with the entertainment accorded them, would be putting it lightly. They were delighted, which was evidenced by their frequent and prolonged applause. The family is composed of eight—father, mother, daughter and five sons—all of whom are gifted with unusual musical and elocutionary talent. We highly recommend them to all who appreciate a refined and elevating entertainment and should they visit our town again, we feel confident that they will be given a more hearty welcome than ever.

James Gaffney, of Caro, was in the city on business, Tuesday evening.

The Mayville Monitor-Sayings is four years old and continues to prosper under the management of its editor and owner, Terry Corliss.

I. A. Fritz is no longer a member of the village council, he having tendered his resignation, which was accepted at the last regular meeting of the council.

Chris Schwaderer advertises for a yearling steer which strayed from his premises some time last June. He offers a liberal reward for its recovery. See ad in three cent column.

Township Treasurer Seed will be at the clerk's office in the Town Hall every Friday during December, for the purpose of collecting taxes. Paste this in your hat.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. Church will be held at the residence of Mrs. O. Wood, Wednesday, Dec. 2nd. All are invited.

The baggage man on the mixed received the "G. B." at Oxford last week, for the careless placing of a switch. The engineer just noticed the mistake in time to avert what might have been a serious accident. Ed Wickware is now baggage man on that train.

The annual business meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the classrooms of the church on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1st. All members are earnestly requested to be present as the election of officers and other business of importance will be transacted.

Though the instrumentality of burglars, Ed Weaver is minus ten dollars worth of good American money and a silver watch. They entered the house about twelve o'clock Monday night, and laid about every room therein before awakening anyone. Finally Aden Weaver heard them rummaging about and gave the alarm, which caused the midnight visitors to take to their heels. No clue as to their whereabouts has yet been obtained.

We have received our first copy of the American Creamery, published at Holly, Mich., by James Slocum, proprietor of the Holly Advertiser. The creamery is not a new publication by any means, it having been established by its present owner in February, 1888. It is a most valuable journal for creamery men and buttermakers in general. Mr. Slocum is a wide-awake publisher and is never behind in the race.

Master Cole Munroe had a narrow escape from being seriously injured last Monday. He was riding from the depot in Clark's bus, and when opposite the postoffice attempted to jump out, but his foot caught on the side of the box, and fell he in front of the wheels, which passed over both of his legs. The driver of the bus looked back expecting that Master Cole was "done for" but was exceedingly surprised to see him arise and limp away, with his bundle of Tribune under his arm and an eye on business. Had the vehicle been laden, the boy would undoubtedly had one or more of his limbs broken.

The breaking up of a gang of Indiana horse thieves was attended by the discovery of a regular robber's cave in the sand hills along Lake Michigan, near the boundary of this state. There is a long steep hill there whose top is covered by a dense growth of fir trees. On ascending the height a carefully concealed passage way, large enough to admit a horse and rider was found. This run down in to the hill for a distance of some rods, terminating in the cave. Rough stalls had been constructed in the cavity, which was long enough to accommodate 20 or 25 horses. There were also several small apartments, with primitive furnishing, occupied by the thieves. It was impossible to track a horse through the sard, which covers all the country in the vicinity, and the gang was enabled to operate undetected for many years.—[Evening News.]

Saturday's Bay City Tribune: "The members of the railroad committee met Mr. Wulff yesterday and talked over affairs pertaining to the proposed line. It was finally decided to ascertain the probable cost of a right-of-way through the county, and as this will consume some time the committee will not be able to report for a week or two. Mr. Wulff left for Caro yesterday afternoon, and he informed the committee that he would wait a reasonable length of time for their decision. The action taken yesterday marks the beginning of the first real work towards aiding the new railroad. It is necessary to procure a right-of-way for the road and until this is done no accurate estimate of the money required for the bonus could be given. Much time has been fretted away during the summer and now that this committee has started to work in earnest some definite results may be expected. If Bay City is to be connected with the Sebewaing coal fields with bands of steel it is time that some action was taken."

A Letter From Ohio.

It is Written by D. E. Dozer and Concerns a New Railroad Which Cuts Across the State from Bay City to Pt. Huron via Cass City.

DEFIANCE, OHIO, Nov. 18th, 1891
Mr. George S. Farrar,
Cass City, Mich.

Dear Sir and Bro.:

I wrote to Mr. Brooker of your place and others in Sanilac county east of you, about a railroad from Pt. Huron through Lexington, Sanilac Center, Cass City, Unionville, to coal fields and Bay City, if corporation can be secured, and as I have failed to get a reply from others, I ventured to write you, with the satisfaction of always finding you ready to be at work, and am quite confident I can get an answer from you.

I have worked long for a road from Bay City east—still have real interest in Tuscola county—and am assured that the route will be built if early corporation can be secured. You know I am not able to build a railroad, but I can see when the opportunity is ripe and will say that if your city will organize yourselves at once, and show Col. Boone that you are ready to do what you would expect to do to get the line and do it at once, your chances are good, and I think the survey will be commenced within 60 days and if sufficient interest is shown in your town it may run through there. If the people are as indifferent as they have been lately, the line will not strike your place.

I have made inquiry and sent to Mining Blade the result, of Col. Boone's standing. He is a "cyclone" when he starts, and does not stop for personal or corporation difficulties, but will build, notwithstanding any objection. I am inclined to think that, as some of the Corp. citizens have made light remarks of his ability, and have embraced a man who endeavored to supplant him, that Col. Boone will coolly sever his friendship and will leave them with their idol—Wulff.

Please write and let me know what your people will do, etc.

Very Respectfully,
D. E. DOZER.

Our Food Supply.

The Michigan crop report for November, states that the area of wheat harvested this year, including spring wheat, was 1,572,617 acres. The total number of bushels of wheat marketed by farmers in October is 1,897,032. The total number of bushels marketed in August, September and October is 5,371,787, which is 176,077 bushels less than reported marketed in the same months last year.

The corn crop is a full average, the estimate for the state being placed at 56 bushel of ears to the acre. This is an average of about 28 bushels shelled corn per acre. The average yield per acre of clover seed is 1.45 bushels. The figures for the state are 96. The potato crop is a full average. Live stock throughout the state is in good condition.

In acreage and condition of wheat now on the ground, as compared with 1890, Tuscola county's average is 100. Estimated yield per acre of corn, 97; clover seed 2.30, potatoes 102, condition of horses 98, sheep 100, swine 100.

From an agricultural standpoint, Tuscola county compares very favorably with the balance of the state.

The weather clerk says that hereafter he will use his own judgment in regard to regulating the weather. While some are petitioning him for sleighing others are asking for mild spring like weather so as to enable them to husk their corn. The hunter wants just an inch of snow and the children are crying for freezing weather as it is a well known fact that they will not be able to stand the arduous duties of his office much longer and has come to the conclusion that in his business, like running a newspaper, it is impossible to please everyone.

The handsome sum of fifty dollars will be realized from the "Old Time" entertainment and supper given by the M. E. Society at the Town Hall last Friday evening. The occasion was a success in every way. No pains had been spared in preparing the customers, which were all very appropriate. The impersonations of the many different notables were splendid, and a scene of our forefather's days was most excellently pictured. After the program in the hall had been carried out, the audience, as fast as they could be accommodated, repaired to the rooms below where a bountiful repast had been prepared by the ladies. The M. E. society have a cause to feel proud of the result of their efforts.

The loyal Scotchmen of Sanilac county are going to organize a clan society, to perpetuate the memory of their native heath. A banquet and banquet will be held at Sanilac Center, Nov. 30th.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

W. W. WOODWARD, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

It is claimed that cottonwood is a great sugar tree, and that its saccharine qualities are fifteen times greater than sugar cane and twenty times stronger than beets.

By the women who send flowers to jail-birds, and coddle besotted men, would lend a hand to some honest man struggling to keep his head above water, they might pose as humanitarians. But in order to win a woman's sympathy a man must be either a good-for-nothing or a criminal. Their quality of mercy is strained.

THE improvement in our methods of cattle transportation across the ocean has been followed by similar acts by the Canadian Government. All cattle inspectors are ordered to enforce the new regulation concerning the crowding of cattle on shipboard. The regulation distance for each head of cattle is two feet eight inches, which is uniform with that of the United States.

WE are at once optimists and pessimists. We are often glad and often sad, but rarely happy. Compare what you see in our streets of any pleasant evening with what you see in Paris thoroughfares. Or save yourself the trouble and look in the mirror. The lines of the face seen there may express many good things, but how commonly they fail to suggest an habitually happy spirit. And it is the habitual mood which marks the countenance.

GRADUALLY correct intuition and diffusion of knowledge have changed the type of the American free school. In a number of cities manual training has been successfully in operation for several years. From no school that is so fortunate as to possess it is ever dropped. No child that takes it up willingly lays it down. The practicability of carrying it on with the usual literary instructions is no longer a question in any city in which the experiment has been tried. Certain results are uniformly noted in these schools.

WE are accustomed to consider the Irish land laws the essence of barbarism, but so far as mere law is concerned, the situation in Ireland is not as bad as it is in Great Britain, or even in America. No Irish landlord could clear off his tenants by hundreds to make room for a deer forest, as is done every year in Scotland, and could be done in the United States if there were any object in it. The very excess of misery in Ireland has secured for the people there some relaxation of the rigor of land laws that press with increasing cruelty upon almost the whole civilized world.

THE remedy for the foulness and unhealthfulness of many of our suburban towns and villages is in the hands of those who dwell in them. The statutes of the state give to the local health authorities all the power that is necessary for preventing epidemics and putting an end to unwholesome conditions. In the first place, the city business man who lives in the country should do his full duty in local elections. There is no public duty that is of so much importance to his own interests. He should do his utmost to elect local officers who will appoint efficient and instructed men as members of the local health board.

THE dominant idea in life is the one that is most potent on the eve of death. It was the courtly Chesterfield who, when he lay dying, said as a friend entered his chamber, "Give Dayrols a chair," and it was Pope who assured an inquirer with almost his last breath, "I am dying, sir, of a hundred good symptoms." But to the leaders of men the solemnity of the occasion has been usually present and they die in the spirit of the last admonition of Grotius: "Be serious." The exultant whisper with which the deaf Beethoven passed away, "I shall hear in heaven," will never cease to vibrate any more than the last request of Goethe, "More light! more light!"

THE judge who refused to issue papers of naturalization to a number of Poles, Italians and Hungarians, whose answers revealed that they had no knowledge or understanding of the constitution, proved himself to be of the right quality. These aliens came into court prepared to make solemn oath to support and obey the constitution, of which they knew nothing at all. The judge remarked that the man who puts his ballot into the box without knowledge of what it contains has no right to the consideration that is given to the American voter. He was right. Such voters are merely voting cattle, banded and rushed to the poles to vote as they are bidden or bought. They should not be allowed the franchise by which to overcome the votes of honest and intelligent citizens.

WHERE ST. PAUL STOOD

AND HURLED THE CHRISTIAN TRUTHS AT THE GRECIANS.

Talmage Draws a Comparison Between Acropolis and Acreopagus Hills—Truths of the Latter Live, the Idolatries of the Former Dead.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22.—It seemed as if morning would never come. We had arrived after dark in Athens, Greece, and the night was sleepless with expectation, and my watch slowly announced to me one and two and three and four o'clock; and at the first ray of dawn, I called our party to look out of the window upon that city to which Paul said he was a debtor, and to which the whole earth is debtor for Greek architecture, Greek sculpture, Greek poetry, Greek eloquence, Greek prowess and Greek history. That morning in Athens we sauntered forth armed with most generous and lovely letters from the President of the United States, and his Secretary of State, and during all of our stay in that city those letters caused every door and every gate and every temple and every palace to swing open before us. We pass through where stood the Agora, the ancient market-place, the locality where philosophers used to meet their disciples, walking while they talked, and where Paul the Christian logician flung many a proud stone, and got the laugh on many an impudent Epicurean. But before we make our chief visits of to-day we must take a turn at the Stadium. It is a little way out, but we must. The Stadium was the place where the foot-races occurred.

WE come now to the Acropolis. It is a rock about two miles in circumference at the base and 1,000 feet in circumference at the top, and 300 feet high. On it has been crowded more of elaborate architecture and sculpture than in any other place under the whole heavens. Originally a fortress, afterward a congregation of temples and statues and pillars, their ruins an enchantment from which no observer ever breaks away. No wonder that the world has thought it the center of all things, Greece the center of the world, Attica the center of Greece, Athens, the center of Attica, and the Acropolis, the center of Athens. Earthquakes have shaken it; Verres plundered it.

THE Turks turned the building into a powder magazine where the Venetians, in 1687, dropped a fire by explosion sent the columns flying in the air and falling cracked and splintered. But after all that time and storm and war and iconoclasm have effected, the Acropolis is the monarch of all ruins, and before it bow the learning, the genius, the poetry, the art, the history of the ages. I saw it as it was thousands of years ago.

Yonder behold the pedestal of Agrippa, twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet square. But the overshadowing wonder of all the hill is the Parthenon. In days when money was ten times more valuable than now, it cost \$4,600,000. It is a Doric grandeur, having forty-seven columns, each column thirty-four feet high and six feet two inches in diameter. Wondrous intercolumniations! Painted porticoes, architraves tinged with ochre, shields of gold hung up, lines of the most delicate curves, figures of heroes, men and women and gods, oxen on the way to sacrifice, statues of the deities Dionysus, Prometheus, Hermes, Demeter, Zeus, Hera, Poseidon; in one frieze twelve divinities; centaurs in battle; weaponry from Marathon; chariot of night; chariot of the morning; horses of the sun, the fates, the furies; statue of Jupiter holding in his right hand the thunderbolt; silver-footed chair in which Xerxes watched the battle of Salamis only a few miles away. Here is the colossal statue of Minerva in full armor, eyes of gold, colored stone, figure of a sphinx, on her head, griffins by her side (which are lions with eagle's beak), spear in one hand, statue of Liberty in the other, a shield carved with battle scenes, and even the slippers sculptured, and tied on with thongs of gold. Far out to sea the sailors saw the statue of Minerva, rising high above all the temples, glittering in the sun. Here are statues of equestrians, statue of a lioness, and there are the Graces, and yonder a horse in bronze. There is a statue said in the time of Augustus to have its own accord turned round, from east to west and spit blood; statues made out of shields conquered in battle; statue of Apollo, the expeller of locusts; statue of Anacreon, drunk and singing; statue of Olympiodorus, a Greek, memorable for the fact that he was cheerful when others were cast down; trait worthy of sculpture. But walk on and around the Acropolis, and yonder you see a statue of Hygieia, and the statue of Theseus fighting the Minotaur and the statue of Hercules slaying serpents. No wonder that the Persians said that the common herd find a god than a man in Athens. Oh, the Acropolis! The most of its temples and statues made from the marble quarries of Mount Parnassus, a little way from the city. I have here on my table a block of the Parthenon made out of this marble, and in it is the sculpture of Phidias, and in it is from the Acropolis. This specimen has on it the dust of ages, and the marks of explosion and battle, but you can get from it some idea of the delicate lustre of the Acropolis when it was covered with a mountain of this marble cut into all the exquisite shapes that genius could contrive and striped with silver, and aflame with gold. The Acropolis in the morning light of those ancient days must have shown as though it were an aerolite cast off from the noonday sun. The temples must have looked like petrified foam. The whole Acropolis must have seemed like the white breakers of the great ocean of time.

WE next hasten down the Acropolis to ascend the Acreopagus, or Mars Hill, as it is called. It took only about three minutes to walk the distance, and the two hill tops are so near that what I said in religious discourse on Mars Hill was heard distinctly by some English gentlemen on the Acropolis. This Mars Hill is a rough pile of rock fifty feet high. It was famous long before New Testament times. The Persians easily and easily assaulted the Acropolis from this hill top. Here assembled the court to try criminals. It was held in the night time, so that the faces of the

judges could not be seen, nor the faces of the lawyers who made the plea, and so, instead of a trial being one of emotion, it must have been one of cool justice. But there was one occasion on this hill memorable above all others. A little man, physically weak, and his rhetoric described by himself as contemptible, had by his sermons rocked Athens with commotion, and he was summoned either by writ of law or hearty invitation to come upon that pile of rock and give a specimen of his theology. All the wisacres of Athens turned out and turned up to hear him. The more venerable of them sat in an amphitheatre, the granite seats of which are still visible, but the other people swarmed on all sides of the hill and at the base of it to hear this man, whom some called a fanatic, and others called a madman, and others a blasphemer, and others styled contemptuously "this fellow." Paul arrived in answer to the writ or invitation and confronted them and gave them the biggest dose that mortals ever took. He was so built that nothing could scare him, and as for Jupiter and Athena, the god and the goddess, whose images were in full sight on the adjoining hill, he had not so much regard for them as he had for the ant that was crawling in the sand under his feet. In that audience were the first orators of the world, and they had voices like flutes when they were passing and like trumpets when they were roused, and I think they laughed in the sleeves of their gowns as they listened to the insignificant-looking man who spoke. In that audience were the longest hair on the top of their heads, and the longest toes, they were stuffed with hypercriticism and they leaned back with a supercilious look to listen. As in 1889, I stood on that rock where Paul stood, and a slab of which I brought from Athens by consent of the Queen, through Mr. Tricoupi, the Greek ambassador, and placed in yonder memorial wall, I read the whole story, bible in hand.

What I have so far said in this discourse was necessary in order that you may understand the boldness, the defiance, the holy recklessness, the magnificence of Paul's speech. The first thunderbolt he launched at the opposite hill—the Acropolis—that moment all aglitter with idols and temples. He cries out, "God who made the world." Why, they thought that Prometheus made it, that Mercury made it, that Apollo made it, that Poseidon made it, that Pandron made it, that Boreas made it, that it took all the gods of the Parthenon, yea, all the gods and goddesses of the Acropolis to make it, and here stands a man without any ecclesiastical title, neither a D. D., nor even a reverend, and he says, "The world was made by the Lord of heaven and earth, and hence the inference that all the splendid covering of the Acropolis, so near that the people standing on the steps of the Parthenon could hear it, was a deceit, a falsehood, a sham, a blasphemy. Look at the faces of his auditors; they are turning pale, and the red, and then wrathful. There had been several earthquakes in that region; but that was the severest shock these men had ever felt. The Persians had bombarded the Acropolis to the heights of Mars Hill, but this Pauline bombardment was greater and more terrific. "What," said his hearers, "have we been hauling with many yokes of oxen for centuries these blocks from the quarries of Mount Parnassus, and have we had our architects putting up these structures of unparalleled splendor, and have we had the greatest of all sculptors, Phidias, with his men, chiseling away at those wondrous pediments, and cutting away at these friezes, and have we taxed the nation's resources to the utmost, now to be told that these statues see nothing, hear nothing, know nothing?" Ah, Paul, stop for a moment, and give these startled and overwhelmed auditors time to catch their breath! Make a rhetorical pause! Take a look around you at the interesting landscape, and give your hearers time to recover! No, he does not make even a period, or so much as a colon, but launches the second thunderbolt right after the first, and in the same breath goes on to say: God dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Oh, Paul, is not deity more in the Parthenon, or more in the faces of his auditors, or more in the temple of Zeus Olympius than in the open air, more than on the hill where we are sitting more than on Mount Hymettus out yonder, from which the bees get their honey. "No more!" responds Paul, "He dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

In the same breath he launches the third thunderbolt, which, to them, is more fiery, more terrible, more demolishing than the others, as he cries out, "nath made of one blood all nations." Oh, Paul, you forget you are speaking to the proudest and most exclusive audience in the world. Do not say of one blood. You cannot mean that! Had Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Solon, and Lycurgus, and Draco, and Sophocles, and Euripides, and Aeschylus, and Pericles, and Phidias, and Miltiades blood just like the Persians, like the Turks, like the Egyptians, like the common herd of humankind? "Yes," says Paul, "of one blood, all nations."

Surely that must be the closing paragraph of the sermon. His auditors must be let up from the nervous strain. Paul has smashed the Acropolis and smothered the national pride of the Greeks, and what more can he say? Those Grecian orators, standing at that place, always closed their addresses with something sublime and climactic, a peroration, and Paul is going to give them a peroration which will eclipse in power and majesty all the perorations of the world. He has hurled one thunderbolt at a time, now he will close by hurling two at once. The little old man, under the power of his speech, has straightened himself up, and the stoop has gone out of his shoulders, and he looks about him, taller than when he began, and his eyes, which were dull, became two flames of fire, and his face, which was calm in the introduction, now depicts a whirlwind of emotion as he ties the two thunderbolts together with a cord of inconsumable courage and hurries them at the crowd now standing or sitting agast—the two thunderbolts of destruction and Last Judgment. His closing words were: "Because He hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world

in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men in that he hath raised him from the dead." Remember those thoughts were to them novel and provocative; that Christ, the despised Nazarene, would come to be their judge, and they should have to get up out of their cemeteries to stand before him and take their eternal doom. Mightiest burst of eloquently power ever heard. The ancestors of some of those Greeks had heard Demosthenes in his oration on the crown, had heard Aeschines in his speeches against Timarchus and Ctesiphon, had heard Plato in his great argument for immortality of the soul, had heard Socrates on his death-bed, suicidal cup of hemlock to hand, leave his hearers in emotion too great to bear, had in the theater of Dionysius at the foot of the Acropolis (the ruins of its piled-up amphitheater and the marble floor of its orchestra still there) seen enacted the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, but neither had the ancestors of these Grecians on Mars Hill, or themselves, ever heard or witnessed such tornadoes of moral power as that with which Paul now whirled his hearers. At those two thoughts of Resurrection and Judgment the audience sprang to their feet. Some moved they adjourn to some other day to hear more on the same theme, but others would have torn the sacred orator to pieces. The record says, "Some mocked." I suppose it means that they mimicked the solemnity of his voice, that they took off his impassioned gesticulation, and they cried out, "Jew! Jew! Where did you study rhetoric? You ought to hear our orators speak! You had better go back to your business of tent making. Our Lycurgus knew more in a minute than you will know in a month. Say, where did you get that crooked back, and those weak eyes from? Ha! Ha! You try to teach us Grecians! What nonsense you talk about when you speak of resurrection and judgment. Now little old man, climb down the side of Mars Hill and get out of sight as soon as possible." "Some mocked." But that scene adjourned to the day of the sacred orator had spoken—the day of resurrection and judgment.

As in Athens that evening in 1889, we climbed down the pile of slippery rocks, where all this had occurred, on the hill where Paul stood, and half-way between the Acropolis and Mars Hill in the gathering shadows of eventide, I seemed to hear those two hills in sublime and awful converse. "I am chiefly of the past," said the Acropolis. "I am chiefly of the future," replied Mars Hill. The Acropolis said, "My orators are dead. My law-givers are dead. My poets are dead. My architects are dead. My sculptors are dead. I am a monument of the dead past. I shall never again hear a song sung. I will never again see a column lifted. I will never again behold a goddess crowned." Mars Hill responded, "I, too, have had a history. I had on my heights warriors who will never again unsheathe the sword, and judges who will never again utter a doom, and orators who will never again make a plea. But my influence is to be more in the future than it ever was in the past. The words that missionary Paul, uttered that exciting day in the hearing of the wisest men and the populace on my rocky shoulders, have only begun their majestic roll; the brotherhood of man, and the Christ of God, and the peroration of resurrection and judgment with which the Tarsian orator closed his sermon that day amid the mocking crowd, shall yet revolutionize the planet. Oh, Acropolis! I have stood here long enough to witness that your gods are no gods at all. Your Boreas could not claim the wings of the wind, your Neptune could not control the sea, your Apollo never evoked a musical note. Your god Ceres never grew a harvest. Your goddess of wisdom, Minerva, never knew the Greek alphabet. Your Jupiter could not handle the lightning. But the God whom I proclaimed that day when I proclaimed before the astonished multitude, on my rough heights, is the God of music, the God of wisdom, the God of power, the God of mercy, the God of love, the God of storms, the God of sunshine, the God of the land, and the God of the sea, the God over all, blessed forever." Then the Acropolis spoke and said, as though self-depicted: "My Plato argued for the immortality of the soul, and my Socrates praised virtue, and my Miltiades at Marathon drove back the Persian oppressors." "Yes," said Mars Hill, "Plato laboriously guessed at the immortality of the soul, but my Paul divinely inspired declared it as a fact straight from God. Your Socrates praised virtue but expired as a suicide. Your Miltiades was brave against earthly foes, yet died from a wound inflicted by a rotten arrow. But my Paul challenged all earth and all hell with this battle shout: 'We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and then on the fifth day in the year six, the road to Ostia, after the sword of the headsman had given one word stroke, took the crown of martyrdom.'"

After a moment's silence by both hills, the Acropolis moaned out in the darkness: "Alas! Alas!" and Mars Hill responded: "Hosanna! Hosanna!" Then the voices of both hills became indistinct, and as I passed on and away in the twilight, I seemed to hear only two sounds—a fragment of Pentelicon marble from the architecture of the Acropolis dropping down on the ruins of a shattered idol, and the other sound seemed to come from the rock on Mars Hill, from which we had just descended. But we were by this time so far off that the fragments of sentences were smaller when dropping from Mars Hill than were the fragments of fallen marble on the Acropolis, and I could only hear parts of disconnected sentences wafted on the night air—"God who made the world!"—"of one blood all nations!"—"appointed a day in which he will judge the world!"—"raised him from the dead."

The death of Mrs. Henrietta Lamar at Santa Anna, Texas, recalls the fact that the members of that noted Southern family have borne some curious names. Mrs. Lamar's husband was Mirabeau Lamar, the justice is Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, and another member of the family was known as Levoisier Le Grand Lamar.

SIGHTLESS CREATURES.

BLIND ANIMALS WHICH LIVE IN CAVERNS.

Decay Is Slow and Bacteria Are Rare—Colorless, Ghostly Crayfish—Discouraged Frogs and Listless Spiders.

There are many animals in the world which pass all their lives in darkness, says Nature, never seeing a ray of light. Every one has heard of the blind fishes of the Mammoth Cave. This cave is the biggest of 500 great caverns in the United States. All of them are inhabited by numerous other sorts of creatures that have no eyes for vision. Literally speaking, there is no such thing as a blind fish, since the most sightless of the finny tribe possesses visual organs in a rudimentary condition; but through want of use, the optic ganglia and nerves have broken down and been absorbed.

Among the animals in these caves where Egyptian darkness ever dwells are blind crayfish colorless, which, in the water by torchlight, look like white phantoms of their outdoor kind. Now and then in such places one comes across a common frog, emaciated and seemingly discouraged, which has found its way, no one knows how, to the Tartareal realms. Also one discovers curious cave rats of the same color as domestic rats, but with longer bodies, like a weasel's, more developed whiskers and much bigger ears.

Of bats there are multitudes in the caverns, as one might expect, inasmuch as they are creatures of darkness. Countless numbers of them frequent the black hollows of Mammoth and Luray. There were times in the past when these vast caves were the resorts of gigantic beasts such as the megatherian mylodon, magalonyx and other huge sloth wiped out by the glacial epoch. With the bones are found those of extinct tapirs and peccaries.

Spiders of several kinds are found in the caves. They are uniformly small, weak, and of sedentary habits. No webs do they spin, save a few irregular threads sometimes. What they live upon is rather a puzzle, though it is supposed that they catch stray mites and other such small fry. Scavengers constitute a large part of the population of the caverns. Carnivorous beetles are plentiful, particularly in those places where parties take lunch.

Such rejectments of tourists accumulate in spots in the Mammoth Cave actually by cart loads, but though there is so much moisture, decomposition progresses so slowly that the offal is not offensive. The processes of decay seem to be accomplished chiefly by a few fungi. It is said that meat hung up at the mouth of one of these caverns remains fresh for a long time, and it is surmised that the bacteria which cause things to become putrid are probably rare in the underground atmosphere.

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of the caves. Dampness, or a certain degree of moisture, seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand-leg sort. These thousand-leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bats' dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gathered about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.

So far as the insects of the caves are concerned, the loss of sight which they gradually undergo is sufficiently well understood. The first step is a decrease in the number of the facets which make up the compound eyes, with a corresponding diminishment of the lenses and retina. After four or five generations the eye becomes useless. It would be most interesting to breed these or other blind creatures of the caves in the light, so as to find out if they would get their sight back. In all animals, including man, it is found that nature tries to compensate for loss of vision by increasing the power of the sense of touch. Thus the antennae of cave insects grow remarkably long. It is very curious to find that nothing in their behavior suggests the fact that they are blind. They walk, run, stop, explore the ground and try to escape from the grasp of the bug-hunter just as if they really saw. The light of a candle startles them as much as if they perceived it visually.

It is a remarkable fact, proving that the ancestors of these creatures could see, that in the embryo stage of their existence they have eyes well developed.

Dangers of Hypnotism.

The dangers of hypnotism are illustrated by a case reported in the hospital of London. An amateur at a friend's house volunteered to hypnotize another visitor, and, after two trials, succeeded so well that the subject became extremely excited, lost the power of speech, and then passed into the condition of catalepsy; subsequently he had severe convulsions. He had simply been hypnotized by being made to look at a diamond ring, and afterward the sight of anything glistening threw him into a state of violent excitement. He was treated with various remedies, but at first showed no improvement. After ten days the convulsive attacks were replaced by periods during which he sang persistently. He would sing every song he knew without stopping. After a fortnight of this he had a high temperature for several days, and altogether was very ill for three weeks.

Mothers used to say: "How I dread the night and the baby's cough." Now they say: "I fear no more to wake and get up—I've a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup."

The women journalists in London are about to organize a woman's press club, and have rented a room in the Strand.

"Be wise with speed, a fool at forty is a fool indeed," and yet all over the world there are men still older clinging fondly to their rheumatism and gout, when awake people know very well that Salivation Oil certainly kills pain. It is sold everywhere for only 25 cents.

The great English preacher Spurgeon is entirely a self-made man. His parents were humble people of Dutch extraction.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink.

Too much sensibility creates unhappiness; too much insensibility creates crime.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

The love of glory can only create a hero; the contempt of it only makes a great man.

PATENTERS FREE. How? See Queen of Fashion. Send 2 (2c) stamps. 46 E. 14 St., New York.

General Russell A. Alger earned his first money by doing odd jobs for the neighbors.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

The president of the Swiss republic collects but \$3,000 a year.

Dr. Foster's new pamphlet on Vertigo tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

Twelve hundred and eighteen species of mushrooms grow in Great Britain.

Secure a Business Education at Home. A full Business Course given by mail. Perfect satisfaction, low rates; Bryant's College, Buffalo, N.Y.

President Harrison found his first dollar in the toe of his stocking on Christmas morning.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A rich man despises those who flatter him too much, and hates those who do not flatter him at all.

Sick Headache Can Be Cured. Continue Headache Powders will do it. Price 25c per box containing six bottles. Sold by druggists or mailed by Coughlin Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Truth and virtue can do less good in the world than their false, well acted semblance can do evil.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No matter first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise free. Write for it. Dr. J. C. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A generous man will place the benefits he confers beneath his feet, those he receives nearest his heart.

We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. J. F. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

To contradict and argue with a total stranger is like knocking at a gate to ascertain if there is any one within.

Female Weakness Positive Cure. To The Editor:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, DR. J. B. MARCHESI, 800 Genevieve St., Utica, N. Y.

Russell Sage was a clerk. He learned frugality in his brother's grocery store at Troy.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Read It?

There is a 3-inch wide advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from the Dr. Hunter Medicine Co. This is an extract from a letter from W. H. Skinner. This young man started in business something over two years ago with scarcely a dollar, and he has made wonderful progress. The first year his profits footed up to over \$4,000. There are hundreds and thousands of young men in this glorious country of ours who can do just as good work as Mr. Skinner. Write quickly to B. E. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will give you an opportunity to do as well or better.

No one is allowed on the streets of De Land, Fla., after 10 o'clock at night.

Henry Villard, who has so many ups and downs as a railroad man, earned his first money as a reporter.

Ladies can make BIG CASH

Profits by securing subscribers for the leading, oldest and best Ladies' Home and Fashion Magazine in America. A profitable and pleasant occupation, that any lady can engage in, and maintain her dignity. For full particulars send us your name and address on a postal card, if you want a full outfit and sample copy, send 15 cents, or we will send for 3 months for 25 cents, that you may know and appreciate its excellencies. Always address, BODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Box U 1565, Philadelphia, Pa.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep

Seated Ulcers of 40 years

standing, Inward Tumors, and

every disease of the skin, except

Thunder Humor, and

Cancer that has taken root.

Price \$1.50. Sold by every

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Canada.



SYRUP OF FIGS

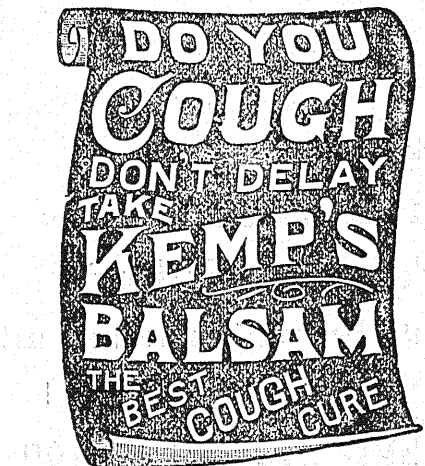
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of 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.

"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."



DO YOU COUGH?
DON'T DELAY
TAKING
KEMP'S
BALSAM
THE BEST
COUGH
CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its early stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.00. It Cures! "Kemp's."



DR. BULL'S
COUGH SYRUP
THE PERFECTLY PREPARED REMEDY FOR COUGHS

\$150 to \$200
A MONTH.
WE WANT a wide-awake, honest man or woman in every county in the U. S., to introduce an article nobody will do without. No patent medicine or cheap jewelry. Splendid opening for the right person. Good jobs are scarce and do not wait long for takers. Even if you can spare but a few hours a week, write at once to B. F. JOHNSON & CO., Richmond, Va. For information about THE BIGGEST THING ON BALTIMORE—something that will open your eyes and keep them open!

Common Soap
Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.
IVORY SOAP
DOES NOT.

THREE LAUGHS.
He laughed at her—right rudely, too. When in her rural gown of blue She came to town.
She'd bashful ways and awkward mien; How could he know she was a queen, In that queer gown?
A few months more, she had her laugh, And it was merrier by half
Than his had been; For he was down upon his knees, And making the most ardent pleas Her hand to win.
But now I pity neither one, For, spite of all that's said and done, I dare avow
That all's forgiven, for I know The two together, soft and low, Are laughing now.

THE WAITING JULIET.
The house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof-sheets) calls one of the rusinur-by sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turf garden, with a limetree or two, a laburnum and a lawn tennis court marked out, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden, a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where if two persons met one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, in the high road, George was waiting for us with the dog-cart.

We had picked the usual time—the dinner-hour. It had just turned dark and the church clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after eight, when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door I spoke of, and felt along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simpler job never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air; and inside was a faint candle-light flickering, just as a careless maid will leave them after her mistress has gone down to a dinner. To be sure, there was a chance of her coming back to put them out; but we could hear her voice going in the servants' hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half-a-hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder, while I began to climb; "but if I hear her voice stop, I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill, and looked in.
It was a roomy place, with a great half-tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with flaming red poppies sprawling over it; and the further curtain hid the dressing-table, and the candles upon it and the jewel-case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall-paper, I remember—though for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with sprigs of gilt honeysuckles upon it.

I looked round and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death up here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm, I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet, and went quickly round the bed to the dressing-table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw round the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bed-post.
Before the dressing-table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggy neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candles the powder showed on her cheek-bones like flour on a miller's coat. Chin on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curry stood at her elbow, among the rouge-pots and powder-puffs.

While I stood stock still and pretty well scared out of my wits, she rose, still staring at my image in the glass, folded her hands modestly over her bosom, and spoke, in a deep, tragical voice:

"The prince!"
Then, facing sharply around, she held out her thin arms.

"You have come—at last?"
There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her, I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's, and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely show.

"Is the ladder against the window?"
"Since you seem to know," said I, "it is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red!"
"Then I'm glad my color's come back; for, to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking out for me, do doubt."

"My prince!" She stretched out her arms again, and, being pretty well at my wits' end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said, "oh, the weary while! And they ill-treated me. Where have you been all this tedious time?"

I was going to answer that, you may be sure. By this, I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess what was near the truth—that this was a mad aunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I met her question with another.

"Look here," I said; "I'm running a considerable risk in braving these persecutors of your'n. Hadn't we better elope at once?"
"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose?"
She turned to the dressing-table, lifted her jewel-case, and put it into my hands.

"I am ready," she repeated; "let us be quick and stealthy as death."
She followed me to the window and, looking out drew back.

"What horrible, black depths!"
"It's as easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head—look here." I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence, I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his lips too weak to meet on the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched the turf and handed him the jewel-case, he took it like a man in a trance.

We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden-door Peter could stand no more of it.

"I've a fire-arm in my pocket," whispered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my feelings, if you don't explain here and now. Who is she?"

"You mug—she's the Original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her and you've got her jewels!"
"Pardon me, Jem," says he in gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see Are you taking her off to melt her marry her? For how to get rid of it else—"

The poor creature had halted, it picked paces ahead of us, and wait while we whispered, with the modality that slanted down into the lane, whitening her bare neck and flashing on her jewels.

"One moment," I said, and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for at the end of the lane, and when has stowed them under the seat we climb in and drive off—"

"To the end of the world—to very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair, and bosom, and handed them to Peter, who received them with a bow. Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, looked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat, and walked off toward the dog-cart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life—"

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married, and my sisters' daughters; and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning—"

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that as I ran, I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet pattering after me.

She must have run like a demon; for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the dog-cart. And before George could set the horse going, her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp, and she never got near enough again. But for half a minute I looked into that horrible face following us and working with silent rage; and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now—Memoirs of Gabriel Foots, Highwayman, in the Argonaut.

NAMED THE BABY R. A. T. S.
And Thus Handicapped, Expect that He Will Succeed in Days to Come.

"What absurd names some of our latter-day children do have!" ejaculated a dear Nineteenth Precinct grandma yesterday, throwing down the paper.

"How so?"
"Why, here a lady friend names her infant son Robert Albert Thomas Smith."

"What of it?"
"But how will it look in print! Twenty years hence Robert will discover that his parents have made his initials spell R. A. T. S. It's a shame."

"It is, indeed."
"Why, sakes alive, a friend of mine, as dark and homely as Egypt, is named 'Lily'; her sister has freckles and red hair; her name is 'Violet.' And as for Blossom, Pearl, Clarimonde, Sibyl and Snowdrop—we have dozens in this one flat."

"What is your name?" Mrs. Tucker.
"Law sakes, my people made the same old mistake. They called me Dai—Daisy.—Washington Post.

What He Most Needed.
A member of a certain Massachusetts parish, prominent for his thrift and personal consequence, was also notorious for his overbearing assumptions and pompous airs. Under the distress and fright of a dangerous illness, he "put up notes" on several successive Sundays, and, after his recovery, according to usage, he offered a note to be read by the minister, expressive of his thanks. The minister was somewhat "large" in this part of his prayer; recalling the danger and the previous petitions of the "squire," and returning his grateful acknowledgments with the prayer that the experience might be blessed to the spiritual welfare of the restored man. He closed with these words: "And we pray, O Lord, that thy servant may be cured of that ungodly strut, so offensive in the sanctuary.—Argonaut.

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All are entitled to the best that her money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and \$1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
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from which the excess of oil is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

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In the cut is depicted the decoration lately bestowed by Queen Victoria on Mrs. Grimwood, the Manipur heroine. The Royal Red Cross was instituted by royal warrant, April 23, 1883, for the purpose of rewarding services rendered by certain persons in nursing the sick and wounded of the army and navy. It consists of a cross enameled crimson, edged with gold, having on the arms thereof the words "Faith, Hope and Charity" and the date of the institution, with the queen's effigy in the center. On the reverse side the royal and imperial cipher and crown in relief are placed in the center.

The cross is to be attached to a dark blue ribbon edged with red, tied in a bow, and worn on the left shoulder. The decoration is to be worn by the queen and by any of the royal family on whom it may be conferred.

The decoration is intended for any ladies and nursing sisters, whether subjects or foreign persons, who may be recommended to the queen's notice by special exertions in providing for the nursing of or for attending to sick and wounded soldiers and sailors; and, in the case of nursing sisters, for special devotion and competency which they may have displayed in their nursing duties with the army in the field or in the naval and military hospitals. Prominent among those who have received this decoration is Florence Nightingale.

The Devil's Table.

Many readers have heard learned friends or travelers allude to the Teufelsch and the Glass palace without the least idea of the interesting objects referred to. To quickly come to the point we will say that the Teufelsch is the name given a large, flat rock lying near Graefenberg, Bavaria. Translated into English the meaning of the word is Devil's table. Regularly at midnight on the night of May 1 the ghosts of the ancient kings of France used to assemble around the Teufelsch and hold a fantastic banquet. Later on some folk-lore writers claim that a glass palace, invisible to mortal eyes, sprang up at that point with the Devil's table in the center. From midnight until daylight on the date mentioned above, Gambrians, the inventor of beer, sported around the big flat rock with others of the shadowy crew.

Millions in Postage.

The bulletin de statistiques et de legislation comparee, of the French ministry of finance, contains an interesting account of the postage expenses in the large governments of the world excepting China. From the account it appears that civilized humanity spends 1,500,000,000 francs every year on postage. Of this amount the United States of America come in for the largest share, 323,000,000 francs postage, without telegraph communication. Next comes Germany, spending on postage and telegraph communications 282,000,000 francs. Great Britain spends 257,000,000 on postage alone. France spends 143,000,000 on postage and telegraph. Russia spends 97,000,000, and Austria-Hungary 86,000,000 francs on postage and telegraph. The smaller governments spend from 40,000,000 downward.

A Sad Alternative.

Geddon is a nurse at a hospital. "How is Antonio getting on?" inquired a relative of the patient of that name.

"So so. The doctor said that if he lives till to-morrow he may get better; but if he doesn't, you may give up all hope."—Jury.

Mother and Daughters.

Over twelve years ago I was afflicted with a very serious female difficulty and for the last sixteen months was under treatment of three of the very best physicians that money could employ. Under their skillful treatment I gradually grew worse, until they decided they could render me no permanent help. One of my friends persuaded me to try a bottle of Dullman's Great Uterine Tonic, and after taking three bottles, can say I am in better health than I have been for twenty years and I am now sixty years old, but feel as young as thirty.—\$1.00 a bottle. June 2, 1890. Mrs. THOS. TANDY Flint, Mich. For sale by Fritz Bros., Cass City, and J. K. Thomas, Kingston.

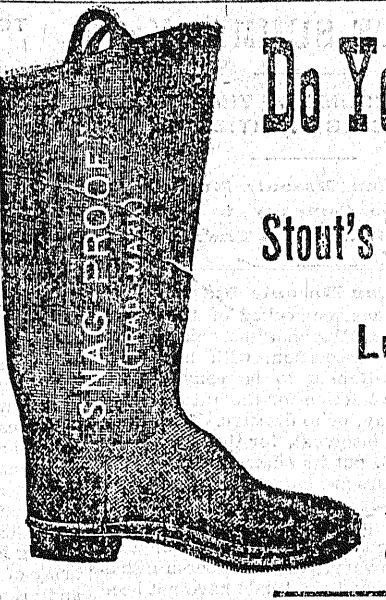
A Contractor's Advice.

MESSERS. DULLMAN BROS.—Gentlemen:—I take great pleasure in testifying in behalf of Dullman's Great German Blood Liver, Stomach and Kidney Cure. I can safely say that I never took such medicine as that to cleanse the liver, stomach and kidneys. I was suffering for years with biliousness, indigestion, and loss of appetite and sleep. One bottle did more for me than six months other treatment, and I feel it my duty to testify in its behalf, so others may try it and get cured. Yours truly, WARREN E. BUSSELL, contractor and builder. For sale by Fritz Bros., Cass City, and J. K. Thomas, Kingston.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros.



Do You Want the Best?

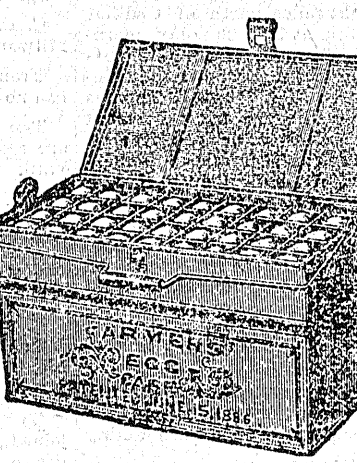
—If so, Buy—
Stout's Snag-Proof Duck Boots
—AND—

Lumbrmeen's Overs,
to wear over Felt or Socks. None Genuine unless a picture of the Brownies is on every pair. We are Sole Agents for Cass City.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING

THE FARMER'S EGG CASE GIVEN FREE.

This Case holds 12 dozen and is made of Tin handsomely Japanned and ornamented. The Fillers are made of Cloth Paper and are very durable. Saves both packing and counting, obviates loss from breakage and miscounts. It is an ornament to any home. Get a ticket at our store, have the amount of each purchase punched out. This case will be given you when your cash purchase amounts to \$20.00.



CROSBY'S BOOT & SHOE HOUSE.

DROP IN AT

FROST AND HEBBLEWHITE'S

If you are looking for a fine Line of Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Shawls, Jackets, Reefers, Newmarkets, Misses' and Children's Cloaks, Blankens, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Gloves, and Mitts, Hats and Caps, Comforters, Yarns, Furs and Muffs, Carpets, Crockery and Glassware, Fresh Groceries and Provisions at lowest Cash Price. Highest Market Price for Butter and Eggs.

Frost & Hebblewhite

House cleaning is here and Fritz Bros. are giving **GREAT BARGAINS!**

-- IN --

WALL - PAPER!

for the next 60 days.

Clearing out sale to make room for the Large Stock just ordered for the next season. Do not miss the chance to get your rooms papered up cheap.

1-4 OFF 1-4
on all this years patterns that are left.

Now is your time to buy.

FRITZ BROTHERS.

MILLINERY

Largest Stock,
Latest Styles,
Lowest Prices!

—AT—
Mrs. E. K. Wickware's,
DeLisle Building, Cass City, Mich.

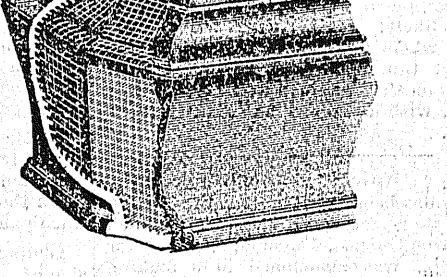
A. A. McKenzie,



UNDERTAKER

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

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET



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

Wind Mills.

We have secured the agency for the

DUPLEX WIND MILLS

FOR PUMPING AND POWER PURPOSES.

Duplex Solid Wheel, Duplex Open Wheel, Crown Solid Wheel.

TOWERS

Furnished and put up if desired.

Samples will be found at our Planing Mill, near P. O. & N. Depot.

LONDON, ENO & KEATING.

THE ENTERPRISE
AND DETROIT TRIBUNE.
ONE YEAR
\$1.50

Attention!

When wanting

BLACKSMITH'NG WOOD WORKING.

or anything in this line, call on

ADAM H. MUCK
Cass City, Mich.

I have secured the services of a first-class wood worker and anything in this line will receive prompt attention.

I have also secured the services of Nicholas Gable, to assist in the blacksmith shop.

All work warranted.
Adam H. Muck.

Job printing neatly executed at the ENTERPRISE office.

TELEGRAPH TALKS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TAKEN FROM THE WIRE.

Brave Firemen Save Many Lives.—A British vessel and nine of the crew go down in the North Sea.

Rescued From the Flames.—Fire broke out in a row of wooden tenement houses, beginning at 120 Nostrand avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The flames were discovered by Officer John Stewart who alarmed the inmates. His prompt action saved many lives, as eight buildings were soon ablaze, all of which were occupied by one family. Fireman Owen Smith, of truck No. 2, made a heroic rescue of Mrs. Annie Bowen, 27 years of age, and John and Edward Ashworth, sons of Thomas Ashworth. They were found in their beds unconscious from smoke and were carried by the brave fireman from the fourth story of No. 120 to the ground. They were removed to a hospital, where they regained consciousness. They will recover unless pneumonia sets in, which is thought likely. Wild rumors were circulated of whole families being lost in the fire, but the rumor proved groundless. The loss on the buildings was estimated at \$30,000, with insurance sufficient to cover the loss.

Nine Were Lost.—News has been received that the British bark, Kate Sanction, Capt. Evans, which sailed from Shields, England, Nov. 4 for Ponsicola, was abandoned in a sinking condition in the North sea on Nov. 11. The vessel encountered terrific gales while proceeding on her voyage and was badly damaged by both the wind and sea. Her sails were torn into shreds, her yards and masts went by the board, and everything movable about the decks was washed away. The bark was stranded so much in the raging sea that she soon began to make water fast and, although the crew worked with desperate energy at the pumps, they were finally compelled to give up and take to the boats. Two men had a terrible experience and nine of them died from the effects of their exposure. The captain and three of his men were at length sighted by a passing vessel and rescued in a pitiable condition.

W. J. Florence Is Dead.—William J. Florence, the actor, died at the Continental Hotel, in Philadelphia, on the 19th. Death came as a startling surprise to those in attendance upon the sick man, for the reason that his condition had been considered as improving during the afternoon and early evening. Only Mr. Florence's sister-in-law, Mrs. Barney Williams, of Brooklyn, sister Mrs. Newman Ward, of Washington, and Dr. Patrick Donnellan were with him when he passed away. He had been apparently getting better and the physicians had no idea that the end was near. Mr. Florence was nearly 61 years of age, he having been born at Albany, N. Y., July 26, 1831. His name originally was Conlin, but as he had adopted the stage name of Florence, he legalized his right to the latter by an act of assembly passed by the New York legislature.

St. Paul Gets a Scorching.—St. Paul, Minn., on the night of the 17th suffered one of the most disastrous fires in its history, the buildings damaged being those of Griggs, Cooper & Co., wholesale grocers, and Farwell, Ozmum, Kirk & Co., wholesale hardware. The total loss is estimated at from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000. Griggs, Cooper & Co.'s store is divided in halves by a fire-wall running from Third street to the rear, and from Farwell, Ozmum, Kirk & Co.'s by a party wall. The firemen could, therefore, reach the flames only from three sides, being cut off on the east by the fire-wall. However, they mounted the ladders, bravely faced the flames which were almost licking their faces, and sent the streams horizontally through the windows, thus to reach the center and east side of the floors. The losses are covered by insurance.

Natural Gas Causes Three Deaths.—At Lapelle, Ind., on the night of the 15th Mrs. Mary Huffman and her two sons, Peter and Newton, both grown, retired for the night and left the gas burning at high pressure in the stove. The draft was imperfect and the blaze was extinguished during the night. The gas poured into the room and asphyxiated the whole family. Their condition was not discovered until a late hour in the morning when a neighbor tried to get in. The doors were locked, but peering through the window the lifeless body of Newton, the youngest, was seen lying in bed. The doors were broken open and Mrs. Huffman and the oldest son were taken out into the air and a physician hastily summoned. After working with them for an hour or two animation returned, but they died. The younger boy was dead when discovered.

Episcopal Congress.—The Episcopal congress has opened at Washington, D. C., and Epiphany church was filled to its utmost capacity at the first day's session. After the usual services had been read, Phillips Brooks, D. D., bishop of Massachusetts, delivered the communion address, after which the business session began. Ex-Senator Edmunds was introduced by Bishop Dudley, as the presiding officer, and addressed the convention, being followed in a memorial address by Secretary Rev. Wildes. The evening session was held at the National cities hall and several papers were read, "Theism and Evolution," being the topic.

Vast Iron Ore Fields.—A Duluth, Minn., special says: A valuable ore field is reported from the west end of the Mesaba iron range. Several pits are bottomed in clear ore, one being already 18 feet in iron. This discovery shows the trend of the range west and also extends its greater than formerly supposed. At least a half dozen new iron locations on the Mesaba have resulted from the explorations of the last three or four months, and steps are being taken to put a railroad through the country.

Off on His Vacation.—Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, United States minister to Great Britain, who has been granted leave of absence, has arrived in Rome. He expects to remain there for a week.

John H. Padgham's residence, in Allegheny, was damaged \$3,000 worth of fire. Loss nearly covered by insurance.

Daniel L. Nash is mysteriously missing from Iowa. While connected with the state house of correction he was hit upon the head by a convict, and it is feared that his mind may have become unbalanced.

Will Weaver and Frank Donahue, both of Benton Harbor, quarreled. Weaver stabbed Donahue and the wound will probably prove fatal. Weaver is held awaiting results.

James Caldwell, of Fort Gratiot, whipped his 10-year-old stepdaughter, Maude Scott, until her recovery is considered extremely doubtful. Caldwell is under arrest.

Muskegon has her first Eastern Star chapter of Masons, with Mrs. G. D. Smith as worthy matron; Mrs. W. B. McLaughlin, worthy patron, and Mrs. E. F. Parker, assistant matron.

Michigan's military men want to attend the big encampment at the world's fair next year, and for this reason the state encampment may not be held down by Gov. Winans' farm.

Over 600 tickets have been sold for Marshall's star lecture course, and as the opera house will seat only 550 persons, the young men are figuring they may have something else to hold beside hands.

Muskegon commandery, knights templar, gave C. T. Hills a fine surprise upon his 70th birthday. Mr. Hills is one of the oldest Masons in western Michigan and has taken the 33d degree.

Congressman Belknap's cup of good fortune is more than bubbling over. He is a grandpa for the first time, a fine eight pound boy blessing the household of his daughter, Mrs. Fred Wurzburg.

Battle Creek's electric cars are running smoothly and the citizens are much elated over rapid transit, but much disgruntled to think they are obliged to transfer at the Michigan Central railroad crossing.

Ludington citizens are after an extension of the Chicago & West Michigan railroad, and say they will have it next year if they have to twist the Traverse City branch around to take them in.

Adolph Greulich, aged carpenter of Grand Rapids, tried to shoot Charles LaFollette, his brother-in-law, and failing pointed the revolver at his own head and fired twice. The wounds are considered fatal.

D. L. Curlick, of Grand Haven, blew out the gas in his room at the city house, Benton Harbor, and the room rapidly filled with an odor that nearly ended Curlick's existence. He is in a precarious condition.

Clinton Sommers, of Clio, was arrested upon the charge of larceny and was acquitted. He brings suit against Fred N. Foote, his accuser, and Justice Millard for \$5,000 alleged damages for false imprisonment.

Midland must be credited with the first coasting accident of the season. Sam Foster, Jr., sped over the ice and snow on the court house hill last week and collided with a hydrant. His face and head were badly bruised.

In changing its time table the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad first schedules its road from Detroit to Grand Rapids as the "main line," and names the old line from Grand Ledge to Howard City the "western division."

Mrs. Jennie Gates, young wife of a Bay City doctor, is probably a kleptomaniac. She was arrested a short time ago for stealing jewelry from Jacob Fisher's residence, and now she is charged with embezzlement by the Hoyt dry goods company.

Young Latimer, the Jackson matricide, was scheduled to make his escape with the three desperate convicts who got away. A short time ago, through a tunnel, he grew timid, feigned sickness and went to the hospital on the day set for gaining freedom.

The western social conference of the elders of the Reformed church of America was in session at Holland last week. One of the questions for discussion was the desirability of the union between the Dutch and German Reformed churches in the United States.

Rival piano dealers at Jackson have peculiar ways for getting ahead of each other in making sales. One scam cut the tapes intended to hasten the action of the instrument of a rival and thereby made it inferior to his own. The detectives are looking for him now.

Dr. W. M. Edwards has been re-elected medical superintendent of the Michigan insane asylum at Kalamazoo, and every one who knows the doctor will say at once the trustees did the proper thing in retaining his services. Dr. Stone was elected assistant superintendent.

Reports came from Grand Rapids one day that several dime museum freaks were stranded there, including Barney Baldwin, the man with the broken neck, and the day following word comes that Barney has been wedded to Phoebe Juneau, the piano thumper at the museum.

The detachment of salvation army soldiers camped in the Saginaw valley, is going to have a high old time about December 18. The new barracks in West Bay City are to be formally dedicated and the soldiers are going to turn out in force. Commander Ballington Booth is expected to be present.

Bessemer has solved the problem of pure water supply as far as knowing just how to secure it is concerned. Two beautiful wells have been secured at the Colby mine, and the village can have the overflow if it will build a reservoir on top of Colby hill and then pipe the water. A splendid pressure would thus be provided.

William O'Brien, an old inmate of the soldiers' home at Grand Rapids, was found in the woods a half mile from the institution, frozen to death. In his pockets were found the fatal secrets, bottles of whisky and alcohol nearly empty. He had been to the city for liquid supplies and had taken unusually large rations.

By the recent action of the broom men of the country in securing a corner on broom corn, John Otis, of Mancelona, made an even \$12,000 as easily as he can make a broom. Mr. Otis bought 150 tons of broom corn at \$70 per ton, and then 24 bushels of his met at the Tremont exchange, in Chicago, and raised the price to \$150 per ton. John let his stock go.

The Miching mining school is getting large enough so that when legislative committees visit it the citizens of Houghton are not obliged to give up their bank and store clerks for a whole day that they may occupy stool tops in the institution, and make a respectable showing for it. The school has 65 students, of which 15 are from the lower peninsula and 33 from the upper peninsula.

Joseph Lucking, a prominent citizen of Ypsilanti, died on the 15th. Deceased was born in Essex county, England, July 10, 1823. He went to Toronto when twenty-five. He was married in 1853 and settled in Ypsilanti in 1858 and engaged in the butcher business. He leaves three sons: Alfred, a member of the law firm of Conely, Maybury & Lucking, Detroit; T. M. of Detroit, and G. W. of Ypsilanti.

STATE SUMMARY.

A BRIEF RESUME OF THE DOINGS OF MICHIGAN CITIZENS.

The Michigan Masonic Mutual Life Insurance Company to Close Its Books.—Killed by a Train.

Michigan Masonic Mutual.—A meeting has been called of the stockholders of the Michigan masonic mutual life insurance association, with headquarters in Grand Rapids, to be convened on Dec. 1, to take action for the future relief of the company, or to dissolve. The association is not insolvent, for the assets are about \$45,000, but its affairs are in such a shape that fears are entertained for its future career. It was organized about 17 years ago for purely charitable purposes, and for a long time it boomed. For several years, however, the membership has not increased, and the funds have not been in shape to warrant the expense of a canvasser. A plan is proposed to merge the association into the mutual reserve life association, of New York, and it is probable that such action will be taken. The present members will be reimbursed without examination or cost, and the surplus will be divided among them either in the form of cash dividends or relief from assessments.

Collision on the G. R. & I.—A freight bound north on the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad collided with a passenger train from Traverse City on a sharp curve eight miles north of Cadillac at Gilbert's Sliding at 7:30 Tuesday morning, wrecking both engines, ditching several cars, killing two men and fatally injuring one. The killed are: Thomas Picicle, fireman of the passenger; Fremont Howard, head brakeman on the freight; James Smith, the engineer of the passenger, is badly crushed and cannot live. Mr. Beard, of Bay City, a passenger, was slightly bruised about the head, and another passenger was hurt in the back. The engineer and fireman of the freight jumped safely. Passengers and trainmen were badly shaken up. The cause of the collision is not definitely known, and the officials refuse to talk. It is said the freight conductor and engineer had orders to sidetrack at Muskegon Junction, but forgot the other train, the first trip of the passenger under the new time card taking effect on Sunday.

The Building Collapsed.—On Monday morning the building near the Michigan Central depot, at Jackson, occupied by the Jackson grocery company, partially collapsed. The second floor in the northeast portion fell and crushed the first floor through to the basement. The third floor was also badly cracked, but did not come down. On the second floor was stored several car loads of canned goods and these were piled in a mass upon a large stock of teas and other goods on the first floor. It is difficult to estimate the damage, but it will reach several thousand dollars. The walls of the building are apparently little injured. The structure is one of the oldest in the city, having been built about 42 years.

Struck by the Engine.—As Clarence Reynolds, a cooper, who resides in Carrollton, was returning home from Saginaw, Thursday afternoon, and while crossing the Chicago, Saginaw & Mackinaw track, he was struck by the engine of a passenger train coming to Saginaw and thrown against a culvert, from which he rebounded to the track in front of the wheels, which passed over his head, crushing it into a shapeless mass. The mangled remains were picked up and taken to his home near by, the shock falling with terrible effect upon his wife and three children.

Can Charge no Tuition.—The school board of the village of Vermonthville, Eaton county, adopted a resolution that tuition of 10 cents per week should be charged to all pupils studying latin in the high schools. The action was questioned and referred to the superintendent of public instruction, who relied upon the attorney general for an official opinion on the matter. That officer declares that the board can exact no tuition from any pupil for any study pursued except it be for a non-resident.

AROUND THE STATE.

George W. Abbey, jeweler of Midland, has died of heart disease.

Miners who struck at Jackson's coal mines are at work again.

Michigan funeral directors will meet in Grand Rapids, Jan. 13 and 14.

Ispheming's handsome new city hall was dedicated on the 18th with a splendid program.

The residence of Elmer Dou, of Midland, burned; loss, \$8,000; insurance, \$2,000.

Augustus B. Morse, whose family live in Cleveland, died in the Kalamazoo jail of delirium tremens.

The marble bust of Charles H. Hackley, Muskegon benefactor, has been unveiled in the public library in Muskegon.

Burglars entered Jones & Putnam's hardware store in Constantine and secured \$400 worth of cutlery and silverware.

The Lake Superior lumber company is building a large plant at Even, consisting of a saw mill and four single mills.

"Aunt Harriet" Burton, known as the first bride of Grand Rapids, has been stricken with paralysis and is now very low.

Aid James Fitzpatrick, of Lansing, has been absent from home some two weeks without explanation, and his friends are alarmed.

The Devell Moore Masonic lodge, of Muskegon, is furnishing a room to the Masonic home at Grand Rapids. It will be a beautiful apartment.

Clary's business college at Ypsilanti graduated a class of 55 at its eighth annual commencement on the 18th. The school has 300 students in attendance.

The unoccupied dining hall, operated by the M. E. church ladies upon the state fair ground at Lansing, has been burned. Tramps are suspected of firing it.

Nathan Colby, for 35 years a resident of Shiawassee county, and one of the founders of New Lothrop, died of softening of the brain and paralysis.

The State savings bank of Flushing is the new banking institution that succeeds the First national bank and that will begin business December 1.

The directory compilers have printed 13,800 names in their volume for Bay City. If the usual rule of computation is followed this gives the city 41,400 inhabitants.

TO ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

Proposal to Remove Grant's Body from New York Very Popular.

The effort to remove the body of Gen. Grant from Riverside cemetery, New York city, to Arlington national cemetery, opposite Washington, will be renewed at the coming session of congress. That there is a strong sentiment in favor of the movement among the veterans of the Union armies as well as among the officers of the regular army who served in the war of the rebellion is manifest. This sentiment is bounded by no sectional lines, but is especially strong among the survivors of the western armies which Grant led to victory, and at whose head he laid the groundwork of his fame and won glorious victories. The veterans of those armies, as well as of the confederate armies, must feel that his body ought to repose in Arlington cemetery which, so long as the republic shall exist, will be cared for and beautified by the government, and this feeling is shared by the survivors of the army of the Potomac, whose later triumphs and grandest achievements were won under his personal direction and leadership. They urge that Grant was of the nation and that the nation has a paramount right, as well as duty, to possess and care for his tomb and build a worthy monument to his memory.

MEN AND THINGS.

Planing mill fire at Newark, N. J., cost \$100,000.

South Dakota cannot get enough cars to move its crops.

C. F. Solberg, the Danish vice consul at Milwaukee, has been recalled.

France has a gripe and the Frenchmen can no longer talk through their noses.

The Atlanta, Bennington and Yorkton are ready to leave the Brooklyn navy yard.

Geo. Teckler, one of Wheeling's prominent men, blew out his brains in a fit of despondency.

Wm. H. Ropes, former United States consul at St. Petersburg, has just died at Tenby, Wales.

The Duke de Dino dropped \$250,000 at Monte Carlo. His American wife supplied the funds.

The Economic gas company has been enjoined at Logansport from piping natural gas to Chicago.

Dr. Christie, of St. Paul, will fill the chair of theology at the Western university at Allegheny.

John R. Walsh, of Chicago, treasurer of the united press association, vice C. R. Baldwin, resigned.

The Yorktown has left Montevideo for the Pacific station. She is due at Valparaiso in about three weeks.

John Beatty, charged with Mrs. Cartwright's murder, must await the action of the grand jury at Chicago.

The Unionist papers in England admit that the recent South Hulton election was a terrible rebuff to the Tories.

Miss Frances E. Willard was elected president of the world's W. C. T. U. at the convention held at Boston.

The Brightlingsea fishing fleet was out at sea during the recent English storm and so far has not been heard from.

At Litchfield-with-Crofton, England, a mother cut the throats of her three little girls and then committed suicide.

Rev. Joseph Slattery, a former Catholic priest, turned exposer, has been arrested at Pittsburgh for circulating immoral literature.

A break in the bank of the River Parret, caused by the floods in England, has done enormous damage in the county of Somerset.

Water is getting so scarce and expensive in New York that the 400 seriously consider putting it on the list of fashionable drinks.

Every mining camp in Arizona, New Mexico and western Texas will be represented in the southwestern silver convention at El Paso.

Wm. Livers, cashier of the Pennsylvania state treasury, has resigned, and John W. Morrison, state treasurer-elect, will take his place.

Frank Galbraith, a Tennessee farmer, treated his friends with whisky the other night. In short time all were taken ill and three have died.

George A. Beard, cashier of the Cheyenne national bank, which recently suspended, shot himself. The bank's troubles made him despondent.

The committee having in charge the prosecution of Dr. Briggs has appealed to the synod. The committee think Dr. Briggs ought to be tried.

The band of Indians who camped from Cheyenne agency have turned up at Pine Ridge and have been returned by the agent at that place to counsel.

During a card party at Philadelphia given to celebrate the engagement of Miss Clara Holloway and Christopher Folwell, Holloway was seized with convulsions and died before her lover's eyes.

The supreme court of Florida orders Secretary of State Crawford to sign and attest R. H. M. Davidson's senatorial commission. Crawford will probably refuse and will go to jail in consequence.

Charles J. Pickett, a New York plumber, revenged himself on a 9-year-old boy for the theft of some lead pipe by decorating the lad with green paint. The boy's father tried to secure a warrant but failed.

James Jackson, night operator at an Albany, Ind., looked into the muzzle of a revolver early on the 16th and in compliance with the smiling request of its proprietor turned over to him \$165 of the company's money.

The town of McDonald, Pa., where the great oil wells are located, has been visited by a number of fires lately, and the citizens believe that a band of incendiaries are at work. A meeting has been called to organize a vigilance committee.

Mrs. Dr. Rose, of Frankfort, Ind., says that the doctor has another wife at Kalamazoo. She has had him arrested.

Burgettstown, Pa., had a railroad collision, and 28 cars with their contents were destroyed in the resulting fire, entailing a loss of \$150,000. An unknown brakeman was burned to death, and the engineer and fireman seriously hurt.

The liquidator of the Panama canal company has it said, succeeded in reaching on the assets. He says the United States is waiting for a favorable opportunity to get control of the canal at a small cost. The liquidator wants the French chamber of deputies to pass a law allowing the company to go into bankruptcy.

INDIANS NOT CONTENT.

A BAND OF THEM LEAVE CHEYENNE AGENCY WITHOUT PERMIT.

A Boston Anarchist in Trouble Because He Believed in a Deity.—A Terrible Struggle with Bears.

Big Foot's Band.—A telegram has been received at army headquarters from Gen. John B. Brooke, commanding the department of Dakota, in response to one sent by Gen. Schofield asking the truth about the rumor that Big Foot's band had left its reservation and started for Pine Ridge. Gen. Brooke stated that he had been unable to learn anything definite about the movement, but would find out its scope and significance at once. There is no apprehension felt here that this movement will be followed by anything like last winter's outbreak. Gen. Schofield said this morning: "The state of things in the Indian country today is far better than it was a year ago. There is more content among the Sioux this winter than last, and this is mainly due to the fact that the affairs of the government as far as they affect the Indians are, I believe, being better administered. I do not think that there are any signs to be discerned now of trouble this winter, for as far as I can see, the tribes are quiet."

'Twas a Fatal Dose.—Two men, who finished up a long drunk by going to one of their homes and emptying a pint bottle of whisky which contained twenty grains of morphine, died from the dose at Rhinelander, Wis. One of them, named William Houston, was a man of family and the other, William Brown, was a single man boarding at Houston's house. The morphine was purchased at a local drug store by Mrs. Houston, who states that she has been addicted to the drug's use for years. She dissolved the twenty grains in a pint of whisky and set it on a shelf, where her drunken husband and his companion found it. Immediately upon finding the bottle empty in the morning the two set out to round the two men, one was already dead and the other soon expired. Houston and Brown were from Michigan. They were employed in the saw mills and were both very much addicted to the flowing bowl. A coroner's jury will thoroughly investigate the case after the post mortem.

One Among Many.—A meeting was held in Paine memorial hall, at Boston, in honor of the anarchists' execution in Chicago. Life-sized portraits of the martyrs were displayed on the platform, which was also embellished by a large red flag. George Vaughn, one of the speakers, caused something of a sensation by announcing that because he had not denied the existence of God and driven from his heart all love for Him he had been refused by the Brooklyn and Philadelphia anarchists permission to speak at their meeting, although they had printed and distributed a large number of posters announcing the fact that he would make an address. Mr. Vaughn said that, while he sympathized with the anarchists, if he could not address them without giving up his religious teachings he did not wish to speak at all.

Thoughtless Brutality.—Arthur Stone, 17 years old; Harry Grossman, 16, and Charlie Adams, 9, Monsey, N. Y. lads, were playing back of King's cider factory, on Mot's hill, at Nyack, N. Y., on the 16th. The two older boys induced Charlie Adams to enter a big cask. They then roughly headed the barrel and rolled it several hundred feet down the hill. The child suffered severe bruises and internal injuries, and it is feared that his brain is affected. A mill hand picked him up unconscious. The doctors say the boy's chances for life are about even. Stone and Grossman were soundly thrashed, and in event of Adams' death they will meet worse punishment.

Almy Must Hang.—Almy, the murder of Christie Warden, who was on trial at Plymouth, N. H., last week, has received his sentence. Almy was sentenced to hang on the morning of the day of the trial wearing a huggard look, but trying to appear unconcerned. Counsel Burley made an argument for the defense. He admitted murder, but only in the second degree, and made a strong effort to secure such sentence, the penalty for which is 30 years in state prison. A verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged on the first Tuesday in December, 1892, was handed down.

Their 123d Annual Banquet.—The New York chamber of commerce held its 123d annual dinner at Delmonico's on the evening of the 17th. The banquet was an exceptionally brilliant one and the 272 gentlemen who participated were representative and prominent ones. Among those who sent regrets were President Harrison, ex-Presidents Cleveland and Hayes, and Secretaries Blaine, Wamamaker, Proctor and Tracy. After a silent toast to the memory of Gen. Sherman, Hon. Charles Foster spoke on "Maintaining the Party Between Gold and Silver." Bishop Potter, Hon. William T. Wilson and Rev. Dr. Briggs also spoke.

Political Assessments Must Stop.—The supreme court of the District of Columbia failed to sustain the demurrer of Charles A. Newton, charged with violating the civil service act, and he will be tried in the criminal court. Civil Service Commissioner Thompson says that the decision will practically stop political assessments among government employees, and that it is a complete vindication of the commission.

Indians and Whiskey.—Among the troops at Whipple barracks at Prescott, Ariz., is a company of enlisted Apaches, who in some way got hold of considerable whiskey and have made things interesting for several days. As a result seven are in the guard house, nearly as many more in the hospital, and some white soldiers are seriously hurt. The company is to be transferred.

Three Indians Must Hang.—Judge Ross, of the United States court, at Los Angeles, Cal., has sentenced three Yuma Indians to death for the brutal murder of an old medicine man of their tribe several months ago. The medicine man had failed to bring rain when requested by the tribe to do so, and, according to the laws of the Yuma tribe, such a failure is punishable by death.

Charles A. Gould, a Grand Rapids switchman who was killed September 16, left two widows. Both have retained counsel to sue the railroad company for damages, and their will be a fight within a fight if either is successful.

A MILLIONAIRE IN TROUBLE.

John C. Newton Will Be Tried for Conspiring to Defraud Uncle Sam.

In the United States court at Des Moines, Ia., action was taken which apparently makes it certain that the celebrated mail stuffing conspiracy cases will now go promptly to trial. The charge is that President John C. Newton, of the Des Moines and Kansas City Railway, with an alleged accomplice, M. F. Oxford, attempted in a most novel and ingenious manner to extensively defraud the United States government. During a 89 days' test of the amount of mail carried by Newton's road, which was to be used to compute the annual payment to the railroad company from the postal department, it is alleged that Newton and Oxford forwarded huge amounts of old newspapers, waste paper, etc., with the purpose of securing a heavy increase in their government subsidy. Today's proceedings consisted in the court overruling the objections of the defendants' attorneys. The outcome is being watched for with interest. Newton stands high and is rated as a millionaire. His former home was in Holyoke, Mass.

The Methodists at Cleveland.—The Methodists general missionary committee decided to increase the general appropriation for domestic purposes to an even \$500,000. Baltimore was selected as the place of the next annual meeting, with the intimation that Chicago was next on the list. The old dispute as to whether the missions in Bulgaria should be maintained came up again and was decided in the affirmative, \$20,000 being voted for them. The other appropriations made are: Africa, \$2,400; South America, \$50,545; China, \$108,972; Germany, \$20,000; Sweden, \$9,500; Scandinavia, \$48,420; India, \$121,500; Malaysia, \$9,000; Italy, \$34,334; Japan, \$61,000; Korea, \$17,563. The members of the committee were given a grand banquet at Music hall by the Methodists of Cleveland in the evening. Addresses were made by Gen. W. H. Gibson, Bishop Foss, Bishop Newman, Rev. J. M. Buckley, Mrs. Jane Bancroft Robinson, of Detroit, Bishop Warren, Rev. Dr. A. B. Leonard and Bishop Fowler.

A Terrible Bear Fight.—John Crawford, James Wetherly, Richard Specht, Frank and Robert Minn and Robt. James, six farmers living near Holfenstein, Pa., had a terrible fight with two bears which they encountered in the mountains while hunting. They discovered a cub playing near a cave. They captured it and were departing, when the mother and father of the cub made their appearance. A terrible hand-to-hand conflict followed, during which the hunters were terribly torn and lacerated before they could bring their Winchester into play. James was caught by the mother bear and so badly injured that he will die. Wetherly's right arm was torn from the socket, and Specht had an eye gouged out. All the others were more or less badly hurt.

Twelve Degrees Below Zero.—A dispatch from Aberdeen, S. D., dated Nov. 17, says: It was 12 below zero this morning. Nearly all trains are delayed from one to six or more hours, and trainmen find their experience most unusual for this season. All farming operations are at a standstill. At Huron it is 8 below, at Bismarck, N. D., 10 below, at Fort Bay, 4 below, at Minnedosa, N. W. T., 10 below, and at Helena, Mont., 14 above.

Melbourne's Rain Producer.—Frank Melbourne has completed arrangements for his rain making company. Last week a party of Goodland, Kas., men went quickly down into the panhandle of Texas and experimented. They produced a good deal of rain and came back satisfied. The company has a capital of \$100,000 and will operate under the title of the Goodland rain-producing association. Melbourne is in charge.

Brand Prisoners With Hot Irons.—Developments of extreme cruelty in the Arkansas penitentiary have caused a sensation at Little Rock. A federal prisoner claims to have been mercilessly beaten and branded with red hot iron. The treatment such treatment was frequent among the prisoners. In accordance with orders from the United States attorney-general the 39 federal prisoners have been removed to Columbus, O.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.			
CATTLE—Good to choice.	\$4 25	@	\$4 75
HOGS	3 60	@	3 70
SHEEP	3 25	@	4 00
LAMBS	4 40	@	4 75
WHEAT—Red Spot, No. 2.	98 3/4	@	99 1/2
Red Spot, No. 3.	97	@	97 1/2
White Spot, No. 1.	96	@	97 1/2
CORN—No. 2 spot.	50	@	50
No. 2 yellow.	50	@	50
OATS—No. 2 white, spot.	35	@	35
BARLEY	1 10	@	1 20
RYE	95	@	95
HAY—No. 3 per ton.	12 00	@	12 50
POTATOES—Per bu.	25	@	25
SWEET POTATOES—Per bbl.	2 75	@	3 00
CABBAGE—Per 100 lbs.	1 00	@	1 05
APPLES—Per bbl.	2 00	@	2 25
BUTTER—Per D.	20	@	23
DRESSING	23	@	30
EGGS—Per doz. Hovis.	21	@	22
LIVE POULTRY	7	@	8
Spring Chickens.	8	@	8
Turkeys.	10	@	10
Ducks.	8	@	9

MAN AND WOMAN.

Story of the First Thanksgiving.

HE NOVEMBER sun was sinking in the Western skies. Another day had gone and no news from the ship. With darkness, a pall of gloom settled over the little band of settlers. There was so much need that the food had to be apportioned.

Burton Laird had married Edward Love's daughter a month previously. She was a beautiful young woman of 20; he a sedate lieutenant in Her Majesty's army.

As the sun's last beams had faded beyond the Western horizon, prayerful people wended their way to the quiet little chapel on the hillside. Edward Love was too ill to go. At his bedside were Alice and Burton Laird.

"Go, dear children," said the old man, "and pray for relief, for it is well to do so."

And so it seemed to both. They bent and kissed him with that tender affection only born of poverty and parental ties, and then left him. They knelt near the quaint altar and watched the pale lips of the good man utter holy words—words faintly heard by the listeners.

The voice grew faint and weaker, as that of starving men must.

Both tried to sing, but the melody of their murmurs died away under the roof.

Burton Laird thought his wife leaned more heavily on his shoulder.

Then her voice was silent. Her face whitened under the dim light from the pulpit. Her eyes put on a dying look. She sighed and ceased to speak.

With a gasp she fell forward on his breast. He lifted her into his arms as if she was a babe and carried her out into the open air.

There was a gust of sharp wind which quickly revived her.

She opened her eyes.

Until now Burton Laird had been strong. As he noted the pallor of her face his anguish overwhelmed him. He called aloud to Heaven to spare the wife of his bosom.

She heard him.

"We have loved each other well," she murmured, "and if we must part here it will only be to meet in that happy, happy land, where there is neither grief nor suffering. The Heaven for which we have sacrificed"



earth will be ours for all eternity. Weep not, dear, that I go first."

Burton Laird felt as he never felt before. He saw the sun of the young life sinking faster than that which had an hour before burnt low upon the horizon of the New World, and he would be left in darkness forever more.

"Pity us," he cried in anguish that seemed to tear his soul from within. Speak not of grief 'till you have seen the tears of war-like men.

At that instant, against the dark horizon of the sky, sweeping down from the bosom of the seething ocean, came the ship so long expected.

From the rocks beyond, the lookout had already seen it. His shout arose in the distance.

"The ship!"

"The ship!"

"The ship is here!"

The glad tidings swept down the hillside and along the valley.

Then from the church rushed all the worshippers.

Weak-voiced utterings of thanksgiving soon resounded.

Burton Laird lifted his wife that she might see the glad sight the ocean presented.

"Thank heaven!" she cried; "you will live. Many will be saved, but I must die."

"Die," cried her husband in awful anguish. "No, it must not be; aid is at hand."

"Too late for me," the voice was weaker; "but moun not at that. I will tell you how it is: Father's life is far more valuable than mine, and for four days I have given him my share of food instead of his. But for that he would now be gone, and they look to him for aid and comfort in their"



She had fainted.

"als. He will be powerful in the future of this New World—I am but a woman, you know."

"And I, your husband, never"



COLUMBIA TO UNCLE SAM.—It Is For These Blessings We Are Thankful in 1891.

DR. LESLIE'S SERMON.

A Thanksgiving Day Story.

WENTY YEARS more," George Lang looked back through the fifteen years he had passed behind the grim walls of prison. He thought of the twenty years he had still to serve before society would be satisfied.

"It's rather hard on me," he murmured as he rolled back into his iron couch.

The church bells were tolling without. Foot beats were heard in the streets below.

"They're all going to church to give thanks! Yes, this is Thanksgiving. Oh, that I had something to be thankful for. Here all these years suffering for Burt Kergan's crime. I know that it was he who fired Cooke's store so that I would be put out of the way. Well, I suppose I must suffer. The truth will never come out now. I will never even tell that I suspect it."

The convict's brows became knitted. He would have sunk into a deeper sleep but for a voice at the cell door. It was one of those gentle voices, so seldom heard in the corridor of a place of penal servitude.

Maudie Leslie, the parson's lovely daughter, was making the round as her custom on the morning of great feasts. She generally brought some good things and was looked upon as a ministering angel by hardened convicts.

"I had been dreaming and thought I had nothing to be thankful for, but you are here. I'm so glad you have come. Your presence is a light into a darkened life that has no future hopes."

The other hung her head. The convict's words had touched her tenderest feelings. For a moment she wished she had not come. Then she lifted her head.

Tears were coursing down Lang's cheeks.

"And you have no hopes for the future?" she asked. There was a tremor in her voice that told of exceptional interest.

"Hope! No, there is none for me. I have been adjudged guilty of setting fire to my employer's store. Why should there be hope for me?"

"But are you guilty?"

The convict lowered his eyes. He would sooner not have heard her ask. "Are you guilty?" again she asked; this time with emotion.

There was a sudden pause.

"Twelve men have adjudged me guilty, and so believes the world."

"Perhaps—" she was interrupted. "Oh, no," interposed the other; "No body believes me innocent. Yes, there is one," and he thought of the author of all his trouble.

"There are two," Miss Leslie was calm and collected.

"Impossible! They would come and tell me so if it were true!" George Lang's face showed anguish.

"It is for that that I am here," the other replied. "I believe you are innocent"

and ——" What she would have said he did not hear then. The turn events had taken was too much for him and he sank into a swoon, from which he was revived an hour or two later.

In the meantime Maud Leslie had returned to her home and told the story of an innocent man's sufferings. Rev. Dr. Leslie was a just and good man. He became deeply interested in his daughter's story. He, too, believed George Lang innocent. But what could he do? It would probably take years to prove Lang guiltless in the eyes of the law.

Before he ascended the pulpit that day he had decided what to do.

Never before was such a thrilling sermon preached in St. James. After referring to the day, the good man told of two young men in their early morning of life, who loved the same girl; of how one set fire to a store that the other might be sent to prison. He told of the temporary triumph of the conspirator, but said that the day for retribution was coming.

The sermon created a terrible sensation. It was published in the leading papers the next day and everybody wanted to know who the principals were.

Burt Kergan had long since married Violet West. She had long ago dismissed Lang from her memory. The day following Thanksgiving she picked up the morning paper. The flaring headlines over Dr. Leslie's sermon first attracted her attention. She read down the column. It became quite plain to her. Her husband was guilty of an awful crime. She sank back, and her cries for help soon brought him to her side. She was revived, but it was only of short duration.

"What does it mean?" her husband asked, as she opened her eyes. "What has happened?"

"Read!" and she handed him the paper.

She watched the hot flush in his face as he read between the lines. He was guilty; she knew it now.

"You are guilty; don't deny it now."

She fell back to rise no more in life. Violet Kergan, a victim of her husband's plot, was dead.

"Yes, I am guilty," the husband said, bending over the prostrate form.

Just then two officers, who had been admitted, stepped into the room.

Burt Kergan raised his eyes. His cowardly heart weakened. He fell pierced to the heart with the exposure of his crime.

"I am guilty," were his last words.

The same day George Lang was released from prison. It was made an occasion of public rejoicing, in which no one more heartily joined than Maudie Leslie.

A year afterwards and when the church bells were tolling the glad tidings of Thanksgiving, Mrs. Lang took advantage of the occasion to ask forgiveness for a liberty she had once taken.

Then she told how she had stood at his cell door a year before and listened to his own confession of innocence.

"And that is how you knew I was innocent, Maud, you are forgiven. Listen to the bells. Let us go. We have much to be thankful for."

And so it was all their lives.

A Thanksgiving Menu.

Oysters on half shell.

Purée of pheasant, consommé royale.

Small game patties. Broiled Black Bass.

Stewarded sauce. Turkey and cranberry sauce.

Prime ribs of beef. Sugar corn.

Mashed potatoes. Sweetbreads.

Lardet. Escalloped Oysters.

Green peas. Pineapple. Sherbet.

Saddle of venison on jelly. Redhead duck.

Chicken salad.

Mince and pumpkin pie. Plum pudding.

Catawba jelly. Roquefort and Edam cheese.

Coffee.

Room in Westminster Abbey.

There is "comfortable room" in Westminster Abbey for forty or fifty most permanent occupants. This item, from the report of a commission appointed by the government, suggests that great men would do well to die early and avoid the rush.

IN ANCIENT TIMES.

There was a Feast of Thanksgiving From Time Immemorial.

Thanksgiving Day is not an American idea. Ages and ages ago in empires long since fallen one day of each year was set apart for thanksgiving to the Creator. In this country it was not observed in the West and South till after the war, but in New England it may be said to date from the middle of the seventeenth century. Over 3,000 years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the Holy Land. They called it the feast of the Tabernacle, and for eight days, following the close of the harvest, they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and fruits.

In the course of time a splendid ritual for the feast was adopted, including much singing in responsive choruses. Somewhat later the Greeks held a nine days' feast of similar character, in which slaves were allowed to take part, and all criminals except murderers. The Romans had a similar feast in honor of Ceres, goddess of grain.

The Saxons had a "Harvest Home," and after them the English, which festival was observed in a sort of way in some of the American colonies.

In the year 1494 the Pilgrim fathers tried to celebrate, but it was rather a gloomy affair. In 1623 a ship loaded with provisions failed to arrive and Gov. Bradford appointed a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer, but the expected ship arrived and so they made it a day of thanksgiving.

Ninety Indians, under Chief Massasoit, took part. In 1631 the Puritans ran out of provisions, and Feb. 9 was named as a day of fasting and prayer. As in the other case, the ship arrived, and they had a feast instead. June 15, 1637, there was a general service in all churches of New England, to give thanks for the great victory at Fort Mystic over the Pequots, and on the 12th of October following a general service and feast, in honor of peace and the settling of some religious differences.

Forty years later Gov. Andros ordered the people to give thanks on the first day of December; but they hated Andros and didn't thank worth a cent. Several persons were arrested for treating the proclamation with contempt, but this struck the home authorities as rather ludicrous, and his conduct was disapproved.

Thereafter Thanksgiving was pretty generally observed in all England and the States settled by her, the governor naming the day.

George Washington recommended to Congress the naming of a National day in 1789, for the adoption of the constitution. It was done and the day was generally observed. In 1795 the proceeding was repeated. James Madison appears to have issued the first Presidential proclamation on the subject, in 1815, in honor of the return of peace. Forty-eight years passed before President Lincoln issued the second one, in 1863. Since then every President has followed the custom and the day is Nationally observed at last.

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THE DAY IN BIG CITIES.

Thanksgiving Day as Observed by Scions of Wealth.

Thanksgiving day in large cities is always anxiously looked for by the poor and needy.

On this day of all others do the rich let loose their pocket-strings. That is their way of returning thanks. That is their way of returning thanks.

In New York the members of wealthy and charitably disposed families go about the highways and byways, leaving a little with this poor family and a little with that one. In this way all the poor are given a material reason to also join in the Thanksgiving.

The offerings generally consist of money. The distribution of clothing and food generally takes place on Thanksgiving eve.

Of course the money finds its way into the coffers of the saloon officer than that of the grocer.

But what matter it to the giver? He or she has done a kindly act.

The amount distributed among the poor by the rich of New York Thanksgiving Day is enormous. The Vanderbilts never give less than \$50,000. The Goulds give a like amount. The Astors often give as much as \$10,000. Perhaps the total amount would run into the millions.

Chicago millionaires always see that the poor within the city's gates are well cared for on the National Thanksgiving Day.

Statesmen and politicians seldom forget the needy on this day. Probably the most liberal figure in political life is Gen. Alger of Michigan. He manages to spend between \$80,000 and \$100,000 a year among the poor of Detroit and other cities. The great portion of this is distributed on Thanksgiving Day.

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