

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XII. NO. 30.

CASS CITY, MICH., JULY 7, 1893.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

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.

MILLION DOLLARS
Is a large amount of money.
Do Not Wait
Until you are worth a million before opening an account at the
CASS CITY BANK.
Established 12 years.
Responsibility, \$35,000.00.
4 per cent. interest paid on demand certificates.
5 per cent. paid on time deposits.
C. W. McPhail, Proprietor.
W. S. Richardson, Teller.

Water melons are on tap. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Chubb, Jr., of Wallaceburg, Ont., are the guests of A. A. P. McDowell.

Cass City Markets.
CASS CITY, July 7, 1893.

Wheat, No. 1 white	58
Wheat, No. 2 white	54
Wheat, No. 3 red	54
Wheat, No. 3 red	54
Corn, per bu.	40
Corn Meal, per cw.	1.25
Oats, per bu.	32
Barley, per 100 lbs.	95 to 110
Feed, per 100 lbs.	1.25
Clay, per bu.	4.00
Eggs, per doz.	12
Butter	12
Fresh Pork, per cw.	7.50
Beef, live weight	2.00
Smoked Ham—Farms, per lb.	10 to 11
Mutton—live weight, per lb.	2 to 3
Lamb, live weight	15 to 16
Veal	65 to 68
Tallow, per lb.	6
Turkeys—live, per lb.	68
Chickens—live, per lb.	67
Hay	15
Wool	15
Wheat, No. 1, White	61

Caught On The Fly.
Cherries are ripe. A baby boy at George Wright's. Many of our Caro neighbors celebrated with us. Merton Curry is visiting his brother, Rev. F. L. Curry. John Rittering was a caller at Saginaw on Saturday last. J. K. Robinson, of Lapeer, is visiting his son-in-law, A. Travis. Mrs. Alvora, of Vassar, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Wickware. Miss Jennie Buckingham, of Cassville, is visiting friends in town. Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McKenzie called at Caro on Thursday last week. A. Bowers, of Pt. Huron, is visiting his daughter, Mrs. J. S. McArthur. The usual number of fourth of July fatalities are reported throughout the state. James Brown, of Yale, has been in town part of this week, purchasing wood. Oscar Kelley Jr., of Caro, has been visiting at his father's, O. Kelley, this week. James Tennant is putting up a neat barn on his premises on Houghton street. Albert Jones is constructing a barn on his lot at the west end of Houghton street. Charles Coleman is here from Detroit visiting his uncle, aunt and friends. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Pinney visited with the latter's sister, Mrs. Helen Wixon, at Caro, last Friday and Saturday. Robert Adamson, formerly of this place but now of Uby, cycled over to this place on Saturday last, returning on Monday. The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Baptist Church, will be held at the residence of Mrs. Hamilton, Wednesday, July 12. Tea will be served from 5 to 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited. L. A. DeWitt has an elegant carpet sweeper, made in honor of Columbian year, on exhibition in his window. It is made of mahogany and is gold mounted. It will not be offered for sale for several months yet. N. Beares, representing the Pt. Huron Marble works, was in town Wednesday and Thursday. While here he placed a monument on the grave of Mrs. A. A. P. McDowell, in the Elkland cemetery, and one in the Chamber cemetery on the grave of Geo. Scripture. Oscar Lenzner Sr. has growing on his premises a catalpa tree, the seed from which it grew being brought from Florida by F. Lenzner five years ago. It now stands about ten feet feet high, and is for the first time in full blossom. The flowers, of which we have a sample, are very beautiful. The annual school meeting of district No. 5, Elkland township, will be held at the Town Hall next Monday, at 8 o'clock p. m. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and other business transacted. There is not much interest taken in these annual meetings as there could be. Let there be a good attendance, not only of the male citizens but of the ladies also.

Our Neighbors.
What They Are Doing—News Notes of Interest to all.
Eph. Meredith will open a barber shop at Bad Axe.
There is talk of holding a fireman's tournament at Caro some time during this month.
W. J. Gamble, of Caro, recently returned from a four weeks' trip through the north and west.
Burglars entered Reece's drugstore at Caro last week, but were frightened away before securing any plunder.
A. S. Riddle, of Caro, has accepted a position as engineer in the postoffice building at Washington, D. C. His salary is fixed at \$1,000.
Little Johnnie Gunn, of Mayville, was run over by a wagon and killed last week.
Many years ago over a quarter of a million of dollars were spent in getting a foundry for the manufacture of pig iron and a general machine shop at Caseville. It ran for a time, but dark clouds were gathering in the financial sky and the splendid equipment stopped. That was a long time ago, but the proprietors have just sold the machinery to a Saginaw firm, and it is taken out and will be moved to that city.—[Sebewaing Blade.]
James McArthur, station agent at the M. C. depot at Reata, was picked up early Monday morning in an unconscious condition. He was lying beside the track and the indications were that he had been struck by a passing train during the night. His injuries are not thought fatal.
Six tramps stole six revolvers from a Lapeer hardware store Tuesday night. They have been captured.
All public gatherings have been forbidden by the authorities at Bad Axe, on account of the diphtheria epidemic in Paris township. No services were held in any of the churches Sunday last.
James Burwell, who was arrested on a charge of incest and rape and has been confined in the county jail at San-lac Center, for the last two months, was tried on Friday, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced by Judge Beach to 15 years in the state prison at Jackson. He is now 47 years of age and the chances are that he will never leave the prison alive.

Ran Off With Jeff Davis.
Jeff Davis, the little gray pacer that turned his mile in the free-for-all race at this place on July 4th, in 2:31, and won second money, was stolen from his stable on the fair grounds that night or early next morning. His keeper is also missing, and it is supposed that he is the guilty party.
The keeper and horses were seen at the stable at 11:30 o'clock that night, but they must have taken their departure soon after, as Deputy Sheriff Striffler, who is making every effort to apprehend the thief, was wired from North Branch Wednesday forenoon to the effect that a man and horse answering the description of the missing ones stopped to feed at that place at five o'clock that morning.
The horse is the property of a Texas man, but has been out on a lease for several months past. Some think that the owner has taken this method of recovering his horse before the expiration of the lease. He was entered in the races at this place by James Brooker, but the leaseholder lives at Caro.

His Last Race.
James Stewart, a contestant in a "three-legged" race, July fourth, at Caseville, dropped suddenly down, and died in a few minutes. Failure of the heart is supposed to have been the cause.

EVOLUTION.
Way back in the archaic days,
When time for man got ripe,
A tall-less ape sat on a tree,
And smoked a penny pipe.
And as he smoked, he thought began—
He knew that he enjoyed;
He saw that ape was anthropoid.
You see that ape was anthropoid.
So thought began, and thought
is all that makes a man a man,
Thus, he it knows, in smoke,
The human race began.
But mark, how in concentric circles,
More all sublime things,
Events, like smoke, revolve themselves,
Into expanding rings.
So, as the monkey's pipe made thought,
And thought created man,
The cigarette shall bring him back
To just where he began. C. E. R.

A PLAY—TWO ACTS.
"Say, how do you do?"
"Well, thank you."
"I suppose this is your wife?"
"Oh! n-o!"
"But, she ought to be then."
"This was a conversation on our streets on the fourth, and that evening she was his wife."
Mrs. W. J. Ostrander and daughter Milla, of Alton, formerly of this place, are visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity.
The members of the Epworth League wish to hereby express their gratitude to A. G. Berney for his kindness in tendering the use of his residence and grounds and otherwise assisting for their social last Friday evening. By Order.

WANTED.
Good boy for light house work. Apply to Mrs. S. CHAMPION.

JULY FOURTH.
A Bright Day, A Large Crowd and a Good Time.
TIME was when the Fourth of July was the one bright particular day in the calendar. It came after corn was planted and safely seen through the doubtful stages, after hay harvest and often after wheat was in the shock. It came after the sheep had been washed and after the busy shearing time, and there really was no reason why the family shouldn't enjoy itself.
All things change, however, and the modern Fourth is not as replete with greese pole, greese pig, sack race games, etc., as formerly, the tendency being for fewer but better attractions.
The day opened most auspiciously in Cass City. The usual "sunrise salute" served to arouse our more sleepy citizens to a full sense of the importance of being patriotic and rising early, and by eight o'clock our streets presented a very lively appearance.
Our band, which, by the way, is not exactly in the pink of condition, assembled at 10 o'clock and marched to the Town Hall, where the usual literary exercises were to be held. Prof. J. C. Hood, of Gageton, read the Declaration of Independence and the oration was delivered by Senator E. G. Fox.
At 12:30 the athletic games took place on Segar street, with the following results:

MEN'S RUNNING RACE.
1st—N. F. McClintock.
2nd—J. C. Seelye.
100 yards. Time, 11 seconds.
BOYS' RUNNING RACE.
1st—Alex. Graham.
2nd—H. Patterson.
3rd—Herman McPhail.
The first two tied twice, then the first and second moneys were divided.
STANDING JUMP.
1st—H. L. McDermott.
2nd—A. M. McDermott.
Distances, 11 ft. 8 in., 11 ft. 4 in.
RUNNING JUMP.
1st—H. L. McDermott.
2nd—A. M. McDermott.
Distances, 16 ft., 15 ft. 10 1/2 in.
PUTTING SHOULDER STONE, HEAVY.
1st—A. M. McDermott.
2nd—John McIntyre.
Distances 25 ft. 10 in., 25 ft. 8 1/2 in.
PUTTING SHOULDER STONE, LIGHT.
1st—John McIntyre.
2nd—Alex. McIntyre.
Distances, 34 ft. 9 1/2 in., 34 ft. 8 1/2 in.
RUN-HOP-STEP-AND-JUMP.
1st—H. L. McDermott.
2nd—A. M. McDermott.
Distances, 38 ft. 8 in., 37 ft. 8 in.
At the conclusion of the athletic games, the races at the Driving Park were called.
The races were decidedly interesting from beginning to end. The time made was very fast, as will be seen below, and evidently the races were "for blood." The track was in excellent condition.
There were entered in the 2:45 class, Nettie B., by G. W. Bell, of Yale; Little Joe, by W. A. Calbeck, of Caro; Mollie Wilks, by Mr. Norros, of Armada; Spinxford, by M. R. Truesdale, of Caro; Frank T., by A. Frutchey, of Cass City.
The entries in the free-for-all were as follows: Barney C., by W. A. Lewis, Armada; Jeff. Davis, by James Brooker, Cass City; Alton, by W. A. Calbeck, Caro; Milo, by Wm. Kile, Cass City; Princeton, by L. C. Carpenter, Bad Axe.
Heats and time:
2:45 TROT OR PACE—\$150.
Nettie B. 1 1 1
Little Joe 2 2 2
Mollie Wilks 3 3 3
Spinxford 4 4 4
Frank T. 5 5 5
Time, 2:41, 2:35, 2:36 1/2.
FREE-FOR-ALL—\$200.
Barney C. 2 1 1
Jeff. Davis 1 2 3
Alton 5 3 2
Milo 4 3 4
Princeton 3 4 5
Time, 2:31, 2:25, 2:31, 2:27.

FARMERS' RUNNING RACE.
Skip 1 1
George 4 2
Fly 3 3
Wild Bill 2 4
Blaine 5 5
Skip was entered by E. Mann, of Grant; George, by S. J. Randall, Caro; Fly, by J. H. Striffler, Cass City; Wild Bill, C. K. Roblin, Greenleaf; Blaine, J. A. Campbell, Greenleaf.
NOTES.
Take down the evergreens,
Map up the lemons,
The cowboy figure
How little you've made.
Who stole the gray?
They came from all directions.
There were plenty of lemonade stands.
Barney, old boy, only needs three good legs.

THE FIREWORKS COMMITTEE AT WORK.
Charles Turner tied his horse in the alley back of the Tennant House Rink. It became frightened, ran around the post, threw itself and smashed the hills and harness. There's a lesson to be learned here.
In the farmers' running race, J. H. Striffler's gray mare, Fly, dumped her rider off at the quarter pole, and made the rest of the circuit alone. Her dusty rider, in this heat, claimed unfair methods on the part of another contestant.
Dan McGilvary has cause to remember July 4, 1893. While fulfilling his duties as a member of the fireworks committee, a sky-rocket got a little too previous and burned the fingers on his right hand quite badly. He will be unable to use that hand for some time.

Dropped Dead.
David Merchant Departs This Life Very Suddenly Sunday Evening.
David Merchant, living with Stewart Nicol, near Wickware, suddenly expired last Sunday evening while milking. He was about sixty-seven years of age, and heart disease was the cause of his death.
Mr. Merchant was in town about two weeks previous to his death and consulted Dr. McLean, who informed Mr. Nicol's family that he was in a dangerous condition, and advised keeping him as quiet as possible.
The deceased was a bachelor and had lived and worked with Mr. Nicol since coming from Scotland, about thirty years ago. He had no relatives in the United States, but had a brother in Canada, and other relatives in his native country.
An inquest was held on Monday before Justice Wickware. After several witnesses were questioned, a post mortem was considered unnecessary and the jury returned a verdict of death from cause above mentioned.
The deceased was the owner of land and other property, but died before making a will, although he had announced his intention to will his property to Mr. Nicol and family some time previous to his sudden death.
The funeral occurred from the residence on Wednesday, Rev. Gerrit Huyser officiating. The remains were interred in the Union cemetery, to miles northeast of Wickware.

Parties wanting to get sheep on shares, enquire of A. A. Hitchcock.

HORRIBLE!
Five Persons Cremated In a Burning House Near Gageton.
The Building Supposed to Have Been Struck by Lightning—The Victims of the Flames Had But a Short Time Before Returned From Cass City, After Spending a Pleasant Fourth.
At an early hour Wednesday morning, the house on the Joe Cross farm, four miles north east of Gageton was, supposedly, struck by lightning, and five of the inmates perished in the flames.
The affair is the most horrible that has ever occurred in the vicinity of Gageton.
From Undertaker, A. A. McKenzie, who visited the scene of the burning shortly after it occurred, and took charge of what remained of the five human beings who met their death by fire, we obtained the following authentic account of the sad occurrence:
The house that burned was occupied by Allen Roberts, who is the tenant of the farm, his wife and five children, who had as their visitors their son-in-law, A. E. Babcock, wife and little child, of Postoria, and George Frost, of Silverwood, this county.
The family and their visitors had spent the fourth in Cass City, returning home about twelve o'clock. Between three and four o'clock, Mr. Frost, who occupied a room upstairs with a Roberts boy, was awakened by the burning roof, and they both jumped out of the window. Frost then broke into the house below and succeeded in rescuing all of the Roberts family excepting a little boy, and in endeavoring to drag him out of the house, himself fell a victim to the flames.
The blackened and charred remains of Babcock, wife and child being found in the nearly the same location that they had occupied in the house, leads to the belief that they were stunned by the bolt of lightning, and were thus unable to make any effort to escape.
A sheet, tightly wound up and only partially burned, was found lying near Mrs. Roberts, and it is believed that, in her agony, she had endeavored to wrap her little babe in it.
The twenty-one year old daughter of Roberts, who was rescued by Frost, is badly burned about the arms and head, but Dr. Lyman, the attending physician, has hopes of her recovery. She was betrothed to Frost who met a horrible death but proved himself a hero.
Roberts and wife are nearly crazy with grief. They are also, by the burning of the house, in quite destitute circumstances. A subscription paper for their relief was circulated in town Wednesday.
The father and mother of Frost arrived at Gageton the following day and took his remains home with them. The funeral and burial of the Babcock family and the little Roberts boy occurred Wednesday afternoon. The remains were interred in one coffin.

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A Letter from Cleveland.
CLEVELAND, June 26, 1893.
Editor of the ENTERPRISE:
Thinking perhaps that you would like a short article concerning my trip, I send this.
We arrived at Detroit at 10 o'clock and took the bus for the boat—the city of Detroit. The lake was beautifully calm and as we proceeded on our way the electric lights of the city and colored lights of the different crafts on the lake made a panorama not easily forgotten. We made a quick run, passing easily over steamer we came up with. About 2 o'clock a. m. we were side by side of a steamer but we soon left her head lights in the distance. The steamer was chartered by the order of Elks and there was very little room to spare. People were lying down in every available space on all the floors and chairs. Little tired children slept as sweetly as if they were in their beds at home. We sighted the city of Cleveland at 6:30 a. m. The west side of Cleveland, to my notion, is a very dirty place, but the eastern part is fine, with its parks, fine residences, wide streets, and grand old trees. You can go to any part of the city for a nickle on the electric cars. We went yesterday (Sunday) to Woodland Hills, to the fresh air camps where little children are kept free of charge and nurses are supplied. Many a little one takes a new lease of life. There were services in English and German. The singing was grand. I have already been to see the soldiers monument and rode over the great viaduct bridge from which there is a grand view of the lake and the swing bridges that cross the rocky river.
The great opera, "The Carnival of Venice" will be here this week. They tell me the illustrations are something grand. Well! for fear of encroaching on your space, I'll close for this time.
Mrs. J. GREENLEAF.

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BUY YOUR Summer Clothing
McDougall & Co.
THE LEADING CLOTHIERS.
LARGE STOCK! BIG BARGAINS!
Give us a call. We are confident that we can please you,
McDougall & Co.
Where can be found the best Ice Cream?
What is the best Ice Cream? Oxford, of course.
Here can be found the best Lemonade?
Here can be found the best refreshing drinks?
Everybody knows without telling, at
SMITH'S SODA FOUNTAIN OF COURSE.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.
CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

PEOPLE are now attracting attention to themselves by going to the world's fair by all methods of transportation.

The czar of Russia professes to be very much obliged for that extradition treaty. Nevertheless no refugee will ever be sent back to the tender mercies of St. Petersburg under any trumped up charges of attempted assassination.

The reported invention of a new gun in France can claim the thickest armor plate is another indication that the rivalry between the offensive and the defensive in warfare is not to end until we reach the interesting possibility of being able to hurl an irresistible force against an immovable and impenetrable body.

Of the unfeeling way to work the normal temperature of the body up to the melting point in this kind of an atmosphere is to think about, talk about and fret about the weather.

To the bright country lad who wants to rise in the world, the only avenue of progress seems to be a good education. The great men of his community are the doctors, the lawyers and the ministers.

During the summer the American boundary commission proposes to establish definitely the line of demarcation between Alaska and the adjoining Canadian territory.

Attaching an electric motor to the bicycle so as to save human muscle is the latest novelty proposed. It would do away with the objection of the Irishman that "his left walk aint as it ride aint."

Suppose the person on trial for the murder of the Bordens had been of the masculine gender, would not Massachusetts have been moved by an emotion that would have left New York's crazy efforts to save the murderer of Helen Follen in dismal shade?

A lady whose husband had been murdered was trying upon the witness stand to tell as much about the affair as lawyers would permit.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN, the man who owns the \$10,000,000 ranch in California and his heirs on 50,000 acres, has a more certain empire than has Emperor William of Germany.

The American youth begins to learn his Latin grammar when he is in his thirteenth year, the French boy begins three years sooner, and all because the Frenchman's three R's are easier to master.

TABERNALE PULPIT.

DR. TALMAGE PEARCHES ON ARROGANCE AND HUMILITY.

Repeat! the Voice Celestial Cries—Nor Linger Dare Delay—The Wretch that Seems the Mandate, Dies, and Meets the Fiery Day.

BROOKLYN, July 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage has selected as his subject for to-day a picture of contrast: "Arrogance and Humility," the text being Luke 18: 13; "God be merciful to me a sinner."

No mountain ever had a more brilliant coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall six hundred feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out into that wall.

We stand and look off upon the wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mountain of living fire.

The publican went clear to the other side of the enclosure, as far away from the gate of the Holy of Holies as he could get; for he felt unworthy to stand near that sacred place.

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are increased over our head, and our trespass is grown up into Heaven. And among the millions before the throne of God to-night, not one God there among the hosts of heaven, not one eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white-tangled foam of the breakers.

But if there be here one who says, I want to be better, I want to quit my sins, my life has been a very imperfect life; how many things have I said that I should not have done; how many things I have done that I should not have done; how many things I have done that I should not have done; how many things I have done that I should not have done.

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of a reward, if I am not to be saved by my mercy, here I stand to tell the story; mercy, mercy, long-suffering mercy; sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omniscient mercy, every-seeing mercy.

But, says some one, you are throwing open that door of mercy too wide. No, I will thank you to stand by that door; I will thank you to stand by that door; I will thank you to stand by that door; I will thank you to stand by that door.

How I was affected when some one told me in regard to that accident on Long Island Sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft, as she tried to save herself, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her and one man came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off.

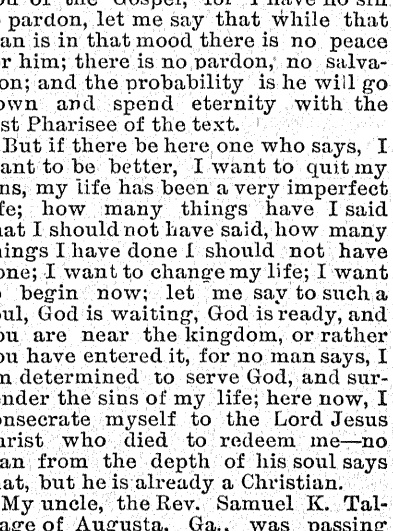
INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTE. "My head is anointed with oil, and my cup is full!" was the hymn given out in a La Crosse, Wis., Sunday school a few Sundays ago.

MEN CURED FREE. Loss Vigor, Vertigo, Impotency, Nightly Emission, Small or Stripped Genes Enlarged, and all other ailments of the male system, cured by Dr. De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills.

Canada contributes this specimen of boy precociousness, illustrative of the law of heredity: "Pa, did you tell lies when you were little?" The father, perhaps conscience-stricken, evaded an answer, but the child, persistent, again asked: "Did you tell lies when you were little?"

THE GALTIAN MAN. She—She was pretty but poor, you say? He—Yes; and he took her at her face value.

CARSON & EALY



SUCCESSORS TO A. T. SLAGITT & CO.
ABSTRACTS OF TITLES
To all Lands in Tuscola Co.

MONEY TO LOAN ON
FARM MORTGAGES.
—in sums from—
\$50 TO \$5,000!

Office across from Medlar House.
CARO - MICH.
A FINE—

160 ACRE FARM
FOR SALE.

Wishing to retire from farming I offer for sale my farm of 160 acres, situated one-half mile from the corporation line of Cass City.

ELKHART GARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.
No. 1. Farm Harness. Have sold to consumers for 20 years. No. 119 Road Wagon.

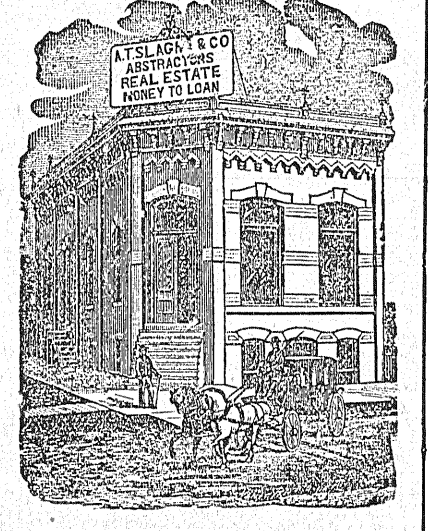
MILLINERY.
Correct Styles.
Correct Prices.

Mrs. E. K. Wickware.
Third door west Cass City House.

HERCULES POWDER.
Strongest and Safest Explosive.
KNOWN TO THE ARTS.

HERCULES, THE GREAT STUMP AND ROCK ANNIHILATOR.
J. W. WILLARD, MANAGER.

CARSON & EALY



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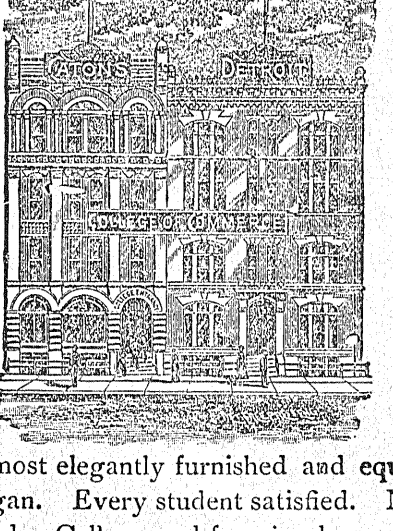
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Three hundred students now enrolled. More calls for Book-keepers and Stenographers than we can fill.

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Many residents throughout the State of Michigan are making snug fortunes by buying vacant lots and acreage in Detroit, Michigan, and vicinity.

The Hannan Real Estate Exchange,
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Send 5c. in stamps for their "Epitome of Detroit." They will double your money.

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THE OLD FRIENDS.

The old friends, the old friends
We loved when we were young,
With smiling on their faces
And music on their tongues,
The bees are in the almond
The birds renew their strains;
But the old friends, once lost to us,
Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friends
Their brows are lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are the old friends still
In youth and bloom the same
As when we drove the flying ball
Or shouted in the game.

—London Spectator.

THE STOLEN JEWELS.

"Why," cried Eleanor Goode, "it's a perfect palace! I really had no idea of grandeur like this."

"Isn't it?" echoed Miriam Kasson. "I wish, dear, I could ask you to stay and spend the day, but I dare not; I'm too much of a stranger here to take any liberties."

"Oh, I shouldn't expect it," said Eleanor, looking around at the decorated ceilings, pale blue silk draperies and lovely bits of landscape on the walls. "I know exactly how you're situated, Milly. But can't you come shopping with me? Bob has given me a five-dollar bill to buy a new gown with, and there are some of the sweetest old-blue gingham at Tuck & Nipp's."

Miss Kasson shook her head. "Impossible!" said she. "You see the family have gone to Barrington to a funeral, and I am left in charge. And you don't know," she added, with a comical little pouting of the lips, "how afraid I am of Mrs. Yerkes, the housekeeper, or how my heart beats when I feel myself compelled to give an order to the butler."

"I wish I were you!" cried Eleanor. "It would be such fun!"

"One hardly knows," sighed Miriam, whether one is a lady or a servant!"

"Oh, there can't be much doubt of that!" said Eleanor. "Look at yourself in the mirror, dear. Wouldn't you say you beheld a princess in disguise?"

"Nonsense! But at least let me get you a glass of cool water, Nell; you look so flushed with your long walk."

She slipped away, while Eleanor beguiled the time of her absence by a lengthened survey of herself in the mirror.

Yes, it was no unsatisfactory view—a dimpled, rosy young Venus, with sparkling hazel eyes, red lips and a complexion of purest pink and white. And then—Good gracious! one of the ribbon loops of her airy summer dress had come loose. She looked frantically around for a pin to repair damages, but no pin was to be seen.

"They're in the bureau drawer," said she to herself. "Milly always was too distressingly neat for anything. Oh, here they are!" grasping at a paper of pins. "And here too—oh, the delicious little glutton!—here's a box of chocolate caramels, tied with pink ribbon. I'll teach her to hide her sweeties away from me! How she will stare when she finds them gone!"

It was the act of a moment to whisk the bon-bon box into her little shopping-bag and appear deeply absorbed in repairing the damages to her wardrobe, when Miss Kasson came in, bringing a glass of water and some fancy crackers on a small Japanese tray.

By the time she reached the famous emporium of Messrs. Tuck & Nipp, the "bargains" in old blue gingham were gone, and nothing remained "fit to be seen" at any price to which she could venture to aspire, and so she strook herself sorrowfully to the pretty fall which she called home.

And nono too soon, for a telegram awaited her there, announcing that her mother, in Orange county, was very ill, and it was necessary for her to go thither at once.

At the end of two weeks she brought her mother home nearly recovered.

Little Sarah, the youngest sister, received her joyfully.

"It's been so lonesome without you, Nell," said she. "I've kept house beautifully, only Biddy has scorched the oatmeal every morning, and the coffee hasn't tasted just right, and Bob has been so busy he couldn't find time to go walking with me."

"Busy!" satirically echoed Eleanor. "Oh, but he really was! It's awful interesting, too. The judge assigned it to him because the defendant—I think that's the proper law phrase—" with a pretty little wrinkling of the eyebrows—"hadn't any means to provide on for herself. And she's ever so pretty, Bob says, and won't it be strange?" nestling her curly head against her mother's shoulder, "if Bob should fall in love with his first client?"

Eleanor looked distressed.

"Mother," said she, "didn't I tell you what would come of your allowing Sarah to read so many novels? In love, indeed! Most likely the woman is an adventuress."

"All the same," persisted Sarah. "Bob says it's a very interesting case, and it's in all the papers headed, 'The Great Diamond Robbery.'"

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Goode, who shared the romantic proclivities of her young daughter. "A diamond robbery and a beautiful girl! Of course she didn't do it."

"Oh," cried Eleanor, impatiently, stamping her foot, "how impracticable you all are! Why shouldn't she be guilty? Can't a pretty girl be wicked as well as a plain one? As if I look mattered! But all the same I had Bob had a good opening in the courts. And now, mamma, you must have a cup of tea, and lie down while before dinner. I'll go out for a little; I want to see a dear friend of

FRANCE'S EXHIBIT.

FEATURES OF GOVERNMENT DISPLAYED AT CHICAGO.

The Great Building of the Sister Republic—The Berrillon System for the Identification of Criminals—Street Cleaning, Sewage and Fire Protection.

[World's Fair Correspondence.]

ARIS HAS OPENED the doors of his interesting contribution to the Exposition. It occupies the south wing and circular gallery of the French building on the lake shore, and the exhibit is a comprehensive display of the administrative life and of the municipal government of Paris.

Every branch of the municipality has its place in the exhibit, that of the police taking the most space and attracting the greatest attention. It occupies the greater part of two of the three rooms. The Berrillon system for identifying criminals is the principal feature of the section devoted to the Prefecture of Police. Large photographs arranged in proper sequence show the operation of the system from the time the man is brought into the measuring room until the complete record with photograph is filed. The

skill and ingenuity of Parisian police have been the foundation of hundreds of novels with detective heroes of incredible acuteness and cunning. After a careful examination of the various methods in vogue in police circles of the gay city, the marvelous ability of the Parisian department is shown to be due in a great degree to the perfection of its system.

A striking example of the elaborate machinery which the Paris police set in motion when a crime is discovered is seen in the peculiar photographic camera which stands over the wax figure of a corpse lying on its back at full length. The figure is so realistic that its faithful portraiture of a murdered man that it is sensational. The camera is mounted on a tripod about eight feet high and points down upon the corpse.

In this way the police secure what might be called a plan of the crime, as well as its elevation and perspective, which are secured by cameras of ordinary character.

In the front room is a large case which at first glance resembles a roguerie gallery. So it is, but it is more than a mere collection of photographs. In the first place, each picture is an original negative on ground glass, so that no alteration can be made. In the next place the collection is grouped so

through the maling partition at every opportunity, while Miss Murphy stands by unheeded. The hippopotamus' method of kissing is interesting. The one who does the kissing (the male, of course) opens his jaws to the fullest extent. In Caliph the extent is something over two feet, so that when he is ready to kiss you may see a

IN A BIG ZOO.

How the Hippopotamus Family Makes Love in Central Park, New York. [New York Correspondence.]

A grave doubt has arisen in the mind of Director Smith of the Central Park Menagerie, as to the relations existing between the various members of the hippopotamus family. They are all so friendly terms, of course, but it is a question whether Caliph, the husband and father, can distinguish between his wife, Miss Murphy, and his daughter Fatima. This is a serious state of affairs, but Caliph can hardly be



THE FRENCH BUILDING.

blamed for it. Many a wiser animal than he would be perplexed under the circumstances. Fatima is familiarly known as the baby hippopotamus, having received the title when she was born into this world at the menagerie some three years ago. The name was appropriate enough then, but it doesn't fit very well now. Hippopotamuses grow very fat, and Fatima, who has been an extraordinarily healthy infant, has sprung up like a weed. About a year ago the very curious fact was noted by animal philosophers that the physical proportions of Caliph, Miss Murphy and Fatima were in the ratio of 4, 2 and 1. That is, Caliph was twice as large as his wife, and Miss Murphy twice as large as her daughter. This arithmetical progression was well illustrated when the animals stood side by side, with Miss Murphy in the middle. A straight line would have been tangent to the back of each.

At present, however, Miss Murphy and Fatima are of about the same size, and this is the cause of Caliph's perplexity. His doubt is added to from the fact that he is shut off from the rest of the family. One part of the dividing partition consists of thick boards placed close together and the other part of a series of palings about a foot apart. Caliph observes his

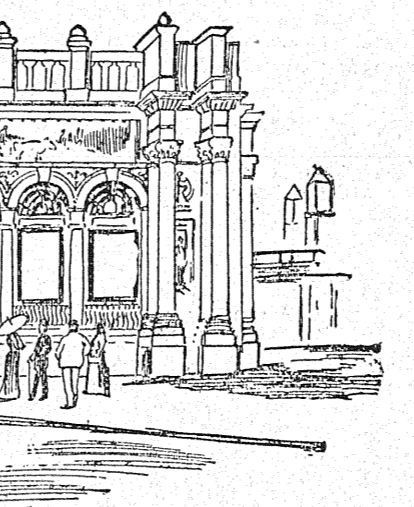
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AN AFFECTIONATE KISS.

considerable distance down his throat. The female hippopotamus then opens her mouth slightly, only about one foot or so, and rests her lower lip on that of the male. The latter closes his mouth gently and holds the other's lower lip tenderly for a moment. The kiss is then over.

During the progress of these delicate attentions, Miss Murphy has exhibited no sign of jealousy. In fact, it may be fair to assume that she feels a certain sense of pleasure that her spouse has shown such an apparent change of heart toward his offspring, Fatima, for her part, appears to enjoy



A ROYAL LANDLORD.

A Bavarian Duke Who Caters to Europe's Royal Families.

A singular history belongs to a little health resort in Bavaria. A thousand years ago a Benedictine monk discovered a small sulphur spring on a mountain near Munich. On several occasions he has been detected looking from one to the other, as if comparing them closely. But he invariably ends by kissing Fatima.

These marks of paternal regard. But as for Caliph, it is very likely that he has mistaken his daughter for his wife. At times he seems to think that he has made a mistake. On several occasions he has been detected looking from one to the other, as if comparing them closely. But he invariably ends by kissing Fatima.

BLAVATSKY'S ASHES.

Were Equally Divided Between Europe, Asia and America.

[Special Correspondence.]

If Madame Blavatsky reaches heaven she will arrive there in installments. When she died three years ago, Col. Olcott, the President of the Theosophical Society, desirous that three continents should share the glory of her sepulture, had the lady cremated, and devised that a third of the resultant ashes should be given to America, Europe and Asia. As Madame Blavatsky was a woman of unusually ample dimensions, the portion of her remains entrusted to each of these diverse countries was quite large. The American allotment has just been placed in an ornate casket, on which are inscribed the date of her birth—1831, the date of her death—1891, the year of the founding of the society—1875, and the year when she and Col. Olcott went to India, whence they brought an elaborate collection of stories relating to the achievement of Mahatma. The casket has been placed in the rooms of the society in New York city.

LANDING GAME FISH.

THE BARRACUDA FURNISHES SPORT ON THE PACIFIC.

His Favorite Time for Biting—Very Big and Draws On the Line Almost Like a Whale—A Big Morning's Catch and Glorious Sport.

[San Francisco Correspondence.]

URING THAT shore of San Diego Bay which lies next to the town are the arts of many fishermen—Portuguese, Greeks and Chinamen—whose daily bread to speak in paradox, is the barracuda. With one of these brown-skinne Greeks I cast my

lot, and the first dusk of an early March evening found me aboard his odorless little sloop, with his party of three, floating with the slow ebb of the tide out from the shelter of the bay past the massive headland of Point Loma into the open sea. Here we moored for the night, stretched ourselves upon the cramped deck under the quiet starlight and slept.

At 2 o'clock in the blurred misty morning we were aroused by the little Greek and sat upon the deck. He had a little fire burning in his sheet-iron stove and the air was full of the odor of coffee. There was no time to lose, for at 3 o'clock the barracuda would begin to bite. Here we were put at the oars, where we toiled painfully for an hour, struggling to pass the matted kelp beds which inclosed us. Then the wind freshened and we slid again into the open sea.

Already a dozen sails were fitting back and forth phantasmically in the deep shadows of the mist. "Portuguese!" the little Greek said scornfully, as he busied himself in rigging his lines. His boat carried four of twenty yards in length, thick as clothes lines, knotted firmly at one end to iron staples driven into the boat's rail, while at the other end the great, evil-looking hoops fastened in bodies of bone four or five inches long, curved throughout their length, so that they will flash and flit through the water deceptively.

A fresh, strong wind was tugging at the brown sail and sending the salt spray dashing over the low deck, and with one of the fishermen at the helm the sail was hauled into the wind and the boat leaped forward, dragging its four lines through the water.

The barracuda were hungry. I untold, saw no sign, but a shout from the little Greek announced the first snap, and straightway he threw his body half way over the boat's rail, knotted his horny hands in one of the lines and began a fierce struggle with the powerful fish securely hooked at the other end. The man was sinewy and muscular, but the fish was strong, too. Back and forth it dashed, now diving until the line stretched straight down into the green depths beneath the boat, and then, throwing its great, shining, beautiful body half a dozen feet into the air, lashing the waters into a silvery spray.

But the fish lacked the wily experience of the fisherman, and so slowly, slowly, hand over hand, the line was drawn in, until at last the gasping head was lifted clear of the water beneath the boat. Then another of the men lent a hand and the fish was aboard and lay sullen upon the deck. He was two inches over four feet long, game to the core and every inch a gentleman. And then came another and another in quick succession. The wind was downy, the coast and the boat made a succession of sharp tacks, dodging now far out into the sea and then back again, while the water grew rough under the touch of the freshening breeze, and it was with difficulty that we could keep our feet.

Two hours more and daylight began to break, but still we fished on, and the gasping mass in the bottom of the boat came in a streamer, and so slowly, slowly, hand over hand, the line was drawn in, until at last the gasping head was lifted clear of the water beneath the boat. Then another of the men lent a hand and the fish was aboard and lay sullen upon the deck. He was two inches over four feet long, game to the core and every inch a gentleman. And then came another and another in quick succession. The wind was downy, the coast and the boat made a succession of sharp tacks, dodging now far out into the sea and then back again, while the water grew rough under the touch of the freshening breeze, and it was with difficulty that we could keep our feet.

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A new notion for the trimming of dress skirts is a series of butterfly bows about the hem. The effect of this trimming is particularly good when the material of the costume is shot and the bows are of one of the colors producing the shot effect.

FOXES AND FIELD MICE.

A Steuben County Man Reveals the Secret of Baiting Foxes.

"Whenever I hear any one talk about foxes," said a neighbor to Comptroller Frank Campbell, up in Steuben county, "I have to think of the pest of field mice that invaded the barley farms on the hills east of Lake Kenka, the garden spot of old Steuben, some years ago. Such a thing had never been known before in that country, and as the coming of the field mice was mysterious and sudden, a great deal of speculation arose among the alarmed farmers as to what could have turned the destructive pests loose upon them.

"Now that those barley fields were long ago plowed up and set out to grapes, and the field mice are gone, I don't mind saying that I was responsible for the introduction of the squeaking little nuisances among the barley. Fox pellets were worth quite a little in those days, and foxes had got scarce. They were plentiful, though, over along the Cohocton, and so I went over there to see why that should be. I found out that foxes were particularly partial to field mice, and that they would quickly follow to any place where they could get the tiny animals, and they were swarming along the Cohocton. So I caught a dozen of field mice in a trap and took them over to inoculate the barley farm with them, so the foxes would come back.

"Now, field mice are very prolific, and the barley farms seemed to suit them to a dot, and it wasn't long before they were almost as thick as barley stocks. Sure enough, the foxes were onto them in short order, and then I began to reap the reward of my enterprise, although the farmers didn't reap as much barley, not by a good deal. I found that the foxes came out to capture field mice just between sunset and dark, when the mice were out in force, squeaking and frisking about in the stubble. They could be heard squeaking for a long distance, and I noticed that a fox would steal from the bushes on the edge of a field and listen intently to locate a mouse. As soon as one squeaked he would start upon it only as a fox can, and that mouse would surely be his.

"Hidden behind a convenient bush it was no trouble for me to gather in four or five foxes on an evening. Watching the foxes in a field following up the squeak of a mouse, I thought I could improve on that style of bagging foxes. I made a whistle on which I could exactly imitate the squeak. With this I could call a fox toward me, and I got a great many shots that otherwise I wouldn't have had. After this success with the bogus whistle, as my conscience bit me a little for colonizing that barley belt with the pests, but it was a good thing for the farmers, after all. It spurred them to giving up barley and turning their farms into vineyards, and now they wonder why in the world they ever fooled away their time raising barley.

"The field mice didn't seem to like the vineyard movement, and by and by they disappeared as suddenly as they had come. And did foxes want them, in spite of my whistle, proving that foxes don't like grapes, notwithstanding the standard fable of the fox that tried his best to get some grapes once, but finding them out of his reach, declared they were sour? If foxes liked grapes so well they would certainly be overrunning that part of old Steuben in the fall, where every field and hillside for sixty miles is a vineyard. But a fox is rarely seen or heard of about the vineyards."—New York Sun.

How She Knave.

A young colored girl of Philadelphia thus told her grievance to the court: "Mah name's Virginie Georgy Luzby, but I has hopes ob hit bein' changed, an' dat's wot Ize hyar ter kick about." "Never mind that," interrupted the magistrate. "Go on with your story." "Well," continued the girl, "dis hyar niggah hez bin a-keepin' compny wif me fo' nigh onter six months, an' he been pow'ful sugery and lobin' fo' quite a spell. He's a janital in a skule, an' kinder high inlooned in grammah. Well, he promised fo' ter marry me jes soon ez he could affoid hit. He can affoid hit now, but he woan't." "How do you know that he can affoid to marry you?" asked the judge. "How d' I know?" cried the girl. "Why, hit on'y tecks fifty cents for a license an' I seen him flashin' a dollah larse nigh; dat's how I know."

Fatal Innovations.

City Editor—I guess we'll have to discharge Mr. Search, the new reporter.

Managing Editor—What for?

"Oh, he wrote up the Columbia parade and didn't call it a pageant."

"But it may have been an oversight. He may learn—"

"But he spoke of the rain storm and called it rain, instead of Jupiter Pluvius—"

"Fire him! Fire him! He'll make us a laughing stock."

The Top of the Heap.

A curiosity of journalism is established on the top of Mount Washington, the highest peak of New England, where an enterprising printer has built an office, from which he periodically issues a newspaper named, with much truth, Among the Clouds.

Biblical Item.

"What did the children of Israel do after they came through the Red sea?" asked a New York Sunday school teacher.

"Dried their clothes, I spose," replied Tommy Amsterdam.—Times Sitings.



GALLERY IN THE FRENCH BUILDING.

as to display the iconography of the features. Each type of nose, eye, forehead, lip, ear, beard, profile, full face and head being grouped for anthropological comparison. It forms a remarkable collection, interesting to the police and the scientist. Both sexes are represented, and some of the most villainous faces ever photographed are shown.

In this room a curious contrast is made, for all around the large case of photographed crime and vice are the exhibits of Parisian primary, elementary and higher schools. It does not appear to be the work of star scholars, but rather the average work of pupils. In an inside room considerable space is taken up by the exhibit from

