

BY MACK M. WICKWARE.

Do you love music? If so just ask Mr. Cloakey what he can do for you in the

(Continued on last page.)

(Continued on last page.)

GIVE.

Hast a pleasant word or smile
Or fair deed!
Give, improvidently, while
Times agreed.
For time is fickle, yesterday
Soon is lost,
To-morrow vanishes away
Like a ghost.
Give of thy heart's golden cheer,
All things pass,
Chances end upon the bier;
Like a glass
Where frail shadows come and go
Tremblingly—
Changing, shifting, even so
Friends are we.
Hast a pleasant word or smile
Or fair deed!
Give, improvidently, while
Times agreed.

IS IT TERMORRER?

Is it termorrer? If it ain't what am I in bed for, in the sunshine, an' a family ter support? It's a white bed, too, an' here's a white shirt on me."

There was a frightened and bewildered look in the heavy eyes of the boy who lay on a cot in one of the wards of the city hospital.

The surgeon and doctors standing by exchanged glances, and smiled at the young hero, who had risked his life to save the darling child of a stranger.

The great surgeon caught the hand that was raised feebly to the bandaged head, where the cruel iron shoe of a truck horse had cut a great gash, and the boy had lain there insensible almost two weeks.

"Where are the children, an' my papers? Help me out o' this, can't you, mister? Ere's yer World, 'Erald, Times, Tribune and Sun," he shouted faintly, while he struggled to raise himself to his feet, to go on his accustomed rounds.

Strong hands gently held him back, while tender and soothing words were spoken to quiet the startled brain, and give assurance that he would soon be all right and as well as ever.

"What's the matter anyway? This is a hospital, ain't it? What am I here for? Children gone, papers gone! Mother said we must never come to public charity."

"It is not public charity, you brave little hero," said the surgeon, while the doctor looked on with a heart that was running over full with the tears it held.

"You must be very quiet, so as to get well fast. You have pulled through nobly, so far. We must not lose ground now. It wouldn't do.

"It is not only to-morrow, but there have been almost two weeks of to-morrows, so that you will be that much nearer recovery, if you are still brave and quiet. Your arm is broken, but it is doing finely."

The surgeon beckoned with his finger to a stranger a little in the background, who came forward, and was presented to the boy with courteous formality.

It was his own little daughter that the boy had saved from a terrible death by his heroic bravery, and he had watched that little cot in the unconsciousness of the young hero, longing to bear the pain, or ease the suffering in some way.

His beautiful wife had been there also, and had dropped her silent tears on the swollen face, flushed with life-consuming fears, and had heard the moans, and the pitiful cry for mother, baby and Dick.

"What do you intend to do when you grow up?"

"Just what I told the doctor an' surgeon I was goin' ter do. Be a farmer, with horses, cows, sheep, pigs, chickens an' ducks. I was in the country with mother, before father died. He was an engineer in a printin' office. Mother was left with most nothin', an' had to sew herself to death, an' died."

There was a drooping of the corners of the mouth, with the thought of the early sorrow and bereavement which was a bitter sorrow that time had not yet healed.

"We didn't trouble nobody. Dick took care of baby, an' picked coal out of the ash barrels, while she played around, when I was sellin' papers. I've got \$20 hid away towards buyin' the farm, if they ain't stole it, while they took the children. It most kills me about them, and I'm dreadfully worried about the money, while I've had to lay here."

"You must not be troubled. You shall not be the loser, if it is gone; but are you sure that you would rather have the farm than anything else?" "Nothin' can be surer! I live on that thought, an' thinkin' what I am going to do for the children. Sis an' D'ek talks of it all the time, too."

"What do you say, surgeon? Can he bear good news?"

"The more the better." "Well, my hero of fourteen years, I will make you a present of the farm, and place the money aside for you, in your name, for that purpose, in case anything should happen to me. The surgeon and doctor are witnesses to the agreement. You can save money to buy horses and stock, and if you fall short of enough to buy farm tools, I will make you a present of them, also, for saving the life of my little daughter."

"I did not do it for pay. I saw th' baby would be killed, and I gave a spring for her, an' tossed her aside when I saw the horses was goin' ter trample meter death."

"No, my boy, it is not pay. I scorn the word in connection with a deed so brave and holy," said the man of wealth, almost as much excited as was the boy of a few moments before, but who now lay pale, limp and languid, as he thought that his honor was at stake.

"The capitalist had a present of a Jersey cow, last spring, when he moved to his place in the country.

You wouldn't call that charity, would you?" asked the smiling surgeon.

"No, sir." The emphasis was heavy on the last word. The brown eyes brightened like stars, and the wan little face took on the color of life in a moment, and was glorified with smiles of joy.

"I don't know how to thank you never, as you ought to be. I wonder if it's a sign I'm a fool. I want to cry. I'm full up to here," and the boy put his well hand up to his throat, while tears rolled silently down his pale cheeks.

Other eyes looked as though they wanted to cry too, till the surgeon said, "You have some good friends, my boy. A capitalist, a doctor and a surgeon. We will stand by you through life, only let us see that you are noble, good and true in all things."

"I'll be all that. I gave the promise to mother before she died, and I can't break it, never!"

When the surgeon again visited his patient, he found the boy much better. He smiled when Sydney asked for a pencil and paper, that he might make pictures of the cattle and sheep he was going to have on his farm, but the one hand could not do much, so it was abandoned, and he would lie and think of the good which was to come to him in the near future.

"Can I have the children termorrer?" was the almost daily cry of the loving heart of the boy whenever he got sight of the surgeon in the morning.

The change had been to great from active outdoor life, so the capitalist took him in his elegant carriage, with his wife and child, for short drives, and then it was not long before he could hobble on crutches, but the cry was even more pitiful, if possible: "May I have the children termorrer?"

"Yes," said the surgeon at last, as he came in one morning with the capitalist, while the doctor was at the bedside, trying to keep up the courage of the anxious little patient. "Your home is ready for you, all furnished. It is in a better locality, where you can sell papers without going so far, when you are able to take up your old business, if you like that better than any other. But it will be two or three weeks yet before your strength is sufficient for the undertaking. It will not do to begin too soon and put you back."

Never had the great surgeon of B—hospital looked so noble as when he came in with the motherless baby in his arms, and a trembling boy clinging to the hand at his side. In the blue eyes of the baby he saw his own little one, that all his skill could not save when diphtheria stalked through the land. He wanted to adopt the children, but Sydney was firm in his overmastering desire for a farm, so it rested at that.

When the surgeon went himself for the children, there was some holding back about giving them up. Excuses were made, and it was said that the committee would have to meet and decide the matter, but the surgeon was imperative.

The children were left by the dying mother, in the boy's care, so he argued, and the patient had need of them to make sure his recovery, and so the point was gained, though with no very good grace.

The man of wealth and position was by the side of the boy when the children were brought in. The cry from his lips once heard could never be forgotten. With emotion he saw the eager clasp of the thin arms around the baby's chubby form, and the passionate kisses, while little Dick laid his head on his brother's shoulder and sobbed convulsively.

Suddenly the head of the young hero was drawn back with the cry, "They have cut off her beautiful curls!" And he looked ruefully at the pretty head lying on his bosom.

"Never mind," said the surgeon soothingly. "They will soon grow out again. See the little rings clustering around her forehead."

"She had a red dress on, and didn't look like this," was the grieved rejoinder.

She shall have a red dress this very day," replied the capitalist. "My wife is going to make her a number of presents, and will look after her clothing, and all such matters, if you will permit her to do so. A woman who lives on the same floor where your home is to be will see to her baths, and will do what you cannot so well do as a woman can. But you can live in your own little rooms as before, if you like that best, and no one shall trouble you."

"We do! Oh, we do!" said both boys eagerly, and again the children were hugged and kissed with hungry longing. "I used to cook and do the housework to give mother time to sew, so it comes handy ever since." Sydney hastened to add, as if fearing they would doubt his ability to keep house and provide for the children.

Tears came into older eyes, as the little convalescent gave way at last, and sobbed as if his heart would break. This glad joy overpowered him, think that the children were all his own again, and no one would ever come looking after them to take them away. He had been assured of that, so his heart was at peace, and he declared himself the happiest boy in all the great city of New York.

Sidney Sterling's \$20 were found, and were put in savings bank, where more was added every week, after strength came to run around and cry his papers. They would have reached mighty sales had the public known of the hero who carried them."

The busy years bore the boy on towards manhood, while he studied and worked happier than a king on his throne, refusing all offers of a higher or better position, thinking only of the farm, till he reached his twentieth year. He was fine looking, tall and muscular, with a brave, noble heart, full of all good impulses, looking fearlessly out in the world, ready to take

his place among men as a farmer and a worker, and with a ready hand to help where help was needed.

The capitalist and the surgeon went with him to select his farm, at no great distance from the city, where they assured him they could come to see him often and watch his prosperity.

The peaceful and comfortable home and the fertile acres were all that they could wish, with fine horses, cattle, pigs, fowls and tools in abundance to work with, so the little family settled down in glad content, while the birds in the trees were not happier than they in their new home. They worked and capered gleefully, as if it were not possible to ever feel fatigue or weariness or want of rest.

Little Grace, now eleven years old, played housekeeping in a practical way, while the boys worked on the farm, with an experienced man as helper and instructor, and Grace was to attend school every winter.

"Did Sidney Sterling prosper?" you ask.

Yes, and his brave brother Dick with him. Their hearts were in this work, and though they made some mistakes, they learned even from them; so that their happy expectations were fully realized in the years that passed.

They were often visited by the doctor, the capitalist and the surgeon, who with the lawyer were fast, firm friends to the little family ever afterward.—American Cultivator.

THE ATMOSPHERE.

Its Pressure Enables Flies to Walk on Perpendicular Surfaces.

The weight of the atmosphere is near fifteen pounds on every square inch, so that if we could entirely squeeze out the air between our hands they would cling together with a force equal to the pressure of double this weight, because the air would press upon both hands, and if we could contrive to suck or squeeze out the air between one hand and the wall, the hand would stick fast to the wall, being pressed on by the weight of about two hundred pounds, near fifteen pounds on every square inch of the hand!

Now by a late most curious discovery by Sir Everard Home, says the Saturday Evening Post, the distinguished anatomist, it is found that this is the very process by which flies and other insects of a similar description are enabled to walk upon perpendicular surfaces, however smooth, as the sides of walls and panes of glass in windows, and to walk as easily along the ceiling of rooms with their bodies downward, and their feet overhead.

Their feet, when examined by a microscope, are found to have flat skins or flaps, like the feet of web-footed animals, as ducks and geese; and they have, by means of strong folds, the power of drawing the flaps close down upon the glass or wall the fly walks on, and thus squeezing out the air completely, so as to make a vacuum between the foot and the glass or wall.

The consequence of this is, the air presses the foot on the wall with a very considerable force compared to the weight of the fly; for its feet are to its body in the same proportion as ours are to our bodies. Since we could support by a single hand on the ceiling of the room (provided it made a vacuum) more than our whole weight, namely, 200 pounds, the fly can easily move on four feet, in the same manner, by the help of the vacuum made under its feet.

And it has likewise been found that some of the larger sea animals are, by the same construction, enabled to climb the perpendicular and smooth surfaces of the ice hills among which they live. Some kinds of lizards have the same power of climbing and of climbing and of creeping with their bodies downwards along the ceiling of the room, and the means by which they are enabled to do so are the same.

And in the large feet of those animals the contrivance is easily observed, of the toes and muscles by which the skin of the foot is pinned down and the air excluded in the act of walking or climbing; but it is the very same, only upon a larger scale, with the mechanism of a fly or a butterfly's foot; and both operations, the climbing of the sea-horse upon the ice, and the creeping of the fly upon the window or the ceiling, are performed exactly by the same power, the weight of the atmosphere, which causes the quicksilver to stand in the weather glass, the wind to whistle through the keyhole, and the piston to descend in an old steam engine.

Mahometism.

Among the marvellous stories related of Mahomet and his followers, one is that he was conveyed on a mysterious animal from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence ascended the seven heavens, conversed with patriarchs and angels, and approached within two bow shots of the throne of the Almighty; after which he descended to Jerusalem and returned to Mecca, all in the tenth part of a night. Another is, that the moon at Mahomet's command, left the sky, performed seven revolutions around the temple of Mecca, saluted him in Arabic language, entered at the collar of his shirt, and issued forth through his sleeve. A third is, that he saw angels in heaven whose heads were so large that it would take a bird a thousand years to fly from one ear to the other!

Getting Ahead of Satan.

Satan—"Well, what do you want?" Reporter—"I want to come in." Satan—"What kind of a life have you led?" Reporter—"Saintly." Satan—"Then you can't come in." Reporter—"Well, I guess I can come in; what do you say to that?" Then, showing his fire-badge, he walked inside.—Judge.

A Winter Night;

OR,

Found in a Snow-Drift.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

"Who is that?" she cried out, as the moonlight, clear and frosty, showed a shadowy shape standing beyond the window.

No answer came. Dorothy felt creepy, but fearing for the child, summoned up her courage, and felt for the matches on the dressing-table.

The blind was not drawn, and the moonlight shone full upon her as her eyes sought the glass, and saw looking over her shoulder a dark revengeful face, full of hate and menace.

A smothered cry escaped Dorothy; she turned and tried to catch at the form, but a heavy blow felled her senseless to the ground, where she lay she knew not how long, and awoke dazed and faint, with the peaceful moonlight shining upon her, and all the house silent.

She rose and found it was late; then she crept shuddering back to the parlor to find old Agnes making up the fire.

"Why, where have you been, Miss Snow? You look like a ghost; are you ill?"

Hastily, with many looks at the curtains and doors, Dorothy told Agnes what had happened, and showed the bruise on her forehead where she had been struck. Agnes seemed terribly upset, and asked anxiously: "Do you think you were really awake?"

You might have knocked your head against something and stunned yourself."

"No; I distinctly saw a face in the glass beside my own. It was a dark face, and I believe it belonged to a woman. I only wonder my fall did not wake Ally."

"Where is Ally? Is the child safe?" asked Agnes in an agony of alarm.

"Yes, she is safe. I kissed her as I came down. Oh, I was so frightened and hurt too! Who could it have been, Agnes?"

"How should I know, Miss Snow? The maids are all trustworthy girls, who have all worked under me for years, or I might fancy your jewelry tempted one of them. Is it all safe?"

"I don't know; I did not think about jewelry. I will look when I go back to bed. There is no way of getting into my room but by the door, I suppose?"

"I don't understand it. Shall I get you some wine and biscuits, or will you have anything else?"

"I don't want anything to eat, but I should be glad of a glass of wine, I feel so shaken."

"Enough to make you, poor child, I'll go back with you to look at the child; my heart misgives me on her account."

"Surely no one would harm a little innocent child!"

"I hope not, Miss Snow."

After Dorothy had drunk her wine she went to bed. Ally was right, jewelry untouched, and Ally sleeping peacefully.

Old Agnes gave a sigh of relief; she had dreaded she knew not what, and was relieved to find, so far, all was well with her charge.

The next day passed peacefully away, and Dorothy forgot to fear every shadow; but the bruise on her forehead reminded her unpleasantly of the night's adventure, and she longed for Mr. Penfold to return; she felt she would be safe if he were at home.

She missed his jovial presence and kind thought for her. And it is not to be wondered at that, considering his great kindness, she being young and impressionable, she should set him up in her heart of hearts as a hero.

And, indeed, he was no ignoble one. A man of blameless life, who had suffered a surpassing wrong, that had wrecked his life and made his home desolate.

This had been bravely borne by him three years before, and the thought of that made old Agnes very tender to her young master, whom she had nursed in infancy, and loved as an own child.

Dorothy awoke on the morning of New Year's Eve with a bad cold. Before the night came her hero would be with her, and her heart felt light at the thought, as she wished the time away.

Towards evening, when dusk had darkened the quaint rooms and made mysterious shadows in nooks and corners, Dorothy sat down on the fur rug by the fire, and drawing little Ally into her lap, began to talk to her of long walks in the woods when the frost king's reign was over.

The room grew darker and darker, but the firelight glowed bright and warm, and the two were cozy nestled together, Ally's dark head on Dorothy's breast, Dorothy resting her back against her armchair.

"When the frost has gone, Ally dear, we will go to Caerphilly Castle; among the ruins there are always beautiful lichens and mosses."

"Yes—yes, Miss Snow; we'll find lots of lichens and a dear papa, he loves flowers; and Drift shall go with us, and run and leap about amid the ruins, shan't you, Drift?"

Drift, roused from his slumbers, wagged his tail—a dog's way of saying "yes." Ally explained, as she smoothed her little hand over his rough head.

Dorothy loved Drift; he had been the means of rescuing her from death in the snow, so she allowed the bonny brute to put his big head on her knee.

After a time Ally's voice grew drowsy, and she fell fast asleep on Dorothy's breast.

Dorothy was glad she had done so, for she wanted to sit up and see her papa. So she kept very still, and after a time fell asleep too, lulled by the steady tick of the clock, and warmed by the bright blaze.

When she awoke, a glow and heat had been placed under her head, the light burned dimly, and, sitting opposite, watching her with admiring eyes, was Mr. Penfold.

She could not move for fear of waking Ally, so she kept still with her eyes not quite closed, and waited. She was afraid her dress did not properly cover her pretty ankles. She could see the eyes of the man she had got to think a hero bent upon her, and her face glowed with blushes beautiful as the tints of a budding rose.

Mr. Penfold looked into the fireglow and sighed; he was looking careworn and tired. Somehow, without knowing why, Dorothy felt sorry for him, and wished she had the power to comfort him.

As she lay there wondering about him, she saw him start up with an angry cry, and spring to the window; they were on the ground-floor in a room that looked out on the lawn. A modern French window had been substituted for the old lattice, so that Ally could run in and out at pleasure in the summer-time.

Dorothy's eyes were fixed on this window as Mr. Penfold wrenched it open, and she saw for one fleeting moment the face that had so frightened her that night in her bed-chamber.

Mr. Penfold had flown out on the lawn.

Dorothy rolled Ally on to the fur rug, and went to the open window.

She saw Mr. Penfold fly across the snowy lawn to the main road; then the hedges shut him from her sight, and she could only shut the window and wait with what patience she could till his return.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Penfold did not return for some time. Dorothy sat him talking to Agnes in the path before the door, and wondered what could have made him look so strangely excited.

He did not come back to the sitting-room, but shut himself up in a little room leading out of the hall that he used as a study.

Dorothy turned up the lights, stirred the fire, rolled Ally from her sleep, and made her smart, then returned to the room in time to pour out tea, and had the satisfaction of shaking hands with Mr. Penfold, who seemed his usual jolly self again, only that his eyes rarely left his little daughter's face.

After tea he found Ally impatient to have the book he promised her, so he brought it to her, and Dorothy had to read it.

Then they discussed some of Caldecott's quaint pictures, and in a pause Mr. Penfold said:

"I executed all your commissions, Miss Snow; your luggage will arrive to-night, and I have some change to give you out of your ten-pound note."

"Nonsense! you cannot have, if the people sent all I wanted."

"Well, we shall see, Miss Snow. I am clever at buying, I can tell you."

Dorothy did not ask him why he had flown away, or if he had found the woman, but she wondered vaguely who she could be.

Pierce said his business in London was happily settled, and he seemed to look relieved when he spoke of it.

When her box came later on Dorothy found it contained all she required, and everything of the best and prettiest.

When she had seen Ally to bed, and locked her door, taking the key away, she went down, her cheeks pink as a blush-rose, her eyes shining like stars.

Something was stirring in her heart glad as a summer song.

She did not yet know by what name to call this tender joy that glorified all things about her; she did not know why her heart beat light and gay, or why every moment by her new friend's side seemed happier than the last.

In her desolation, her loneliness, her misery, her heart had gone out to him, and made him the love-elected master of her destiny.

She heard the sound of the piano, and Mr. Penfold singing in a mellow monotone like a bird with but one note, but that replete with sweetness.

When she entered, full of grateful thanks, he rose, took both her hands, and smiled on her brightly.

She was indeed a goodly sight with her rose-pink cheeks, tender red lips, and eyes of starry radiance.

Mr. Penfold told all her beauty's spell, and a rapture stirred in him that he was free to win her priceless love if she had a heart to give.

So glad and joyous were his looks that ten years seemed lifted from him in as many minutes.

"Come, sing for me, Miss Snow. Let us make this New Year's Eve one to remember for ever."

He took her hands and led her to the seat he had just vacated, and bade her sing to him something soothing, but not sad, and telling of love, of happiness, of bright delight and merry weather.

A sort of rapture rained from his eyes—a liquid light of love; his cheeks were flushed, his hands trembled.

Dorothy looked at him, amazed, yet sympathetic, and he said gaily:

"Child, have you ever freed an imprisoned bird, and seen it soar singing to the clouds, to bask and bathe in the sunlight? Have you ever looked upon one in mortal agony when sudden relief has come and made a heaven of rest for them?"

"Yes, Tell me, has such sweet freedom come to you?"

"I has, *ma belle*. I shall begin the new year full of hope and promise. Before it comes you will know my history, and sympathize with my rapture to-night. My blood seems to have fresh life, my heart leaps like a trout in a sunny stream; life seems all life, light, brightness, and beauty. Are you glad for me?"

"More glad than I can say. I do not understand the cause for joy, but it is reflected in my heart as in a crystal mirror."

"May that pure fountain of tender womanly love ever keep my image there, a vision of delight such as I now feel. I could dance, sing, go mad with merriment! What can you think of me, child? I am like a man possessed by unquiet spirits to you."

"You are all that is good and noble to me. Little as I know you, I can believe you good and true as steel. Some day you will trust me with the history of this rapturous belief. Now I will sing to you."

Her sweet clear voice rang out like a chime of fairy bells, full of throbbing, dancing melody.

Mr. Penfold bent over her, watching the white fingers fly over the ivory keys.

Truly he had caged a nightingale when he brought this frozen fairy to his home and warmed her in his heart.

The evening sped on golden wings; time was not less a laggard.

Supper-time came and passed, and the new friends waited hand-in-hand together ready to welcome the new year.

"We must open the window to let in our luck," said Mr. Penfold as the hand of the clock paused on the stroke of twelve.

A blaze of light was behind them as they stood at the bright casement hand-in-hand, two noble figures fit for a picture of youth. The air was still; the stars beamed down beautiful as the eyes of love, and Dorothy felt an arm encircle her waist.

As the hour chimed out, a pair of loving, longing lips were pressed to hers, and a kind joyous voice said:

"A happy new year, my God-gift! May we stand thus together many and many a year with hearts as light and hopes as bright as those that make this madness in me now. Forgive me, dear, if I offend. Some day I may win the right to kiss you twenty times a minute."

The joy of Dorothy's heart had found a name at the warm contact of his lips. She knew she loved him with the first love of a life, yet she had known him but a week; but the wings of love are fleetest than time, and a caress can make infant love grow in to a Hercules in less time than it takes to tell of it.

She rested her pretty yellow head against his breast, and he said softly:

"Listen to the bells, love; they seem to throb with joy. Oh, how beautiful is love! My heart is bounding with hope at this sweet yielding. Tell me, my own, can I hope that you can ever care for me as I do for you? Are you free to take my love, my name into your care? Only tell me you can love me, and I ask nothing more of you."

"I know you are beautiful, I feel by instinct that you are good, and you are all the world to me. I never loved another as I love you. I think I loved you at first sight

when I saw you like a frozen lily lying in the snow-drift."

"Say something kind to me, child; I cannot bear suspense to-night."

"What shall I say? I love you more than words can tell. I've loved you ever since I opened my eyes to see your compassionate tender eyes bent on mine. Oh, my love, my master! your trust is sweet to me as your love, and I am not unw

St. Louis, Mo., ~~March 11, 1900~~ **Miss City.**

A PROPOSITION

To Anyone Wishing to Buy a Steel Range:

We will furnish to any person wishing to buy a STEEL RANGE with Six Holes, High Closet, 15 Gallon Copper Nickle Reservoir, and we will GUARANTEE it to be MORE DURABLE and complete than the "Home Comfort Range" that is now being peddled through the country, and we are ready to enter into contract with any responsible person to furnish such Ranges, and if said Range is not up to contract we will take back the Range and refund the money. The price of the above described Range is \$45, cash, or \$50 on one year's time without interest.

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GREAT CLOAK SALE

Here's a Chance never before offered in Cass City. You can buy a Cloak for

ONE - HALF - PRICE.

We have 150 Newmarkets from

\$3.00 TO \$15.00

Which we will Place on Sale

MONDAY, Nov. 23, 1891

continuing till they are closed out at exactly

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These CLOAKS will go very fast. If you want to take Advantage of this chance Come Immediately. In Overcoats and Suits we are offering Great Bargains! Don't fail to see our Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes before you purchase. We have the Best \$1.00 Underwear ever offered in Town. Come early to secure Choice and Fits.

2 MACKS 2

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ACKNOWLEDGED & HEADQUARTERS!

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WAGONS, & CARRIAGES, CUTTERS, SLEIGHS.

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I have been in Business in Cass City for Many years past and my customers are my references. All work warranted.

WINTER IS HERE

Remember the place to buy

Sleighs,

Cutters,

Feed Cutters,

Straw Cutters,

Root Cutters,

—IS AT—

W. J. CAMPBELL'S.

DEFORD.

Visitors are plenty. Spring weather for the past week. Rumor talks of another store at this place.

Frank McCracken went to Cass City on the 13th.

Old Mr. Barber, of Almont, is moving to his home at Novesta corners.

A. St. Johns, of Highland station, is visiting at his father in law, Mr. Crarason.

Ward Sole and a Mr. Taylor, of Lamotte, were in this locality last week.

Chas. Chase, from near Marlette, calls in this locality weekly in search of stock.

George Daugherty is staying with his mother at present. His health is very poor.

Maggie McCracken, who has been at Armada for some time past, is at home to stay.

In passing Novesta burg the other day we espied a shingle mill in process of erection.

Edgar, the youngest child of L. W. Vorhes, was badly burnt last week with hot grease.

The revival meetings at the Leek school house have been in progress three weeks and are still going on. Bro. Willits is a stayer.

The back-ward farmers are taking advantage of the nice weather and husking their corn.

A few of the kindred of Widow Gibbs collected on the 11th and cut her a nice lot of wood.

Mrs. Jessie Sole was called to Wilnot last week by the sickness of her sister, Etta, who is very low.

We hear that Samuel Bettis, well known in this part, will be here this week and deliver some modern lectures.

Many who use the phrase "Filthy lucre" are not aware that it is taken from holy writ. It will be found 1st Peter, 5 chapter, 2nd verse.

Nature built some men for shoemakers but they can reach around and pluck a bristle from their back when ever they wish. At first we are inclined to hate such people but that is not right, they are to be pitied.

Any one forced to live without a heart having only a gizzard for a substitute, demands our pity and our prayers.

GAGETOWN.

The poor rabbit is game now.

Judd Brown was home Sunday.

R. S. Brown is again sorely afflicted with rheumatism.

Quinn & Fehenkoph are running their saw-mill daily now.

George S. Gage left Monday on a business trip to Jackson and Detroit.

P. C. Purdy, of Caro, was up to see us Thursday and remained over Sunday.

The Methodist Sunday School will have an entertainment Christmas Eve.

The report that James Dent had lost his team by violating the immigrant laws, is denied.

Mrs. M. E. Lamb has been at Owendale the past week, caring for the sick at that place.

Mrs. Wm. S. Wilson, son and daughter, returned Tuesday from their visit with friends in Ohio.

A number of the Maccabee boys, of Cass City, were visitors at the Gagetown Tent Saturday evening.

Mrs. Busham, who has been visiting her son H. Freeman, left for her home at Flint, on the 10th.

From the appearance of the weather Monday the predictions that we will have open weather till the 5th of January, is good.

F. Finkle is handling quite a few coal stoves this winter, showing on closevely that wood is beginning to be a luxury here.

G. A. Beach was called to the Cass City station Monday while Mr. Edgar attended court at Caro in the Kile suit.

Henessey & Toohy, the new proprietors of the Washington House, moved in Monday p. m., Mr. Gage having vacated in the a. m.

The pony engine at Owendale set Mr. Owens saw logs a fire Wednesday and about five hundred dollars worth burned up.

Patrick Toohy was heard to make the remark the other day that Gagetown would have a roller mill, and within a year. Even that encourages our heart.

E. G. Freeman has a Christmas tree erected in his store window, and it is loaded with dolls and other attractive things for the little ladies. Boys, too, have to stop and admire that queen of dolls sitting in her easy rocker.

G. A. STEVENSON. A. A. McKenzie,

If you want to see a Grand Display of

BOYS

—AND—

HOLIDAY GOODS

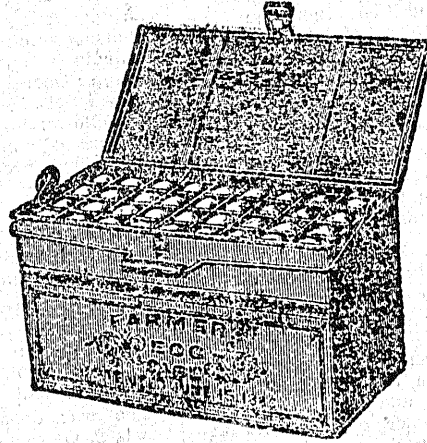
in General, call at my Store. You won't be disappointed.

G. A. STEVENSON.

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 BOOT & SHOE HOUSE.

CHRISTMAS

—IS COMING—

CHRITMAS PRESENTS

FOR OLD AND YOUNG

BIBLES, BOOKS, POEMS, ALBUMS,

TOILET CASES.

Collar and Cuff BOXES, MIRRORS, WORK BASKETS,

PERFUME CASES, PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES, Smoking Sets,

Handkerchief and Glove Cases,

Remember the place, at —

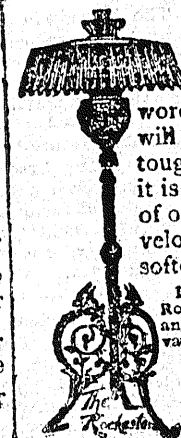
FRITZ BROTHERS.

WHAT IS NICER
—FOR A—
CHRISTMAS • PRESENT
—THAN A—

• BEAUTIFUL • HAT • OR • BONNET ? •

—CALL AT—
MRS. E. K. WICKWARE'S.

"Seeing is Believing."



And a good lamp must be simple; when it is not simple it is not good. Simple, Beautiful, Good—these words mean much, but to see "The Rochester" will impress the truth more forcibly. All metal, tough and seamless, and made in three pieces only, it is absolutely safe and unbreakable. Like Aladdin's of old, it is indeed a "wonderful lamp," for its marvelous light is purer and brighter than gas light, softer than electric light and more cheerful than either.

Look for this lamp—The Rochester. If the lamp dealer has not the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send to us for our new illustrated catalogue, and we will send you a lamp safely by express—your choice of over \$5,000 varieties from the Largest Lamp Store in the World.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

"The Rochester."

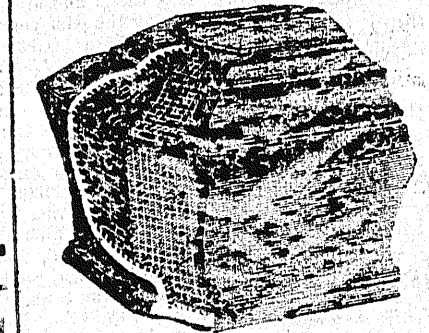


UNDERTAKER

And Funeral Director.

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

INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKET (CEMENT.)



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

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.

TO THE PUBLIC!

I wish

to Announce to

the People of Cass City

and vicinity that I

have purchased

the

RED FRONT

MEAT MARKET

and will always keep on hand a full

supply of

Fresh and Salt Meats

of All Kinds.

(Solicit a Share of your patronage.

Respectfully,

M. H. EASTMAN.

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 any

thing 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.

DEAFNESS.

ITS CAUSES AND CURE.

Scientifically treated by an expert of world-wide

reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely

cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after

all other treatments have failed. How the diffi-

culty is reached and the cause removed, fully

explained in circulars, with audiotapes and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.

Dr. A. FONTAINE, Tacoma Wash.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

W. W. WICKHAM, Publisher.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

GREAT griefs, Shakespeare tells us, are as medicine for our lesser sorrows. The remedy, it may be thought, is worse than the disease. And yet it is not so altogether; for the overwhelming anguish which swallows up the minor tribulations disciplines the mind, and, when it has felt the shock of real calamity, it is less likely to be disturbed by petty annoyances.

In the complex relations which are brought about by the requirements of modern commerce, no relations are more vital to the individual members of society than those between the money earner and the money investor. And the question which the student of statecraft must solve is how far shall organized individuals, called government, interfere between these two members of society.

To be beaten, but not broken; to be victorious, but not vainglorious; to strive and contend for the prize, and to win it honestly or lose it cheerfully; to use every power in the race, and yet never to wrest an undue advantage or win an unlawful mastery—verily, in all this there are training and testing of character which search it to the very roots; and this is a result which is worth all that it cost us.

Knowledge and character, like material possessions, are ours not only to have but to give; but, unlike them, the more we give of them the more we have. The miser's heap grows smaller if he shares it with another; but the knowledge that is shared knows no decline, and character, like the fragrance of a flower, is forever giving itself out in both conscious and unconscious influence and gaining by what it gives.

VIEWED in any light, suicide, especially among the sane, is a cowardly thing. It is a confession of weakness and guilt, and a virtual acknowledgment that the subject of it lacks manhood or womanhood, and prefers to dodge the inevitable by resorting to this cowardly method of escape; and, frequently, in so doing, leaves others defenseless and helpless to bear burdens which they should manfully and bravely bear, and to face difficulties which none but those who are poltroons at heart shrink from.

It is a matter of genuine congratulation to notice how many men of first-rate ability are in these days discussing the question of what can be done for boys and girls in the way of character building; what can be done, in fine, in the way of inspiring them with just as hearty a zest in launching from the stocks, to ride the ocean of life, a gallant and seaworthy specimen of a man or woman, as a shipmaster feels in knocking away the blocks and sending on a run down the ways a stanch and beautiful example of his own craft.

WHETHER a tutor's person is to be always respected, is a point not yet authoritatively determined. Whether or not a freshman in a fit of rejoicing over an athletic victory, may not bang a tutor about with that muscular energy which he and his chum affectionately display towards one another in moments of supreme delight is a difficult problem. If a tutor's body is to be respected above that of a chum, then all connection between our own times and the middle ages is at once cut off and we stand in the strong light of a new and strange civilization.

THE club is teaching women much—not the least of its lessons are those of promptness and brevity, and the methods of parliamentary proceedings. Its teachings tend to combine sentiment with business, to familiarize women with public affairs. And by way of suggestion to clubs started or about to be started in small communities, it is an excellent idea to get some of the larger, well-established clubs to send on their papers for a reading. In this way clubs formed in the villages might identify themselves as auxiliaries to the larger Social Science clubs of the state, and thus combine their talent for the promotion of the specific aims of all.

It is not strange that those sanatorily wise and energetic should have begun to use the reform braes against horse car expectations. One of the chief rules in hospitals for pulmonary patients concerns this subject, and no expectoration, even upon the grounds of the premises, is allowed. This is regarded not only as foul matter, but possibly pregnant with disease germs, and it is, therefore, burned. Nowhere is this vulgar habit of expectoration so common as with us, and nowhere has it found so much toleration. It is time, however, when the doctors warn us of its danger, to exercise such control as will make our cars and streets more free from the results of this offensive practice.

CRIME AND ACCIDENT

CAUSE MANY DEATHS AMONG MICHIGAN PEOPLE.

Boiler Explosion at Mayville, Succeeds at Grand Haven and Grand Rapids and Murder at Cheboygan.

Internal Dissensions.
There is trouble in the camp of the patrons commercial union of Michigan. At the meeting of the directors at Lansing the fun began. Each member of the union pays \$1 upon being elected and 20 cents annual dues. The initiation fee is to make a sinking fund while the 20-cent assessment was figured upon to pay all expenses. The society has 3,349 members, and having been organized but about a year ago, there was that number of persons who paid the \$1 and also the 20-cent assessment. During the past year, of the amounts received from the \$1 payments, however, only \$1,417 was put into the society's permanent fund, the remaining \$1,832 being spent for current expenses. During the past year Dubois Conklin, of Kent, was the recipient of a salary of \$1,000 a year as manager of the union; J. E. Taylor, of Greenville, got \$500 as secretary, and C. H. Morse, of Carson City, \$500 as treasurer. A recent check upon the deficiency in the sinking fund, followed by a proposition to lop off a good portion of the salaries was the cause of the great disturbance. Conklin, Morse and Taylor resigned; and the board, in the absence of some newly-elected members, being left without a quorum, the meeting was adjourned to Dec. 22, when the election will be completed.

Boiler Went Up—Two Lives Ditto.
A terrible accident, which has resulted in the loss of two lives and serious injury to a third, occurred at the farm of Elekiel Boyce, two miles southwest of Mayville on the 12th. The victims are Richard Turland, killed, Bert Bamberg, killed, George Boyce, seriously injured. Jack Ballard's crew of men were engaged in threshing cloverseed when the boiler of the engine exploded. Richard Turland was blown 50 feet and instantly killed, his neck, arm and leg being broken. Bert Bamberg, an assistant, was hurled through the air a distance of over 100 feet, falling a large pine tree and smashing to splinters a strong board fence in his flight through space. Strange to say he was still alive claiming to be hurt, but died in a short time. George Boyce was also injured but not fatally. Turland leaves a widow and two children. Bamberg was a single man, aged about twenty. The fire from the engine immediately ignited the straw stack and Mr. Boyce's large barn was soon totally destroyed with nearly all their contents, including a valuable horse. The loss will be about \$1,300. It is said the engine used by the threshers was an old one which had been condemned.

A Serious Charge.
The particulars of a sensational damage suit against a prominent farmer of this land are made known at Kalamazoo, and from all appearances the case will be one of the most interesting ever tried there. Miss Jennie Hart, a young woman 20 years of age, has filed a suit against George Walker, of Richmond, for \$10,000 damages, claiming that on July 14 last he committed trespass against her by force while she was employed in his family. She alleges that by reason of this she is in a delicate condition and thinks that her request is not too extravagant. Walker denies the charge. Both parties have employed able attorneys to contest the case.

The State Grange.
The Michigan state grange convened for its nineteenth annual session in representative hall Lansing on the 8th with a fair attendance. Worthington Master Thomas More speaks with confidence of the confidence and prospects of the order. He says the number of subordinate granges has increased by five and the membership about 500 during the year, making the total membership in the state now about 11,000.

Pursued by Ill Luck.
Quay & Sons' mill of one mile from Cheboygan has been destroyed by fire. The loss is about \$6,000 with no insurance. The firm had taken a large contract to saw timber during the winter for the tannery in course of construction there. They lost their shingle mill by fire last spring and this second loss has been a hard blow to them.

A Club House Burned.
The club house of the Marquette snow shoe club, located about one mile northwest of Marquette has been burned. Loss, \$2,600, uninsured. The building was set on fire by some unknown person. None of the contents were saved, as no water was near, save in the kitchen, where the fire was started. Great excitement and indignation prevail among all classes.

Killed in a Mine.
Charles Huldige, while standing in the bottom of a new shaft being sunk at the Winthrop iron mine, was struck and instantly killed at Ishpeming by a descending skip. The skip had slipped from its runways and was careened over to one side, which was not noticed by Huldige until too late to get out of its way.

AROUND THE STATE.

Ishpeming's new jail is ready for its first occupant.

Jackson is becoming interested in university extension.

The Saginaw business college has failed and closed its doors.

The diphtheria epidemic at the Agricultural college has subsided.

The reported case of leprosy in Clare county proves to be a "fake."

Michigan wheat in the ground is not up to the standard of former years.

Amasa Conron, Saginaw machinist, had one arm frightfully lacerated in a planer.

Thomas Butler, old resident of Ionia county, committed suicide by taking morphine.

Harry A. Clark, of Ada, aged 63, and Sarah Best, aged 68, were licensed to wed at Grand Rapids.

Miss Letitia Brown, of Pontiac, sustained a broken leg by climbing too high upon the woodpile.

Thirty-eight correspondents report the existence of hog cholera in the southern portion of the state.

L. C. Northrup, of Milford, died in Cincinnati last week while on his way south to spend the winter.

New Michigan postmasters are these: W. E. Bell, vice G. Wilson, removed, Grand Marais, Alger county.

John Brommer, farmer near Burtchville, was burned to death in his barn while fighting the flames.

Rev. T. C. Eason has accepted the pastorate of the Milford Baptist church. He comes from the south.

Fred Natzell, of South Frankford, was killed at Thompsonville while decking logs. He was only 18 years old.

The track of the street railway from Ishpeming to Negaunee is completed and the trolley wire is being put up.

Jack Brady and Patsy Fitzgerald, pugilists, are under arrest at Kalamazoo for engaging in a fight near that city.

William Fox, alias "Foxy," an all-around crook and confidence man, has died suddenly at Bay City of heart disease.

A Detroit, Lansing & Northern train jumped the track at Trowbridge. No one was hurt, but cars were badly damaged.

Benton Harbor's new factories are just starting up and the busy city has assumed a much livelier aspect than it has ever before.

Cadillac's fine boulevard, seven miles in length and completely circling Little Clam lake, is nearly completed. It is a fine improvement.

John Wilson sent to Jackson prison from Calhoun county under the indeterminate sentence act, asks for his release in writ of habeas corpus.

Nellie McDonald and Mary Hyett, aged 13 and 12, runaway South Haven girls, were arrested in Kalamazoo and locked up in the county jail.

Mrs. William Rider fell down stairs at Imlay City with a lighted lamp a days ago and died from the effects of the accident. She was terribly burned.

The aldermen of Jackson have named a committee to confer with the board of supervisors upon the question of a new joint county and city building.

A number of Lansing citizens were caught in a raid on the gambling dens of the capitol city and it cost each one \$7.50 to get out of the toils. No names.

The contract for Kent county's new brick poor house, or "county hospital" as it will be called when completed, has been let. The structure is to cost \$25,000.

Transfer arrangements have been made at Mackinac City that will shorten the time in freight handling between Detroit and the upper peninsula some 24 hours.

Edward W. Phillips, well known Ottawa county pomologist, has become professor of chemistry and biology in the academic department of Lake Forest, Ill., university.

Mrs. Anna Berger Lynch, who recently fell from a stage in South Carolina and sprained an arm and ankle, has been obliged to give up her engagements and will return to Jackson.

Matt Flink and Olaf Ericson, miners in the Tamarack mine, at Rod Jackets, were instantly killed by an unexpected explosion at the tenth level. Flink was single, but Ericson leaves a widow and one child.

All of the Catholic societies of Marquette turned out in uniform with a brass band to welcome home Rev. John Verlin, bishop of Marquette, on his return from Europe where he had been sojourning for three months.

Michael Buchanan, employed at Bliss & Van Alston's mill, at Saginaw, while helping to unload logs from a car fell as a log was about to start and it rolled over his face and body. It is feared he is hurt internally.

C. S. Draper will succeed W. L. Webber as general solicitor for the Flint & Pere Marquette railroad, January 1. Both gentlemen reside in Saginaw and Mr. Webber has held the position for 30 years. He resigns from choice.

The Ingham circuit court jury stood three for conviction and nine for acquittal in the case of the people against Thomas M. Wilson, ex-clerk of the board of state auditors, on trial for embezzling state funds. The jury was out all day.

An old captain named Matheson was drowned several miles down the shore from Cheboygan by falling overboard from a fish boat. His body was soon found and taken to that place. He was engaged in fishing about there this last season.

Grand Rapids charitable people are energetically at work to found a children's home and hospital, and already an organization has been perfected to carry out the good work of such an institution before a building fund has hardly been started.

Wm. Faulkner commenced suit at Grand Rapids against the Western Union telegraph company claiming \$15,000 damages. When a lineman working for the company he was injured by a falling pole. He claims the pole fell through the negligence of the foreman on the job.

Albert Herring, young farmer living five miles northeast of Fowlerville, was found dead in the woods. He was hunting quails and while loading one barrel of his shotgun the other barrel was accidentally discharged. A considerable portion of the left side of his face was shot away.

After the Calhoun supervisors have provided sheds, stone and nammers for the county jail plant, Sheriff Prentiss has absolutely refused to engage in the working of prisoners confined in the jail until directed to do so by the court and under the laws of the state. The supervisors are puzzled.

The wife of Wesley Ashley, of Montague, went away from home to visit relatives. Ashley conceived the idea she had gone with a handsome man, and his jealousy took on a mild but demonstrative form of instantly. It took a judge, several neighbors and the return of his wife and child to fully pacify him.

The board of managers of the Grand Rapids soldiers' home have resolved to place the matter of the \$300 loss of Capt. Manly in the hands of the attorney-general. They also passed resolutions to ask the governor to call a general meeting of the board of managers of all of the state institutions to devise means of economizing. They also bar all veterans receiving \$12 per month pension.

The old pet war horse of Palmyra, "Old Jeff," is dead; aged 38. He was captured at the second Bull Run battle by the First Michigan cavalry and accompanied the Michigan boys in all their engagements in the army of the Potomac.

Dr. Rozema's horse ran away at Grand Rapids, ran out into the country, and plunged into Fish's lake, where it was found submerged under a cutter. When fished out the horse was so badly chilled it could hardly stand. Whisky was poured down its throat in big doses, and in 10 minutes the animal revived and drew the cutter back to the city. Kent county will not go dry this year.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND NEWS OF INTEREST TO MANY.

The Fifty-second Congress Opened—Judge Crisp Speaker of the House Democratic National Committee.

Proceedings of Congress.

The LIID congress has commenced its grind. Long before the roll call on Monday in the senate chamber large crowds of spectators had gathered. At noon Vice-President Morton called order and the session opened by prayer by the chaplain. Credentials and resignations were then laid before the senate. The credentials of Mr. Chilton, of Texas, appointed by the governor to fill vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. Reagan were first read, then those of Mr. Felton, of California, vice Mr. Hearst, deceased; Mr. Proctor, of Vermont, vice Mr. Edmunds, resigned; the credentials of Call and Davidson, of Florida, contesting candidates, were both read and placed on file; the credentials of Mr. Brice, of Ohio, were read and he sworn in. After other routine business the senate adjourned. The house was filled with spectators, but the only business transacted was the roll-call. The clerk announced 336 members and a motion to adjourn was adopted.

The second day's session of the senate was merely routine. The oath of office was administered to Messrs. Jones, of Arkansas, and Hobbs, of Idaho, and Call, of Florida. Credentials of the two contesting members—Davidson, of Florida, and Claggett, of Idaho—were referred. In the house Charles F. Crisp was elected speaker. After the oath of office was administered the blind chaplain of last session, Rev. Dr. Auburn Oliver, prayed. Mr. Kerr was elected clerk; Mr. Yoder sergeant-at-arms; Mr. Dalton postmaster and Dr. Milburn chaplain. After allotting seats adjournment was called.

The Democratic Speaker Contest.
After two days struggle on the part of the democratic members of the house to nominate a speaker, Judge Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia, was given the honor. The thirty-third and decisive ballot resulted as follows: Crisp, 119; Mills, 105; Springer, 4 and Stevens 1. Mr. Crisp made a neat speech thanking the caucus for the honor.

Capitol City Gossip.
Speaker Crisp has appointed John T. Watson his private secretary. Senator Manderson wants the enlisted force of the army increased to 30,000 men. The postoffice department has ordered the mail service between Detroit and the suburbs of Highland park increased to 12 times per week.

The war department has had Maj. Lewis C. Overman, of the engineers corps of the army, arrested charged with a shortage in its accounts. No charges have yet been preferred.

Senator Stewart's bill supplemental to the Chinese exclusion act makes it unlawful for the passage of the act for any Chinese laborer to enter or remain in the United States for any purpose whatever.

The senate on the 10th, broke the record in the way of measures introduced in a single day, three having been 613 bills and eight joint resolutions presented. This is about 100 more than ever before introduced in one day.

The United States supreme court has postponed until the second Monday in January the hearing in the case of Field v. the Schwab, the Chicago anarchists, now imprisoned at Joliet, Ill., for complicity in the Haymarket riots.

The executive committee of the national democratic committee has decided to call a meeting of the full committee in Washington on Jan. 21, to determine upon the time and place for holding the national democratic convention in 1902. The meeting of the executive committee was attended by Senators Gorman, Brice and Barbour. No other business was transacted.

Some uneasiness is felt at the condition of Secretary Foster. His physician admits that he has been much worse, though he claims that there was a favorable reaction later. The weather has been bad and proved trying to one in the peculiar condition which the grip leaves many who suffer from it. Foster's recovery is slow and his friends are becoming very anxious.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, who is likely to be chairman of the ways and means committee, if Mr. Mills should be offered and decline the honor, said that his policy with reference to the tariff was to provide for free wool, free salt, free lumber, free cotton ties, free coal and free binding twine. He said: "I do not think we should attempt a general revision of the tariff at this time. A general tariff bill cannot be enacted into law and would keep congress here until October."

Senator Plumb offered a resolution declaring that "whereas the remains of the remains of the illustrious soldier and statesman, Ulysses S. Grant, to and interment in, Arlington national cemetery, and that the president be requested to convey to the widow of that lamented man such desire, tending to her on the part of the nation all necessary facilities for such removal and interment." The resolution was laid on the table—Mr. Plumb giving notice that he would call it up at a convenient time.

Senator Manderson has introduced a bill which authorizes the postmaster-general to designate as depositaries such postoffices as he may think proper, which shall keep for sale stamps of the denomination of 10 cents and \$1, to be known as postal savings stamps. Also postal savings cards, upon which such stamps are to be fixed when sold, the amount of the stamp purchased so be deposited in such banks to the credit of the purchaser as the secretary of the treasury may direct. The bill provides that a small amount of interest shall be paid depositors.

The Wisconsin land and lumber company, doing business in the upper peninsula, has satisfactorily adjusted matters with its creditors and will begin operating the Hermanville plant again.

34 Railroaded to Death in India.

Thirty-four persons have been killed and many injured in a railway collision between Mooltan and Lenore. The trains in collision were mail trains. All the Europeans who were passengers on either train escaped death.

American and Chinese.

Miss Martha Comstock, a drawing teacher of Boston, has taken unto herself a husband in the person of Rev. Tay H. Lee, a Chinaman, who is living at Boston. The wedding was largely attended by the best Chinese and American society of Boston.

ANOTHER SAILOR INJURED.

Chili's Police Maltreat an American Blue Jacket Without Cause.

Special cables from Valparaiso give the following: Another case of cruelty to an American seaman occurred here recently. The American steamer Keweenaw, from New York to San Francisco, stopped here for repairs and one of her crew, a sailor named Patrick Shields, was arrested for drunkenness. The man admits that he was drunk, but says he was given no hearing at all and was refused permission to communicate with his captain or the consul. He was kept at work cleaning the streets for more than a week and was brutally beaten by the police. When he was arrested he was scarcely able to walk. His back and arms were a mass of bruises and he received severe internal injuries which will prevent him from working for several months.

President Jorge Montt has sent the Chilean ministers in the United States and Europe a reply to President Harrison's message to the Congress of the United States in relation to the assault on the sailors who landed from the cruiser Baltimore. He declares that the Chilean authorities have never attempted to evade in the slightest particular any responsibility for what the country may be justly held, but insists that the proper and ordinary forms of Chilean procedure must be observed. Mr. Harrison's message is regarded by many prominent people in Chili as being intended to prepare the American people for a hostile movement against their country.

The members of the crew of the Baltimore have subscribed nearly \$500 in gold and purchased a monument to place over the graves of Reggins and Turnbull, their two comrades who were killed last month. The monument has been suitably inscribed and placed in position.

The steamer Baltimore has sailed for San Francisco leaving the Yorktown the only United States warship at Valparaiso.

WORSE THAN BRUTE.

A Louisiana Murderer Kills Himself

On the 12th Joe Patterson, of Boss parish, near Shreveport, La., shot and killed his wife and afterward shot J. B. Lay and Dave Wallace, nominees-elect to the state legislature. He was pursued by a mob and run down so close that he returned to his home, putting flight to the mob, that were sitting up with his wife's corpse. Patterson then blew out his brains with the revolver that had created so much havoc. A mob gathered around the house shortly afterward, numbering over 100 men, black and white, who entered the body of the murdered woman, and set fire to the house. It was burned to the ground and Patterson's charred remains lie amidst the ruins. Mr. Wallace died later, Mr. Lay will recover.

In a tenement fire in New York a two-and-a-half-year-old daughter of James Strauch was burned to death.

While inspecting a mine at Wilkesbarre, Pa., James Kitterick was killed and Hugo Jones seriously injured by an explosion.

THE MARKETS.

Detroit.	
CATTLE—Good to choice.	\$4 25 @ \$4 75
HOGS—Good to choice.	3 45 @ 3 65
SHEEP—Good to choice.	3 00 @ 3 25
LAMBS—Good to choice.	4 25 @ 4 50
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	96 1/2 @ 97
WHEAT—No. 3.	95 @ 96
White Spot, No. 1.	94 1/2 @ 95
CORN—No. 2 spot.	60 1/2 @ 60 3/4
COB—No. 2 white.	35 1/2 @ 36
BARLEY—No. 2.	1 15 @ 1 16
RYE—No. 2.	91 @ 91 1/2
CLAY—No. 2 per ton.	13 00 @ 13 50
POTATOES—Per bu.	25 @ 30
SWEET POTATOES—Per bu.	3 25 @ 3 25
CABBAGE—Per 100 heads.	1 50 @ 2 00
MEAT—No. 2.	2 00 @ 2 50
BUTTER—Per lb.	20 @ 21
CREAMERY.	24 @ 30 1/2
EGGS—Per doz.	16 @ 16 1/2
POULTRY—Per lb.	6 @ 6
Spring Chickens.	6 1/2 @ 7
Turkeys.	9 @ 9
Ducks.	8 @ 8 1/2

Chicago.	
CATTLE—Steers.	\$4 65 @ \$5 25
Common.	2 40 @ 3 70
SHEEP—Native.	3 50 @ 4 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	95 @ 96
WHEAT—No. 3.	94 @ 95
COB—No. 2 white.	35 1/2 @ 36
BARLEY—No. 2.	1 15 @ 1 16
RYE—No. 2.	91 @ 91 1/2
CLAY—No. 2 per ton.	13 00 @ 13 50
POTATOES—Per bu.	25 @ 30
SWEET POTATOES—Per bu.	3 25 @ 3 25
CABBAGE—Per 100 heads.	1 50 @ 2 00
MEAT—No. 2.	2 00 @ 2 50
BUTTER—Per lb.	20 @ 21
CREAMERY.	24 @ 30 1/2
EGGS—Per doz.	16 @ 16 1/2
POULTRY—Per lb.	6 @ 6
Spring Chickens.	6 1/2 @ 7
Turkeys.	9 @ 9
Ducks.	8 @ 8 1/2

New York.	
CATTLE—Natives.	\$3 50 @ \$5 00
HOGS—All grades.	3 00 @ 3 50
SHEEP—Good to choice.	3 50 @ 4 75
LAMBS—Good to choice.	5 00 @ 6 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	1 05 1/2 @ 1 07
WHEAT—No. 3.	1 04 @ 1 05 1/2
COB—No. 2 white.	35 1/2 @ 36
OATS—No. 2.	41 1/2 @ 42 1/2

Kansas City.	
CATTLE—Steers.	\$3 00 @ \$5 00
HOGS—All grades.	3 00 @ 3 50
SHEEP—Good to choice.	4 15 @ 4 50
LAMBS—Good to choice.	5 25 @ 6 00

Weekly Review of Trade.

NEW YORK, Dec. 14.—R. G. Dun & Co. in their weekly review of trade say: As the holidays draw near, all signs indicate a large volume of business at the present, with growing confidence of improvement in the future, except in parts of the south, where the unusual accumulation of cotton and its low price have a depressing influence. There is no lack of money in any part of the country, except at some southern points. The monthly crop report gave little help to speculation. Wheat has been 1 1/2% higher and oats 1 1/2% with moderate sales, but corn is 2 1/2% lower. Cotton is unchanged, receipts being still beyond those of the same weeks last year. Pork products are slightly stronger, coffee 1/2% and rice higher, with the great activity in any branch of speculative trade. Exports of domestic products continue unchecked and for the past week were 44 per cent. more than for the first week of December last year.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last 7 days of the holidays draw near, all signs indicate a large volume of business at the present, with growing confidence of improvement in the future, except in parts of the south, where the unusual accumulation of cotton and its low price have a depressing influence. There is no lack of money in any part of the country, except at some southern points. The monthly crop report gave little help to speculation. Wheat has been 1 1/2% higher and oats 1 1/2% with moderate sales, but corn is 2 1/2% lower. Cotton is unchanged, receipts being still beyond those of the same weeks last year. Pork products are slightly stronger, coffee 1/2% and rice higher, with the great activity in any branch of speculative trade. Exports of domestic products continue unchecked and for the past week were 44 per cent. more than for the first week of December last year.

Wheat Showing up Poorly.

The December crop report shows that wheat improved during November, but that on Dec. 1 it was still far from satisfactory, its standard being 93 as compared with the average crop, against 106 at this time last year. The condition of the grain is attributed to the dry weather of September, and the work of the Hessian fly, whose ravages is reported by 40 correspondents in the southern tier of counties. Live stock is generally in a healthy condition, but hog cholera is still reported in some localities.

Rev. Dr. Horstmann, of Philadelphia, will be bishop of Cleveland.

OLD BLACKSMITH SHOPS.

Once a Familiar Figure at the Country Roadside, Now Passed Into Decay.

One thing you must have noticed driving through any of the old states is the blacksmith shop at the corners, says the Chicago Herald. These days there is a sad appearance of decay and dilapidation about the old structure; but the ghosts of old wagons still haunt the crumbling walls. There are times that have stood in the rain and the shine till a comfortable are buried in rust. There are hubs that have sunk half out of sight in the gathering litter of years. There are wheels and bolsters, and now and then the runner of a sleigh. But time has covered them all with its mantle, and they are buried in the verdure of forgetfulness. Inside the anvil alone stands as it used to stand. The block that supports it is rotting and crumbling



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, 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.

"German Syrup"

"We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country."

John Franklin Jones.

C. C. GREEN, Sole Man for Woodbury, N.J.

CATARRH
Sole Remedy for Catarrh in the Neck, Throat, Lungs, and Chest.

\$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 of great value to the people. Adapted to town or country. No patent medicine or cheap jewelry. Splendid opening for the right person. Good salaries are offered. Even if you can spare but a few hours a week write at once to H. F. JOHNSON & CO., Richmond, Va. For information about this BIGGEST THING ON EARTH—something that will open your eyes and keep them open!

SALVATION OIL
SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The success of this Great Cough Cure is without a parallel in the history of medicine. All druggists are authorized to sell it on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can successfully stand. That it may become known, the Proprietors, at an enormous expense, are placing a Sample Bottle Free into every home in the United States and Canada. If you have a Cough, Sore Throat, or Bronchitis, use it, for it will cure you. If your child has the Croup, or Whooping Cough, use it promptly, and relief is sure. If you dread that insidious disease Consumption, use it. Ask your Druggist for SHILOH'S CURE, Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and \$1.00. If your Lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster, Price 25 cts.

IVORY SOAP
99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ Pure.

THE BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE.

A LOCOMOTIVE'S PREY.

RUNS DOWN EVERYTHING FROM TRAINS TO GEESSE.

An Engineer Tells How It All Feels—Danger to One's Own Life Does Not Cause the Most Anxious—The Suspense.

"Yes," said the engineer who had grown gray in the service of the company, as he stood beside his locomotive the other day, "the suspense attending a run-over accident when you are on an engine smothered me. I can assure you," he continued, wiping a blotch of oil off the side rod with a piece of waste, "that I am somewhat of an authority on the subject, because I have had the misfortune to run over about everything from a chicken to a fire engine."

"You would naturally think that a collision, where your own life was in imminent danger, would cause you more anxiety than anything else, but it doesn't. Usually a collision occurs before you know where you are. You are sailing along over the rails, trying to keep as near your schedule time as you can, when suddenly something shows up before you. With me it has always been the rear of a train, for I have never tried to pass an engine on the same track coming in an opposite direction. In an instant you slam on the air brakes, reverse the engine and wait for the crash, and the engine buries herself in the caboose or cars of the train you strike. Then you make the most of a bad job, and if you are not at fault for the accident and no one is injured or killed, you soon forget all about it. But it is entirely different when you run over a human being. You are speeding along and see a man on the track in front of you. At first you think he will hear the train, just as thousands have heard it before, and get off the track in time, but he goes on with his back toward you and you pull the whistle string and the engine shrieks her warning. He does not hear even that, so you try to stop the train. The air brakes are put on, the engine is reversed and the great drivers begin working backward, sending fire in showers from the shining steel rails, while live coal sparks from the furnace shoot from the stack high up into sky, as the monster groans and struggles vainly trying to stop the train behind."

"While you draw nearer and nearer the victim the suspense is absolutely beyond description. All efforts are useless. You feel a slight jar as the poor devil is struck, a cold sweat breaks out all over your body, and a faint feeling comes over you, until you fall back on your seat, sick at heart, and wonder what the fate of the man was and whether he leaves a family and what sadness there will be when they learn the news at home. You think you would like to stop railroaded and earn a living at something else. Meantime the train has come to a standstill. The engine has ceased her struggles and the only sound you hear is the throbbing of the air-brake as it pumps back and forth, making a noise like the breathing of some exhausted beast. The baggage-master, conductor and brakeman rush out of the cars and take all that is left of the victim from under the wheels."

"Well, you know his fate now. As soon as you are signaled to go ahead, and as you touch the throttle, the engine leaps forward eagerly as if she were anxious to leave the dreadful place behind, and in a moment the thought of the accident is driven by other work from your busy mind."

"A pig is a dangerous thing to run over for he is likely to throw the locomotive off the track. When the pilot of the engine hits him it usually knocks him down and then rolls him for a few yards under it before the trucks strike him, and when they do there is great danger of them leaving the rails. The drivers are almost certain to follow the trucks, and if you don't go down the bank you are lucky. So you see what havoc one pig can make with a railroad. Another disagreeable thing about a pig is that he never stops squealing from the time he is hit until he is stone dead. Engineers are not fond of pork."

"It is next to impossible to kill a goat with an engine. Goats are the most irritating of all animals that wander along a railroad track. No matter how fast you may be running or how quietly you steal down on him he will see you out of the corner of his eye and manage to get out of the way just in time to miss the cowcatcher as the engine rushes by him at lightning speed. Cows and horses are generally easily disposed of, though sometimes they get under the wheels and cause a bad wreck. But they are so large that the pilot gets under them and throws them to one side. Sheep are the most pitiful of all animals to run down. They seem to realize the danger they are in and huddle together in the middle of the rails and await death. Their great, innocent eyes stare at you so mournfully and sadly that they haunt you for days to come. A locomotive seems to take savage delight in destroying sheep. She throws them in every direction and will kill a whole flock in an instant. I struck a flock of geese once. Well, I never thought there were so many feathers in the world. I couldn't see anything but feathers for ten minutes, and when we reached the station my engine looked as if she had received a coat of tar and feathers. Hello! There goes my bell; I must leave you," said the "knight of the footboard" as he sprang into the cab and started the train out of the station on its journey to the west.

A Great Jewish Fortune.
Baron Hirsch is said to be worth \$100,000,000. He made his wealth chiefly out of contracts for building Turkish and Transylvanian railroads. The Rothschilds were his financial

backers, when he assumed the contracts, but they got the idea that the railroads would not succeed, and therefore withdrew their support. He then secured assistance from big banking firms of Frankfurt which he was able to influence through his marriage, and thus obtained funds enough to carry on the great undertaking. European financiers have been surprised by the enormous success of these railroads. They paid from the day they were opened, and they made one of the greatest fortunes in Europe for the bold contractor who pinned his faith to them when others thought him foolhardy. Everything he since touched has turned to gold. He is a large holder of landed estates and French rentes. It is said his benefactions for several years past have amounted to \$1,000,000 annually.

A SINGULAR DISEASE.

Young People Made to Look Old and Senile—Its Symptoms.

A new disease, called germsphism, has been described by Drs. Charcot and Souques, says the Medical Journal. The word means age-like, and the disease produces an appearance of senility. The case reported was that of a woman whose age was 21, but whose physiognomy was that of 60 or 70 years. Her apparent senility was so striking that her father, aged 52, had occasionally been asked if she was not his mother. The pathology of the case is limited to the skin, especially on the surface, and is a "decrepitude of the cutaneous system." Otherwise the girl had nothing old appearing about her. Her hair was blonde and of average length. Her intelligence was good, her memory precise, and her judgment reasonable, but she was readily frightened when in a crowd or by a railroad and its noises; her emotional nature was fairly well balanced, but she was despondent on account of her appearance of age, which she had come to think was incurable, and the slightest indisposition begot a fear of death. Her cutaneous sensibility was normal. The special senses of smell, taste and hearing were normal. There was a slight impairment of vision, without contraction of the visual field or color blindness; there was no arcus senilis. The hepatic, renal and uterine functions appeared to be normally performed.

The wrinkling had begun about ten years before, at which time she received a great fright. She was then a bright, joyous child, very pretty and refined in her appearance, and always in the lead of her classes at school. When the change in the skin began there was for a short time the formation of pimples, which persisted a few days and then disappeared without ulceration or mark of any kind. There was no edema of the cutaneous substance. The wrinkling changes took place so rapidly that it is stated, her friends were unable to recognize her if they had not seen her within the period of a fortnight; the skin at that time is described as resembling the "scales of a fish." No form of treatment, whether by electricity, hydropathy or tonics, has been competent to improve her condition.

USES OF SEEDS.
The Various Ways Such Things Are Adapted.

Many kinds of seeds, fruit-stones, nuts and beans are employed for making necklaces, bangles and for other ornamental purposes in various countries. The vegetable ivory nut, the cocoanut shell and many other hard species are carved into pipe bowls and various fancy articles, and are susceptible to a high polish.

The woody rinds of the calabash fruit and of some gourds form indispensable articles of domestic use among aboriginal races in a semi-civilized state, serving all the purposes of glass, wood and oil; drinking cups, spoons and snuff-boxes are also made of them, and many are painted and ornamented.

Out of the small rind of the bottle gourd are formed the drinking cups for the Paraguay tea and water vessels of India.—Chambers Journal.

Peaceful Tribes.
The three tribes of the Fort Bertold reservation are included in the nine tribes in the United States that have never been at war with the government. Of these three the Mandans are the smallest, numbering a little over 200, smallpox having almost destroyed them about 1853. But they are the most interesting. There is a story to the effect that they are descended from some Welshmen who sailed west from Wales in the eleventh century and were never heard of afterward. The story is that the pilot reached the mouth of the Mississippi and worked their way up that river. Many of their words resemble the Welsh language, and they are of much lighter complexion than Indians usually are. There are full blooded Indians almost white among them.

Discriminating Justice.
The ameer of Afghanistan can forgive a rascal who steals the public moneys, but he has no mercy on a literary thief who purloins verses from the ameer's favorite poets. A few months ago an official was brought before him for trial on the charge of robbing the treasury. During the investigation it was proved that the fellow was a poetaster and likewise a great plagiarist. "I may not punish him for the thefts of public money," said the ameer, "but I can not pardon him for literary thefts from the works of saintly poets like Saadi and Hafiz." So the ameer ordered the tongue of the poor wretch to be perforated by long needles, and this remarkable sentence was carried out at once.

IN THE NEWS ORCHARD.

White mules are in great demand in the south, owing to their docility.

No cigar is manufactured which is worth more than sixty cents at retail. The largest chicken ranch in the world is on an island in Bellingham bay, Puget sound.

The mail line between Halifax and England has just been discontinued for the first time in fifty years.

By rabbinical law the Jew is allowed to drink to intoxication on two days of the year, Purim and Simchat Torah.

Mrs. Thomas Nelson, of Astoria, Ore., drowned herself because her husband refused to allow her to hold the baby.

The sufferers by the great Boston fire, nineteen years ago, who still survive, were paid \$3,380 during the past year.

A Connecticut man has invented a machine which automatically feeds his chickens at night and morning. It is run by clockwork.

The fashionable point for grasping sticks and umbrellas in London is about six inches from the ferrule, the handles being allowed to dangle downward.

Robert McGlasson has invented a form of feathering propeller, by which the power can be reversed by turning the blades of the screw without reversing the engine.

The tower bridge over the Thames, built on the Bascule principle, has caused the underwriters of Lloyds to refuse to insure vessels that have to pass beneath it.

A noticeable stone in the graveyard of the old Dutch church at Claverack, N. Y., is of plain white marble and bears simply the letters P. P. C. They are the initials of the one who lies beneath.

Macon, Ga., is rejoicing over the fact that the Ocmulgee river is now navigable "from the city to the Atlantic ocean," and has within a year become an important highway of commerce.

Don't!—If a dealer offers you a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup without wrapper or labels, or in a mutilated condition, there is something wrong—it may be a dangerous or worthless counterfeit. Insist upon getting a perfect, unbroken, genuine package.

The will of Christ is the law of Christian life.

To all whom it may concern.—A sprain of the wrist or ankles is not an uncommon occurrence. It is well to know that a few applications of Salvation Oil will rubbed in will invariably produce the desired result in an entire cure. Price 25 cents.

True faith takes hold of Christ as naturally as the ivy clings to the wall.

Use Brown's Bronchial Trochocaps for Cough, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. "Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

It is not what a man does but what he thinks that determines what he is.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.
To the Woman.

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from female weakness. I will 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. MARKHAM, 330 Congress St., Utica, N. Y.

A look toward the devil is as dangerous as a leap.

It is no credit to a man to be of a yielding disposition if he is made of putty.

A man who has practiced medicine for 40 years ought to know just what sugar read what he says.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co., Gentlemen—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most 40 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have practiced it many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions.

Yours truly, L. L. GORSTICH, M. D., Office, 215 Summit St., Toledo, O.

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It does not follow that I am a good man because a very wicked man lives next door to me.

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

Jesus Christ is not partial.

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

Sleep is the twin sister of death.

Short-hand, Bookkeeping and Penmanship taught by mail by W. G. Claffie, Oswego, N. Y.

Big wheat crop in Egypt this year.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on Varicella tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent gratis for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

Neutrality in religion is impossible.

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

A heart that can feel can be touched.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."
Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 10 cents.

The sin of ingratitude is heinous in God's sight.

If you have not the work of Christ in your heart you have not life.

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

FARMERS: LOOK OUT!
You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.

ST. JACOBS OIL
Cures RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures Catarrh of the Throat.

CATARRH
Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply to the Nostrils. See Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 54 Warren St., N. Y.

ONLY 50c. FOR 81 DAYS LONGER.
A 50c. Bottle (almost a \$1.00 Bottle in size) of FORESTINE COUGH SYRUP OR BLOOD BITTERS and a 25c. FORESTINE PLASTER (wrapped with bottle) for only 50c., until March 1st, '92. Use the SYRUP and PLASTER for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Consumption, and the BLOOD BITTERS and PLASTER for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lame Back, Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, &c. The Plaster will retain full strength until the Medicine is all used. Cures in half of usual time, because it treats from the outside as well as the inside. Thousands have been cured and are being cured by this modern treatment. Only 50c. for 81 Days Longer. Ask Druggists.

DO YOU COUGH?
DON'T DELAY! KEMP'S BALM.

Who suffers with his liver, constipation, biliousness, poor blood or dizziness—take Beecham's Pills. Of druggists, 25 cents.

There is life and power in a vital Christian experience.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Free and 25c. trial bottle free to Physicians. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Religious indifference leads to ethical and civil injustice.

Though Cleveland and Hill were drifting apart their friends are now quite secure. For each has agreed to take a fresh start. And for headache use Naught but Cozine.

Let us see that our successes are not accidental, but deserved.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?
There is a 3-inch display 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. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you a BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

A strong man has no obstacles except those that nature places.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

How shall we know the way to heaven? Follow one who knows the way—Jesus Christ.

Edgar Fish.
Are not caught in a cistern, yet how many men are spending their time day after day, fishing in a rain barrel. The man who works in and month out, on a few acres of ground, trying to make it produce enough to support himself and family, when common sense and his past experience tell him it won't do it is one of them. The man who works, year after year, in a shop at \$30 a month when his family expenses are \$32. Is another. If your income is not large enough to support you and your family, or if you want to save money and can't do it on your present salary, write B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to add \$40 or \$50 a month to it; or if you can give them all your time, they will put you in a position to establish a paying business of your own, where you can make from \$100 to \$500 per month.

The Bible is still being made and repeating itself in the lives of those who read it. The innermost disposition of the heart is shown by the way in which Christ is treated.

"There's something behind it." That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the Remedy. It cures Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently cures. With a Remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and mean it. To be sure there's risk in it, but it's so very small that they are willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

W. N. U. D.—O—51.

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Edgar Fish.
Are not caught in a cistern, yet how many men are spending their time day after day, fishing in a rain barrel. The man who works in and month out, on a few acres of ground, trying to make it produce enough to support himself and family, when common sense and his past experience tell him it won't do it is one of them. The man who works, year after year, in a shop at \$30 a month when his family expenses are \$32. Is another. If your income is not large enough to support you and your family, or if you want to save money and can't do it on your present salary, write B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to add \$40 or \$50 a month to it; or if you can give them all your time, they will put you in a position to establish a paying business of your own, where you can make from \$100 to \$500 per month.

The Bible is still being made and repeating itself in the lives of those who read it. The innermost disposition of the heart is shown by the way in which Christ is treated.

"There's something behind it." That's what you think, perhaps, when you read that the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer \$500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh. Rather unusual, you think, to find the makers of a medicine trying to prove that they believe in it. "There must be something back of it!"

But it's a plain, square offer, made in good faith. The only thing that's back of it is the Remedy. It cures Catarrh in the Head. To its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases yield, no matter how bad or of how long standing. It has a record that goes back for 25 years. It doesn't simply relieve—it perfectly and permanently cures. With a Remedy like this, the proprietors can make such an offer and mean it. To be sure there's risk in it, but it's so very small that they are willing to take it.

You've "never heard of anything like this offer?" True enough. But then you've never heard of anything like Dr. Sage's Remedy.

W. N. U. D.—O—51.

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

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

Every act of life is a crystallized thought.

Who suffers with his liver, constipation, biliousness, poor blood or dizziness—take Beecham's Pills. Of druggists, 25 cents.

There is life and power in a vital Christian experience.

FITS. All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Free and 25c. trial bottle free to Physicians. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Religious indifference leads to ethical and civil injustice.

Though Cleveland and Hill were drifting apart their friends are now quite secure. For each has agreed to take a fresh start. And for headache use Naught but Cozine.

Let us see that our successes are not accidental, but deserved.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?
There is a 3-inch display 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. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you a BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

A strong man has no obstacles except those that nature places.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

How shall we know the way to heaven? Follow one who knows the way—Jesus Christ.

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