

# Cass City Enterprise.

Vol. XI No. 50

CASS CITY, MICH., THURSDAY, NOV. 24, 1892.

BY MACK M. WICKWARE.

## THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.  
Responsibility, \$35,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.  
Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

E. H. PINNEY, Proprietor.  
H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.

## POSSIBLY POLITICS,

Where Shall I Buy My Fall Suit and Overcoat?

I can help you to decide this important matter.  
Come and see the Choice Patterns in Fall and Winter Goods, and you will leave your measure with

L. A. SCHOOLEY,  
The Fashionable Merchant Tailor.  
First door east Cass City House.

Societies.

I. O. F.  
COURT ELKLAND, No. 826, meets the second and 4th 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.  
Cass City Tent, No. 74, meets the first and third Friday evenings of each month, at 7:30. Visiting Sir Knights cordially invited.  
W. B. HUNTER, COMMANDER.  
T. H. HUNT, RECORD KEEPER.

Tyler Lodge.  
Regular communications of TYLER LODGE, No. 317, E. & 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. 1, Oct. 29, Dec. 6, (Blection of Officers) Dec. 27, (St. John).

E. O. L.  
Cass City Lodge, No. 214, meets on the first Tuesday evening of each month, at 7:30 o'clock. Visiting brethren cordially invited.  
ELIAS MCKIM, W. M.

First Methodist Episcopal Church.  
REV. S. M. GILCHRIST, Pastor.  
SERVICES—Public service, 10:30 a. m. Sabbath school, 11:30 a. 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.

Professional Cards.

H. C. EDWARDS, M. D.  
Graduate of University of Michigan. Was hospital assistant to chair of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology, St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. Glasses and Artificial Eyes properly fitted. Office over Stevenson's store.

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

DR. P. L. FRITZ,  
Office over Fritz's Drugstore, residence two doors north of Presbyterian Church. Special study of diseases of chest and stomach.

I. A. FRITZ,  
DENTIST. All work done equal to the best. It is my aim to make every job of work a blessing to those for whom it is done. My prices are reasonable. No charge for examination. Office over 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 Marble Works and Fire Insurance. Office day—Saturday.

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



C. W. McPHAIL, W. D. FRAZEE,  
Proprietor. Cashier.

CASS CITY BANK,  
ESTABLISHED APRIL 18, 1882.  
CAPITAL, \$30,000.

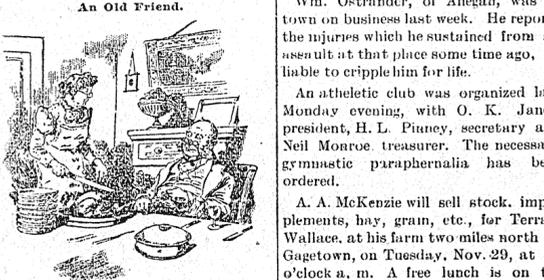
A BARGAIN IN A FARM OF 120 ACRES.

I will sell 120 acres in section 34, Greenleaf—35 acres improved, 12 acres seeded to clover, balance can be cleared for from \$5 to \$10 per acre. Price \$11.67 per acre.

Will sell this farm to any party who will build a house to cost not less than \$300, without any payment down, interest 7 per cent each year for three years, and \$100 on the principal Nov. 1, 1895, and \$100 each Nov. 1 thereafter until paid.

This place is only 6 and one-half miles from Cass City. Good land on good road.

C. W. McPHAIL, Owner,  
Cass City, Mich.



An Old Friend.  
Mr. Oldboarder—Mrs. Grinder, haven't I seen that turkey before?  
Mrs. Grinder (the landlady)—Why, no, sir. What put that idea into your head?  
Mr. Oldboarder—I thought I recognized it as the same one we had last year.

Caught On The Fly.  
Winty weather.  
Mrs. Cooley is visiting at Pontiac.  
Orrin Deming, of Ohio, is here on a visit to his brother, Dr. D. P. Deming.  
Supervisor Reid was in Caro last week as one of the Board of County Canvassers.

Mrs. Jacob Schenck was so ill on Sunday as to need the services of a physician.  
A new side walk is being laid at the east side of West street south as far as the foundry.

Mrs. Reuben Randolph, of Cumber, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs.

gave an oyster supper last Friday evening to W. S. Ale and family, in accordance with an agreement entered upon before the election. The supper was given at the home of the former, and the ghost of party differences had no place at the feast.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.—The following is a list of advertised letters remaining in the postoffice at Cass City, Mich., for the week ending November 26th '92: Fudder Johnson, Sylvester Hill and Mrs. Jas. A. McArthur. Persons calling for above please say "advertised."

A. W. SEED, P. M.  
Jacob T. Rourke, the founder of the Bad Axe Democrat, has sold out, and will establish a paper at Grand Dalles, Washington. Mr. Rourke has been a resident of Bad Axe since 1884, and as evidence of the esteem in which he is held, was entertained by about one hundred of his friends at the hotel Irwin last Thursday evening. He and his wife were presented with a very handsome silver tea service.

An occasional case of neglect among horse owners to blanket their equines when left standing out in the cold, is observed in our village. It is criminal, as well as cruel, to allow a horse to stand unprotected from the elements after a brisk drive in cold weather, and the thoughtless disregard for the comfort and health of the horse is certain to result in a loss much greater than the cost of a warm blanket.

An exchange says: "The business man who fools with a dirty, dauby, rubber stamp instead of letting a printer do a decent job for him, is wasting time and losing money in the outcome. He business like if you are a business man. The person who attempts to do business without firm, name, business, and address neatly printed on a letter and envelope is considered extremely rustic by the commercial world."

The new postal money orders which have been ordered by the government will soon be issued. In the new system there is little or no complication. Sheets will be issued calling for amounts from one cent to three dollars, which can be torn off to suit demands of purchasers. The postmaster will have no writing to do on it, the sender simply endorsing it the same as a check or draft. One cent will pay the tariff on amounts up to three dollars, instead of three cents as at present.

Last week Wednesday while the section gang under Wm. Grigwire on the P. O. & N. railroad, were removing dirt from a point near Gagetown where a road bridge had formerly stood, they discovered twenty-six empty whiskey bottles. They were at least eight feet below the surface of the ground, and the men are unable to account for their presence there. Perhaps it was a futile effort on the part of some unknown person or persons to "put down" the liquor traffic.

Parents who take a proper interest in their children will see to it that they are in school. The person who has no occupation is called a tramp, and there are all conditions of shiftlessness between the successful man and the tramp. Parents should make school the business of their children and while in this stage of life teach them punctuality and regularity in their attendance. We don't say teach them the importance of these things but teach them the things themselves. Habit is much stronger than precept and habits formed in school days are the chief benefits or injuries to your children.

The following graphic description of a hunt found its way into our item box this week: "Last Wednesday morning Ike Walters and Tom Henderson buying up a supply of ammunition left for Brookfield Huron Co., for the purpose of availing all the game in the woods—judging from the way they talked. They got there about noon and getting their meal out of some farmer started for the woods. They hunted around for a time and not getting much game, concluded if they only had a dog to scare the birds up. They then started for Owen's camp and getting a dog from the latter's brother started for the woods again. The dog scared up the partridge but the boys not being good marksmen flew wild of twenty partridge. They would get about twenty yards apart and they would say: "Say, don't shoot this way." (Bang!) What did you shoot a partridge? Did you hit him? No. The boys hunted for three days and not getting but one partridge and four quail concluded that they had enough of hunting for this season returned to Cass City, weary, hungry and foot sore."

NOTICE.  
Book accounts were due Oct. 1st. All who have not settled are requested to call and settle at once by cash or note.  
11-18-2 W. J. CAMPBELL.

Spinning wheels and spinning wheel heads at J. L. Hitchcock's.  
Fop Nervous Headache, Dr. Miles' Nervine.

## CASS CITY BOOMETH.

It's an Era of Enterprise and Stability—Several New Brick Blocks to be Erected.

Cass City is now enjoying a good, lively boom, nothing of the sickly sort that is doomed to die in a month or a year, but a steady increase of population, and several decided improvements are taking place.

Almost every place of this size has experienced one or more booms of the mushroom quality, produced by some unstable cause, which results in the erection of a few cheap buildings, and a transient increase of population, but it is an entirely different cause that has produced the condition of affairs at present existing in our town.

As the business and prosperity of the town depends largely on the general improvement and prosperity of the country surrounding it, we have but to look around us to find indisputable evidence of the stability of our growth.

It has been estimated that property has increased in value at least 25 per cent since last spring, and is steadily on the gain.

Following are some of the buildings to be erected and improvements to be made at present or in the near future.

C. Spencer has bought two building lots and the building occupied by S. Champion as a barber shop, and will move the shop to the lot farthest east, putting in a new floor, and otherwise improving it for Mr. Champion's use. He will further move the building now occupied by himself to the lot where the barber shop now stands, and intends sometime within a year to put on a flat roof, and vacate the building with brick.

H. S. Wickware has moved his blacksmith shop to the rear to admit of putting up a new shop 22x40 ft. in dimension to be vacated with brick. The shop will soon be completed, and will no doubt be one of the finest buildings for the purpose in the town.

On the corner lot west of S. Champion's shop, recently purchased by L. A. Schooley will be erected by that gentleman a business place and residence combined, dimension 22x44 ft. to be vacated with brick. The contract has been let, and work will be commenced immediately.

J. L. Hitchcock with his usual enterprise, will, we are informed, complete his brick block to the corner of Main and Leach streets in the spring.

P. S. McGregory will erect a two story brick double, store 44x80, on his lot next to the store occupied by McDougall & Co.

J. S. McArthur will build a residence soon, and others will follow those just completed and in the process of erection at the present time.

## CLINCHED IN CHURCH.

Brother Willis and Father Clarkson Created a Sensation at Milford.

From Saturday's Detroit Journal:  
MILFORD, Mich., Nov. 18.—Milford is not in the habit of having fights in her churches, but Wednesday evening during the Epworth league lecture in the Methodist Church, Rev. William Dawe, of Saginaw, started a subject that ended in a personal encounter between Evangelist Willis, of Detroit, and Fr. Clarkson, a catholic priest of this city. Mr. Dawe prefaced his remarks by saying that as this was a free country, everyone had a right to their own ideas, and that he did not wish to be misunderstood, for he was not denouncing the members personally of the Catholic Church, for among them he had warm friends. He then alluded their religion drawing on history to prove his statements.

Dawe had only well commenced his lecture when Fr. Clarkson started down the middle aisle waving his hand and very excitedly denouncing the speaker as an impostor. He continued down the aisle until he was met by Evangelist Willis, who is holding forth here for a few weeks. Willis ordered him to hold his peace and leave the church. Fr. Clarkson refused to do so. Willis then clinched with the priest and forced him back in the aisle toward the rear of the church. Elder White and others then interfered, quiet was again restored and the lecture proceeded. Fr. Clarkson sat for a few moments, then retired. The affair is greatly deplored by the community.

## Cantata at Town Hall, Nov. 29

A DREAM OF FAIRY-LAND.  
Scene—A park in a city, with flowers, trees and fountain.

Two little orphan children are wandering there, when they fall asleep. In their dreams they are carried to Fairyland where they are met by fairies both good and evil; also sprites of that land. At first they join the good fairies, but are enticed to leave them and join the evil band. Finally the evil fairies are induced to leave their ways and all are reunited into a "joyous, happy band."

All are invited to attend and catch a glimpse of Fairyland. Doors open at 7:30, entertainment to begin at 8 o'clock Admission 25 and 10 cents.  
Try Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure at Fritz Bros' Drugstore.

## AN ENGLISHMAN'S TURKEY.

The Thrilling Tale of a Fatal Thanksgiving Error.

(Copyright, 1892.)  
Bill Smiley? You're looking for Smiley? Well, pardner, that strikes me as strange. Say, where do you live that you didn't know Smiley's gone over the range? He departed this life last November, on the evening of Thanksgiving day. And his farm is a range for the rattlers, his dugout is gone to decay.  
Poor Smiley! You see, he was British; a nob right from London, I's pose;  
He used to go round wearing glasses and loud and excitable clothes;  
And that land that he owned he pre-empted and farmed it in the old fashioned way. The men of which sort of makes me dissolve to a vast, shoreless smile.  
One day all the boys were a-stirring and talking in Higgins' store,  
And somehow the argument drifted to Thanksgiving dinners of yore.



"WE GAVE HIM A VERBAL DESCRIPTION."  
We each told our lies about turkeys as large as the size of a town,  
And Smiley, he sat there and listened, and swallowed the anecdotes down.  
It seems that in England the turkey is scarce as the horns on a dog—  
The bird wasn't built for a country that's made up of rainfall and fog—  
So Smiley was overly anxious to know how a turkey might look,  
And we gave him a verbal description as clear as you'd find in a book.  
Then what did he do but invite us to dinner on Thanksgiving day;

"The turkey I'll have," he assured us, "and cooked in the old fashioned way.  
You tell me wild turkeys are met with sometimes in the woods about here?  
All right; I'm a prince with the rifle. Remember, don't fail to appear."  
Time passed, and it was soon November; the morning of Thanksgiving came;  
We hadn't forgotten the turkey, and started to tackle the same;

We soon reached the Englishman's dugout, and Smiley was there with his feast;  
His face was all lighted with pleasure and rosy as dawn in the east;  
"I killed it—a beautiful turkey," he cried, "and as plump as a grouse;  
I cooked it, and warrant the cooking; I was chef in a nobleman's house;  
Sit down to the feast, though it's early; give thanks for the luck I have had;  
This Thanksgiving day is a feature that England should copy, egad!"

Well, stranger, we ate and we wondered: that bird had a taste that was strange;  
We'd eaten tame turkeys so often a wild one went queer as a change.  
The dinner was lengthy, I reckon; it took us two hours to get done.  
And then we went out of the dugout to loaf for awhile in the sun.  
And what should we see but the feathers that bird we had eaten had worn—  
Ah, well! had it been for the Briton were his mother and father ne'er born!

"JIM SMITHERS EXPLAINED IT TO SMILEY."  
Jim Smithers explained it to Smiley, that while it was painful to do,  
We felt it our duty to hang him, and that when the swinging was through;  
We'd see that his body was planted; he'd covered us all with disgrace,  
And unless he was hung we could never again look a man in the face.  
He acted the man that we thought him and guess I may tell to you—  
He hoped that we all would forgive him and speak of him kindly when dead.

The crime he committed? Well, stranger, I guess I may tell to you—  
The turkey he fed us was buzzard! We hung him; what else could we do?  
WALT MASOZ.



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## CASS CITY MARKETS.

Wheat, No. 1 white, 65  
Wheat, No. 2 white, 61  
do No. 2 red, 65  
do No. 3 red, 61  
Oats, 31@ 32  
Beans hand-picked, 135@145  
do un-picked, 75@130  
Potatoes, 40@ 45  
Apples, 20@ 45  
Rye, 90@ 115  
Barley, 700@ 800  
Peas per bushel, 35@ 40  
Buckwheat, 25@ 40  
Pork, live weight, 375 @450  
Pork, dressed, 500 @550  
Butter, roll 17  
Eggs, 18  
Wool, unwashed, 18@ 20  
Wool, washed, 20@ 30

Dr. Jaques' erman m Cakes de stroy worms and remove them from the system. Sold by A. W. Seed.

IN TWO PENINSULAS.

MERE MENTION OF MANY MICHIGAN MATTERS.

An Old Man Murdered in a Most Brutal Manner Near Grand Ledge and the Murderer Confesses.—Another of the Last Legislature's Laws Knocked Out.

The residents of Grand Ledge were thrown into a ferment of excitement by the discovery that William Landman, an inoffensive, old citizen past 75 years of age, had been foully murdered.

The officers are working on the case, but no clue to the murder has yet been found.

John Butcher was arrested at Greenville and taken to Grand Ledge for complicity in the brutal murder of William Landman near Grand Ledge.

John Butcher, whose family lived in the murdered man's house and is familiar with the premises.

PUGILISTIC PASTORS.

A Priest and a Preacher Have a Fight in a Church Aisle.

While Rev. William Dave, of Saginaw, was delivering his lecture, "John Wycliffe," in the Methodist Episcopal church at Milford, Rev. Fr. Carson, of St. Mary church, being present.

A Plank-Road Law Knocked Out.

The supreme court has refused to grant a mandamus in the case of the city of Grand Rapids against Judge Burdette of the superior court.

An Ionia County Murderer.

William Mills, of Ronald township, Ionia county, shot his wife Emma, 45 years of age, the bail striking the right jaw and lodging in the left cheek, knocking out her teeth.

Broke His Neck While Asleep.

Stephen Haven, an Isosco farmer who has been in the habit of sleeping over the stable, was found dead below the window with his neck broken.

Killed by a Flying Slab.

August Witt, Jr., while running a trip saw at the A. W. Wright & Company's planing mill at Saginaw, was struck in the abdomen by a slab.

AROUND THE STATE.

Cholera Increasing in Russia.

The cholera continues to increase in virulence at St. Petersburg and the people are alarmed at this fresh outbreak.

Yellow Fever's Ravages in Mexico.

A letter received by James Gallagher, of New York, from a friend in Cordoba, Mexico, gives a most distressing account of the state of affairs there.

Charles G. of Owosso, has a chrysanthemum bearing over 600 blossoms.

W. S. Wood, stepped on a nail at Plainwell and is now threatened with a fatal lockjaw.

An incendiary fire at the country residence of ex-Congressman Comstock, near Grand Rapids, destroyed that structure and its contents, including 11 head of blooded cattle.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

The State Association Holds a Grand Convention at Bay City.

There were over 1,200 delegates in Bay City attending the session of the State Sunday School association. E. A. Hough was in charge of the convention.

President Harrison's Plans.

Among the statements as to where President Harrison would reside was to the effect that he would make Boston his home.

An Important and Interesting Test of Nails.

A contest for superiority between the manufacturers of wire nails and cut nails, involving the production of 9,000,000 legs of nails.

The Colonies to Have a Voice.

The council of the imperial federation at a meeting in London approved the report of the committee which proposes the creation of a federal council in which shall sit representatives of Canada, Australia and South Africa.

What Relation is Who to Who.

There is a family in the southern part of Muscatoh county, Illinois, whose complicated relationship beats anything upon record.

Forged Blaine's Name.

A neatly dressed man called at a banking house in Washington and presented a note for \$100 made payable to Honorable James G. Blaine and bore the forged indorsement of that statesman.

Two men were sealed to death in a boiler explosion at Teunville, Ga.

IN THE 53d CONGRESS.

THE DEMOCRATS HAVE WORKING IN BOTH BRANCHES.

A Table Showing the Number of Senators and Representatives, and Their Political Complexions, from Each State--A Comparison with the 52d Congress.

The following tabular statement shows the number of representatives each state and territory will have in the next Congress, also their party connections and a comparison with the make-up of the Senate in the present--the 52d--Congress:

Table showing the number of Senators and Representatives from each state and territory in the 53rd Congress, comparing it with the 52nd Congress. Columns include State/Territory, Rep. Dem. Peo., and 52d Congress (Rep., Dem., Peo.).

PROHIBITION IS DEAD.

Kansas Saloons Run Wide Open Now as a Result of the Election.

Two surprising results of the election in Kansas are beginning to attract universal attention. One is the carrying of the proposition to hold a constitutional convention and the other is the cessation of the enforcement of the prohibitory law.

A WOMAN FOR SENATOR.

Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, may be the Popular Choice of That State.

The opinion exists in Kansas that stranger things might happen than the election of Mrs. Mary F. Lease as United States senator from Kansas.

DEVoured BY HOGS.

Jesse Sykes, an old farmer, residing three miles from Newport, Ind., met with a horrible death.

A Lunatic's Rare Good Fortune.

Carl Wilhelm Amendorf, heir to the estate of his father, worth \$1,000,000 in Germany, has been located in Kansas City, Mo.

THE STATE LEGISLATURE.

The Republicans Have a Majority of 50 on Joint Ballot.

The following reports are fully revised and corrected as far as possible until the contested cases are decided.

TELEGRAPHIC TALK.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Methodist Missionary Committee Conference Approves Large Sums for the Good Work.--Two Sons of an Illinois Farmer Murder Their Father.

Methodist Missionary Money.

Bishop Walden, of Cincinnati, presided at the fifth session of the general missionary committee of the Methodist Episcopal church in session at Baltimore, Md.

Two Boys' Awful Crime.

They Murder Their Father and Cremate His Body in a Straw Stack.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in Illinois was perpetrated in Lyndon township, Whiteside county.

A Break at Homestead.

The ranks of the strikers at Homestead are thinning very rapidly.

A Wealthy Young Lady Sui-cides.

Annie Plummer, a young lady of 20 years, of Lowell, Mass., bought two ounces of chloroform.

The Queen is in Good Health.

The queen has arrived at Windsor Castle from Balmoral.

THE MARKETS.

Table of market prices for various commodities including Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, and various types of grain and oil.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

The official census of Japan sets the population at 41,000,000.

A heavy shock of earthquake was felt throughout California.

Capt. E. S. Densmore, chief usher at the White House, died after a long illness.

Fifty thousand people are expected to take part in the Cleveland inaugural ceremonies.

The alleged plot to assassinate Jerry Simpson now turns out to be a scheme to secure his re-election.

A man named Ryan fatally shot Susie Ruff, Frank Whitaker and himself in a fit of jealousy, in Chicago.

The New York Herald advocates the abolition of our foreign ministry, calling it useless, cumbersome and expensive.

Herr Most and 3,000 other anarchists mildly celebrated over the anniversary of the hanging of the Haymarket anarchists in Chicago.

A letter which was sent from Fairbury, Ill., May 11, 1887, to Galesburg, Ill., reached its destination Nov. 12.

New York commissioners, after two years' study, have arranged for what they consider the only feasible plan of rapid transit in that city.

The American playing card company is adding a fourth story to their factory at Kalamazoo, and are way behind on orders.

A number of Sturgis girls have banded together and will organize a band. They will give an entertainment to provide funds for the purchase of instruments.

The secretary of the navy has checked the commanding officers of vessels in their use of brown prismatic powder.

St. Louis is to have a new depot to be built solely of iron and glass and to cost \$5,000,000.

A big domestic servants' union has been formed in London. It will shortly have 240,000 members.

Chicago university has purchased the great 40-inch lens from Lick observatory and the building of the great Yerkes telescope will begin at once.

Mrs. Howard, of Milan, wife of the sugar refinery swindler, who is now serving a long sentence in Sing Sing, has secured a long list of signatures for her husband's pardon.

A COMPROMISE.

The Catholic Prelates Come to an Understanding on the School Question.

The result of the New York conference of Catholic archbishops of the United States on the parochial school question is practically a compromise between the two wings of the church.

The Annual Meeting of the Non-Partisan W. C. T. U. was held in Cleveland, O.

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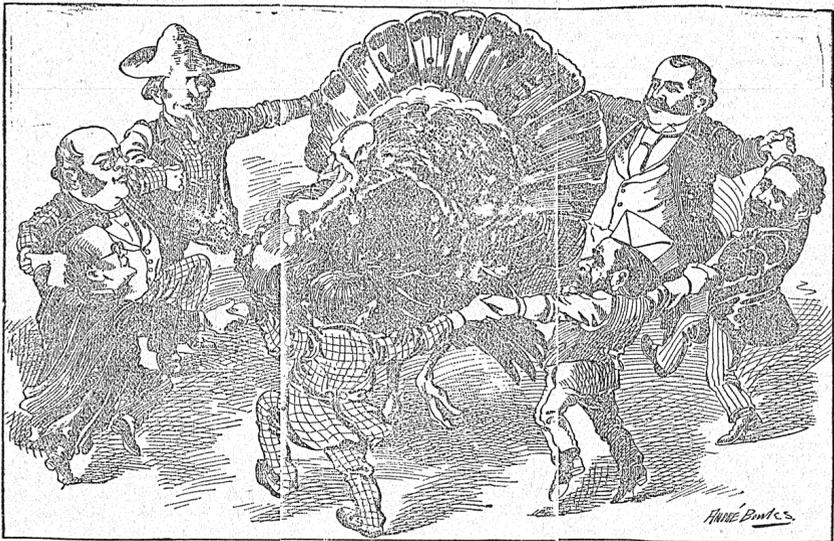
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THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING.



GRANDMA'S PUDDING.

A THANKSGIVING IDYL.



I had been talking cooking lessons in Boston and was keen on the scent of a new dainty to add to my list.

"Well, really, child," laughed grandma, "I haven't any recipe, but you may watch me put it together."



"You can watch me put it together," this privilege. There must be two, a girl cousin and a boy cousin, out of the score who were "of pudding age," as Cousin R. b facetiously put it.

I took my place by the kitchen table, on the alert to catch every turn of the spoon or sprinkle of spice.

"How much milk is that?" I cried, as she commenced to pour the white fluid into the double-boiler.



"LEFT US TOGETHER." utes, together, she put them into a big iron kettle, already buttered, and added milk enough to make eight quarts.

"Now, who is going to stir it?" she asked, turning back, with a rosy face, from the fire. My face was rosy, too, but not with the heat, as I answered quickly.

Well, the pudding cooked slowly through the remaining two hours till sunset, when, with laughter and jests we gathered in the kitchen to draw for the stirring. Dick Aymer, the "temporary cousin," had found some late spears of grass which served for "lots."

It was an innovation, this sitting up with some one not a cousin, and mother demurred when she and I were alone together.

My head was running upon something else, however, this year of which I write.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Gathering at the Old Home on Thanksgiving Day.

"I have some rights of memory in this kingdom, which now to claim my vantage doth invite me."

While Christmas and New Years are largely observed in the United States they do not compare in that respect to Thanksgiving day.

Revolving View of Thanksgiving. If everything moves in a circle in the progress of the world it is not compatible with our present environment to make one hundred pies at a time.

An Ancient Custom. The custom observed by the American people on the last Thursday of November is said to be of great antiquity.

The American Thanksgiving. The origin of Thanksgiving day is due to the early settlers of the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and New England.

Walter is composed of oxygen and hydrogen in the proportion of one volume of the former gas to two volumes of the latter.

The Sandycroft Mystery.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

Then Roden gave a great start and caught his breath. On the floor, between the center table and the writing table lay extended on its face the body of a man with outstretched arms and clenched hands. Quitting his hold on the portico, Roden sprang forward, and going down on one knee, managed, not without difficulty, to turn the body over on its back.

He picked up the dagger, not without a thrill of repulsion, replaced it in its sheath and dropped both into the side pocket of his coat. After reflection convinced him that it would have been wiser on his part to have replaced the dagger in its position over the chimney-piece instead of taking it away with him, and that, in acting as he did, he committed a blunder.

He turned up the lamp on entering his room, and then saw with a sense of great surprise that barely ten minutes had elapsed from the time of his leaving the tower till that of his return so short the time, and yet the events so momentous!

His mind was made up. Having changed the clothes he had on for a suit of tweed, he stowed away a few indispensable items in a knapsack and got together such sketching materials as he thought he might require, not forgetting to put his modest stock of gold into his purse.

Stay, though: there was one thing more he must not forget to do. On a half-sheet of note-paper he wrote in plain, bold characters: "One on sketching expedition. Shall be back in about a week." He then tied the paper to the key of his door for the information of Mrs. Pink on her arrival in the morning to lay his breakfast. It was not the first missive of the kind she had found tied to the key.

CHAPTER VII. The discovery and what ensued thereon.

It was the Colonel who made this discovery.

On his return from visiting Farmer Drayton, where he was detained longer than he had expected, he went at once to the smoking room in search of his guest, Phipson, who had met him in the entrance hall, had told him where he would find Captain Darvill.

Both doctor and police were quickly on the ground. The body was lifted on to the centre table, and then the former proceeded to make a cursory examination into the cause of death; a post-mortem would, of course, be requisite later on.

Enna met her uncle at the breakfast table and greeted him with her customary good-morning kiss.

"There is one painful duty," he went on, "from which I see no means of escape, and which I must set about without delay as soon as breakfast is over."

Breakfast, if it could be called by that name, went on for a little while in silence; then the colonel, looking across the table at his niece, said: "I wish to go down, Enna, that you would go with me."

In order to catch the 10 o'clock train it was requisite that they should start immediately after breakfast. As they were on the point of leaving the house, the superintendent of police drove up in his gig.

the inquest in the course of the afternoon.

A run of an hour and a quarter landed uncle and niece at the St. Pancras terminus. A hansom took them from the station to the Charing Cross hotel.

There was no time to say more. The door opened, and there came into the room a tall, stately woman of some thirty-five summers or it may be a few more, whose somewhat ample proportions were habited in a rose-colored morning robe very simply made, but relieved at the throat and wrists by a profusion of exquisite lace.

Both doctor and police were quickly on the ground. The body was lifted on to the centre table, and then the former proceeded to make a cursory examination into the cause of death; a post-mortem would, of course, be requisite later on.

ABOUT BULLS.

Not the Animals, But the Variety Generally Referred to as "Irish."

A bull may be said to be a gross contradiction, or blunder in speech. It was derived from one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer in the time of Henry VIII., who was celebrated rather than famous for the blunders which fell from his lips when he pleaded before the judges.

A witty Irishman, upon being asked for the definition of a bull, said: "If you see two cows lying down alone in a field, the one standing up is sure to be a bull." Mrs. Edgeworth, in her essays on "Irish Bulls" gives the following: "When I first saw you, I thought it was you, but now I see it is your brother."

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE. How a Letter Brought Back Its Own Answer.

Among the stories of extraordinary coincidences, writes a London correspondent of the Leeds Mercury, not the least curious is the history of a letter. A short time ago a lady in London wished to write to a friend in America, whose address she did not know.

Large Oaks. A Charleston lady writes: "As for large oaks, there is one about forty miles from the city which is thirty-one feet in circumference near the ground and divides into five enormous branches, each of which would make a line tree. The top of the branches nearly touch the ground at about thirty yards from the trunk. It is a live oak."—Meehan's Monthly.

Negotiations Broken Off. Sharpson—Old fellow, you look seedy. It is time you had a new suit. Phlatz—I know it but my tailor refused to—how—to renew the modus vivendi.

Helen Chase.

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Chamber and Parlor Suits,  
Plain & Fancy Parlor Tables,  
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Lounges,  
Dining Chairs,  
Wood and cane seat Chairs,  
Rockers of all kinds.

...ALSO THE...

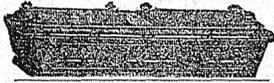
LARGEST AND FINEST LINE OF

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ROCKERS**

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Writing Desks, Beds and Bed Springs, Mattresses and Pillows of all kinds and prices. We can sell you a Mattress for from \$2.50 up to \$27.00. Pillows from \$1.50 to \$4.50.

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**H. S. WICKWARE**

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And Carriages.

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**LANDON, ENO and KEATING,**

Have on Hand a Large Stock of

Glazed Windows,

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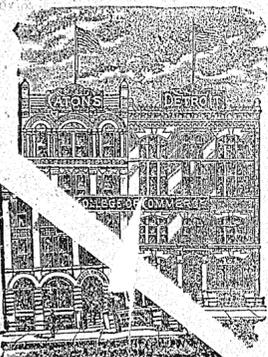
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MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.

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Rowland St., between Hotel Cadillac and

**THANKSGIVING'S LOVER.**

(Copyright, 1882.)



BEFORE the great bakeoven built into the huge stone chimney of Captain John Folsom's house there sat a fair young girl on a lowly morning of November, 1777, and near her, bustling a fat goose on the spit before a log fire, stood another even fairer than she. These maidens, clad in coarse linsey woolsey garments of homespun, their hair concealed except for a few locks that were swept beneath the linen handkerchiefs with which it was protected, the sleeves rolled to the elbows, revealing arms that were fair to look upon, so white were they and of such exquisite roundness, were busy with the preparation of a feast, and the natural tint of their cheeks, which was as delicate as the peach blossom, was heightened by reason of the heat that came from the crackling logs.

She who stood at the door of the bakeoven hesitated a moment and turned her head slightly to one side, as though she listened. Then tossing her hand gently, as though to indicate that her ears had been misled, perhaps by the wind without, she opened the oven door and smiled as she perceived the fragrant odor which came from the cavern within. With a broom splint she penetrated the crust which surmounted a great pie that she might learn whether the baking was well done, and when she turned to her companion and said: "Twill be a fine feast for Uncle John when he returns today. Surely he said he would be back by noon."

The maiden who had the spitted goose in charge paused for a moment in her task of anointing it with rich gravy and said: "Father will be here, I know, if the Lord permits, but in these dark days that are upon us, Abbie, who can tell what may happen to our militia, parading here and tramping there that they may observe the redcoats. Father had, I think, some serious business which led the company away last night, and mayhap he will not come to sit at dinner with us. 'Twill be a sorry feast for us if we must eat alone. How is the pie?"

"'Tis nearly done, I think, and such a pie we never made. 'Tis full of giblets, for you know that Uncle John delights to eat them covered with the gravy of the dish."

For some moments the maidens continued these preparations, and then she who was called Abbie went to the window, and peering out for an instant turned and opened the door, which creaked with mighty moans as it turned upon its rusty hinges.

"What is it that you hear, Abbie?" said the other.

"It seems to me that I hear the march of the company, and still I do not know but 'tis the wind. See, the snow has begun to fall a little." The other maiden arose and went to the door, and so they stood side by side peering out far down the highway to the turn of the road where it skirted the Long Island sound. And such a picture did these fair maidens make as they stood thus framed by the doorsill and jamb as would have delighted the eyes of any of the young men of that town.

"'Tis true, Abbie, 'tis true. I hear their step, and surely that is Ephraim's life." Abbie returned to the kitchen and made preparation for the great table to receive the bounty with which that day was to be celebrated, while the other maid stood awaiting the coming of her father. She saw the company as it marched around the bend in the road with her father at the head, and she was going forth to meet them when of a sudden she halted. The look of joy upon her face was changed to one of wonderment, and she stood, her head bent slightly forward, that she might the better see, perplexed and hesitating.

"DASTING A FAT GOOSE ON THE SPIT."

The company had come as near to the farmhouse as the meadow which adjoined it on the west, and there they halted, and the maiden saw that one was with them, who was not of the company when they marched away the night before. He stood alone, erect, constrained, and she perceived that his hands were tied with things behind his back. She saw her father talking earnestly and seemingly directing some two or three of the company to take this man in charge, and scarcely knowing what she did she approached her father and was so near that she could have put her hand upon his shoulder before he saw her.

"Sir," she heard her father say, "you were captured within our lines without a pass and having no authority to be there. I am going to send you with a guard to the commander of our army, who is in the camp a dozen miles or so beyond. He will discover whether you are no British spy, but have strayed, as you have said, within our lines by accident."

"What has he done, father?" the girl asked, for she was filled with pity for this man who seemed so proud and yet so pleading in his manner.

"What, Thankful, is it you? Why are you here, my daughter?" said the captain.

"I came to welcome you, father."

"But this is no place for you. We have a prisoner."

"A prisoner? Surely he can do no harm. He is not like an army and he seems well favored."

"Nevertheless we found him wandering within our lines, and there are spies about, and he may be one of those."

"A spy? Surely I think not." And the girl went to the prisoner and stood before him in the innocence of maidenly confidence and looked full into his eyes, lifting her head to do so, for he was tall and seemed to tower far above her in his splendid presence.

"You are no spy," she said at last.

"No, my child, not a spy. I am an officer of the king's army who has strayed by accident within your lines. Thank you for your sympathy. You have beauty in your face, my child, but you have what is better—you have sympathy."

The girl went back to her father and she said: "Father, suppose my brother John, who is somewhere in the Jerseys with Washington, should by accident be captured by the redcoats. It would break your heart and mine if they took him for a spy. Surely there is truth in this man's words. Come, bring him with you. Don't you remember that it is Thanksgiving day, and that we are to have a roasted goose and a chicken pie, and Abbie has baked a glorious pumpkin pie? Let him come and be our guest, and I'll warrant he'll promise me that he will make no effort to escape until you hear from the general what shall be done with him."

The captain seemed to hesitate for a moment, and then turning to his prisoner he said: "Sir, I am myself impressed with your dignity of manner. It may be that you speak the truth. My daughter's intuitions are that it is so. I have changed my mind. I shall send a messenger to the general with a dispatch telling of your capture and then whatever he commands—that will I do. Meanwhile, sir, it is our feast day. We are accustomed every year after the harvest to give thanks to the Lord and to eat a great feast and make merry in our families. I will ask you to share this with us. You will be a prisoner, but I will take your parole that you will make no effort to escape."

"You do me honor, sir. I give my parole to you, and, if I may be permitted, to this fair maiden who has interceded for me."

They unlocked his thongs, and when his hands were free he stepped up to Mistress Thankful and he took her hand and bended over it with the courtesy and grace of one who had been accustomed to places where high breeding and gentle manners prevail.

They had a fine feast at Captain Folsom's table, and the British officer, being no longer under great constraint, became most companionable and even ventured gentle jest with Thankful and her cousin, Mistress Abbie, who served the meats and beverages with gentle dignity and unconscious grace. And when he turned to converse more seriously with Captain Folsom upon the war and its battles they—Thankful and Abbie—under pretense of some engagement for the preparation of the dessert, glanced furtively at him and exchanged confidences that he was a handsome man and well favored and moreover very young for one of his stature and of his rank, for it was plain that he was a high officer.

In the afternoon there was gentle merrymaking, and Captain Folsom, being greatly impressed with the manifest honor and nobility of his prisoner guest, and such confidence that he at last said: "Sir, I do not know whether your rank would permit me to call you captain or major or colonel, for one of these offices I know must be yours. You do not care to tell us your name or your rank, but I have that confidence in you that I am willing to leave you for awhile with these gentle guards, my daughter and my niece, for I have a mission of some consequence in the village, which is a few miles away."

"I am grateful for your confidence, sir, and shall not betray it. While these maidens guard me I shall protect them until your return."

"Will you promise to obey us?" asked Thankful in merry mood.

"In all things," he replied, bowing with grace and yet with the mock dignity of gentle sport.

"I exact only one promise, sir," said the captain, "and that is that you will not quit this house until my return."

"I give that promise willingly."

After Captain Folsom had gone away the young officer sought even the more earnestly to entertain these maidens, and their intuition taught them that their charms had found favor in his sight, for he looked upon them with admiring glances, although with the greatest courtesy and deference. He told them stories of England which they were pleased to hear, and of life among the nobility there and how the ways of those titled people differed from the simple customs of their kindred in the American colonies, and he asked the maidens many things about their manner of life, and it was plain to see that Mistress Thankful had already won his high regard.

"Tell me," said he, "how is it that they call you Thankful? 'Tis a pretty name and well given to you, I should say, but I never heard it before I heard them call you by it."

"But it is not my name," she said. "I have heard my mother say that on one Thanksgiving day they sent to my father who was in the church and he hurried home, and when he came he found me there, though I was not there when he

"YOU ARE NO SPY," SHE SAID. went away, and so he said as he held me up: 'It is Thanksgiving day. The Lord has been good to me these many years, but he has been best to me today. So her name shall be 'Thanksgiving, since she is born upon that day.' and that, sir, is my name, although they call me, for the sake of shortness, Thankful."

She said this with such modesty and with such delicious suggestion of grace, and her cheeks were so gently flushed and her eyes so bright, that the young officer could not conceal the admiration for her which had seized him, and when she perceived it she turned away with gentle coquetry. Thus this Thanksgiving afternoon, which had promised to be so dreary a time for him, was one of joy, and when the shades of evening came and the candles were lighted the maidens and the young

(Continued on next page.)

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**WEEK.**

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BOOT  
AND  
SHOE  
HOUSE.**

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**WE ALSO**

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N. BIGELOW.



# CASS CITY ENTERPRISE

MACK W. WICKHAM, Publisher.  
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

The need of the American teachers is to see teaching by those not in their ruts. We take a girl of no observation outside the limited precincts of her home and the ward school, and after a couple of years in literary rudiments make her a teacher.

There is something little short of pathetic in the way the buffalo have been effaced. But a few years ago roaming in countless thousands they were killed for the lust of slaughter; for more wantonness. Now so scant a remnant survives that at one time it was believed not a solitary individual remained.

New singers and new writers are pressing to the front in England and in America, but in both countries they must win their way by the divine right of genius grandly exerted to win as secure a place in the hearts of the people as America's recent dead or the master singer upon whose placid brow will ever rest the laurel wreath of the Victorian age.

The latest meteor to make an enviable record tore up the bosom of Mexico to a considerable extent, exposing to the view of a truthful man a vein of silver, the presence of which had never been suspected. It is not stated that the heat of the aerolite was such as to smelt the ore so that the pure metal could be chopped out with an ax, but this is probably the fault of the truthful man rather than of the meteor.

The girl teacher imagines that she is possessed of all knowledge under the sun and that the primary public school of the United States is the bulwark of our liberties and the greatest intelligence factory on the globe. It is possible that if the girl were enabled to learn a little more about methods of teaching, and if the routine of the primary grade were taken out of the beaten and stony path, the children would prefer to remain in school to going to work.

As a contrast to the silent acquiescence of the czar of all the Russians, during the recent persecutions of the Jews in his domain is the public reprimand of the emperor of Austria, administered to the anti-Semitic members of the lower house of the Austrian diet on the occasion of their visit to the royal palace. He denounced their conduct as a scandal and a shame in the eyes of the world. Had the reigning Romanoff had the moral courage to declare himself in a similar manner civilization would not have had need to blush for the many disgraceful and brutal scenes enacted within his empire.

The greater the advertising, the lower the price of the goods, or the better their quality. And when we remember that the same spirit of enterprise which leads a man to advertise liberally will also cause him to improve his goods and to adopt the latest and most perfected labor-saving devices in his factory, we shall see that not only should liberal advertising be no bar to the purchaser, but that it should be regarded as prima facie evidence that the goods are better or cheaper than those less extensively advertised. Special circumstances may modify this belief, but it is the one indicated by the law of probabilities.

In these days with scarcely any more of this globe to be discovered, men are puzzling their brains with the question whether Mars, our nearest relation in the planetary system, is or is not inhabited. Before this question is answered suppose another be asked: If there be inhabitants in Mars does any one care enough about them to seek a way of benefiting them? Whoever loves the people of Mars if there be such people, has the best chance of becoming acquainted with them, just as 400 years ago it was given to the one man who cared most to spread civilization and Christianity over the world the honor of extending European influence to an unknown continent.

Four hundred years ago Columbus with a mutinous crew was traversing the unknown western sea that had for ages barred this continent from the then known world. There have been many voyages of discovery since, but it is rather remarkable that excepting that of the Mayflower, none were originated in so high a moral purpose as was this. There is evidence at least, for Columbus himself, that he began his voyage with a sincere purpose to civilize and Christianize the savage nations to which he expected to come by his western journey. Cruel and cruel as the Spanish mode of introducing Christianity was it perhaps fairly represented the average Christian sentiment of the 15th century.

# LIES ABOUT RUSSIA

DR. TALMAGE AGAIN ASSAILS JEALOUS SLANDERERS.

Russia Watched Over America in Her Cradle, and Has Always Been Our Friend—Why Should We Believe the Falshoods Invented by Enemies?

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 20, 1892.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage to-day fulfilled his promise that he would again speak of his visit to Russia, and correct many wrong impressions concerning that empire and its ruler. After an exposition of scripture and congregational singing, he took for his text: II. Peter 2: 10: "Presumptuous are they, self-willed, they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities.

Amid a most reprehensible crew, Peter here paints by one stroke the portrait of those who delight to slush at people in authority. Now, we all have a right to criticize evil behavior, whether in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that he ought to be brought down. It is a bad streak of human nature now, as it was in the time of the text, a bad streak of human nature that success of any kind excites the jealous antipathy of those who cannot climb the same steep. There never was a David on the throne that there was not some Absalom who wanted to get it. There never was a Christ but the world had saw and hammer ready to fashion a cross on which to assassinate him. Out of this evil spirit grow not only individual but national and international defamation. To no country has more injustice been done than our own in days that are past. Long before Martin Chuzzlewit was printed, the literature of the world scoffed at everything American. Victor Hugo, as honest as he was unacquainted in literary power, was so misinformed concerning America that he wrote: "The most singular thing is the need of whittling, with which all Americans are possessed. It is such that on Sunday they give the sailors little bits of wood because if they did not they would whittle the ship. In court, at the most critical moment, the judge, whittling, says: 'Prisoner, are you guilty?' and the accused tranquilly responds, whittling: 'I am not guilty.'"

There is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its Emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those who compose this august assemblage and the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked then the slander of 120,000,000 people is 120,000,000 times more wicked. In the name of righteousness and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now speak. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one discourse is like attempting to run Niagara falls over one mill wheel. Do not think that the very marked courtesies extended me last summer by the Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed. I went last summer to Russia with as many baleful prejudices as would make an avalanche which has for years been heaped up against that empire. You ask how is it possible that such appalling misrepresentations of Russia could stand? I remember for it by the fact that the Russian language is to most an impassable wall. Malign the United States or malign Great Britain or Germany or France, and by the next cablegram the falsehood is a posed, for we all understand English, and many of our people are familiar with French and French. But the Russian language is beautiful and easy to those who speak it, it is to most local organs a pronounceable tongue, and if at St. Petersburg or Moscow any anti-Russian calumny were denied, the most of the world outside of Russia would never see or hear the denial.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealousy. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Go into any neighborhood of America and ask the physician who has a small practice what he thinks of the physician who has a large practice. Ask a lawyer who has no briefs what he thinks of the lawyer who has three rooms filled with clerks trying in vain to transact the superabundant business that comes to him. Ask the minister who has a very limited audience what he thinks of the minister who has overflowing audiences. Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the authors and the lecturers who have written or spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for, among all the nations this side of heaven, Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despots of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful, Russia never was. Russia, then an old government,

# FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE.

ATTACKED BY A PACK OF HUNGRY WOLVES.

A Thrilling Adventure in the Land of the Midnight Sun—Rapid and Effective Firing—Wolves Leave in a Hurry.

I have hunted coyotes on the Western plains and wolves in Canada and the Northwest, and I have always thought that a conflict with Siberian bloodhounds would be as terrific as any, but for real work there is nothing like a pack of starving Norway wolves. It is something beyond the imaginative ability of the American hunter. Although we were told we might possibly meet an attack, we braved the risk, however, all being well armed in case of need, as a writer in the Sportsman's Review. The officers of the Mira carried the Hucklebuck. This is the military repeater of Norway. Morton had a four-barrel Sharps pistol while I carried a four-barrel hammerless Charles Lancaster .45-caliber pistol. In London, we proceeded about twenty miles without any serious incident when just as we were crossing a little frozen creek some forty yards wide a strange sensation seemed to take possession of our deer; they shivered and trembled, and the hair on their backs stood on end. "Wolves!" yelled the driver, and I began to lash the deer one of which promptly slipped on the ice, fell down and tangled himself up with the harness, thus seriously impeding our covered progress. I was on the second sled with Lieutenant Bjornstam. Mrs. Wilson and Miss Cory...

...oys," said I (common danger makes fast friends), "send every bullet home!" Just at this moment six fierce hungry, gray wolves came galloping toward us about twenty yards away. The deer regained his footing and away we dashed. Wolves can run as fast against the wind as with it so can the deer, but they had a heavy sled, five people, and a foot deep of frozen, crusted snow to contend with. The lieutenant began firing as the wolves gained on us. Robert and Lieutenant Thruen were firing rapidly, for the pack had been augmented and had divided forces. We had now run about half a mile, a wolf dropping once in a while, but they only came in increased numbers on our flank. You wonder perhaps why I didn't shoot; well, I will tell you. A running wolf while the hunter is in a sled behind trotting deer is difficult to hit. I had only 100 cartridges, and knew it would be madness to waste them. If the driver would only stop; but that was impossible as he and the deer were frantic from fright.

At this moment one of the wolves jumped upon the deer's flank and was promptly killed by the lieutenant, but this kind of game could not last long, so I prepared to dismount some of our pursuers. Straddling the dashboard I pulled my Lancaster, and every time a wolf jumped for the deer I shot at it and hit hard or killed about seven. Just at this moment, as we were making progress in our defense, our deer, which had hurt his hip by his full came to a stop, and the rear sled dashed into us. The collis on was frightful, tumbling and spilling us all out and the confusion was great. I called out to the driver to save the deer as we were instantly surrounded by the maddened beast, fully furred wolf. Deer, deer, deer, wolves and us travelers were soon in a terrific melee for life. The officers fired their rifles with admirable precision and rapidity, and owing to the smokeless gunpowder we could see well for hits.

Lieutenant Bjornstam wrapped robes about Miss Cory and Mrs. Wilson, and placed them between us with our backs toward them. I threw a blanket over my left shoulder, using it as a shield. My Lancaster, in forty-eight rapid shots, did not miss fire once. I killed eighteen wolves, but my leg is frightfully lacerated, having been caught by two of the wolves. The ship doctor, however, assures me I need not fear hydrophobia. He feels confident in his opinion, but as I own the leg am correspondingly doubtful. Miss Cory was caught on the horns of one of the deer and would have been instantly killed had I not promptly shot the deer. Morton fought like a true American, but his pistol clogged after the seventh shot, and he was forced to use one of the sled runners.

Just as I began to despair, all at once the wolves, that is those that were alive, ran away as fast as they had come. Lieutenant Bjornstam fought gallantly, and twice pulled Mrs. Wilson from the savage hold of the animals. Miss Eisa Chamberlain sustained a great mental shock, but Morton accomplished wonders in her restoration. We lost two guides, one driver, and three deer, but through assistance from the Japps have returned to the ship and are in a fair way in body and mind.

There are odd similarities in the growth and improvement of great cities. As the origin of the name Gramercy park proves that one of the most delightful regions of New York was once the site of a marshy pond, so the derivation of the word Tuleries shows that the great Parisian palace occupies the site of an old tile yard, and that of Escorial shows that the Roman palace was built upon the refuse from an exhausted mine. The Ceramieus or potter's field, at Athens became the most beautiful quarter of the city, and Washington square has undergone a similar transformation.

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READ THE FOLLOWING.  
"I CHEW JOLLY TAR because it gives me more good, solid Tobacco for the money than I can get in any other brand."

The Carpenter.  
"JOLLY TAR suits me and I mean to stick to it. It is the largest and best piece of Tobacco I have ever been able to find."

The Bricklayer.  
"I KNOW a good thing when I see it. JOLLY TAR fills the bill. It gives ooth quantity and quality." The Blacksmith.

"WHEN I chew I want the best. I have tied to JOLLY TAR and could not be induced to change." The Engineer.

"I AM of the same opinion as Bill. JOLLY TAR is king of them all." The Fireman.

"WE fellows want the most for our money always. JOLLY TAR gives it to us in good Chewing Tobacco. It is our stand-by." The Printer.

AND THUS THEY ALL SAY. JOLLY TAR IS A GENERAL FAVORITE.

JNO. FINZER & BROS. LOUISVILLE, KY.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A GALVESTON GENTLEMAN reports that a large sawfish was captured a few days ago near Galveston which measured eight feet in length, three feet eight inches length of saw, six feet wide, and two feet thick from dorsal to ventral fin. It got inside the bar which runs parallel with the peninsula, and, not being able to get out, was caught, and, after being made fast with a hawser, it took two horses and four men to pull the fish ashore.

Do not allow yourself to be imposed on by the many novel schemes, advertising new and untried so-called cough remedies; but stick to the old reliable, Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, the unfailing cure for all affections of the throat and chest.

When women get to fighting the devil goes to take a drink.

Any one in possession of 25 cents can go to the nearest dealer in medicines and procure a bottle of Salvation Oil and be cured at once of rheumatism, neuralgia, or any pain or ache.

A steady job—walking a tight-rope.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Religion gets lost in politticks mighty soon.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Bitter experience comes to the man who drinks cocktails constantly.

"Hansen's Magic Corn Salve" warms to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

It takes eddlers to make statesmen feel about hat as big as they air.

FITS—All the stopped free by DR. KEMPS GREAT BALSAM. No after first day's use. Most various cures. Treatise and 25 cent bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 611 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Something that speaks louder than words—a 25-cent tip to the waiter.

Is Your blood pure? Take Beecham's Pills. Is your liver out of order? Use Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The man that's tricky in politticks will be tricky anywhere else.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures everyone who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Women was made after man, but man has been after women ever since.

The hungriest men on earth today are those who have the most wealth.

To be able to say that God is near is to know that He is willing to help.

Wimmen has more influents on politticks than the men air willin' to acknowledge.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM

THE GREAT COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throats, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. Certain relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the astounding effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM MORTGAGES.

IN SUMS FROM \$50 TO \$5,000. For long or short time.

Office across from Medler House. CARO - MICH.





### Stricken Down with Heart Disease.

**Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.**

GENTLEMEN: I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to publish, unsolicited, to the world the benefit received from **DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE** and its complications, a rapid pulse varying from 90 to 140 beats per minute, a choking or burning sensation in the wind pipe, oppression in the chest, much pain in the region of the heart and below lower rib, pain in the arms, shortness of breath, sleeplessness, weakness and general debility. The arteries in my neck would throbb violently, the throbbing of my heart could be heard across a large room and would shake my whole body. I was so nervous that I could not hold my hand steady. I have been under the treatment of eminent physicians, and have taken gallons of Patent Medicine without the least benefit. A friend recommended your remedies. She was cured by Dr. Miles' remedies. I have taken three bottles of your New Heart Cure and two bottles of Nervine. My pulse is normal. I have no more violent throbbing of the heart, I am a well man. I cheerfully recommend every agent and symptoms of Heart Disease to take **DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE Remedies and be cured.**

**THOUSANDS CURED**  
GIVEN UP BY OTHERS.  
L. L. GARMIER.  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED.**  
For sale in Cass City by Fritz Bros.

**Three Cent Column.**  
Advertisements inserted in this column at the rate of three cents per line, each insertion. All ads. published until ordered discontinued, and charged for accordingly.

**FOR SALE**—One good second hand press. Will sell on time. **CHRIS SEGAR,** Cass City, 2 wks.

**FOR SALE**—Mare colt about six months old, sided by Markham. **DR. ROBINSON,** 11-11-2 Cass City.

**FOR SALE**—Good home, lot and barn, situated on Ave and Hamilton streets, Cass City. Terms: One half down, balance to suit purchaser. **W. B. PREDMORE,** 11-11.

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE** for Cass City property or farming land, a new stock of furniture and undertaker's goods. Stock invoice about \$1200. Inquire at this office. 10-18

**FARM FOR SALE**—80 acres with 65 acres improved, known as the Doying farm. Easy terms. Apply to **J. C. LAING,** 9-12-11.

**FOR SALE CHEAP**, or will exchange for good village property. 80, 120, 160 or more acres of land, improved. Enquire of **W. J. WILLIAMSON** on premises or address, box 42, Gagetown, Mich. 8-1.

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—120-acre farm on section 6, Ellenwood; 60 acres cleared and fenced. Good barn, 40x40. Small house. Located 4 1/2 miles of Gagetown. Will take reasonable payment down and give time on balance at low rate of interest. For terms and price inquire of **G. W. McPhail,** agent, Cass City, or **R. A. Bailey,** owner, Lansing, Mich. 9-30-13

**FOR SALE**—The Hopkins house and lot for sale at a bargain. Inquire at once of **Dr. P. L. Fritz.**

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE**—The Markham house on Garfield Avenue must be sold at once regardless of price. **DR. McLEAN.**

**HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE**—Pleasantly located on Segar street. Apply to **G. H. FRITZ,** 9-23.

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

**MONEY TO LOAN** on real estate. For further information address **J. C. LAING,** 9-12-11.

**REAL ESTATE**—Farm lands and village lots for sale. 1-2-5 **J. L. HYRCKOCK.**

**REAL ESTATE FOR SALE**—280 acres in the township of Austin, Sanilac County. Will sell all or any part to suit purchaser. Inquire of **Duncan McDougall,** on the premises, or **D. McIntyre,** Cass City. 9-23

**WANTED**—To purchase 160 cords 18 inch green beach or maple wood. **ABRAHAM BOULTON,** Cass City. 11-18-2

**POINTERS.**  
Locals inserted under this head for 5 cents per line first insertion, and 3 cents per line thereafter.

Walnut, marble top, side board for sale cheap. Enquire at Exchange Bank.

Spinning wheels and spinning wheel heads at **J. L. Hitchcock's.**

**GAME WANTED.**  
Will pay 80 cents per pair for partridges. 11-11-2 **M. H. EASTMAN.**

Highest market price paid for poultry cents per pair for partridges at **S. CHAMPION'S.**

The greatest worm destroyer on earth is **Dullman's Great German Worm Lozengers,** only 25 cents per box. For sale by **T. H. Fritz's.**

**PAY UP.**  
All owing me on account are requested to settle at once by cash or note. 10-21- **C. S. STRIFFLER.**

Try **Dullman's Great German 15 cent Liver Pills,** 40 in each package, at **T. H. Fritz's.**

**NOTICE.**  
All persons owing the firm of **Fritz Bros.** on note or account are requested to settle at once, as we desire to straighten all accounts up by Nov. 1st. Please call at once. And Oblige. **T. H. FRITZ.**

Try **Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure** at **T. H. Fritz's.**

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Auction bills printed on short notice at the **ENTERPRISE** office.

Job printing neatly executed at the **ENTERPRISE** office.

### The Other Side.

Brookfield, Nov. 23, 1892. Editor Cass City Enterprise.

I have noticed an article in your paper of Nov. the 4th signed "Humanity," and concerning the two sons of Brookfield.

We deny the charge of cheating our mother out of her property. What did those strangers ever do for our mother? She never was in the Huron county poor house, for she has lost her residence in Huron county. Those two sons never got her property. She was not perfectly helpless, but she hurt her leg working for H. Hurd, and we employed Dr. Morgan of Gagetown, to treat it, who said he could cure it. She refused to obey his instructions, and as she became worse the superintendent of the poor of Tuscola county took her in his care. We never took her to the Tuscola county poor house. We offered to take her to her son Edward who got her property and agreed to support her as long as she lived. But she refused to go.

Now Mrs. Modern this is true, and if you do not want your name in print do not meddle with family affairs.

The Two Sons.

Brookfield, Nov. 22, 1892.

We, the undersigned, do hereby claim that the money was secured for Mrs. George Modern was misrepresented to us, and we did not intend that she would use our names to confirm a statement that was not true in regard to the two sons which was printed in the Enterprise Nov. 4, and Nov. 18, 1892.

Signed: **Robert McKee, J. H. Woolly.**

I hereby claim that I did not authorize Mrs. Geo. Modern to use my name to confirm her statement made in the Cass City Enterprise concerning the "Two Sons" of Brookfield. **John M. Williamson.**

**DEFORD.**

When we last seen **R. O. Curtis** he was suffering from "big jaw." Cause, ulcerated grinder.

The roads are very bad at present. **John McCracken** was deprived of the pleasure of going to church last Sunday. He was forced to stay at home and care for a sick horse.

**Jessie Sole** was a Wilmot caller last Sunday.

**Sir Wm. Schenck**, of Almont, is here making merry with his friends, having just wedded an accomplished young lady of his native town.

**J. D. Funk** will build on his new place this winter.

There has been quite a lot of dress-up-stuff visiting in this locality of late. Several of them had apparently just become owner of their first watch, and oh! how the popular have been made to suffer.

A girl baby at **Jessie Sole's** on the 17.

We have read and believed the account of **Ananias** being struck dead for deviating from facts, but should the editor of the Caro Advertiser not wear a wooden overcoat, or long our faith will be shaken.

**Wm. Cooper** has purchased the s. e. 1/4 of s. e. 1/4, section 22, Novesta.

**Gordon McCracken** writes home from Keweenaw county, in this state, to send him a pipe. He can't find one in that dark corner of the world fit to smoke in.

**Geo. Walker** visited at Lamotte last Sunday.

Try and make the **Deford** news read as the correspondent sends it in. A mistake may cause some one to make beef-steak of your humble servant.

The **Birmingham Eccentric** says: "Tis well, or a word that rhymes with well, just according to which side of the political fence you are on."

Now, **Caro Advertiser** correspondent of Cass City, don't intimate about a man in his absence. If **Henry Butler** has dogged a debt, say so, that his friends may have a chance to show why he failed to pay. If you are telling the truth, talk straight.

"Tis a **Mr. Mills**, not "Wills" who is building just south of our village.

**George Daugherty** is very low with cancer.

**Lewis Retherford** is building a cistern for **Henderson Jarvis**, of Wells.

**Deford** may be properly termed the potato emporium of Michigan, several small farmers in this locality marketing more than 1000 bushels. There are but few Irishmen here, but these few are "ticklers."

Let those who stayed at home on Nov. 9th, and those who say "I don't care about politics," listen to the words of **Wm. H. H. H. H.** in his address to the workman. He says: "You must either be politicians or the slaves of politicians."

To the man who has a knowledge of the history of his country, you cannot say that statesmen have always been elected presidents. In many cases weak men have been exalted by the whims of the people and brilliant statesmen set aside. Look at the men who were elevated above **Clay, Webster, Cass and Greeley.**

By the time this goes to press the **Wilmot** boys will have tried titles as marksmen. We expect to hear of records worthy to note, as **Wilmot** has many good hunters.

The **Turks** who were sojourning near **Novesta** have left for a warmer clime.

If true that 50 voters in a township not far from here were hired to stay away from the polls, we can think of epithets mean enough to apply to them. 'Tis true they stayed away, and is a man who stays at home the right kind of a citizen?

**L. Retherford** was a **Well's** visitor last Sunday.

**P. Daugherty** has gone to **Huron** county.

**Chas. Osborn** lumbers near **Bad Axe.**

**Frank McCracken**, **Fred Valentine**, **John D. Arag** and several more of our good men are out in **Huron** county woods butchering for **Daugherty** & **Osborn.**

**Frank McCracken** has become a real estate owner, having purchased s. e. 1/4 of n. e. 1/4, section 3, **Kingston.**

We have just heard that **John Winegar**, of **Wilmot**, died on the 19th inst. **Mr. Winegar** was one of the pioneers of **Kingston.**

Who originated the phrase "Keep in the middle of the road?" Please answer for the benefit of a benighted people?

**DR. WINCHELL'S TEETHING SYRUP** is the best for the general ailments of children. Sold by **A. W. Seed,**

### PALACE BARBER SHOP.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS,** Razor Honing and Conceiving a specialty. Cold Cream Pimple Eradicator and Capillarius always in stock.

**S. CHAMPION, Proprietor**  
Fine line Cigars and Tobaccos.

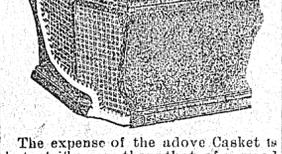
### A. A. McKenzie,



### UNDERTAKER And Funeral Director.

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

### INDESTRUCTIBLE BURIAL CASKE (CEMENT.)



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

### JUST RECEIVED

—AND ELEGANT LINE OF—

### Crockery AND Glassware

of Latest Patterns. Do not fail to call and see them.

### OUR STOCK OF Groceries and Bazaar Goods

is Fresh and Complete. Highest Market Price paid for Butter and Eggs.

### James Tennant FARMING LANDS For Sale.

100 ACRES. Partly improved, with 5 miles of Cass City. Price, \$1,000.

25 ACRES. One mile west of Cass City. Price, \$1,000.

**E. H. PINNEY, Owner.**

Try **Dullman's Great German 25 cent Cough Cure** at **T. H. Fritz.**

### WHY IS IT?

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.**

### Weak Worried Men!

SWIFTLY, RADICALLY CURED OF PRIVATE AND OBSCURE DISEASES! By a Modern Scientific Discovery!

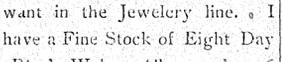
Nightly, daily drains stopped forever; lost vitality permanently restored; impediments to happy marriage successfully removed; weak small organs entirely cured; memory, and all nervous diseases honorably induced, speedily and forever cured. All you weak, worried men, why linger on in the depths of misery and despair? why suffer the galling knowledge of your incapacity? We submit no bogus testimonials or misleading guarantees, but reveal a **Removable History** embracing a life of suffering and final restoration through a happy scientific discovery; also **Valuable Treatise on Sexual Diseases.** The contents of this work are backed up by an array of facts so convincingly true as they may romantically appear. Read and be convinced. Price 25 cents. A synopsis free on application. Address: **WALWORTH MEDICAL CO., Detroit Mich.** PLEASUR KISS THIS PAPER.



5 STORY BRICK.

### J. F. Hendrick

**CASS CITY JEWELER,** always has everything the people want in the Jewelry line. I have a Fine Stock of Eight Day Black Walnut Clocks; also 36 hour clocks, and the prices on them can't be duplicated.



I have the largest line of Optical Goods in the county, and I give special attention to fitting spectacles for defective vision. Everything guaranteed. Call and see me.

**J. F. HENDRICK,** Jeweler and Optician, **CASS CITY, - MICH.**

### Don't buy a Piano, Organ

—or— **SEWING MACHINE** until you call on **W. J. CLOAKEY,** Cass City, Mich.

I deal direct with the manufacturers and pay cash, therefore can give you **BETTER BARGAINS!** than can be found elsewhere in the county.

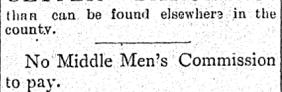
No Middle Men's Commission to pay. Call on me when in want of anything in this line and Save Money.

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

Yours Respectfully, **W. J. CLOAKEY.**

### Fresh, Juicy Steaks,

—AT— **Central Meat Market,** **J. H. WINEGAR, Prop.** Meats of all kinds nicely served.



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

### STOVES!

made by **S. S. JEWETT & CO.,** Consisting of **JEWETT'S SERENO.** Parlor Cook, Kitchen Cook, **WOOD HEATERS COAL** And Heaters suitable for both **WOOD AND COAL.** At Reasonable Prices.

Produce wanted, and Cash paid for Eggs. **J. L. HITCHCOCK.**



6 STORY BRICK.

### MEN'S SUITS!

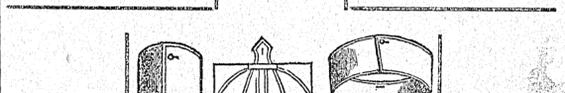
Our Great Special Sale of Men's Suits, Pants and Gents Furnishing Goods.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

**\$16 SUITS, \$15 SUITS, \$12 SUITS,** Sacks, Cutaways, and Frocks. **\$0.75 \$7.50 \$6.00 \$5.50**

**SACKS AND Cutaways \$4.50**

**SACKS AND Cutaways \$7.50 \$6.00 \$5.50**



**McDOUGALL & COMPANY**

### Odd Pants as Follows:

**\$ 6.50 \$ 5.00**

**6.00 5.00**

**5.00 3.75**

**4.00 3.12**

**3.50 2.75**

**3.00 2.50**

**2.50 2.00**

**2.00 1.50**

### McDOUGALL AND Co.

### THE "DOWN PAT" EGG CARRIER

**FREE**

TO **FARMERS** Who purchase Ten Dollars' worth of goods or more. Most complete case made.

### EXTRA BARGAINS THIS WEEK

**C. D. STRIFFLER.**

### STOVES!

made by **S. S. JEWETT & CO.,** Consisting of **JEWETT'S SERENO.** Parlor Cook, Kitchen Cook, **WOOD HEATERS COAL** And Heaters suitable for both **WOOD AND COAL.** At Reasonable Prices.



Produce wanted, and Cash paid for Eggs. **J. L. HITCHCOCK.**

6 STORY BRICK.