

Tuscola, Huron, & Sanilac Fair and Races, Cass City, Sept. 20th to 23rd.

Cass City Enterprise.

Vol. XI No. 37.

CASS CITY, MICH., FRIDAY, AUG. 26, 1892.

BY MACK M. WICKWARE.

Exchange Bank.

E. H. PINNEY -- BANKER.

RESPONSIBILITY \$35,000.

Commercial Business Transacted.

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

Accounts of Business houses and Individuals Solicited.

Interest Paid on time Certificates of Deposit.

H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.

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

Three Cent Column.

Advertisements inserted in this column at the rate of three cents per line, each insertion. All ads. published must appear in full. Copy sent to J. C. LAING, Cass City.

FOR SALE CHEAP or will exchange for land or personal property. Two dwelling houses and lots situated on Franklin street. In Cass City. OLANO PUERNOWE. 8-19

NO EXCHANGE—300 lb mare, 6 yrs old to exchange for a driver. 8-20 A. A. MCKENZIE.

FOR SALE—Will sell my hotel furniture and some of the "Y" furniture. Good business, good stock. Apply at once. J. W. GORDON, Cass City.

GOOD PAYING BUSINESS—I offer for sale my feather rearing machinery, team and wagon. Business thoroughly profitable and will bear closest investigation. Am obliged to sell on account of other business. ELLIOTT MEDICAL, Cass City.

ATTENTION—From the premises of John S. Rorick, three red yearlings—two steers one heifer. Anyone giving information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded. JOHN RORICK, Rescue. 8-20-2

FOR SALE—Very cheap 250 or 300 cords of even timber to be cut. Must be sold before Jan. 1st, 1893. For more particulars inquire at my farm 60 miles south of Cass City. ALBERT MARTIN. 8-19-4

FOR SALE—25 acres suitable for garden, grapes and all kinds of fruit. Situated one mile west of Cass City, on Main street. Terms to suit. E. H. PINNEY, Owner. Cass City, Mich. 8-12

FOR SALE—Five year old mare, weight about 950. Good driver. Also new road wagon harness, robes, etc. Good paper taken. Enquire at this office. JOSEPH BURMAN, Gagetown, Mich.

FOR SALE—Pair young mares, 3 yrs. past. Well broke. Weight about 1,200 a piece. 7-15 AMOS MARTIN, 3 mi. west Cass City.

WANTED—Experienced man to work by the year on farm. Must be married and have good references. A. A. MCKENZIE, Cass City.

FOR SALE CHEAP or will exchange for good village property. \$0, 120, 160 or more acres of land, improved. Enquire of W. J. WILLIAMS on premises or address, box 12, Gagetown, Mich.

FOR SALE VERY CHEAP or will exchange for other property. A 120 acre farm, improved, in the township of Elmwood; also one house and lot, with barn, in Cass City, or will rent house. Apply 177 1/2 Mich. Ave., Detroit, or J. D. BROOKER, Cass City.

FOR SALE—One horse 4 years old, weight 1,400. 6-17 DR. McLEAN.

TO RENT or for sale the DeLisse building. Inquire of E. H. Pinney. 6-17

REAL ESTATE—Farm lands and village lots for sale. 4-2-9 J. L. HITCHCOCK.

REAL ESTATE—80 acres for sale, one-half cleared and seeded to clover. Nine miles east. Price, \$1,000 on time. Also house and lot in town. Price, \$500 on time. 3-29 DR. McLEAN.

FOR SALE—Five colonies of bees. JAMES KEAGH, Cass City.

SHINGLES and brick for sale by J. L. Hitchcock. 3-25

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MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. E. H. PINNEY. 12-18

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FARM FOR SALE—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to J. C. LAING, 9-19

CASS CITY BANK.

ESTABLISHED April 18, 1882.

CAPITAL, \$30,000.

For Sale at a Bargain.

The time to buy is when the owner wants to sell. I wish to dispose of the following property and if low prices and liberal terms will make sales I shall succeed:

40 acres, sec. 8, Greenleaf, 32 improved. Known as the Fordyce forty. Good land and desirable location.

40 acres, sec. 28, Novesta, 1 mile from Deford. Good productive land and easily cleared.

80 acres, sec. 2, Novesta, 3 miles from Cass City. Good land. Cass River runs through it. Price \$480.

40 acres one mile south of Cass City. Well located. Corner 40. Can be cleared \$5 per acre. Price \$800.

80 acres, sec. 18, Argyle. Good land. Great bargains. Price, \$480.

80 acres, sec. 12, Ellington, known as Cogswell 80, 40 improved. Cheap at \$1,500. Price, 1,000.

120 acres sec. 5, Novesta, \$1,200.

40 acres sec. 6, Novesta, \$500.

8 horse power boiler and engine, nearly new; steam pump, shafting, a quantity of iron pipe, 100 milk cans, all nearly new. Will be sold at any reasonable price. Creamery lot and building.

2 choice lots, fine location, 50 rods from Main street and 8 rods from Novesta Avenue. Cass City.

C. W. McPHAIL.

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Professional Cards.

H. C. EDWARDS, M. D.
Graduate of University of Michigan. Was hospital assistant to chair of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology. Specialties: eye, ear, throat and nose. Glasses and Artificial Eyes properly fitted. Office over Stevenson's store.

DR. N. MCCLINTON,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON and ACOUCHEUR.
Graduate of V. C. University 1865. Office at residence on Sugar street. Specialties: Diseases of women and nervous debility.

I. A. FRITZ,
DENTIST. All work done central to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over Fritz Bros' drugstore. Not at home on Tuesdays.

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

HENRY C. WALES,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Agent for Caro City, Mich. Heavy to loan on Real Estate. Office day—Saturday.

A. D. GILLIES,
NOTARY PUBLIC. Deeds, mortgages, etc. Carefully executed. Office, Main street, Cass City, Mich. Heavy to loan on Real Estate. Also auctioneering.

J. H. STRIFFLER,
Auctioneer. Cass City, Mich. Sales of all kinds of property attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Sales solicited from all points. Terms reasonable. Arrangements can be made at the office of the ESTERHISE.

CASS CITY MARKETS.

CONNECTED EVERY THURSDAY NOON.

Wheat, No. 1 white,	63
Wheat, No. 2, white,	68
do No. 2 red,	68
do No. 3 red,	63
Oats,	26 @ 30
Beans hand-picked,	100 @ 140
do un-picked,	75 @ 120
Potatoes,	6 @ 18
Barley,	90 @ 70
Cloverseed,	40 @ 400
Pens per bushel,	30 @ 40
Buckwheat,	25 @ 35
Pork, live weight,	400 @ 475
Pork, dressed,	550 @ 600
Butter,	roll 13
Wool, unwashed,	13 @ 20
Wool, washed,	20 @ 30

Caught On The Fly.

Caro fair, Sept. 27th to 30th.

Vassar fair, October 4th to 7th.

Bad Axe fair, September 28th to 30th.

North Branch fair Sept. 28th to 30th.

J. L. Hitchcock announces a clearing sale. See ad.

A dancing party at the residence of D. Tyo last week.

J. A. McDougall made a business trip to Caro Tuesday.

A. Wickware, of Wickware, was in the city last Saturday.

Mrs. Cooley is visiting relatives at Pontiac this week.

2 Mack's semi-annual clearing sale is in progress this week.

Mrs. Myra Metcalf returned last week from her visit at Detroit.

W. J. Cloaky done business at the county seat on Wednesday.

Thos. Sheridan, of Elkton, was in the city the fore part of the week.

Miss Belle McArthur is visiting at John McDougall's, Pt. Edward, Ont.

Josco county has sent a young man to the insane asylum whose insanity is charged directly to the abuse of cigarettes.

Drowning Near Kingston.

James Anderson is Venturesome and is Drowned in Shey Lake, Near Kingston.

James Anderson, aged 16 years, of Kingston, was drowned in Shey Lake last Friday.

He had went to the above lake, five miles from Kingston, with his parents and the family of John Elliott to spend the day. While out rowing with others he attached a rope to his arm, giving one end to an occupant of the boat so that when he jumped in they could keep him from sinking if necessary. He jumped and by so doing jerked the rope entirely free from the boat, and not being able to swim was an easy victim for the water. Had not one of the oars been thrown him, the boat might have been rowed to his assistance.

He was a highly respected young man, and resided with his parents on a farm near Kingston. The funeral was held in the M. E. Church at that place on Sunday.

A number from here attended the People's Party picnic at Akron on Wednesday.

WANTED—A girl for general house work. R. DUGGAN.

Highway Commissioner Karr wants sealed bids. See Notice in "legal column."

The band has purchased a nobby drum major suit, which will be worn by W. J. Cloaky.

S. Chumpton has a new and attractive barber pole. J. W. Macomber did the artistic work.

W. J. Cloaky now has his piano, organ and sewing machine sales room in the Bader building.

W. I. Frost is building a new walk around his premises at the corner of Oak and Pine streets.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Randall, of Cass City, visited their daughter Libbie last Sunday.—[Unionville Crescent.

H. S. Wickware and family, and Mrs. Myra Metcalf visited at Gilbert Wickware's, near Caro, on Sunday.

Thomas Henderson is spending the week with his sister at Detroit and viewing the sights at the exposition.

The school building is being thoroughly renovated this week preparatory to the opening of school, September 5th.

John McLellan has purchased the building south of the creamery and will use it for his stage head quarters. The building is being raised about a foot.

E. McKim says that the party who took the buggy pole from his premises is known and that they will save themselves trouble by returning the same.

Lafayette Mathews will have an auction sale of stock, implements, grain etc., at his farm 1 1/2 miles west of Grant, center on Thursday, Sept. 1st. J. H. Striffler will auctioneer.

A. A. McKenzie has commenced buying apples for shipment. He shipped 100 barrels to Detroit the fore part of the week, and will send a car load to the Windy City to-morrow.

Members of the People's Party of this township will raise a pole on Saturday Sept. 3rd, on the Stevenson lot, next to Chumpton's barber shop. Speakers from abroad will be present, and a "grand rally" is anticipated.

The relatives of Mrs. T. P. Zander, nee Addie Brooker, were called to Unionville last Saturday on account of her serious illness. Mrs. Zander has recovered somewhat but is still in a critical condition. She is afflicted with malaria fever.

We have received a graphic description of an encounter two Novesta young men had last Sunday night between an old bear and cubs. No signature is attached to the article and we know not whether it is genuine or imaginative.

Sunday night between 5 and 6 o'clock burglars entered the house of Henry Stiner, four miles southeast of Unionville, and stole about fifty dollars from a bureau drawer. The family was around the house at the time it was taken, but nobody was seen.

A South Dakota girl, who bet 1,000 kisses that Blaine would be nominated, paid the obligation like a little major and then had to submit to a recount because the man in the case insisted that the number delivered was short. He probably understood the case better than did any disinterested outsider.—[Free Press.

The cry for good wagon roads is going up all over the country. Let the cry continue until the federal and state government find that it will be popular to build great highways. The money spent in this way would bring comfort and opulence to the doors of the farmer and his contemporaries who live in the towns and cities of his county. What better way to expend money can there be but this? Let us have the good roads. Farmers can appreciate a fine highway as well as city folk a paved street.

Shot Her Self.

Mrs. Emma Reynolds, of Kingston, Takes Her Departure from this Earth by the Suicide Route.

Mrs. Edison Renold's, of Kingston, committed suicide at her home in the above place last Friday, by shooting herself with a revolver. The husband and children were away from home when the act was done, and were horrified on their return to find their wife and mother stretched across the sofa lifeless, with the weapon of destruction still in her grasp.

The reason for her awful act is unknown, the prevailing opinion is that family troubles was the cause. Up to the time of her death she was in good health.

The deceased was 59 years of age, and her husband is the proprietor of the Kingston roller mills. They came from Inlay City to Kingston last May.

The funeral was held in the Baptist Church on Sunday, and the remains were entered in the Dryden cemetery.

Besides a husband, she leaves a married son, who lives in Marlette, and a daughter at home.

The Caro Fair Association has secured the services of our band for the two last days of their fair.

Our Ellington and Greenleaf correspondence was received too late for insertion last week.

A. W. Hulbe, of Detroit, has purchased the Inlay City Optic. The change of ownership was for the better.

Ed. Brotherton has sold his threshing outfit, with the exception of his clover huller, to McIntyre & McLellan, of Sheridan.

Miss Minnie Amsden returned to her home at Caro Tuesday morning, being accompanied by Misses Lilly and Eva Wickware.

Invitations are out for a select dancing party at the rink this evening. Good music has been engaged and an enjoyable time is anticipated.

The 15th annual meeting of the Huron Baptist Association is being held in the Baptist Church at this place this week. The attendance is large and the various sessions are reported very interesting and profitable. A more extensive account will be given next week.

Considerable improvement is being made to the Sheridan house this week by the insertion of four large windows in the front, to replace the smaller ones. It gives the building a more civilized appearance. Graham and McGilvray are doing the carpenter work. Mr. Sheridan also intends painting the house.

Joseph Shook, a zealous 87-year-old G. A. R. man of Vassar will walk from that place to Washington, D. C. to attend the national encampment. He will have to traverse about twenty-five miles per day to reach his destination on the desired date. His friends tried in vain to persuade him from making the trip on foot.

Following are the teachers who received certificates at the recent examination at Caro: First Grade—Daniel Dickson, Second Grade—Carrie Livingston, Belle McKenzie, Belle Mumroe, Martha McArthur, Belle McArthur, Third Grade—Ella Wallace, Ella Bader, Belle Walmesley, Edith Farrar, Colou Ferguson, Maggie Ferguson.

The W. H. M. S., of Cass City, will serve a Missionary Tea at the residence of Mrs. C. W. McPhail, Friday, Sept. 2nd. Come and digest a missionary sandwich, or dispose of a conundrum, and help the missionary cause. Tea 10c. served from five till seven o'clock. A cordial invitation extended to all.

Mrs. I. A. Fritz, Sec.

Miss Mary Tyo, of Montreal, visited her brother D. Tyo, last week. She left Monday morning for Ogemaw county, where she will visit her brother William thence to Detroit and call on her brother Alex., after which she will return home. Miss Tyo is a milliner at Montreal, having been engaged in business at that place for the past 14 years. This is her first visit to Michigan.

Judge Waxem's Political Prov-erbs.

The longest purse Knox the persimmons.

Organized labor dont fatten on government jobs.

A congressman begins to get bigger as soon as he heads for home.

A diplomat dont tell all he knows, and a congressman tells more than he knows.

Eloekshun to ofiss dont make a bad man good.

The American Eagel never goes on a strike.

Thar ain't but one stars and stripes.

A man who will steal a vote will steal a boss if he gets a chance.

All the fools aint in congress.

Women has a wider field than politics.—[Free Press.

A COWARDLY ACT!

Walter Richards, of Grant, Shoots a Neighboring Lady With Bird Shot.

Ho Narrowly Escapes Lynching by Enraged Neighbors. The Would-Be Murderer and Wife taken to the Huron County Jail.

Huron county's regard for murders and attempted murders is not falling behind, as Walter Richards, of Grant township, six miles north of Cass City, has added to the already long list this week.

Wednesday forenoon, as Mrs. Geo. Hopkins was passing the Richards farm, which is in close proximity to her own home, she was approached by Richards, who, encouraged by the command of his wife—"There goes the b——, shoot her!"—brutally fired a charge of bird shot from a heavily loaded musket in to the lady's back, side and arm. Mr. Hopkins who was working in a field close by, saw Richards with gun in hand going towards his wife, and suspecting his dastardly intentions, endeavored to intercept him, but only arrived on the spot in time to see his wife sink to the ground in an unconscious condition.

Dr. McClinton was immediately called to Mrs. Hopkins's assistance, and found her wounds serious but not necessarily fatal.

Deputy Sheriff Striffler, of this place, was notified of Richard's attempted murder, and telegraphed Sheriff Buchanan, at Bad Axe, and the two proceeded to the Richards farm and placed both Richards and his wife under arrest and conveyed them to the Huron county jail. Both seemed sulky and indifferent, but did not resist the officers. The sheriffs say that they arrived none too soon to save the offender from "stretching hemp," as this was evidently the intention of the enraged neighbors.

The motive of the crime is not known, beyond the fact that Richards and wife and Hopkins and wife have been at enmity for some time, and that a fisticuff and hair-pulling bout had been indulged in by the pairs a few days previous, in which Richards and wife were worsted.

Perhaps this last crime of Richards is indirectly the outcome of a series of incidents that have transpired in Grant township during the past few years in which Richards and wife have been implicated more or less. It will be remembered that some eighteen months ago Richards set a trap gun on his premises by which John Castle, a neighboring farmer, met his death. He was cleared from this charge as it was proven that Castle was known to be too intimate with Richards' wife and had been forbidden to come on the premises. One night last fall Mrs. Richards was taken from her house and given a coat of tar and feathers by masked men, who accused her of very immoral conduct, and she was warned to reform her ways in the future.

Richards is a very small man, about 60 years of age, and is known familiarly as "Little Man Richards," but he evidently possesses a temper as unengendered as he is small in stature. Being continually at war with neighbors, and his misdoings as have been mentioned, have gained for him considerable notoriety, and he is a moulder by trade and has worked in the foundry at this place at various times. He came from Canada about 13 years ago, and settled on his present farm in Grant township, Huron county.

There is no doubt but what Richard's queer ways and cranky disposition, coupled with his ungovernable temper, has caused meddlesome persons to trouble him more or less during the past years, yet nothing has occurred that justifies him in resorting to the hot gun method, and the shooting of Mrs. Hopkins was most cowardly and cruel.

County Press Political.

Caro Democrat: Wheat is worth 90c. in England and 75c. in the United States, and yet there is a tariff of 20c. per bushel. The home market must be out of joint somewhere, otherwise protection don't provide one.

Caro New Era: Nothing is ever settled till it is settled right, and the capital and labor problem will never be settled till it is settled on the basis that all mankind are brothers and equal heirs to the possibilities of their age—nationalization.

Caro Advertiser: This is going to be a hard year for "calamity orators." Sunshine, rain, fertile soil, and the McKinley law all press the button and the intelligent people of the nation will do the rest. They are not anxious for wild experiments. The one made when the present state administration and the squawback legislature were elected may be taken as an awful lesson.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

A Republican Caucus will be held at the Town Hall, Saturday, Sept. 3rd, at 2 o'clock for the purpose of electing delegates to the county convention to be held at Caro, Monday Sept. 5th.

By ORDER COM.

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THE COMING FAIR.

Arrangements Being Perfect-ed for the Most Complete Exhibition Yet.

A Racing Circuit Arranged Between Cass City and Caro. Making a Combination of \$1,600 in Speed Premiums —A "Peg Race" one of the Special Attractions at the Fair.

If the coming Third Annual Fair of the Tuscola Huron & Sanilac Association is not in point of attractions, premiums, exhibits, accommodations and management—up to or a little ahead of other fairs in this part of the Wolverine state, we will miss our guess. The officers and directors are untiring in their efforts and as their enterprise is unquestionable and facilities at hand ample, there remains no impediment to, but gives every assurance for, the success of the fair.

G. S. Farrar, who was recently appointed Secretary of the Fair Association in the place of A. H. Ale, resigned is having the '92 premium lists printed, and will have them to distribute next week. Some additions have been made to the premiums offered for stock and products making the inducements to exhibitors greater than ever.

C. W. McPhail, who is superintendent of races visited Caro Tuesday, and was successful in the arrangement of a circuit between this and the Caro Association. This plan will tend to bring "flyers" to this place who might not otherwise consider it profitable to them. The combination speed premiums offered amount to over \$1,600. Our immense track, comfortable stables and liberal purses, insures us races that are seldom witnessed in towns the size of Cass City.

One of the special and novel attractions decided upon by the Association is a "peg race" for the second day of the fair. It is a boni fide race and exceedingly amusing as well as interesting. The race is made to wagons, and each driver was to hitch his horse to the wagon on the track and start. The wagons are brought in and backed over against the same side with the judges' stand with the shafts pointing toward the center of the track. The horses are taken on the other side of the track, each one directly opposite the vehicle to which he is to go. The harness is removed, all but the bridle, and hung up on the fence. The driver stands by the side of his horse, with the left hand holding the bridle and facing toward the stand. When the word is given the horses must be harnessed to the wagon and driven a half mile. The horse winning two heats gets the first money. There must be no mistake in harnessing and hitching the horse. No hooks are allowed. All the straps must be buckled, and in fact, the horse hitched to the wagon just as he would be in ordinary road driving or he is disqualified.

Our energetic farmer boys can now rehearse this when hitching the horses up for the days work, and we hope to see many entries in the race.

A Juvenile Plunger.

"What's the matter, my poor boy?"
"Bo-ho! I jest lost tuppence!"
"There, there, don't cry, my little man. See, here is threepence for you. How did you lose your money?"
"I lost it to Tommy Jinks, there, a-playin' pitch an' toss!"—Judy.

A People's Party Caucus.

There will be a People's Party Caucus held at the T. G. Bell, on Saturday evening, Aug. 27th, for the purpose of electing seven delegates to attend the county convention at Caro on Sept. 6th.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE.

Apples Wanted.

I wish to buy all the apples in this vicinity this fall. Will buy them delivered at Cass City, or pack them in the orchard. Highest market price paid.

8-26 A. A. MCKENZIE.

Annual Harvest Festival.

The sixth Annual Harvest Festival will be held at the Sheridan Hall, township of Sheridan, on September 7th, 1892. Good program of games for which liberal prizes are offered. Refreshments and dancing during the day and evening. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend. By ORDER COM.

Tobacco Habit

Cured in a Week.

—ALSO—

MORPHINE LIQUOR HABIT

By Different Treatment.

DR. J. H. McLEAN.

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

Special Notice.

Parties owing me are requested to call and settle accounts on or before Aug. 25th.

8-20-1 Mrs. H. S. WICKWARE.

"Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery—the grand propelling power."—Macaulay.

We Are Still In It!
That is we are still in the
Undertaking Business,



And that to stay.
Not as some have reported to the contrary more times than once to our disadvantage. We still keep a full line of Caskets, Coffins of all kinds, and Undertaker's supplies of all descriptions. Am always ready to attend calls, but never go a begging for jobs. Hearse when desired.
L. A. DeWITT.

H. S. WICKWARE
...SELLS...

Lumber Spring Road
WAGONS,
Carriages, and the
McCormick Mowers & binders.
GOOD QUALITY--FAIR PRICE.
H. S. WICKWARE.

D. J. LANDON. J. H. ENO. E. W. KEATING.

Have on Hand a Large Stock of
Glazed Windows, Doors,
Lumber, all kinds
Bee Keepers' Supplies,
MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.
CASS CITY, MICH.

The Modern, Progressive, BUSINESS Training School, OF DETROIT.
Three hundred students now enrolled. More calls for Book-keepers and Stenographers than we can fill. Graduating scholarship, good either day or evening in the Business, English or Short hand Department, \$60. The most elegantly furnished and equipped Business College in Michigan. Every student satisfied. None but the best teachers employed. Call or send for circulars. M. J. CATON, President, 7-17 Rowland St., between Hotel Cadillac and High School Building.

Threshers Attention!
We have 30 of our CELEBRATED ALL-FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVING TRACTION ENGINES. That we will dispose of direct to threshers, thus saving them the agent's commission. The Best and Strongest Traction Engine Made. We also manufacture Engines, Boilers, Saw and Pick of Mills, and the Famous Hand S. Pump and Wind Mills.
Send for Catalogue and Price Lists.
LANSING IRON and ENGINE WORKS, LANSING, MICH.

SWIFT BICYCLES SWIFT
OLDEST AND LARGEST MAKERS IN THE WORLD. ESTABLISHED 32 YEARS. IF YOU WANT EASE, COMFORT, RELIABILITY, SPEED, STYLE, QUALITY, AND THE BEST OF EVERYTHING, SEND TO US. WE GUARANTEE OUR MACHINES SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS AND WARRANT EVERY ONE TO BE PERFECT.
COVENTRY MACHINISTS COMPANY, LTD.
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CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.
Published every Friday morning at Cass City, Tuscola County, Michigan.
MACK M. WICKWARE, EDITOR AND OWNER.

Subscription price One Dollar per year in advance.

Special Notice.
Business Locals 5cts. per line first insertion. 3cts. thereafter. Cards of Thanks, 25cts. each. Resolutions of Condolence, etc., 25cts. per line.
Tons, amusement entertainments, etc., where money is to be derived, sets, per line. When bills are ordered a note will be given re. Notices for theatrical entertainments, etc., price. Rates for advertising matter are printed on a separate card and can be obtained at the office.
The wide circulation of the ENTERPRISE in the counties of Tuscola and Ionia, makes it a valuable advertising medium.

She Had Forgotten.
After she had made her purchases and had informed the clerk as to the address to which they should be sent, she picked up her purse with her left hand and placed her parcel across her left arm, gazing the while over the counter and floor as if in search of something else.
"Excuse me, miss," ventured the clerk: "but have you mislaid anything?"
"I am sure I don't know," she replied; "but when I entered the store I am positive I carried something in my right hand."
"Did you not have your parcel or purse in your right hand?"
"No; for I recollect very distinctly that I carried my purse in my left hand and the parcel on my left arm, as you see them now."
"It is very strange," remarked the clerk, with a troubled expression on his face as he searched under the different pieces of fabric strewn over the counter.
"I cannot imagine what it was," she remarked musingly, as she placed a small gloved hand to her chin and gazed into space. "I am positive it was something, and I feel lost without it."
"I am unable to find anything here," came the muffled voice of the clerk from under the counter, whether he had dropped a few seconds before with the faint hope of being able to find the missing he knew not what.
"Oh, I know now what it was," she gleefully exclaimed, as a pretty flush spread over her face. "It was this."
As the clerk's head bobbed up from behind the counter like a Jack-in-the-box, she, with a graceful sweep of her shapely right arm, clutched a handful of her skirt in the back, and smilingly took her departure.—Harvey Drown, Jr., in Life.

He Wasn't Deaf.
"H-a-r-r-y! Oh, H-a-r-r-y!" called a little woman at the corner of Woodward avenue and a cross street just as people were going home to supper. She had no bonnet on and her voice was keyed up to concert pitch.
"He doesn't seem to hear you," said a ferret nosed man who was deriving support from a hitching post.
"You needn't worry," snapped the little woman. She looked across the street where two small boys in knickerbockers were sitting on a carriage step in front of a grocery.
"You, H-a-r-r-y!" she cried, making a trumpet of her hand. Master Harry never moved.
"Kind of hard of hearing, ain't he?" asked the man at the hitching post, solicitously.
She gave him a withering look.
"When I see him he'll come," she said. "H-a-r-r-y, come to supper!"
The haste with which Harry turned a double back action somersault in his haste to obey his mother caused the man at the post to say laughingly:
"Vittles fetches 'em every time!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Dead Failure.
He is a very absentminded man and was thinking earnestly when a light shower came on.
"Jack," said the young woman with him, "why don't you put up your umbrella?"
"I have tried to," he answered, "but I couldn't get a cent on it."—Washington Star.

Complimentary.
"In this picture of 'Hypocrites,'" said the artist, who was showing his fair visitor about the studio, "I have tried to convey the idea that simplicity is not incompatible with dignity."
"How well you have succeeded!" exclaimed the young lady, "never saw anything so—so artless!"—Chicago Tribune.

Something He Could Not Forgive.
"No," said a citizen when asked if he would contribute anything to the relief of the flood sufferers, "I don't think I will."
"Can't afford it, eh?"
"It isn't that, but the last time I gave something for charity one of the papers spelled my name wrong."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Long Time.
Caller at the Postoffice—What makes our letters so late this morning, Mrs. Good?
Rural Postmistress—Well, you see, sir, it's them plaguey postcards. They take a long time to read for a poor woman what ain't much of a scholar.—London Tit-Bits.

Free barbecue dinner, 50 beeves and 100 sheep, \$10,000 worth of fireworks, hotel accommodations for 100,000 visitors, 50 brass bands and a salute of 110 guns. This is how St. Louis celebrates our 116th Fourth of July.

Keep this before your mind: Nobody can detect fraud like the one who is perfectly honest and truthful himself.

Go to C. D. Strong for Bargains in Boots & Shoes and Dry Goods for the next 30 days. I wish to reduce my Stock to make room for more. 6-20

Physicians Outdone
My wife has been suffering with female trouble of the severest kind for over three years. I have paid twenty-five dollars during the last three months, and she had no relief. She had doctored continually with the best of physicians. I bought three bottles each of Dullman's Great Female Hygienic Tonic and Dullman's Great Kidney Tonic, and can say that she is entirely cured. W. H. Droney, Sworn to before me on the 23rd day of June, 1890. JOHN C. DEL- MAX, Flint Mich. Notary public, General Co. \$1 a bottle. For sale by Fritz Bros.

LEGAL NOTICES.

SEALED PROPOSALS.
Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned commissioners of highways, of the township of Elkland, at his office in said township, until the third (3rd) day of September, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., for the following work, to-wit: To grade, 1/2 mile on highway between sections 15 and 16, Town 14-11, according to plans and specifications of Superintendent of roads, which will be open for inspection until the time above mentioned, on which said day and at the place above specified, I will entertain the lowest bidder giving good and sufficient security for the performance of said work. Privilege reserved to reject any or all bids at discretion of commissioner.
JOHN A. KARR, Commissioner of Highways for the Township of Elkland.
Dated this 24th day of Aug., 1892.

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JOHN A. KARR, Commissioner of Highways for the Township of Elkland.
Dated this 24th day of Aug., 1892.

PROBATE NOTICE.
State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Tuscola, made on the twenty-second day of July, A. D. 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of William Austin, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said estate are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-fifth day of January next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of January next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.
Dated Caro, July 22nd, A. D. 1892.
JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.
State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Tuscola, made on the 20th day of February, A. D. 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Arthur Shoemith, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said estate are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-ninth day of August next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the twenty-ninth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.
Dated February 20th, A. D. 1892.
JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

PROBATE NOTICE.
State of Michigan, County of Tuscola, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the county of Tuscola, made on the Twentieth day of June, 1892, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Margaret Hand, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office, in the village of Caro, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-seventh day of December next, and that such claims will be heard before said court, on Monday, the twenty-seventh day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of those days.
Dated Caro, June 20th, A. D. 1892.
JAMES M. VAN TASSEL, Judge of Probate.

STATE OF MICHIGAN.
The 24th Judicial Circuit in Chancery, suit by Mary Appleby, Complainant, vs. Orson N. Appleby, Defendant.
It is satisfactorily appearing by affidavit on file in this cause that the defendant, Orson N. Appleby, is not a resident of the state of Michigan, and that said defendant is a resident of the state of Ohio. On motion of Fales & Holbrook, solicitors for said complainant, the court do hereby order and decree, that the defendant, Orson N. Appleby, appear and answer the bill of complaint filed in this cause, in four months from the date of this order, and further, that within twenty days from this date, this order be published in the Cass City Enterprise, a newspaper published in said county, at Cass City, in said county, once each week, for six successive weeks, or that a copy of this order be personally served on said defendant, at least twenty days from the time this order is made.
W. H. MALL, Circuit Court Commissioner in and for Tuscola County, Michigan.
Complainant's Solicitors.
Attest. WILLIAM N. WALKER, Notary in Chancery.

Notice of Local Improvements.
Notice is hereby given that the common council of the Village of Cass City, at a meeting held on the tenth day of August, A. D. 1892, at the council rooms in said village, declared by resolution and proposed to make the following public improvements, viz: To re-locate the street on the north and south sides of 3 1/2 mile street in said village of Cass City, with a by-law stating, said pavement to be of a top ten feet from the south side of the southwest corner of lot one (1) block two (2) High Street's addition to the village of Cass City, and to extend north to and ten (10) feet south of the southwest corner of lot two (2) block two (2) Fox's addition to the village of Cass City, and to extend south to and ten (10) feet north of the northwest corner of lot two (2) block one (1) of the original plat of said village of Cass City, and to extend north to a point ten (10) feet north of the northwest corner of lot two (2) block one (1) of the original plat of said village of Cass City, excepting at street crossings which shall be eleven (11) feet in width. That the cost and expense of said proposed improvements be defrayed by special assessment upon the lots and premises fronting upon said improvements, excepting the costs and expenses of constructing said pavement at street crossings and in front of public buildings, which shall be paid by the lot owners. That the general fund of the village. That the lots and premises fronting upon said proposed improvements and containing said assessment, shall be levied for the purpose aforesaid, and assessed as follows: Lots one (1) two (2) three (3) and four (4), block one (1) High Street's addition to the village of Cass City; lots one (1) two (2) three (3) four (4), block two (2) of Fox's addition to the village of Cass City; lots one (1) and two (2) block one (1) lots one (1) two (2) three (3) four (4), block two (2) of Fox's addition to the village of Cass City; and lots one (1) two (2) three (3) and four (4), block three (3) of original plat of the village of Cass City. That a copy of the common council have the assessed estimates of the costs and expenses of said proposed improvements to be made and also the plans and diagrams of the work and of the locality to be improved, and deposited the same with the clerk of the Village of Cass City, Michigan, for public examination, and that the same now remains in said clerk's office in said village of Cass City, for the inspection of all persons desiring to inspect the same.
Dated, August 15th, 1892.
O. K. JAMES, Village President.

For Bee Keepers supplies go to Landon Eno & Keating's.
HAPPY HOME BLOOD PURIFIER and **HEALTH TONIC** purifies the blood and makes home happy. Sold by A. W. Seel.

MICHIGAN People Want MICHIGAN Grown Trees.
Want one acrewide man in every town to supply them with. No previous experience required. **A. C. BRADY & Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.**

When you want Beef buy of a BUTCHER.

When you want Boots, Shoes, or Rubbers buy of a Shoe House. When you want the lowest prices and the largest stock to select from of course you buy at Crosby's Shoe House.

A BARREL OF SWEAT SAVED BY USING GOLD DUST IN YOUR LAUNDRY.
If you don't believe it, get a 4 pound package which only costs 25 CTS and see if you don't save one-half gallon of sweat the first wash day.
Where will I get it? At G. A. STEVENSON'S of Course, the LARGEST GROCERY and CROCKERY STORE in the THUMB. Every Body trades there because he sells CHEAP, pays CASH for Eggs, exchanges Goods for Butter and also Delivers Heavy Goods.
WHO WOULDN'T TRADE THERE?

Hot Weather Reading.
Why are we capturing the Crowds?
Why are we having such marvelous trade?
LISTEN:
We have the largest and handsomest store.
We carry the largest stock.
Our prices are always the lowest.
We always have something in the line of bargains to offer you.
FAIRWEATHER BROS.

GAS A GIFT
To our Customers we offer the following books.
With \$30 worth of Cash or Butter and Eggs in trade within 4 months, we give you your choice of Hill's Album, Crown Jewels, Heroes of the Dark Continent and Museum of wonders.
With \$20 worth of Cash or Butter and Eggs in trade, within 3 months, we give you your choice of The Farmer's Encyclopedia, Remarks by Bill Nye, or Stanley in Africa.
With \$5 or more cash in trade at any one time we give a very nice copy of The Life of P. T. Barnum.
These books are very neatly bound, good print and good paper, and are nice enough to hold a place in any one's Library.
The Crown Jewels is a book of poems with very nice steel engravings.
Our plan is to issue a card to each customer trying for one of these books and at each time a purchase is made the card is to be presented to have the amount of said purchase punched from it.
You see it costs you nothing for the trial if you do not trade enough to get one of the books. Please call and see them.
LAING & JAMES.
P. S.—To secure the first mentioned books, \$30 must be traded within 4 months from time of receiving card, and the second offer within 3 months.

WOODS' PHOSPHORINE.
The Great English Remedy.
Empirically and scientifically cured all forms of Nervous Weakness, Irritations, Spasms, Rheumatism, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only reliable and honest medicine known. Ask druggists for Woods' Phosphorine: If he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave the druggist store, enclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price one package, \$1 six 25. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlet in plain sealed envelope, 2 stamps, address THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO. 131 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, M. Sold in Cass City by A. W. Seel and Fritz Bros., and all responsible druggists everywhere.

PONTIAC PANTS
THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
Empirically and scientifically cured all forms of Nervous Weakness, Irritations, Spasms, Rheumatism, Impotency, and all effects of Abuse or Excesses. Been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of cases; is the only reliable and honest medicine known. Ask druggists for Pontiac Pants: If he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave the druggist store, enclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price one package, \$1 six 25. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlet in plain sealed envelope, 2 stamps, address THE WOOD CHEMICAL CO. 131 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, M. Sold in Cass City by A. W. Seel and Fritz Bros., and all responsible druggists everywhere.

WHEN YOU FORGET ME!

You say that I am all to you,
That hearts can never sever,
That loving you will be, and true,
Forever and forever!
But often has that tale been told,
And fears at times beset me,
The day will come ere years are old,
The day when you'll forget me!

Yet will I trust until the end,
And passing years shall prove you;
I dare not against my fate contend,
Because—because I love you!
And if in time to come you sigh,
Not long will anguish fret me,
For I shall pine away and die,
The day when you forget me!

—Sat. Evening Post.

BOORAH, THE INDIAN.

“What a beautifully wicked face!” said Maud Castleton to herself as a slimy-built young fellow passed by her one morning while she was leaning against the rail of a steamer plowing its way through the Suez Canal.

It was a beautiful face, regular in all its fine-out proportions, but there was an upward curl to the dainty, pinky mustache, a cynical bow to the thin lips that gave it the look of the fiend. The eyes were deep brown, and the nose was straight with curving nostrils; as for the hands they were slender, graceful, with fingers as taper as Maud's own; upon the little finger of the left hand shone a pigeon-blood ruby worth a king's ransom.

It was Boorah, the son of the rich Indian of Madras on his way to England to learn the English language preparatory to taking a collegiate course at Oxford.

In the saloon Boorah was but a mute listener to the light conversation, but his fine face would brighten up wonderfully when someone would address him in his own tongue. He could not understand a single word of English, as his life had been mostly spent in the interior part of his country. Once when the gentleman who was seated by Maud's side asked her if she knew what the dark chap's name was, and she answered that she had heard him called Boorah, the Indian started and flashed a look in her direction. He had caught the sound of his name as it fell softly from Maud's lips. Why did they make him the subject of their conversation? Were they sneering at him, his strangeness, his complexion, his race? He smiled slightly, his thin lips drew in a straight line across his teeth and his nostrils quivered as he almost unconsciously took a slender bit of braid from his pocket and began to twine it about his slender brown fingers. “Good heavens! Miss Castleton, see what the chap is doing now. Do not look at him presently, however, for if I mistake not he thinks that we are talking about him.”

Maud cast her eyes after a moment or two toward the young Indian. She felt a strange tightness about her heart, a cold sensation pass over her as she glanced at the object in his hands. She quickly recovered her composure, and turning to her companion said in a low tone: “It is the cord; the Indians use it to—”

“Hush! do not speak it. I have been among them too long not to recognize it. That chap is dangerous and I would not like to incur his enmity.”

“He is—?”

“Sh! a thing!”

When Maud again turned toward Boorah's chair it was vacant. Again that tightness came about her heart followed by the cold, creeping sensation. She shuddered as she rose and went to the other end of the saloon where a group of ladies were engaged in bright, small talk.

Maud Castleton was an American girl homeward bound in company with her aunt after a year's stay with relatives in the Madras. She was a fair-haired girl whose heart had never as yet been touched by one of Cupid's darts. At nineteen years of age, possessed of ample means with a loving family circle at home, she found other objects to engage her mind. Love would come soon enough, she said, at present she was free as a bird and she loved her liberty.

When the steamer touched at Naples the Indian left it and proceeded by rail to Paris while Maud and her aunt continued on board the vessel. When the pair reached London the first familiar face that Maud met upon arriving at the hotel was that of Boorah.

“Auntie, let us go away from here as soon as possible. I do not like England at all. I am so anxious to see papa and mamma.”

“Why, dear, there are lots of nice things to be seen in London, besides you know we intended to stay here two weeks.”

“Not two days if I can help it,” broke in Maud, decidedly.

“Well, of all the queer turns! But why are you in such a hurry to leave, dear?”

“I do not know unless it is because—” and Maud started as she saw that the dining-room chair upon which the Indian had been seated was vacant—“the weather is so foggy here.”

“Well, Maud, if that is the reason, I quite agree with you and we will leave as soon as possible. I must say this fog bothers my breathing distressingly.”

Within two days Maud and her aunt took a homeward bound steamer at Liverpool and a great lead seemed lifted from the girl's heart when she saw the land disappear in the wake of the vessel.

Several times during the passage her aunt asked her why she had sobbed in her sleep. Maud looked distressed and would always say that she must have been dreaming. It was dreaming unpleasant dreams, however. The beautiful face with its curving nostrils, the slender fingers playing with the cord! Boorah, the man from Madras, visited her in her dreams and in fright she sobbed as

she felt the cold, creeping sensation pass over her.

Three years have passed, during which time Maud Castleton has become more beautiful than ever. Her heart is now no longer fancy free, for she loves and is loved. Harry Lisle, a rising young newspaper editor, is the lucky man who has taught Maud what the meaning of love is. And she is very happy in the possession of such a manly young fellow, and he in turn says that no man is worthy such a prize, but people who view the matter dispassionately say that if any man is worthy such a jewel of a girl it is Harry Lisle.

Maud is no longer frightened at the mere sight of a bit of rope for she has forgotten almost how the handsome face of the young Indian looked; but she never reads novels about India, especially wherein thugs figure, but what a strange shudder passes over her.

It is a bright afternoon in June, and Maud is seated in the conservatory. The book which she has been reading slips from her grasp and falls to the floor. The air is heavy with the perfume of flowers, the bees are buzzing in the garden, and a hummingbird swoops upon its gossamer wings to sip the sweet of a bright blossom.

It was a delightful time for dreaming, and ere Maud realizes it she is away among foreign climes where the sky is more gorgeous, the flowers more gaudy, but not so sweet as those that surround her. Something disturbs her dreams; her bosom trembles as with fear, her eyelids twitch, then her lips grow white and her fingers clench tightly together. She seems to struggle to awake and relieve herself of the troublesome object. A strange power seems to bind her fast to its unpleasant influence. With an effort she breaks the bonds and stares wide awake, at some object upon the other side of the latticed conservatory. Her eyes are fastened upon it as though held there spell-bound. Her lips grow ashen and she tries to scream but cannot. Her limbs refuse to respond to her inner appeals, for she cannot rise.

A slender brown hand has parted the thickly growing leaves and a pair of deep brown eyes peer in upon her. Upon the little finger of the hand gleams a pigeon-blood ruby.

Surely this is no dream. There is the same slender, brown hand and there is not another such a ruby in the world. Is the old nightmare of fears about to visit her again? What wrong has this fair young girl ever worked against the young Indian that he should follow her to her home after these years to torment her with his presence?

The sound of footsteps is heard and Maud heaves a sigh of relief as the brown hand is withdrawn. In a moment Harry is by her side. She grasps his two hands and cries hysterically: “Oh, do not leave me alone ever again.”

“I hope not to, or at least soon, my dear. Why, what is the matter? You are all of a tremble and your face is like chalk. Has the poor little dear seen a mouse?”

“Don't tense, please. No matter what has frightened me.”

“By the way, I just met Mr. Smith as I came in. He came from the garden.”

“Mr. Smith? I do not know any Mr. Smith, Harry. Whom do you mean?”

“Oh, a queer chap who cannot talk a word of English. He has been in the city for a couple of weeks, seems to have plenty of money and knows how to spend it. He goes to the theatres, visits the races, and seems to be looking all the time for some one. I guess he is a little wrong here,” said Harry, tapping his forehead.

“Why do you call him Mr. Smith?”

“Because no one knows his other name. He is quite an object to the fellows down at newspaper row. One of the boys—a romancing fellow, of course—says that he believes Mr. Smith is a thug.”

“Hush! do not speak that loud,” interrupted Maud as she laid her fingers lightly upon Harry's lips and glanced anxiously around.

“Well, that beat; all—”

“You have not lived in India. You do not know with what relentless fury the Indian destroys his foe; you do not know how like a serpent the man with a dark skin tracks his prey. I do. I know Mr. Smith—”

“A scoop, by jove! Tell me all about it; it will be a scooper for my paper. Quick, you know Mr. Smith; hurry! I am dying to hear.”

“Not here; the leaves may have ears. We will go into the house where you shall hear all that I know about this man you call Mr. Smith,” said Maud. Rising she led the way to the house where she told Harry her story. After she had finished she asked: “And now, don't you think it would be best not to print it, dear?”

“You are right. I shall watch Mr. Smith. He evidently knows enough of the language to understand what is said in his presence. I think he loves you. Perhaps it will be best for you to be not too much alone; by all means do not stop long in the conservatory. Mr. Smith will bear close watching; if he attempts any of his Indian fine work here he will be brought up sharply.” After cautioning her again to be careful, Harry left Maud with her kiss yet warm upon his lips.

The next morning the newspapers contained the following startling news item: “Last night between eleven and half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Harry Lisle, a well-known newspaper writer, while passing through — street in the lower part of the city, was attacked by some villain, whose attempt to kill was almost beyond reason to believe. The victim felt a noose tighten about his neck, and before he

could defend himself or cry for assistance he was thrown violently to the ground, where the scoundrel proceeded to do him up according to the way such things are done in Hindostan or India. A half-drunken individual, however, who had been disturbed from his snooze, yelled for p'leece! p'leece! The cry was sufficient, and the noble chap of the blue coat and brass buttons ran to the scene. The thug disappeared in the darkness, followed by the officer, while the half-drunken man loosened the cord that was cutting Lisle's wind off. A few more seconds and there would have been a vacancy for some other editor to fill. But the chap of the cord got his just deserts. He rushed for the river and jumped from the dock just as a ferry boat entered it. The water carried him about like a cork, and he was washed between the boat and the dock timbers, where his head was cracked like an egg shell. He was a dead thug when he was fished out. Upon the little finger of his left hand was a pigeon blood red ruby worth a tidy sum. Nothing was found upon the body to identify it. He was known among the boys of newspaper row as Mr. Smith. Harry Lisle is to be congratulated upon his escape. Mr. Lisle can give no reason for the attack.

With the exception of a few scratches and a red mark about the neck Harry Lisle was all right when he hastened to Maud Castleton's home to quiet her tears which he knew must arise upon reading the article.

“He commenced his fine work pretty early, dear,” said he lightly after kissing her.

“Yes; I think it was my prayer last night that saved you, Harry. Oh it was terrible, terrible. If he had succeeded—”

“Which he failed to do, thanks to my intoxicated friend, who, by the way, I have promised myself to look after.”

“And you saw the dead Indian? What a dreadful end!”

“Yes; it is Mr. Smith sure enough.”

“Boorah the man from Madras,” added Maud, “and,” continued she, “since he is dead let us never speak of the frightful thing again.”

“And Harry was content to have it so. The Indian was buried as Mr. Smith; as no one was likely to call for the valuable ruby it was sold by the authorities and the funds helped to place a certain unfortunate man in the way to reform.”—Chicago Sun.

TO DETECT OLEOMARGARINE.

A Simple and Effective Test Well Worth Every One's Knowing.

Most housekeepers would treat with scorn the idea that they would be unable to distinguish oleomargarine from butter, but as a matter of fact it is now made to imitate the genuine article so closely that no one but an expert chemist or butter dealer could tell, by simple inspection, the one from the other. It is a mistake to suppose that oleomargarine is disagreeable either in taste or odor. Made as it is from purified fats and oils the flavor may be somewhat tame, but this is usually corrected by salting, and, too, the materials are frequently churned with milk so that the imitation is almost perfect. Oleomargarine possesses the advantage over butter that it does not spoil readily, says the Philadelphia Times, but may be kept months without being materially affected.

If there is a small amount of butter present in oleomargarine, say as much as 15 or 20 per cent, the only method of determining that the material is not genuine butter is by chemical analysis, but if, as is almost invariably the case, there has been no butter added to it, the housekeeper can determine this for herself with as great a certainty as the experienced chemist. It is only necessary to place about a tablespoonful of the suspected material in a small tin cup or pan and heat it on the stove. Butter will melt quickly, give off its characteristic odor and foam up until it has reached several times its original bulk. Oleomargarine will not foam at all, but will act just like hot fat into which water has been spilled. It will spurt and crackle and drops of the melted fat will be projected from the dish. Precisely the same effect may be gotten by mixing a little water with lard and heating it. If at the same time some genuine butter is heated in another dish, the contrast between the two effects will be very evident.

The Onion Habit.

“It is a well-established fact,” said a Buffalo sport the other day, “that some dogs will eat almost anything in the way of food and we also frequently hear of cases where the animal displays a marked appetite for intoxicating liquor, but I've got an Irish setter that caps the climax in my opinion. Did you ever hear of a dog liking onions? No? I thought not. Well, this setter of mine would, I firmly believe, run a mile if he thought he could get an onion at the end of his journey. We gave him one for fun two years ago when he was very young. He snapped it up at once and ever since he has been growing fonder of them.

“He will wade into two or three old, rank fellows and demolish them with the tears starting from his eyes and when the light springs onions come around he is never satisfied until he has a plateful for his dinner.”—Buffalo News.

A Two-Dollar Present.

Mother.—“Why did you put this horrid postage stamp on this beautiful little Japanese vase you bought for your sister's birthday present?”

Dutiful Son.—“You gave me two dollars an' said I shouldn't spend any of it 'cept for sister's present, an' the vase cost only a dollar an' ninety-nine cents, an' so I bought a postage stamp and stuck it on.”—Good News.

THE MAN WHO VANISHED.

BY FERGUS HUME.
CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.
“I wonder if he notices any difference,” said Adrian to himself, when Dentham had retired, closing the door softly after him. “Pshaw! of course not—it would be a clever person who could find the soul of Adrian Lancaster in the body of Michael Roversmire.”

He made a very good breakfast and was about to devote himself to the task of looking over Roversmire's private papers, when he suddenly recollected his hat, cloak and stick, not wishing to leave them about, lest the keen eyes of Dentham should see them and an awkward explanation might ensue. Although he searched the sitting-room yet he could not find them; then suddenly recollected that he might have taken them down with him to the secret chamber. In order to be certain of this and set his mind at rest, he lighted a candle, touched the spring, and having replaced the fireplace to its normal condition so as to obviate discovery by Dentham, descended into the vault, turned on the electric light and looked around.

The sight of his former body lying so still and deathlike gave him a momentary pang and he could not help contrasting its handsome face and fine figure with his present uncouth exterior, for owing to the ordeals to which it had been subjected, the body of Dr. Roversmire was in a rather battered condition. Adrian saw that his own frame was still wrapped in the ulster, and the hat lay beside the couch on the floor, but although he hunted in every corner of the vault he could not find the stick.

With a thrill of terror he extinguished the electric light and then in the darkness, feebly lighted by the glimmering tapers, he seemed to feel the spiritual presence of the old fakir, who had doubtless returned to see how the occupant of his body was getting on. A cold breath of air seemed to break suddenly into the warm atmosphere of the vault, and Adrian half thought he saw a luminous cloud hovering near him. The half vision however soon vanished, and the young man put it down to the excited state of his mind. Still, the vault seemed to be occupied by some strange presence, and he hurriedly left this rather apartment and returned hurriedly to the upper room, which he luckily found untenanted.

“Thank heaven that infernal servant didn't discover my absence,” he thought, blowing out the candle. “I don't trust him in any way, and the old doctor was more easily gulled than I should have thought possible if he believed in a man with such a treacherous face.”

At this moment the subject of his reflections entered the room and proceeded to clear away the breakfast things, at the same time handing the Daily Telegraph of the day to his master.

“By the way, Dentham, you did not see a walking-stick lying about here—an oak stick with a gold band round it?” asked Adrian unfolding the paper.

“No, sir, I did not,” replied Dentham, telling the lie without moving a muscle of his pale face. “was it yours, sir?”

“Yes! I carried it yesterday and left it lying about the room.”

“I did not know you were out yesterday, sir.”

“You don't know a good many things,” said Adrian tartly, smoothing out the newspaper. “you can go.”

Dentham withdrew without a word and smiled subtly to himself when safe outside.

“Says it's his own stick,” he muttered under his breath. “Oh, yes, I dare say—but your name don't begin with ‘A. L.’ Dr. Roversmire—there's something queer about all this; I believe he's the head of a gang of forgers and one of 'em came to see him. I'll keep my eyes open in case there's a row.”

Adrian soon dismissed the episode of the stick from his mind, as he did not remember all the events of the previous night and half thought he might have lost the stick in his journey from the garden door to the house. Meantime he looked at the paper anxiously to see if there was anything about his crime of the previous night. As he anticipated there was a short statement, but owing to the late hour at which the affair had taken place, a very full report had not come to hand.

The paragraph was headed “A Curious Affair,” and it stated that a gentleman called Lancelot Alther had gone up to Mr. Adrian Lancaster's room early in the morning and found the owner absent, and a mutual friend, Mr. Philip Trevanna lying half dead on the floor. He had been stunned, but on administration of remedies had revived, although he could not give any explanation of the assault as he was now in a high fever, and it was doubtful if he would recover. Mr. Lancaster had disappeared and no trace of him had been discovered.

Adrian laid down the paper with a sigh of relief as he read the news.

“I didn't kill him after all,” he said in a thankful tone. “he was only stunned and it would have been better if I had remained and explained the affair, although in any case I would certainly have been arrested. At all events, even if he does recover, it's too late now to do anything. I'm imprisoned in this body, and unless something happens, will have no opportunity of becoming Adrian Lancaster again. I have indeed vanished completely from the world, and I don't think all the police in London will be able to trace my whereabouts. I must wait patiently for the chapter of accidents to redeem me—curses on me for a fool in accepting Roversmire's offer so readily—I am lost to the world—Olive and to everything else, and all by my own act. I'll wait and see if Philip Trevanna recovers,

then some chance may release me from this mask of old age, and I'll be able to face my fellow-men once more as Adrian Lancaster.”

CHAPTER VI.
The Tortures of Hell.

Day by day the papers informed Adrian of the progress which Philip Trevanna was making toward recovery, and the astonishment excited by his own strange disappearance, but he was powerless to come forward, explain the circumstances of the affair, and resume his place among his fellow-men. He had sinned in permitting his temper to lead him to so nearly kill a human being, and this was his punishment—this dreary life of forced inaction, of agonizing remorse, and of terrible self-reproach. Truly he was paying dearly for the one mad act of his life, and to his mind the punishment appeared immeasurably severe to the magnitude of the crime. Had Philip Trevanna died, he would have accepted his terrible situation with sullen apathy, looking upon it as a fit reward for taking the life of a fellow-man, but seeing that his friend was recovering, that the crime was unpremeditated, and that Trevanna had provoked him beyond all powers of endurance, it seemed bitterly hard that he should have to pass an indefinite period in a constant state of torture.

This unpleasant state of things was not rendered any more bearable by the presence of Dentham, who, Adrian knew, kept a constant watch upon his every action. What the man suspected he could not tell, but that he was suspicious of the life led by Dr. Michael Roversmire was certain, as Adrian felt rather than saw the stealthy glances with which he watched his goings out and comings in, gettings up and layings down. This in itself was enough to irritate a sensitive mind, but added to the appalling tortures the unhappy young man was constantly feeling, it drove him nearly to the verge of distraction, and he longed for something to happen which would give him, if not a release, at least a change of life. At last an event happened which caused Adrian to make up his mind to leave his seclusion, and which caused considerable anxiety to the inquiring mind of Mr. Dentham.

One day about two weeks after the transformation had taken place, Adrian saw in the papers a notice of reward offered for the discovery of the whereabouts of Adrian Lancaster.

“I'm wanted by the police, I suppose,” he muttered gloomily to himself, but this idea was soon dispelled when he read the last lines of the advertisement, which said that all information was to be given to O. M. The Nook, Marlow, Bucks.

“It's Olive! Olive!” cried Adrian, throwing down the paper. “she wants to find out where I am and help me. God bless her; if I could only reveal myself to her, but it's impossible. Dr. Roversmire is a stranger to her, and if I told her what had taken place, she would look upon me as a madman. What am I to do?—God help me, what am I to do?”

He walked up and down the room, plucking at his long gray beard as if he would tear from his young soul this mark of age.

“She could never love me as I am now,” he said, clasping his hands, “for that would be treachery to my memory, and this face is not the one to win any girl's love—did not Roversmire himself say that the woman he loved refused to return his passion?—stay! perhaps if I look through this desk I may find out the name of the woman he loved, and go and see her—something may come of it, though I dread even to hope that things will turn out well.”

Sitting down at a desk near a deep, wide window he unlocked it with a key which was placed therein, and began to turn over the papers in the hope of finding some clue to the name of this girl, whose rejection of Roversmire's suit had indirectly led up to the catastrophe which had happened to himself.

He was about an hour looking through the papers, but found nothing likely to lead to discovery, until at length he found a locked book which he immediately guessed was the diary of Roversmire.

“If it's anywhere, it'll be in here,” he said to himself. “But it's locked—I wonder where the key is—it's a very small hole, so the key must also be small. I don't think I've seen any key that size, and yet—ah!” with a sudden recollection, “it's on the watch chain.”

And so it was, a long slender golden key of Indian workmanship, with which Adrian easily unlocked the book, and was soon deep in the contents written in the small, clear handwriting of the doctor. For a long time he read steadily on without finding what he was in search of.

The entries principally related to the writer's life in India, the periods of his fasts, the statements of his feelings, the dates upon which he arrived at and departed from different places, and every now and then, wild rhapsodies, peculiarly Oriental in their poetic thought and imagery of the delicate ecstasies and marvelous pleasures he had tasted of, when set free from his earthly body. Later on in the book the doctor recorded his arrival in England, the disposition of his affairs with regard to money; the taking of his house at Hampstead, and the way in which he lived secluded from all men.

Then at last came a declaration of his passion, and at the sight of the name of the woman he loved, Adrian Lancaster gave a low cry, and letting the book fall upon the floor, arose quickly to his feet.

“Olive Maunders!” he whispered clutching his throat. “he loved Olive Maunders, and she never told me anything about him—oh, impossible—it cannot be true.”

It was true, however, for on recovering his composure, and resuming the reading of the diary, he found the whole facts of the case plainly set out. Dr. Roversmire had called at the town house of Sir John Maunders with a letter of introduction from a friend in India, and Sir John, having a leaning toward occult science, had been much taken up with the curious character of his guest. Roversmire saw Olive, fell in love with her, and recorded his impressions in a series of broken paragraphs, which were anything but pleasant reading to the fastidious mind of Adrian Lancaster, seeing that they were about the girl whom he intended to make his wife.

“All in vain. . . . I have told her of my idea that she should marry me, that I should initiate her into those strange sciences of which the West knows nothing, and when she attains the mastery of the last great secret, we will float together radiant spirits in infinite space. . . . It is quite useless, not even this destiny I offer her can gain her love! and why? Because it is given already to some brainless dandy of to-day called Adrian Lancaster, who he is abroad now, and hence the mistake I made in thinking she was free—ah, it is unkind of Fate to thus mar the destiny of a fair strong soul by such a vulgar obstacle. . . . I have tried again and failed. Her material part is stronger than her spiritual one, and she has set her heart upon marriage with Adrian Lancaster, so there is nothing left for me to do, but to retire peacefully from the field. . . . I should like to teach her a lesson, and show her what she has lost in refusing to marry me. . . . Well, time will show, and I may some day have an opportunity of doing so. . . .”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALWAYS UNHEALTHY.

The Sleeping of Two Persons Together in the Same Bed.

Persons often ask: “Is it healthful for two persons to sleep in the same bed?” This same question is varied thus: “Is it healthful for an aged and very young person to sleep together?” If not, which suffers most, the aged or the young person? We have often answered these questions, says Good Health, by saying no to the first question. It is always unhealthy for two persons to sleep together in the same bed and under the same covers. The air under the bed covers immediately surrounding the body of the sleeper is exceedingly impure, becoming more and more impregnated with poisonous substances escaping through the excretory glands of the skin from the moment the person retires until he arises. The odor of the bedclothing after having been occupied for a night is often positively offensive to the nostrils of a person with an unimpaired sense of smell—especially one who has just come in from outdoors, where the fresh, pure air has been breathed. The poisonous character of this under-the-bedclothes air would be somewhat more likely to affect the susceptible constitution of a child than that of an adult. In elderly persons the amount of the impurities in the air surrounding the sleeper must be greater than in younger persons; consequently, while both persons would be more or less injured, the proportion of harm would doubtless be greater to the young person than the person of more advanced years. Mr. Treves of the London hospital has called attention to the fact that wounds, especially of the lower limbs, heal much sooner when exposed to the open air instead of being covered by bedclothing. He remarks that the air under the bedclothing is foul and almost hot, and hence likely to be very harmful to wounds with which it may come in contact.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The seven Bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitakes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta of the Persians, the Eddas of the Scandinavians and the Bible of the Christians. The Eddas is the most recent and can not really be called more than a semi-sacred work. It was given to the world sometime during the fourteenth century of our era.

The Koran is the next most ancient, dating from the seventh century A. D. It is composed of sublime thoughts from both the Old and the New Testaments, with frequent almost literal quotations from the Talmud. The Buddhists' Tri Pitakes were composed in the sixth century before Christ; its teachings are pure and sublime, its inspiration lofty in the extreme. The word “king,” as used in connection with the sacred work of the Chinese, simply means “web of cloth.” From this it is presumed that they were originally written on fine rolls of cloth.

The Vedas are the most ancient works in the language of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to the best commentaries, antedate the twelfth century before the opening of the Christian era. The Zendavesta of the Persians contain the sayings of Zoroaster, who lived and worked in the twelfth century B. C.—New York Sun.

A Knight of Labor.

“Why Mrs. Halloran, where is your clock?”

“Sure, Pat fired it out!”

“Phat did he do that for?”

“Well, ye know he is walking diligent for his district now, and he says the devil a clock he'd have that wouldn't strike.”—Brooklyn Eagle.

White-Ash Leaves.

Rattlesnakes are said to have an antipathy to white-ash leaves. Some naturalists assert that a rattlesnake placed in a circle of half ash leaves, and half hot coals will cross the coals, rather than encounter the leaves,

DR. CLARKE

Merrill Bk., 1000 Woodward and 1/2 Detroit, Mich.
 THE REGULAR OLD ESTABLISHED
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Is still treating with the greatest
SKILL AND SUCCESS ALL
PRIVATE NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES
NEUROLOGIC Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from indigestion, excess or over-exhaustion, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Exhaustion, Drains, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unwillingness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Varicose, etc., are treated by new methods, will never fail—access, safety, privately, speedily.
NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES
 Debility, arising from indigestion, excess or over-exhaustion, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Exhaustion, Drains, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unwillingness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Varicose, etc., are treated by new methods, will never fail—access, safety, privately, speedily.
BLOOD Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from indigestion, excess or over-exhaustion, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Exhaustion, Drains, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unwillingness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Varicose, etc., are treated by new methods, will never fail—access, safety, privately, speedily.
KIDNEY Weakness, Failing Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay, arising from indigestion, excess or over-exhaustion, producing some of the following effects: Nervousness, Debility, Exhaustion, Drains, Self-Distrust, Defective Memory, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Ambition, Unwillingness to Marry, Dyspepsia, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Pains in the Back, Varicose, etc., are treated by new methods, will never fail—access, safety, privately, speedily.
 If in need of medical aid, write me a statement of your case at once and send for Book and question list. Forty years' experience enables me to guarantee cures where others fail. No experiments. Consult the old Doctor. Medicines sent everywhere free from observation. Consultation personally or by letter free and confidential. Call on or address
F. D. CLARKE, M. D.
 Merrill Block, DETROIT, MICH.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.
 TIME TABLE NO. 3.
 GOING NORTH,
 STATIONS. Freight. Mixed. Pass
 Pontiac..... 8:40 5:20 8:20
 Oxford..... 9:15 5:15 9:10
 Dryden..... 12:02 7:04 9:48
 Inlay City..... 12:39 7:29 10:15
 North Branch..... 2:10 8:02 10:37
 Clifford..... 3:10 8:29 10:52
 Kingston..... 3:55 8:29 11:11
 Wilmet..... 4:15 8:52 11:21
 Deford..... 4:52 9:02 11:29
 Cass City..... 6:45 9:25 11:44
 Gageton..... 6:10 9:42 11:57
 Owendale..... 6:39 9:59 12:10
 Berne..... 7:15 12:33
 Gagetown..... 7:45 12:50
 GOING SOUTH,
 STATIONS. Pass. Mixed. Freight
 Gagetown..... 5:45
 Berne..... 6:18 9:15
 Owendale..... 6:41 7:05
 Cass City..... 6:59 7:29 8:10
 Deford..... 7:25 8:28 8:35
 Wilmet..... 8:00 8:48 8:50
 Kingston..... 8:19 8:52 9:05
 Clifford..... 8:28 8:28 9:55
 North Branch..... 8:43 8:49 10:37
 Inlay City..... 9:08 8:39 11:52
 Dryden..... 9:38 7:59 12:25
 Oxford..... 7:10 9:00 2:00
 Pontiac..... 7:59 10:45 3:00
 Trains Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 run daily except Sundays. Train No. 5 will run Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Train No. 6 will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
 *Flag stations, where trains stop only on signal.
 CONNECTIONS.
 Pontiac, D. G. H. & M. and Mich. Air Line Division G. T. R. Y.
 Oxford, Detroit and Bay City Division of M. C.
 Inlay City, G. & G. T.
 Clifford, F. & P.
 Berne Junction, S. T. & H.
JAMES HOUSTON Superintendent.

Societies.
I. O. F.
 COURT ELKLAND, No. 824, meets the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 p. m., local time. Visiting brethren in vicinity are invited to attend.
 M. H. EASTMAN, C. R.
I. O. O. F.
 Cass City Lodge, No. 203, meets every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
 I. A. FRITZ, N. G.
 G. A. STEVENSON, Secretary.
E. O. T. M. E.
 Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.
 Wm. BENTLEY, COMMANDER.
 Jas. HIGGINS, RECORD KEEPER.
Tyler Lodge.
 Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, F. & A. M., for 1892: Jan. 9, Feb. 6, Mar. 12, Apr. 9, May 7, June 4, June 24, (St. John); July 9, Aug. 6, Sept. 3, Oct. 22, 29, Dec. 5, (Election of Officers) Dec. 27, (St. John).
 EDMUND BROTHERTON, W. M.
 A. H. ALE, Secretary.
First Methodist Episcopal Church.
 REV. J. E. WILLIAMSON, Pastor.
 SERVICES—Public service, 10:30 a. m., Class meeting, 11:50 a. m., Sabbath school, 12:30 p. m., Young people's meeting, 5:45 p. m., Public service, 7:00 p. m., Prayer meeting Thursday 7:00 p. m. All cordially invited.

KARR'S CORNERS.
 Our farmers are nearly all through harvesting.
 Wm. Heron was quite poorly last week.
 Mr. John Waters continues to mend under Dr. Edward's treatment.
 Miss Kate Waters is with us again. She is much better than when she went away.
 Jas. Mama will read Tom Watson's speech at the People's Party club next Saturday night.
 Thrashing machines will be kept busy in this part this week.
 The south Grant boys play ball with the west Grant boys next Thursday.
 A goodly number of our citizens took in the picnic at Bay Port last Wednesday.
 Frank Martin is kept busy these days with his thrashing machine. People for whom Frank threshes report good work.
 The shortest day session of the last congress lasted two minutes.
 Will the editor or some reader of the ENTERPRISE who possesses the information please answer the following question: When was time changed making Oct. 21st, the same as Oct. 12th used to be?
 [Three hundred and twenty-five years after the birth of Christ, Pope Gregory XIII deducted 10 days from the year 1582, by calling what, according to the old calendar, would have been reckoned the 5th of October, the 15th of October. This change was rendered necessary by an error of 11 minutes in the Julian Calendar, which in 1,582 years had amounted to 10 days. Do not know of October 21st being made same as October 12th.—Ed.]

Try DAYLIGHT PILLS for human ills. Sold by A. W. Seed.
 DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP is the best for the general ailments of children. Sold by A. W. Seed.
 Dr. Jacques' German Worm Cakes destroy worms and remove them from the system. Sold by A. W. Seed.
 EILERT'S EXTRACT OF TAR and WILD CHERRY for Coughs and Colds. Sold by A. W. Seed.
 Try Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills, 40 in each package, at Fritz Bros.
 Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros.
 The greatest worm destroyer on earth is Dullman's Great German Worm Lozengers, only 25 cents per box. For sale by Fritz Bros.
 UNCLE SAM'S CONDITION POWDER, and UNCLE SAM'S NERVE and BONE LINIMENT; these two great medicines are sold by A. W. Seed.
 Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros.
Mothers and Daughters.
 Over twelve years ago I was afflicted with a very serious female difficulty and for the last sixteen months was under treatment of three of the very best physicians that money could employ. Under their skillful treatment I gradually grew worse until they decided they could do me no good. One of my friends persuaded me to try a bottle of Dullman's Great Tonic and after taking three bottles I can say I am in better health than I have been for twenty years. \$1 a bottle, June 2, 1890. Mrs. Thos. Tandy, Flint Mich. For sale by Fritz Bros. Druggist.
A Positive Fact.
 Ladies do not delay your valuable time by using and suffering, but secure a bottle of Dullman's Great German Female Uterine Tonic and be cured of your monthly trouble either in old or young. It is the very best preparation ever prescribed in my extensive practice. It has given the best results in the greatest number of cases of female troubles of any medicine that I ever used. I do not make a practice of using or recommending patent medicines, but this remedy is prepared by a very competent physician and chemist of my acquaintance and I can cheerfully and conscientiously recommend it as the best.—S. I. a. bottle. A. C. FRUIT, M. D. Specialist of the disease of women, 85 East Madison St. Chicago, Ill. For sale by Fritz Bros. Druggist.
 NOTICE—I would like to take a horse or a colt, 2 past, to care for from now till next spring, to use only in light driving. Will guarantee the best of care.
 R. S. BROWN,
 Gagetown.

Treasurer's Report.
Fair, 1891.
 RECEIPTS:
 566 membership tickets..... \$ 566.00
 399 fifty cent tickets..... 199.50
 1791 single admission tickets..... 448.25
 89 Team tickets, @ .90..... 80.10
 120 team tickets, @ .25..... 30.00
 241 children's tickets, @ .10..... 24.10
 87 children's coupons, @ .25..... 21.25
 Total from tickets..... \$ 1339.60
 Rent from grand privileges..... 111.50
 Entry fees, (speed premiums)..... 163.00
 Rent from stalls..... 24.00
 Total receipts from all sources, (except grand stand) - \$ 1538.10
 Cash on hand May 4th, 1891, last settlement, - 61.95
 Total - - - \$ 1599.75
 DISBURSEMENTS:
 Paid for premiums, (general)..... \$ 694.12
 do do (speed)..... 310.25
 do do balloon ascension..... 150.00
 do do printing..... 112.00
 do do music..... 75.00
 do do hay and straw..... 82.50
 do do labor before and during Fair..... 87.78
 do do Secretary's salary..... 25.00
 do do Secretary's expenses..... 29.18
 do do Assistant Secretary's salary..... 23.50
 do do Treasurer's salary..... 8.00
 do do track leveler..... 5.00
 do do Board Judges, (per department)..... 16.25
 do do do do (other departments)..... 27.50
 do do to Driving Park Assn., (loan due Oct. 1, '92)..... 100.00
 do to H. S. Wickware, Treas., balance on hand..... 151.27
 Total - - - \$ 1897.05
 C. W. McPHAIL, Treasurer.
 CASS CITY, February 9th, 1892.
 To THE T. H. & S. DIS. FAIR:—
 Your Auditing Committee would respectfully report, That they have examined the above report and find it correct. They would recapitulate the above account as follows:
 Cash in Treasurer's hands, last settlement..... \$ 61.95
 To tickets, per invoice..... 2354.00
 Received from City of Cass..... 21.00
 do do Races, entry fees..... 163.00
 do do do Grand Privileges..... 111.50
 Extra coupons not charged in invoice..... 21.25
 Total Dr. - - \$ 2938.70
 CREDITS:
 Amount paid on order of President and Secretary..... \$ 1717.78
 Tickets returned..... 1047.85
 Cash turned over to new Treasurer..... 151.27
 Total Cr. - - \$ 2938.70
 N. BIGELOW,
 O. C. WOOD,
 Auditing Committee.

The great curse of the American people is indigestion and constipation. The best medicine to cure them is
CELESTY TEA
 It tones up the liver and overcomes constipation. It purifies the blood, and produces a fine complexion. Those who have used it, claim that it excels all others on the market. If you wish to be convinced buy a box for 25c. and try it. If you do, you will make it a household companion. Do not neglect this opportunity. As an inducement for all mankind to use Celesty Tea, we publish the following rebates, which gives all an opportunity to obtain a cash prize as well as value received in the box of Tea. For the correct solution of this riddle
WE WILL GIVE
\$200.00
IN CASH
 Divided into 105 Cash Prizes, as follows:
First Capital Prize \$30.00 | **Third Capital Prize..... \$10.00**
Second Capital Prize \$20.00 | **Fourth Capital Prize..... \$5.00**
 Also Sixty-Five Prizes of \$1.00 Each.
 Also to the Person Sending us the Last Correct Answer
 WILL BE AWARDED THE
Last Capital Prize..... \$20.00 | **Third from Last Prize..... \$5.00**
Second from Last Prize \$10.00 | **Fourth from Last Prize \$5.00**
 Also Thirty-Two Prizes of \$1.00 Each,
 COUNTING FROM THE LAST ANSWER.

THE CURE OF T
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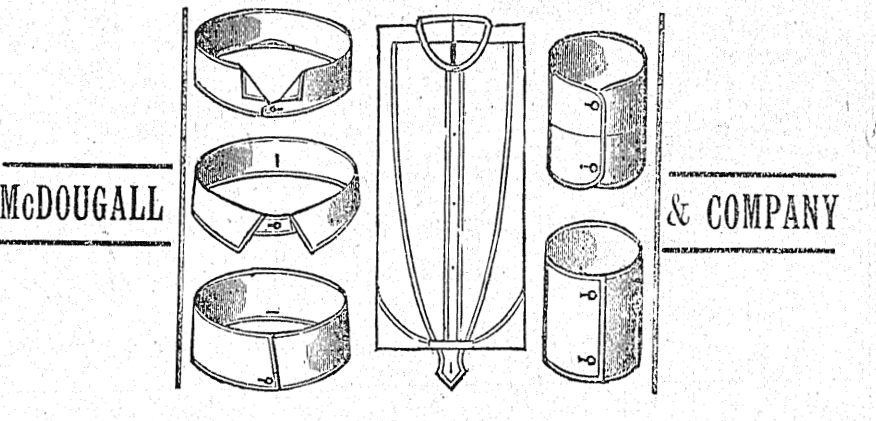
Each solution of the Riddle must be accompanied by an empty box in which Celesty Tea is put up. You can send in any number of answers, provided each answer is accompanied by an empty Celesty Tea Box.
 Celesty Tea is sold by all druggists for 25 cents per box, or five boxes \$1.00. If unable to obtain it in your section, send us the price (stamps accepted) with your answer and we will send it by mail.
W. H. HILL & CO., Mfg. Chemists, DETROIT, MICH.
 REFERENCES—Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., Farrand, Williams & Clark, Hazeltine & Perkins Drug Co., T. H. Hinchman & Sons, and Lambert & Lowman.
 We would like all answers sent in as soon as possible, but contest will be open till September 30, 1892. All persons sending in correct answers will receive a printed list of the prize winners after the distribution, which will take place September 30.
 Celesty Tea is Nature's specific for nervousness, sick headache, chronic constipation, biliousness, kidney and liver complaint. It will also produce a clear complexion for all who use it. Give it a trial. Every box warranted to give satisfaction.
 REMEMBER, you get value received in the Tea, and there are 165 prizes in all, 80 prizes counting from last answer. Try it.
 Cut this advertisement out, as it may not appear again.

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 Our Great Special Sale of Men's Suits, Pants and Gents Furnishing Goods.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

\$16 SUITS,
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\$12 SUITS,

Sacks, Cutaways, and Frocks.
\$7.50
\$6.00
\$5.50

SACKS AND Cutaways \$4.50



Odd Pants as Follows:
 \$ 6.50
 6.00
 5.00
 4.00
 3.50
 3.00
 2.50
 2.00

FOR

\$ 5.00
 5.00
 3.75
 3.12
 2.75
 2.50
 2.00
 1.50

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