

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XII. NO. 51.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 1, 1893.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

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

Our Proclamation.

On this day of November, 1893, be it known to the residents of the Village of Cass City, and to the good people of the counties of Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac, that McDougall & Co., Clothiers, do inaugurate a revolution merchandising, whereby all Men, Boys and Children shall be enabled to clothe themselves in fine raiment at prices heretofore unknown to even the most persistent slaughter-sale bargainist.

Be it further known, the Almighty Dollar speaks with no uncertain voice at McDougall & Co.'s, whether it be a clear "silver" ring, a rich "golden" tone or a clean, crisp "note"—it is ever one of command, far-reaching in its power.

Whatever style of coat you decide to buy, whatever material, shape, shade, color, cut, whatever way you want it lined or made in the back box or half box, single or double-breasted, we have got it, if it is this year's idea, and at a saving of from \$35 to \$55. Our \$15 Overcoats for \$10. Children's warm, nobby and stylish Overcoats, with large capes, at \$5 cheaper than elsewhere.

These glad tidings shall be heralded throughout the country round about, and let every consumer of clothing take notice thereof.

McDougall & Co.

The Gagetown Real Estate Exchange.
Farms and village property for sale. Some desirable locations to be had. For terms, prices and descriptions of property write or call on R. S. BROWN, Manager.

LADIES!

Leave your order for

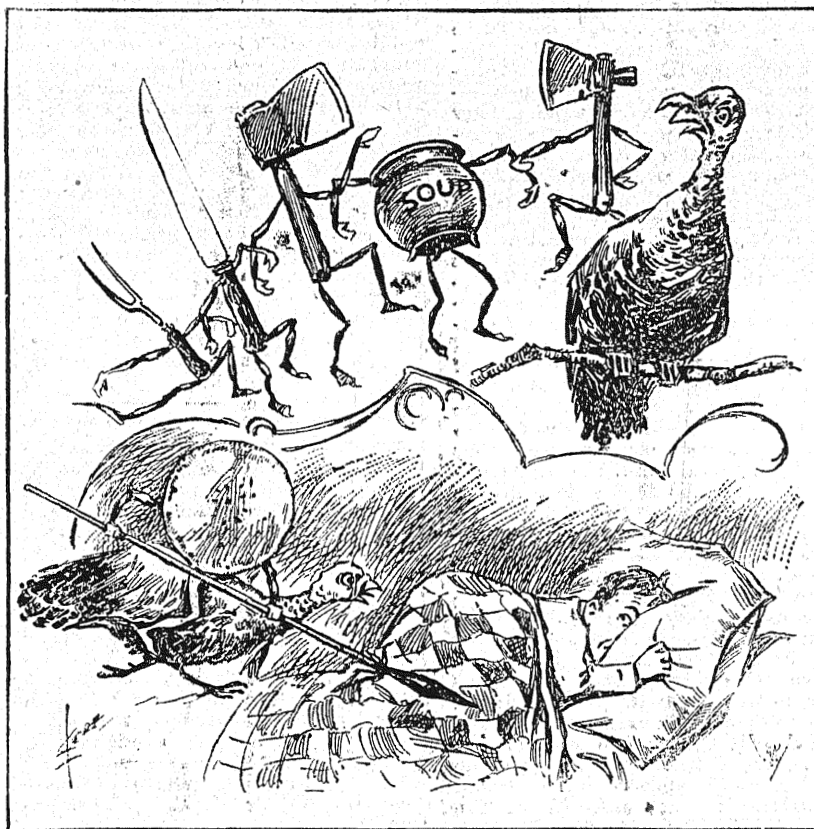
CALLING - CARDS

—AT THE—
ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

FINEST LINE!

LATEST STYLE CARDS

Printed on Short Notice.



RETRIBUTION.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

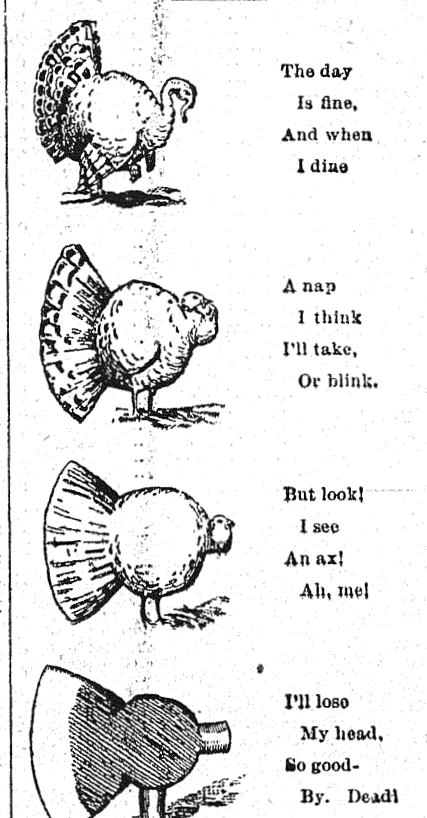
Responsibility, \$35,000.00.

Parties who wish to loan money on good, improved, productive real estate will do well to enquire of us. Lowest rates and fair treatment in every way.

To parties who have resources to pay a loan inside of 90 days, we can loan on note or chattel security.

C. W. McPhail, Proprietor.
W. S. Richardson, Teller.

METAMORPHOSIS.



Caught On The Fly.

The turkey's lot is very sad. His chances very slim; For if Thanksgiving lets him slip, Then Christmas catches him.

There's skating on the river. James Perkins was on the sick list the latter part of last week.

M. C. Beach will soon open a feed store in the Lutz store building.

Dougald McIntyre visited at his farm near Cumber on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Weydemeyer, of Wickware, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Jennie Fairweather, of Inlay City, is visiting her brothers in town.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hutton, of Pontiac, visited friends in town on Sunday.

J. C. Seeley is now agent at this place for the Geneva, (N. Y.) nursery. He is at present soliciting orders.

Windsor, a flag station on the P. O. & N. R'y., between Gagetown and Owendale, will hereafter be known as "Linkville," according to the new time table.

J. P. Hern has moved to his house at the corner of West street and Garfield Ave.

Miss Addie Karr has returned to Vassar, to resume her old position in the Jewel House at that place.

Township Treasurer, J. H. McLean, will commence the collection of taxes next week. See notice in another column.

There will be a special meeting of Semper Chapter, O. E. S., on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6, at 7:30, for conferring degrees.

The Sons of Veterans Camp, of Cass City, will give a ball and supper in the Town Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 7. The "Sons" are arranging for a big time.

The ENTERPRISE is issued on Wednesday evening this week. The force will partake of Thanksgiving turkey, undisturbed by the rush(?) of delinquent subscribers to "pay up" and the sight of sight drafts.

H. O. Wills and his singers, Messrs. Kerr and Johns are having very successful revival services and much good is being done. Sunday night between 150 and 200 people arose for prayers. [Pontiac Gazette.]

The P. O. & N. time table, to be found in another column, has been slightly changed since last week. The noon train now arrives here about 20 minutes later and the evening train about ten minutes later than formerly.

Boys at Otsego, Kalamazoo county, were playing Indian a few days ago, and to make the things go off with the proper snap took a couple of youngsters, tied them to a stake and built a fire about them. The victims of this realism were rescued with their clothes nearly burned off. [Journal.]

West Branch Times: The three men for every job in the woods this winter has made it possible that wages should be reduced to \$15 and \$16 dollars per month for the average hand and not more than \$20 for experienced help. The consolation that may be drawn from this is that a half loaf is better than no bread.

The credit for the institution of Thanksgiving day is due in great part to New England. True, the idea there was at first to make it a day of fasting and prayer. The prayer is now pretty generally restricted to saying grace before dinner, and the fasting seems to be spelled with an "e" before the "a."

In this improved form its observance has spread all over the land, until it has become truly national in its character. It is said that a fakir is going around the country getting away with a good many dollars of the unsuspecting youths in the following manner: On arriving at a town he gets all the boys he can to sell pictures of the World's Fair, and requires each one of them to put up one dollar as a guarantee of good faith. He gives them a few pictures worth about one cent each, and while they are trying to sell them the fakir disappears with the dollars. Watch out for him boys.

Here is something for the ladies to try their skill on: Take a leaf of a tree or shrub, place over it a small piece of white linen soaked in spirits of nitre, and insert between the leaves of a heavy book with a sheet of paper to receive the impression. Lay the book aside for a few days and then examine. The leaf will be found devoid of color, which has been transferred to the paper, and all the original beauty of tint and outline of the leaf. So says one who has tried it.

Nicholas Shaggeny, who has been a Greenleaf township farmer for a number of years, departed last week for Virginia, where he will commence farming on a tract of land near Petersburg that he exchanged his property in the above township for. Mr. Shaggeny's Virginia property comprises one hundred and sixty acres of land, on which are an old deserted saw mill and grist mill, and numerous cannon balls that were scattered around there by the "Yanks" during the sixties. Mr. Shaggeny believes that the climate will be congenial to him, and he will bend his energies to bring his farm to a proper state of cultivation and keep the dardies from his hen roost.

"Rising generation!" said a worn looking mother. "I guess they would not be called so if folks only knew how hard it was to get six children out of bed in the morning."—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The origin of Sleepy Hollow is credited to Washington Irving. It was used by him to indicate, it may be supposed, the backwardness and supineness of the inhabitants of the district he depicts. The smallest races are the Eskimos and certain dwarfs in Africa; the largest, the Patagonians.

Things To Be Thankful For.

That we are "still doing business at the old stand."

That the hay crop was good.

That times are no harder.

That we are not having a cholera scourge.

That the World's Fair has closed.

That Cass City is one of the best towns in the State.

That wood is not two dollars a cord.

That the prospects for an electric light plant next summer are looming up.

That our annual fall mud is still scarce.

That after February 1st there will be no more taxes to pay until next fall.

That we are not occupying a corner lot in the cemetery.

That the turkeys are tame this year.

That we've got only one saloon.

That we've had but few fires the past year.

That no dynamite is stored in Cass City.

That our population is increasing.

Our Churches.

Could we judge all deeds by motives, See the good and bad within, Often we should love the sinner All the while we loathe the sin.

Could we know the powers working To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity.

The Bethel M. E. Church is preparing for a monster Xmas tea-meeting.

Services will be held in the Evangelical Church Thanksgiving forenoon at 10:30, conducted by Rev. B. F. Wade.

Services will be held in the Presbyterian Church Thanksgiving forenoon, and a prayer meeting will be held in the evening.

The subject to be taken next Sunday evening, by Rev. S. M. Gilchrist, in the M. E. Church, will be "Evidences of Conversion."

The annual election of officers of the Epworth League takes place in the M. E. Church next Wednesday evening. Every member should attend.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the M. E. Church will be held at the residence of Mrs. Wm. Meredith, Wednesday, December 6. All are cordially invited.

Happenings On The Hill.

Contributed by Pupils.

"Action is equal to reaction in the opposite direction."

How about those west windows?

The truant officer was engaged this week.

Miss Maud Smith is now a student of the High School.

Hersey Young entered the Grammar Department this week.

Miss Carrie Predmore was a pleasant caller at the High School on Monday last.

The pupil's interest in school is manifested by the early arrival at their respective departments.

Owing to Thanksgiving, the Friday afternoon program was held on Wednesday as the schools have Thursday and Friday as holidays.

Several books have been missing from the school library since the beginning of the term. The principal ones are: Human Body (Martin), History of Greece, Conduct of Life, and Life of Taylor. If they have been borrowed by the citizens of the district, we should please to have them returned at their earliest convenience.

Sanilac Republican: The McClure school south of Sanilac Centre, has a school ma'am who knows her business and what the boys call "sandy" besides, a fact which the district board isn't doubting in the least. A short time ago Mrs. McIlhinny, for that is her name, asked the officers to hire the janitor work done, as is usual in most schools. The officers said they be "blowed if the world, as she was big enough to do it herself." Whereupon Miss McIlhinny taught school without any sweeping being done until the dirt began to approach the window sills, when she dismissed the children and locked the building. After two days of no school the board hired a janitor.

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Took to the Woods. "Twas the day before Thanksgiving, And the farmer, who a living Long had earned in raising poultry for the market, sallied out. But, alas! anticipation Quickly turned to consternation, For his fairest, fattest turkey was not anywhere about.



Long he searched, but unattended With success; therefore he ended And his mind the while debating What ill fortune had deprived him of the jewel of his flock.

Do not doubt some fowls can reason And can keep track of the season, Since a turkey proved all wise pates are not under hats and hoods; Oft he'd sent to town his kind sent, So he knew what knives a-grind meant And he thought 'twas the proper time for taking to the woods.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Fifty Thousand Dollar Damage Suit.

—Kingston Postmaster's Office.—Sebewaing Coal Test.—Other Notes.

A Masonic hall was dedicated at Pt. Austin last week.

The postoffice fight at Carsonville has been settled. W. J. McCaren was victorious.

It is reported that a farmer near Pigeon has struck a bed of first-class cement at a depth of ten feet.

While camping near Kingston with a party of hunters the first of the week, John Walker, accidentally shot Doffy Dooning in the thigh, inflicting a painful but not considered a very serious wound. [Imlay City Record.]

Samuel Jacobs, of Watrousville, has commenced suit against the F. & P. M. R'y for \$50,000, damages for injuries received by his daughter at the Vassar station on the 21st of last February. T. W. Atwood and C. P. Black are the plaintiff's attorneys. The case comes off during the December term of court.

Caro is to have a skating rink this winter. Wm. Ingles and Floyd Ross have rented the lot on the corner of Montague Avenue and Ellis Street, and have commenced flooding it with water from the water works. They will continue the flooding process until they have secured a thick coating of ice. [Caro Advertiser.]

An interesting test of the Sebewaing and Ohio coal has been made at the Saginaw east side pumping station. The figures furnished by the engineer show that in five days 49,682 pounds of Sebewaing coal and 45,011 pounds of Ohio coal were burned in Leadbeater and Murphy furnaces. The quantity of water pumped was 4 6-10 greater with the Sebewaing coal, and with a saving of 65 cents per ton as compared with the Ohio product. [Sebewaing Blade.]

Some weeks ago, N. H. Burns received the appointment as postmaster at Kingston. It appears, however, that his installation is uncertain. A correspondent to a contemporary aptly remarks: "While his numerous friends were still rejoicing over his good fortune the news came, like a rain cloud over a picnic party, that Wm. Ross had secured the plum." The situation calls to mind the episode of the darkey and the flea: "When yo' got 'im, he ain't dar." With such maneuvering at administrative headquarters, the question, "Who will be postmaster at Kingston?" is not a little perplexing, and the atmosphere is full of interrogation points.

Vassar Pioneer: The "Husking bee" entertainment given by the young people of the M. E. Church at the opera house, Wednesday evening, was a decided success. The stage was finely arranged to represent the interior of a farm barn, with mow of hay in the back ground. The floor was covered with stalks of corn, among which the huskers were seated. They were a jolly crew, and their jokes, songs, story telling, instrumental selections and recitations while the leaves from the golden ears were being stripped, was keenly relished by the large audience who showed their appreciation by unlimited applause. The entertainment netted the young people nearly \$30.

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BORN.

McCREEDY—At Deford, on Friday, Nov. 24, 1893, the wife of Elder McCreedy of a son.

MARRIED.

KILE—McKIDNEY—In Cass City, at the residence of the bride's parents, on Monday, Nov. 27, 1893, by the Rev. Gerrit Hays, William J. Kile to Miss Nellie J. McKidney. Congratulations and best wishes.

DIED.

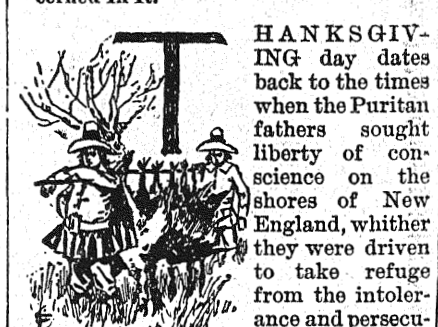
WEBBER—At Cassville, on Friday, Nov. 24, 1893, Mrs. Anna Catharine Webber, aged 68 years, 6 months and 15 days.

The slave To Tobacco or Opium need no longer despise himself for his weakness, HILL'S Chloride of Gold Tablets will break his chains and make him a free man. All druggists sell them.

THE DAY IN HISTORY.

A FEW POINTS ABOUT ITS EARLY OBSERVANCE.

Some Old Proclamations—Origin of the Festival—Recognition by Congress—No Reason Why the Turkey Should Be Concerned In It.



THANKSGIVING day dates back to the times when the Puritan fathers sought liberty of conscience on the shores of New England, whither they were driven to take refuge from the intolerance and persecution of a state church, landing in this country—as every intelligent schoolboy can tell—on Monday, Dec. 21, 1620. The first celebration of the kind in modern times was in October, 1575, at Leyden, where there was a Thanksgiving celebration of the first anniversary of the city's deliverance from siege. Forty-six years later, in the fall of 1621, Governor Bradford, after the first harvest of the Plymouth colony in New England, proclaimed a day of thanksgiving and sent out four men in search of game to enable them to observe it better.

These Puritan fathers, whose sufferings had imparted to their devotion a certain degree of sternness, were very thankful for a bountiful harvest after a period of sore distress and looked upon the first fruits of their toil in their new home as a symbol of blessings to come. The four sportsmen came back staggering under a burden of turkeys and other wild fowl enough to provision the colony for a week. The commencement of the festival was announced by the roar of one of the great guns on the hilltop, and the day was Thursday, Oct. 24, rather less than one year after their arrival in Cape Cod bay.

There was a solemn procession first to the meeting house, the men marching three abreast, with the sergeant in command and Governor Bradford following behind, while Elder Brewster, in his preacher's cloak, walked alongside bearing the Bible and looking as grave as the occasion demanded. Miles Standish, the warlike military chief, was there, and clad in the dress of the times would cut a strange figure if present among us now. No doubt that Thanksgiving dinner was enjoyed keenly and was the biggest thing in the way of a family party that has occurred since. Most of the game was cooked in the open air, and the thrifty Puritan housewives concocted dishes that were tempting and ingenious. The dinner was followed by the singing of psalms and of favorite songs that they had often sung around English firesides.

In the midst of their rejoicings an Indian shout was heard, causing a momentary panic, and every man grasped his weapon, but it was only a hundred friendly savages, led by Chief Massasoit, who had come to thank the white man for assistance rendered and to share in the festivities. They brought a contribution to the test in the way of venison, and while it was being prepared gave an exhibition of their war dances, causing demure Puritan maidens to scream and their lovers to look gallant and fearless as they reassured them. Captain Standish in turn gave the Indians a start by putting his troops through a military drill, the savages being alarmed by the rattling of the musketry and the roar of the ordinance. The feast continued three days amid prayers, psalm singing, Indian dances and warwhoops and roaring artillery, after which the Indians were escorted a short distance from the settlement by Captain Standish and his troops, who gave them a parting salute.

Days of thanksgiving were officially appointed in the Massachusetts Bay colony for several years prior to 1630. The New Netherlands Dutch rulers also set apart regular days of thanksgiving between the years 1644 and 1665, and 100 years later on the English governors of New York followed their example.

The proclamation of the New Netherlands council, sitting at Fort Amsterdam in 1645, was as follows: Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his unbounded clemency and mercy, in addition to many previous blessings, to suffer us to reach the long looked for peace with the Indians,

Therefore it is deemed necessary to proclaim the fact to all those of New England to the end that in all places in the aforesaid country where Dutch and English churches are established God Almighty may be specially thanked, praised and blessed on next Wednesday forenoon being the 6th of September, the text to be appropriate and the sermon to be applicable thereto.

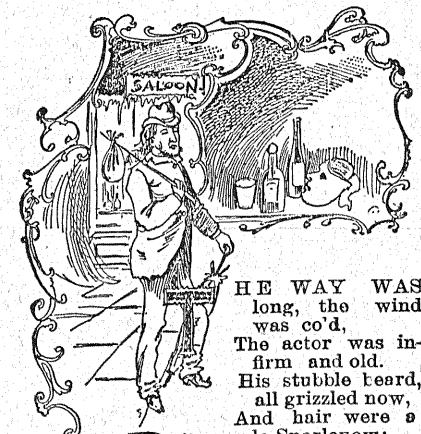
Your reverence will please announce this matter to the congregation next Sunday so that they may have notice.

On which we rely.

Throughout the Revolution the annual observance of Thanksgiving day was duly recognized by congress. After peace, however, it was thought to be no longer necessary till 1789, when the adoption of the constitution was made a national thanksgiving by the appointment of President Washington. Like rejoicings took place in celebration of the suppression of insurrection in 1795 and the restoration of peace in 1815. The first Thursday in November was recommended as a day of national thanksgiving by the prayer book (then used) of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

The Wanderer's Thanksgiving.



HE WAY WAS long, the wind was cold. The actor was in firm and old. His staid old head, all grained now, And hair were o' la Snarleyow;

His dress was seedy and his form Knew not the joy of great coat warm. The last of the "legit" he was Who thought and talked of tragedy.

For, welladay, their date was set; His sock-and-buskin mates were dead, And he, neglected and deserted, Limped as he walked, and often sighed In musing on the palmy days.

When countless thousands brought him bays, He poured in and wine poured down And he was king in every town.

But now no more the doors stood wide To welcome him; no more beside The brightest wits at banquet board To sit and sing was his accord, And wistfulness was in his eye.

When, as he passed, he chanced to spy Through open door the gleam of crowd Or reveling rounders gay and loud.

"Ah me," he sighed, "forsooth, methinks You rot-terling blades and quaffing drinks; Good lack, time was when I, too, stood In such like throngs—yea, by the road." In rushed the door and ventured in, When greeting rose above the din: "See where it comes!" "Hello!" "What news?"

And "Say, old top, let's see your shoes."

The ribald youngsters gathered 'round And in the way-worn actor found Subject for witticisms keen With roars of laughter loud between; His tattered trousers, soleside shoes (Alack! such things dislike my nose) And each sad detail of his dress Inspired them to mirthfulness.

"I say, old chap," at last one said, "You want a drink, I'll bet my head. Now here's a scheme: If you'll recite We'll set 'em up." "All right!" The aged actor bowed his head And, in a voice grown husky, said: (Mayhap sprites touched him with their wands)

"I used to know 'The Vagabonds.'"

And in silence that befell The weary pilgrim wore a spell That held the noisy crowd in thrall And at each slight sound, "Hush!" said all. A gentle vagabond was he, With art's great cloak for panoply, Telling the story, sweet, sublime, Of vagabondage strung in rhyme.

A moment's pause that awkward grew Followed his closing words: "This one's on me. What is it, pard? Thanksgiving? See?" The weary thespian drank, and then The others made him drink again and then And yet a parting drink, they swore, He must have with them—so one more.

And when at last he shivering went Into the night's chill banishment The revelers gay could not again Get back into the roistering throng. Their thoughts were with the actor old, Who muttered as he braved the cold: "If I can only work that gag On one more joint till I'm jag."

On one more joint till I'm jag. KIRKE LA SHELLE.

HISTORY OF THANKSGIVING.

Originated with Moses when He Reached the Promised Land. Thanksgiving day was a long time in getting itself established. It is not an exclusively American affair, and was not generally observed in the west and south till after the war; but in the east it may be said to date from the seventeenth century. Over 3,000 years ago Moses instructed the Israelites to keep a feast after they got established in the holy land. They called it the feast of the tabernacles, and for eight days following the close of harvest they dwelt in booths made chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on corn, wine, oil and fruits. In the course of time a splendid ritual for this feast was developed, including much singing and responsive choruses. Somewhat later the Greeks held a nine-days' feast of similar character, in which slaves were allowed to take part, and all criminals except murderers. The Romans had similar feasts in honor of Ceres, goddess of grain. The Saxons had a "Harvest Home," and after the English, which festival was observed in a sort of way in some of the American colonies. In the year 1621 the Pilgrims first tried to celebrate it, but it was rather a gloomy affair. In 1623 a ship loaded with provisions failed to arrive, and Gov. Bradford appointed a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, but the expected ship never came, and so they made it a day of thanksgiving.

Ninety Indians, headed by Chief Massasoit, took part. In 1631 the Puritans ran out of provisions, and February 3 was named as a day of fasting and prayer. As in the other case, the ship arrived, and they had a feast instead. June 15, 1637, there was a general service in all the churches to give thanks for the great Pequots, and on the 12th of October following general service and feast, in honor of peace and the settling of some religious differences. Forty years later Gov. Andros ordered the people to give thanks on the first day of December, but they hated Andros and did not thank worth a cent. Several persons were arrested for treating the proclamation with contempt, but this struck the home authorities as rather ludicrous, and his conduct was disapproved.

Thereafter Thanksgiving was pretty generally observed in all the states, the governor naming the day. George Washington recommended to congress the naming of a national day in 1789 for the adoption of the constitution; it was done, and the day was generally observed. In 1795 the proceeding was repeated. James Madison appears to have issued the first Presidential proclamation on the subject in 1815, in honor of the return of peace. Forty-eight years passed before President Lincoln issued the second one in 1863. Since then every President has followed the custom, and the day is nationally observed as last.

Full or Sober. Contributor—Here is a manuscript I wish to submit. Editor (waving his hand)—I'm sorry; we are full just now. Contributor (blandly)—Very well, I will call again when some of you are sober.

THE AMERICAN THANKSGIVING

FAITH. HOPE. LOVE.

IN THE CITY.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE. 10 A.M.

AS THE CHILDREN SEE IT.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE. THE PRICE OF SAFETY.

ON THE FARM.

THE FOOT-BALL GAME.

THANKSGIVING POETRY.

THANKSGIVING! To church with all the town! Let each give thanks for blessings. The year has showered down. Forget that graves are gaping And soon shall swallow all—The thankful and the thankful, The mighty and the small.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Let bells declare The joy that dwells within us, The exult of despair. Forget that graves are gaping, That darkness stands beside To cover each man over And will not be denied.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Let maid and matron sing; Let boys and men, chorusing, Give thanks unto the King. Forget that graves are gaping And endless lineage soon Shall still be choir and organ And down the joyful tune.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Back, care! But welcome, mirth! To-day to you is sacred, And all the men on earth Forget that graves are gaping, That mirth with care shall be Together, undisturbed, Throughout eternity.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Give thanks, then, oh, give thanks! This life has many prizes, And few of us draw blanks. Forget that graves are gaping, And all they who win shall rest Beside the luckless losers, In one oblivion drest.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis Thanksgiving! Fill full the flowing bowl! The past was good—be careless Of what may come or go. Forget that graves are gaping; 'Tis life is very sweet— "Dum vivimus, vivamus!" Come, friends, give thanks—and eat! BARRETT EASTMAN.

JOHN'S THANKSGIVING. BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

AT THE EVENING of Thanksgiving day John Ingfield, a blacksmith, sat in his elbow chair among those who had been keeping festival at his board. Being the central figure of the domestic circle, the fire threw its strongest light on his massive and sturdy frame, rendering his rough visage so that it looked like the head of an iron statue, all aglow from his own forge, and with its features rudely fashioned on his own anvil. At John Ingfield's right hand was an empty chair. The other places round the hearth were filled by the members of the family, who all sat quietly, while, with a semblance of fantastic merriment, their shadows danced on the wall behind them. One of the group was John Ingfield's son, who had been bred to college and was now a student of theology at Andover. There was also a daughter of

16, whom nobody could look at without thinking of a rosebud almost blossoming. The only other person at the fireside was Robert Moore, formerly an apprentice of the blacksmith, but now his journeyman, and who seemed more like an own son of John Ingfield than did the pale and slender student.

Only these four had kept New England's festival beneath that roof. The vacant chair at John Ingfield's right hand was in memory of his wife, whom death had snatched from him since the previous Thanksgiving. With a feeling that few would have looked for in his rough nature the bereaved husband had himself set the chair in its place next his own, and often did his eye glance thitherward as if he deemed it possible that the cold grave might send back its tenant to the cheerful fireside, at least for that one evening. "Thus did he cherish the grief that was dear to him. But there was another grief which he would fain have torn from his heart; or, since that could never be, have buried it too deep for others to behold, or for his own remembrance. Within the past year another member of his household had gone from him, but not to the grave. Yet they kept no vacant chair."

While John Ingfield and his family were sitting around the hearth, with the shadows dancing behind them on the wall, the outer door was opened and a light footstep came along the passage. The latch of the inner door was lifted by a meek familiar hand, and a young girl came in, wearing a cloak and hood, which she took off and laid on the table beneath the looking-glass. Then after gazing a moment at the fireside, she turned to the blacksmith and too the seat at John Ingfield's right hand, as if it had been reserved on purpose for her.

"Here I am at last, father," said she. "You are your Thanksgiving dinner without me, but I have come back to spend the evening with you."

Yes, it was Prudence Ingfield. She wore the same neat and modestly attired which she had been accustomed to put on when the household work was over for the day, and her hair was parted from her brow in the simple and modest fashion that became her best of all. If her cheek might otherwise have been pale, yet the glow of the fire sufficed it with a beautiful bloom. If she had spent the many months of her absence in quiet and infancy, yet they seemed to have left no traces on her gentle aspect; she could not have too old less altered had she merely stepped away from her father's fireside for half an hour and returned while the blaze was quivering upward from the same brands that were burning at her departure. And to John Ingfield she was the very vision of his buried wife, such as he remembered her on the first Thanksgiving which they had passed under their own roof. Therefore, though naturally a stern and rugged man, he could not speak unkindly to his faithful child, nor yet could he take her to his bosom.

"You are welcome home, Prudence," said he, glancing sideways at her, and his voice faltered. "Your mother would have rejoiced to see you, but she has been gone from us these four months."

"I know it, father, I know it," replied Prudence, quickly. "And yet, when I first came in, my eyes were so dazzled by the firelight that she seemed to be sitting in this very chair."

By this time the other members of the family had begun to recover from their surprise and became sensible that it was no ghost on the grave nor vision of their vivid recollections, but Prudence her own self. Her brother was the next that greeted

her. He advanced and held out his hand affectionately, as a brother should, yet not entirely like a brother, for with all his kindness, he was still a clergyman and speaking to a child of sin.

"Sister Prudence," said he earnestly, "rejoice that a merciful Providence hath turned your steps homeward in time for me to bid you a last farewell. In a few weeks, sister, I go to sea as a missionary to the far islands of the Pacific. There is not one of these beloved faces that I shall ever hope to behold again on this earth. Oh, may I see all of them—yours and all—before you leave me!"

A shadow flitted across the girl's countenance. "The grave is very dark, brother," answered she, withdrawing her hand somewhat hastily from his grasp. "You may look your last at me by the light of this fire."

While this was passing the twin-girl—the rosebud that had grown on the same stem with the castaway—stood gazing at her sister, longing to fling herself upon her bosom, so that the ten risks of their heart might intertwine again. At first she was restrained by mingled grief and shame, and by a dread that Prudence was too much changed to respond to her affection, or that her own purity would be felt as a reproach by the lost one. But, as she listened to the familiar voice, while the face grew more and more familiar, she forgot everything save the fact that she was a sister, and springing forward, she would have clasped her in a close embrace. At that very instant, however, Prudence started from her chair and held out both hands with a warning gesture.

"No, Mary, no, my sister," cried she, "do not touch me. Your bosom must not be pressed to mine."

Mary shuddered and stood still, for she felt that something dark and terrible was between her and the girl. Prudence herself, though it seemed so near each other in the light of their father's hearth, where they had grown up together. Meanwhile Prudence threw her eyes to the room in search of one who had not yet bidden her welcome. He had withdrawn from his seat by the fireside and was standing near the door with his face averted, so that his features could be discerned only by the flickering light of the fire on the wall. But Prudence called to him in a cheerful and kindly tone:

"Come, Robert," said she, "won't you shake hands with your old friend?"

Robert held back for a moment, but affection at length overpowered him, and he rushed toward Prudence, seized her hand and pressed it to his bosom. "There, there, Robert," said she, smiling sadly as she withdrew her hand. "You must not give me too warm a welcome."

And now, having exchanged greetings with each member of the family, Prudence again seated herself in the chair at John Ingfield's right hand. She was naturally a girl of quick and tender sensibilities, gladness in her general mood, but with a bewitching pathos interwoven among her merriest words and deeds. It was remarked of her, too, that she had a faculty, even in childhood, of throwing her own feelings like a spell over her companions, such as she had been in the days of her innocence, so did she appear this evening. Her friends, in the surprise and bewilderment of her return, almost forgot that she had ever left them, or that she had forfeited any of her claims to their affection. In the morning, perhaps, they might have looked at her with a tired eyes, but by the Thanksgiving fireside they found her as fresh and bright as when she came back to them and were thankful. John Ingfield's rough visage brightened with the glow of his heart as it grew warm and merry within him. She or twice he even laughed till the room rang again, yet seemed startled by the echo of his own mirth. The grave young minister became as frolicsome as a schoolboy. Mary, too, the rosebud, forgot that her twin blossom had ever been torn from the stem and trampled in the dust. And as for Robert Moore, he gazed at Prudence with the bashful earnestness of love new born, while she, with sweet maiden coquetry, half smiled upon and half discomfited him.

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It was now the hour for domestic worship, but while the family were making preparations for their duty, they suddenly perceived that Prudence had put on her cloak and hood and was lifting the latch of the door as if to go. "Prudence, Prudence, where are you going?" cried they all with one voice.

As Prudence passed out of the door she turned toward them and flung back her hand with a gesture of farewell, but her face was so changed that they hardly recognized it. Sin and evil passions glowed through its comeliness, and wrought a horrible deformity; a smile beamed in her eyes as a triumphant mockery at their surprise and grief.

"Daughter," cried John Ingfield, between wrath and sorrow, "stay and be your father's blessing, or take his curse with you!"

For an instant Prudence lingered and looked back into the fire-lighted room, while her countenance wore almost the expression as if she was struggling with a fiend, who had power to seize his victim even within the hallowed precincts of her father's hearth. The fiend prevailed and Prudence vanished into the outer darkness. When the family rushed to the door they could see nothing, but heard the sound of wheels rattling over the frozen ground.

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copal church in 1789, since when other denominations have made similar provisions. The governor of New York 70 years ago appointed a regular day, and the other northern states quickly followed, the southern states joining in after the war.

The staid and chastened rejoicing with which the honest but austere pilgrim fathers observed the day may be learned from the proclamation in 1637 of Petrus Stuyvesant, or rather of the council of the New Netherlands, in which he enjoins thankfulness, but forbids certain worldly pleasures in the following words:

In order that these services may be observed with the greatest harmony the director general and council forbid during the exercises on the said day of Thanksgiving all such pleasures as playing tennis or ball, hunting, fishing, driving, plowing, mowing, together with all forbidden plays, as dice, conviviality and such like, under pain of arbitrary banishment, and we admonish at the same time all ministers of the holy gospel within our jurisdiction to formulate their sermons and prayers accordingly. Given in council held at Fort Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, 6th of February, 1637.

As to the cause for national thanksgiving, no true American can say there is not abundant reason for thankfulness. This is the year of the commemoration of the centenary of the institution, greater liberty is enjoyed than in perhaps any other country, and while there always will be rich and poor, there are less poverty and higher wages proportionately for workmen than in any other country in the world. The chances of rising to wealth are open to all. The laboring man of today may possibly be a millionaire 10 or 20 years hence. The agricultural resources of the country are so great that double the present population of this country could be sustained in the United States without increasing the area of a single farm or adding one to their number by merely bringing the product up to the standard of reasonably good agriculture. Besides this, there might remain for export twice the quantity required for home use, which could be sent abroad to feed the hungry.

The first Thanksgiving proclamation of Washington as president of the United States was made in New York on Oct. 3, 1789, setting apart Thursday, Nov. 26, of that year "to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the Author of all the good that is, that was or that will be," etc.

His second Thanksgiving proclamation was made in Philadelphia on Jan. 1, 1795, the occasion to be one of special observance.

Of all the Thanksgiving proclamations ever issued, that which caused the bitterest comment was the one by Governor John Jay of New York. It stands conspicuous in the pages of history by marking the acrimony and enmity of his assailants in the way in which it is worded, and is as follows:

Whereas, The governor of the state of New York is vested with authority to appoint a day for this purpose, and to require and enjoin the observance of it is a question which, circumstanced as it is, I consider as being more appropriate for the legislature than for me to decide. But, as the people of this state have constituted me their chief magistrate, and being perfectly convinced that national prosperity obtained and ought to obtain national gratitude to the Supreme Ruler of all nations, I think it appropriate to recommend, and I therefore do earnestly recommend, to the clergy and others of my fellow citizens throughout this state to set apart Thursday, the 23rd of November, for the purpose aforesaid and to observe it accordingly.

The question why the turkey becomes the national bird, as far as the table is concerned, on Thanksgiving day has never been settled and probably never will be. Most likely it is because this gallinaceous fowl is in prime order for killing at this time and possibly because most of the pilgrim fathers cried "Turkey" at their first Thanksgiving feast. The same mystery prevails regarding the association of cranberry sauce with turkey at this time. It will probably never be revealed. Let those who wish to lift the veil beware lest their curiosity to see what is hidden may reveal a cause so utterly prosaic as to take away some of the charms of a feast consecrated by over two centuries of observance.

A SOLDIER'S HEART.

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A cold, bleak November day; a Virginia turnpike; a horseman in blue, riding at a gallop.

A turn in the road; a bushwhacker hidden in the bushes; a shot and a fall from the saddle.

It was Little Jim, our third sergeant, riding across the country to carry a dispatch from Custer to Torbett. We called him Little Jim because he was small of stature and because everybody liked him. He was only a boy, and one look into his



BUSHWHACKED.

frank face and big blue eyes made you his friend. The bushwhacker peered over the log and saw his victim lying on the stony road and the horse galloping away in affright, and a smile of satisfaction came to his face as he rose up and hurried through the woods. War is not always war. Sometimes it is assassination—murder.

Twenty rods beyond the body lying in the road is a humble cabin, tenanted only by a woman and two children. War has forced the husband and father into the ranks. At sound of the shot and the clatter of hoofs they rise up from their frugal noonday meal and run down to the gate. A dead man is by no means a rare sight to mother and children. Hundreds of dead have been left on that highway in the last two years, and at

times the cabin has been full of wounded men who groaned and cursed.

"It's a Yankee who's been bushwhacked," whispers the mother as she leads the way down the road, and presently the trio are looking down upon the lifeless form of our Little Jim. No, not lifeless. The bullet struck him in the side and inflicted a severe wound, but even while they gaze at him he opens his blue eyes and tries to realize his situation.

"Looks jest like Uncle Dan!" whispers one of the children.

"Let's be good to him!" pleads the other. She would. Assisted a bit by the children, she got him to the house and had captured a prisoner and a patient at the same time. Her husband and her neighbors had come home with gunshot wounds, and she had helped to nurse them and send them back to fight for the cause she believed was right. Aside from a surgeon our Little Jim could not have fallen into better hands. She probed for the bullet and found it, and if living today he wears it on his watchchain. The Federals had been holding that road for weeks, and all that afternoon and evening the woman listened for the clatter of hoofs that she might report what had occurred and have her patient taken



IN DIRECT LINE.

away. Not a horseman passed. A shift of war had left that cabin the center of neutral ground, and the armies were preparing to go into winter quarters.

There were days and nights when Little Jim was out of his head and raving of home and mother. There were days and nights when his life hung on a thread. He had the care his own mother would have given him. Many and many a time he called her his mother, and blessed her that she had come down from was dying, and his past life floated before him, a moving phantasmagoria in the mist. He saw Widow O'Hara.

"You old wretch!" she exclaimed. "Now you are getting your deserts. You would sell me out, would you?"

She shook her fist at him as he cowered there, and her figure was replaced by others, the ghosts of those whom he had robbed, many of them children with faces pinched by hunger, who had arisen from the grave to confront him. Ah, it was a merry procession for Thanksgiving day, as long as the longest chain gang of slaves that ever toiled under the lash in the torrid interior of Africa. And the maledictions they heaped upon him, their faces distorted with hatred and their voices quivering with rage! What a noise they made, to be sure, these phantoms! Blifflins had never imagined that ghosts could shriek and yell in that fashion. It was a pandemonium of sneers, wails, shouts and howls—exclamations of endless aversion and out-



IN A BAD FIX.

bursts of undying scorn that pierced the brain and racked the senses. It was indeed pleasant company for Thanksgiving day!

Nor was that all! Beelzebub himself was there, and never had his horns seemed so high or his tail so long! He frisked around merrily, his eyes gleaming like coals and his tail whisking like a whipcord, cracking now and then as his antics became more marked.

"I don't like it," gasped Blifflins. "Let me get out."

"No, no, Blif. We've got you now, and we are going to give you a little foretaste of what will come when you have presently shuffled off this mortal coil. This is nothing to what it will be then."

"This is pretty warm," moaned Blifflins argumentatively.

"Ah, but you wait. When you are dancing gayly upon the live coals, with sulphur flames shooting up around you, then you'll understand what a torrid temperature is like. I have a nice, pleasant furnace especially prepared for you, and you shall have it all to yourself."

"But I don't want it all to myself," groaned Blifflins.

"You'll get used to it. Come along, now."

"What, now?" shrieked Blifflins.

"Yes, now."

"But I don't want to die now. I can't. I won't. I'm not prepared. I've been an old sinner. Let me live, and I'll repent."

"Oh, you'll repent? How many lies have you told?"

"But I won't tell any more. I'll reform; I'll go to church; I'll put 10 cents in the contribution box every Sunday; I'll—"

"It's too late, Blifflins."

"Mercy, I!"

"Have you ever had mercy on the widows and children? Come on, now." He prodded the unfortunate man with his pitchfork and lifted him up as easily as if he had been a bale of hay. Blifflins uttered a piercing shriek of despair, and—

"All right, sir. Ready for the massage treatment now, sir?"

It was the attendant who spoke. Blifflins rubbed his eyes as he woke up and stared in bewilderment.

"Why, where is— Bah! I'm a fool!"

"You want to sleep, sir. We gave it to you pretty warm, sir."

"I should think you did!" muttered Blifflins.

Did Blifflins emerge from his Turkish bath that day a changed man? Did he cancel at once the debts of all his unfortunate creditors? Did he send every one a turkey post haste with the compliments of the season? Did he dispatch a wagon load of provisions and garments to every charitable institution that the lame and the halt, the young and the aged might be fed and clothed? Not Blifflins! His heart wasn't of that kind. He was consistent to the end in his character. He squeezed them harder than ever!

Notice to Hunters.

We, the undersigned, hereby forbid any hunting or shooting on our premises. Trespassers will be punished according to law:

J. H. STRIFFLER,
JOHN STRIFFLER,
JACOB STRIFFLER, SR.,
SAMUEL BENKELMAN,
ROBT. WALMSLEY,
ROBERT G. ORR,
HUGH SEED.

11-10

Notice to Taxpayers.

I will be at the Town Hall each Friday during December, from 9 to 5 o'clock to receive taxes. Other times, at my office.

J. H. McLEAN,
Township Treasurer.

Apprentices Wanted.

Mrs. J. E. Patterson wishes to secure several apprentices at her Dressmaking Parlors on Oak Street north. The French Dress System used. Satisfaction guaranteed. A call solicited. 17-4

Backwheat Wanted.

We will pay 45 cts. per bushel for small kernel buckwheat, suitable for grinding purposes, at Cass City Roller Mills until further notice.

LAING & JONES,
Cass City.

11-10

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headache yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at Fritz's Drug Store.

Guaranteed Cured.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a cough, cold or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return this bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at Fritz's drugstore. Large size 50c. and \$1.00.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Furuncles, Sore Throat, Chapped Hands, Chills, 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 T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

It does the work. Mr. Chas. Gocha, Gaylord, Michigan, says: "I am asked, 'Did Brant's Balsam do you any good?' Well I should say it did. 'LeGrippe' left me with a serious cough and lung trouble, for which I took about all the cough remedies I had ever heard of, without benefit. Mr. Russell, our druggist, suggested Brant's Balsam. As it was a large bottle for 25 cents I took one. It helped me; I used six bottles and was cured completely. (Cost \$1.50.) Can heartily recommend it; it's a great medicine."

25 and 50c bottles at

Fritz's Drug Store.

Newnansville, Fla., June 5, 1891.

Messrs Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga.

Dear sirs:—I wish to give my testimonials in regard to your valuable medicine, P. P. P., for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, biliousness, etc. In 1891 I was attacked with bilious muscular rheumatism, and have been a martyr to it ever since. I tried all medicines I ever heard of, and all the doctors in reach, but I found only temporary relief, the pains were so bad at times that I did not care whether I lived or died. My digestion became so impaired that everything I ate disagreed with me. My wife suffered so intensely with dyspepsia that her life was a burden to her; she would be confined to her bed for weeks at a time; she also suffered greatly from giddiness and loss of sleep. Some time in March I was advised to take P. P. P., and before we (my wife and I) had finished the second bottle of P. P. P., our digestion began to improve. My pains subsided so much that I have been able to work, and am feeling like doing what I haven't done before in a number of years. We will continue taking P. P. P. until we are entirely cured, and will cheerfully recommend it to all suffering humanity.

Yours Very Respectfully,

J. S. DUPRIS.

AGENTS WANTED.

Old and well known nursery, liberal terms; outfit free, large first-class stock. Great variety.

9-22-12 GEO. MOULSON & SON,
Union Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

The man who rests never gets there.

All kinds of orders and blanks kept in stock at the ENTERPRISE office.

WORLD'S FAIR HOLIDAY GOODS AND TOYS

—AT—

G. A. STEVENSON'S.

Largest Variety and Cheapest Ever Known in this part of Michigan. Selected personally while in Chicago of the Largest House in the World.

DONT FAIL TO SEE THEM.

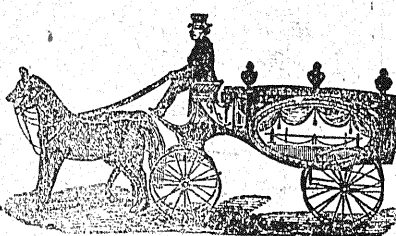
Butter and Eggs—in fact, everything in the way of Produce that we can use—taken in exchange.

Yours Respectfully,

G. A. STEVENSON.

P. S.—Goods delivered in the city.

A. A. McKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

A complete stock of Coffins, Caskets, and Undertaker's Supplies on hand. Two Hearses always in readiness. First door west of McDougall & Co.'s.

CASS CITY, - - MICH.

Gagetown Furniture and Undertaking Rooms.

A. A. McKENZIE, Proprietor.

A Full Line of Furniture and Undertakers' Supplies, Mouldings and Picture Frames.

All Kinds Repairing Done on Short Notice.

Good Hearse When Desired.

R. BOLTON, Manager, - Gagetown, Mich.

LOOK + LOOK

At my stock of

NEW DRY GOODS,
LADIES' UNDERWEAR,
GENTS' UNDERWEAR,
MEN'S DUCK COATS.

100 COOK AND PARLOR STOVES

In my Stove Department.

SHINGLES FOR SALE,

Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

J. L. HITCHCOCK'S Three Story Brick.

KEEP
IT
BEFORE
THE
PEOPLE.

If you can get your name so thoroughly and so prominently associated with the business in which you are engaged that people will instinctively think of the name whenever the business is suggested, you will have achieved the acme of advertising. If you will put your name and business together in the ENTERPRISE every week, you will soon reach that point.

CITY
MARBLE AND GRANITE
WORKS.

HARPER & FORBES

Port Huron.

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, Mantles, Grates, Tiles and Cut Building Stone.

Buying direct from Quarries, in large lots, we are in a position to give our customers the lowest possible prices consistent with first-class workmanship and the best material. Before placing your orders with other dealers it will pay you to inspect our work and prices.

Please remember our salesrooms and factory are now located on Butler-st west, opposite the Baptist church. 7-7-20

MEN CURED FREE

Lost Vigor, Varicocele, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Small or Strained Organs, Enlarged, and all other impediments to marriage removed by Dr. DeLyon's Remedies. They restored me and I will send the prescription (sealed free) to any one.

Address, with stamp, CHAS. DELLYON, Jackson, Mich.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Props.

CASS CITY, MICHIGAN

A BASE ball player, a member of the profession, recently expressed the opinion that foot ball would be before long become a game played professionally in the country just as base ball is played. It is not in the book of fate for this violent game to supplant base ball or share its interests in the summer months. The exercise is too vigorous, too inviting for cases of sunstroke. Foot ball is more of a cold weather sport, a sort of Thanksgiving episode. Moreover, it is a sport which college boys seem to virtually monopolize, much as they monopolize mental and oratorical contests.

This much disputed question of the loftiest mountain on the North American continent has at last been settled. John Partridge, secretary of the geographical society of the Pacific, has received a letter from the chief of the United States coast and geodetic survey, Washington, D. C., stating that Mount Orizaba, in Mexico, is the highest. Mount St. Elias, Alaska, has for years past been considered the highest; but Orizaba has proved to be higher by 289 feet. The exact figures as forwarded to Secretary Partridge are: Mount Orizaba, 18,314 feet; Mount St. Elias, 18,015 feet.

ROUND-UPS of contraband Chinese are affording exciting diversion for American citizens along the British Columbia border. Gangs of ten or a dozen coolies, conveyed by white men attempting to smuggle them into this country, have recently been the object of exciting chases by citizens or officers in the border counties of Washington. A company of thirteen Chinese and two white men were discovered near Sumas last week. Citizens gave chase, the two white men opened fire, and in the melee that ensued one Chinaman was badly wounded and six were captured. Several captures of parties of three or four Chinamen from such bands have been made within a week or ten days.

MODEST appreciation of his own merits is never lacking in the Briton. Here, for instance, is Major Gould-Adams, who reports that in the last fight with "Lo Bengula" the "steadiness of the English troops was wonderful." The casual reader would be likely to suppose from this statement that the engagement was terrific and that the English maintained their position at the expense of half their number killed and wounded, but the casual reader would be fooled. On the contrary, the troops whose "steadiness was wonderful" were pumped bullets into the Matsabes with machine guns at long range, their own loss being one high private killed and one negro camp-follower wounded, while 500 of Lo Bengula's naked henchmen fell beneath the fire of the Maxim guns.

It is encouraging to now and then read of a judge who regards something more than a biped five feet six inches tall, twenty-one years old and five years in this country, as essential to citizenship. Such a judge was developed in Cumberland county, New Jersey, a few days before the late elections when more than 100 native Russians applied to him for naturalization papers, and more than two-thirds of them were rejected. The judge's name is Hoagland. Each candidate for citizenship he interrogated, and learned from those he rejected that they did not have the faintest conception of the duties of American citizenship, or of American institutions, that they couldn't tell the American flag from a last week's washing. This kind of discretion commonly exercised by the American bench would go a long way toward bringing about a better era in American politics.

One of the worst signs for the future of American institutions is the lack of interest, not merely of the very wealthy, but of business men of moderate means, for politics. If it be true that politics are not attractive to self-respecting men the remedy is for such men to use whatever influence they possess to make politics better. The politics of the country are not worse than the average morals of the community. The politician may be selfish, but he is not more so than is the average business man, who lets public affairs alone because to engage in politics will interfere with his money-making. There are among the politicians at least some whose chief interest in political affairs is their sense of duty as citizens to do their share towards making our system of self government a success. Perhaps there used to be more such men. They need to become more numerous again. Instead of looking askance at the politician, we should honor him as one who, whatever his faults, at least professes that some purpose in life is more important to him than his personal gain.

CALAMITIES are administered in big doses in China and Japan, but these countries are so far off that we soon forget such items as 2,000 people dead and missing in a passing flood or cyclone, not to speak of the thousands left homeless.

The two monarchs who are now supporting England as allies in Africa do not wear clothes, but are well supplied with rum. They form a sort of walking sermon, so to speak, on the civilization they have allied themselves with.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"A HUNTING SCENE" THE SUBJECT OF A SERMON.

"In the Morning He Shall Devour the Prey and at Night He Shall Divide the Spoil." Genesis, xlii:27—Days of Grace.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 26.—In the forenoon service at the Tabernacle to-day, Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject a most seasonable one: "A Hunting Scene," the text being Genesis 49:27: "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil."

A few nights ago eight hundred men encamped along the Long Island railroad so as to be ready for the next morning which was the first "open day" for deer-hunting. Between sunrise and 2 o'clock in the afternoon of that day fifteen deer were shot. On the 20th of October our woods and forests resound with a shock of firearms, and are tracked of pointers and setters, because the quail are then a lawful prize for the sportsman. On a certain day in all England you can hear the crack of the sportsman's gun, because the grouse hunting has begun; and every man that can afford the time and ammunition, and can draw a bead, starts for the fields. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chase the tiger. The American Indian darts his arrow at the buffalo until the frightened herd tumble over the rocks. European nobles are often found in the fox chase and at the stag hunt. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. Moses declares of Nimrod: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord." Therefore, in all ages of the world the imagery of my text ought to be suggestive, whether it meant a wolf after a fox or a man after a lion. Old Jacob, dying, is telling the fortunes of his children. He prophesies the devouring propensities of Benjamin and his descendants. With his dim old eyes he looks off and sees the hunters going out to the fields, ranging them all day, and at nightfall coming home, the game slung over the shoulder, and reaching the door of the tent the hunters begin to distribute the game, and one takes a coney, and another a rabbit, and another a roe. "In the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil." Or it may be a reference to the habits of wild beasts that slay their prey and then drag it back to the cave or lair and divide it among the young.

I take my text, in the first place, as descriptive of those people who in the morning of their life give themselves up to hunting the world, but afterward, by the grace of God, in the evening of their life divide among themselves the spoils of Christian character. There are aged Christian men and women in this house who, if they gave testimony, would tell you that in the morning of their life they were after the world as intense as a hound after a hare, or as a falcon swoops upon a gazelle. "They wanted the world's pleasures and the world's gains. They felt that if they could get this world they would have everything. Some of them started out for the pleasures of the world. They thought that the man who laughed loudest was happiest. They tried repartee, and conundrum, and burlesque, and madrigal. They thought they would like to be Tom Hoods, or Charles Lambs, or Edgar A. Poes. They mingled wine and music, and the spectacular. They were worshippers of the harlequin, and the merry Andrew, and the buffoon and the jester. Life was to them foam, and bubble, and exhilaration, and roystering, and grimace. They were so full of glee they could hardly repress their mirth, even on solemn occasions, and they came near bursting out hilariously even at the burial, because there was something so dolorous in the tone or countenance of the undertaker. After awhile, misfortune struck them hard on the back. They found there was something they could not laugh at. Under their late hours their health gave away, or there was a death in the house. Of every green thing their soul was exfoliated. They found out that life was more than a joke. From the heart of God there blazed into their soul an earnestness they had never felt before. They awoke to their sinfulness and their immortality, and here they sat at 60 or 70 years of age, as appreciative of all innocent mirth as they ever were, but they are bent on a style of satisfaction which in earthly life they never hunted; the evening of their days brighter than the morning. In the morning they devoured the prey, but at night they divided the spoils.

Then there are others who started out for financial success. They see how limber the rim of a man's hat is when he bows down before some one transpicious. They felt they would like to see how the world looked from the window of a four thousand dollar turnout. They thought they would like to have the morning sunlight tangle in the headgear of a dashing span. They wanted the bridges in the park to resound under the rataplan of their swift hoofs. They wanted a gilded baldric, and so they started on the dollar hunt. They chased it up one street and chased it down another. They followed it when it burrowed in the cellar. They treed it in the roof. Wherever a dollar was expected to be, they were. They chased it across the ocean. They chased it across the land. They stopped not for the night. Hearing that dollar, even in the darkness, thrilled them as an Adirondack sportsman is thrilled at midnight by a loon's laugh. They chased that dollar to the money vault. They chased it to the government treasury. They routed it from under the counter. All the hounds were out—all the pointers and the setters. They leaped the hedges for that dollar, and they cried: "Hark away! a dollar! a dollar!" And when at last

they came upon it and had actually captured it, their excitement was like that of a falconer who has successfully dinged his first hawk. In the morning of their life, oh, how they devoured the prey! But there came a better time to their soul. They found out that an immortal nature cannot live on bank stock. They took up a Northern Pacific bond, and there was a hole in it through which they could look into the uncertainty of all earthly treasures. They saw some Ralston, living at the rate of \$25,000 a month, leaping from San Francisco wharf because he could not continue to live at the same ration. They saw the wizen and paralytic bankers who had changed their souls into molten gold stamped with the image of the earth, earthly. They saw some great souls by avarice turned into homunculi, and they said to themselves: "I will seek after higher treasure."

My friends, this world is a poor thing to hunt. It is healthful to go out in the woods and hunt. It rekindles the lustre of the eye. It strikes the brown of the autumnal leaf into the cheek. It gives to the rheumatic limbs the strength to leap like a roe. Christopher North's pet gun, the muck-mould-Meg, going off in the summer in the forests, had its echo in the winter-time in the eloquence that rang through the woods, haunts, and burs. It is healthy to go hunting in the fields; but I tell you that it is belittling and bedwafing and belaming for a man to hunt this world. The hammer comes down on the gun-cap, and the barrel explodes and kills you instead of that which you are pursuing. When you turn out to hunt the world turns out to hunt you; and as many a sportsman aiming his gun at a panther's heart has gone down under the striped claws, so, while you have been attempting to devour this world the world has been devouring you. So it was with Lord Byron. So it was with Coleridge. So it was with Catherine of Russia. Henry II. went out hunting for this world and his lance struck through his heart. Francis I. aimed at the world, but the assassin's dagger put an end to his ambition and his life with one stroke. Mary Queen of Scots wrote on the window of her castle:

From the top of all my trust
Mishap hath led me in the dust.

The queen dowager of Navarre was offered for her wedding day a costly and beautiful pair of gloves, and she put them on; but they were poisoned gloves, and they took her life. Better a bare hand of cold privation than a warm and poisoned glove of ruinous success. "Oh!" says some young man in the audience, "I believe what you are preaching. I am going to do that very thing. In the morning of my life I am going to devour the prey, and in the evening I shall divide the spoils of Christian character. I only want a little while to sow my wild oats, and then I will be good." Young man, did you ever take census of all the old people? How many old people are there in your house? One, two, or none? How many in a vast assemblage like this? Only here and there a gray head, like the patches of snow here and there in the fields on a late April day. The fact is that the tides of the years are so strong that men go down under them before they get to be 60, before they get to be 50, before they get to be 40, before they get to be 30, and if you, my young brother, resolve now that you will spend the morning of your days in devouring the prey, the probability is that you will never divide the spoils in the evening hour. He who postpones until old age the religion of Jesus Christ, postpones it forever. Where are the men who, thirty years ago, resolved to become Christians in old age, putting it off a certain number of years? They never got to be old. The railroad collision, or the steam-boat explosion, or the slip on the ice, or the falling ladder, or the sudden cold put an end to their opportunities. They have never had an opportunity since, and never will have an opportunity again. They looked the door of heaven against their soul, and they threw away the keys. They chased the world, and they died in the chase. The wounded tiger turned on them. They failed to take the game they pursued. Mounted on a swift courser, they leaped the hedges, but they fell on them and crushed them. Proposing to barter their soul for the world, they lost both soul and get neither.

While this is an encouragement to old people who are still unpardoned, it is no encouragement to the young who are putting off the day of grace. This doctrine that the old may be repentant is to be taken cautiously. It is medicine that kills or cures. The same medicine, given to different patients, in one case it saves life, and in the other it destroys it. This possibility of repentance at the close of life may cure the old man while it kills the young. Be cautious in taking it.

Again, my subject is descriptive to those who come to a sudden and a radical change. You have noticed how short a time it is from morning to night—only seven or eight hours. You know that the day has a very brief life. Its heart beats twenty-four times and then it is dead. How quick this transition in the character of these Benjamins! "In the morning they shall devour the prey, and at night they shall divide the spoils." Is it possible that there shall be such a transformation in any of our characters? Yes, a man may be at 7 o'clock in the morning an all devouring worldling, and at 7 o'clock at night he may be a peaceful, distributive Christian. Conversion is instantaneous. A man passes into the kingdom of God quicker than down the sky runs zig-zag lightning. A man may be anxious about his soul for a great many years; that does not make him a Christian. A man may pray a great while; that does not make him a Christian. A man may resolve on the reformation of his character, and have that resolution going a great

while; that does not make him a Christian. But the very instant when he dings his soul on the mercy of Jesus Christ, that instant is illustration, emancipation, resurrection. Up to that point he is going in the wrong direction; after that point he is going in the right direction. Before that moment he is a child of sin; after that moment he is a child of God. Before that moment devouring the prey; after that moment dividing the spoil. Five minutes is as good as five years. My hearer, you know very well that the best things you have done you have done in a flash. You made up your mind in an instant to buy, or to sell, or to invest, or to stop, or to start. If you had missed that one chance you would have missed it forever. Now, just as precipitate, and quick, and spontaneous will be the ransom of your soul. Some morning you were making a calculation. You got on the track of some financial or social game. With your pen or pencil you were pursuing it. That very morning you were devouring the prey, but that very night you were in a different mood. You found that all heaven was offered you. You wondered how you could get it for yourself and for your family. You are dividing peace, and comfort, and satisfaction, and Christian reward in your soul. You are dividing the spoil.

One Sabbath night, at the close of the service, I said to some persons: "When did you first become serious about your soul?" And they told me: "To-night." And I said to others: "When did you give your heart to God?" And they said: "To-night." And I said to still others: "When did you resolve to serve the Lord all the days of your life?" And they said: "To-night." I saw by the gayety of their apparel that when the grace of God struck them they were devouring the prey; but I saw also, in the flood of joyful tears, and in the kindling raptures on their brow, and in their exultant and transporting utterances, that they were dividing the spoil. If you have been in this building when the lights are struck at night, you know that with one touch of electricity they are all blazed. Oh, I would to God that the darkness of your souls might be broken up, and that by one quick, overwhelming, instantaneous flash of illumination, you might be brought into the light and the liberty of the sons of God!

You see that religion is a different thing from what some of you people supposed. You thought it was a decadence; you thought religion was maceration; you thought it was high-way robbery; that it struck one down and left one half dead; that it plucked out the eyes; that it plucked out the plumes of the soul; that it broke the wing and crushed the beak as it came clanking with its black talons through the air. No, that is not religion. What is religion? It is dividing the spoils. It is taking a defenceless soul and panoplying it for eternal conquest. It is the distribution of prizes by the king's hand, every medal stamped with a coronation. It is an exhilaration, an expansion. It is a paradisiacal. It is an environment. Religion makes a man master of earth, of death and hell. It goes forth to gather the medals of victory won by Prince Emmanuel, and diadems of heaven, and the glories of realms terrestrial, and celestial, and then, after ranging all worlds for everything that is resplendent, it divides the spoil. What was it that James Turner, the famous English evangelist, was doing when in his dying moments he said: "Christ is all! Christ is all! Why, he was entering into light; he was rounding the Cape of Good Hope; he was dividing the spoil. What was the aged Christian Quakeress doing when at 80 years of age she was in the morning of one day and said: 'The time of my departure is come. My grave clothes are falling off.'" She was dividing the spoil.

She longed with wings to fly away, And mix with that eternal day. What is Daniel now doing, the lion tamer? And Elijah who was drawn by the flaming courser? And Paul, the rattling of whose chains made kings quake? And all the other victims of flood, and fire, and wreck, and guillotine—where are they? Dividing the spoil.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the ransomed saints 'Throng up the steps of light.

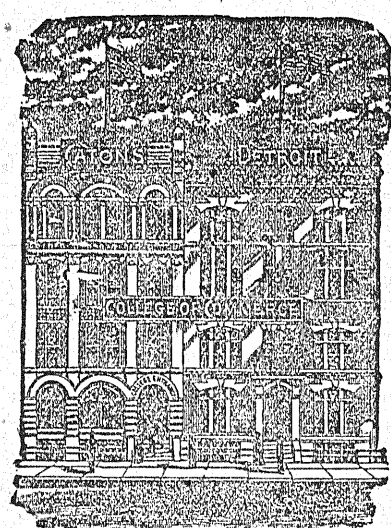
'Tis finished, all is finished. Their flight with death and sin; Life for your golden gates And let the victors in.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to be a Christian! We begin now to divide the spoil, but the distribution will not be completed to all eternity. There is a poverty stricken soul, there is a business despoiled soul, there is a sin-stricken soul, there is a bereaved soul—why do you not come and get the spoils of Christian character, the comfort, the joy, the peace, the salvation that I am sent to offer you in my Master's name? Though your knees knock together in weakness, though your hand tremble in fear, though your eyes rain tears of uncontrollable weeping—come and get the spoils. Rest for all the weary. Pardon for all the guilty. Labor for all the bestormed. Life for all the dead. I verily believe that there are some who have come in here, downcast because the world is against them, and because they feel God is against them, who will go away saying:

I came to Jesus as I was, Weary and sad and sad; I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.

Though you come in children of the world, you may go away heirs of heaven. Though this very autumnal morning you were devouring the prey, now, all worlds witnessing, you may divide the spoil.

Customer—Is this pure ground coffee you sold me? Grocer—Of course it is. What makes you ask? Customer—I found some gravel in it.



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remedies from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.

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Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.

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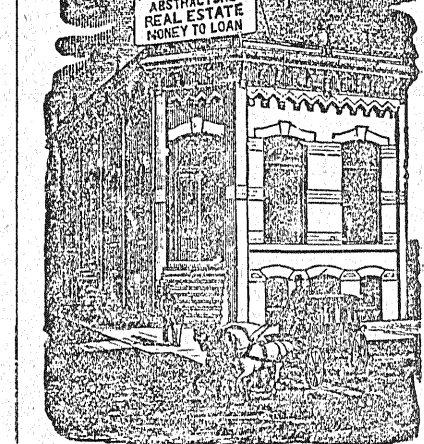
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160 ACRE FARM

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.

The land is clay loam, and is all

cleared and under cultivation.

There are 2 good houses, 2 large

barns, 2 orchards, 200 raspberry

bushes, 2 wells and windmill, and

good fences on the farm.

I only wish to be secure, and

will make terms to suit purchaser

Inquire on premises of

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THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.

DEAR SIR:—I have been using your

cure for tobacco habit, and found it would

do what you claimed for it. I used ten cents

worth of the strongest chewing tobacco a day,

and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke

from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed

and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages

of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.

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GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for \$1.00 worth of your

Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although

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three days. I am cured.

Truly yours,

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GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets.

My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend, I was a l t-

try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets

but three days he was drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited

four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent.

Yours truly,

M. S. HIRSH MORRISON

CHANDLER, O.

The archbishops of York and London each receive a salary as high as that paid to the president of the United States, and the archbishop of Canterbury gets half as much again—\$75,000 a year.

A Frenchman of some literary distinction, after studying English for a few months, wrote to an American friend: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come at the America and go on to the scaffold to lecture."

Rev. John Hutchinson, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Proctor, Long Island, preached a sermon, "The Tongue," a short time ago, and it led to a breach in his congregation, that has ended in his resignation. There seems to have been too much of it.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N. Y.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. I CAN EAT AND SLEEP AS BEFORE. THIS DRINK IS MADE FROM HERBS, AND IS PREPARED FOR USE AS EASILY AS TEA. IT IS CALLED

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All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 a bottle. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels, cleans the blood, and cures all ailments. It is the best medicine ever made. It is the best medicine ever made. It is the best medicine ever made.

TRADE MARK

In 1886, my son, suffered very much from cancer of the mouth. My wife, a nurse by profession, an operation was performed, extending from the jaw bone, which but the cancer returned and grew. Finally, after trying many remedies in vain, I commenced to give him S. S. S.; after seven bottles had been taken the cancer disappeared entirely. The cancer had been there for years, and I am now well. I have cured every case of cancer I have ever seen. My cure is due exclusively to S. S. S.

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Cold

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ASTORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOCK.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

He had a vague idea that Irish men and women were a kind of savages who inhabited a barren island on the wild Atlantic, and ran about half-naked among the rocks.

"Yes, but these girls have never been in Ireland. They were educated in a convent near Boston. They are young ladies, pious, well-conducted, although they work for their daily bread. During my neighbor, the young cabinet-maker, is over head and ears in love with the elder sister, and I think there will be a marriage before long."

"Durand! What, the sturdy broad-shouldered youth at No. 7, who whistles and sings so loud as he goes in and out?"

"Yes, a fine frank nature."

"Noisy enough, in all conscience," said Gaston; and he went on to get his breakfast.

"There is no humor for conversation this morning, and Suzon Michel's prattle bored him. He read, or seemed to be reading, the *Figaro* while she was talking—a rudeness which galled the widow."

"Do you know those two young ladies in the Rue Git le Cour, the house I live in?" he asked presently, without looking up from his paper.

"Young ladies!" echoed Suzon contemptuously. "A gentleman may live in the Rue Git le Cour, a gentleman may live anywhere, that is understood; but young ladies—that is too much! I know two girls who work for the artificial flower-maker on the Boulevard St. Germain."

"They are ladies by birth and education, I am told."

"They are stuck-up minxes; and although that young one has come to my shop every day for the last six years she does not think me worthy of five minutes' conversation; a little nod and 'Don't forget, madame,' and she's off, as if she thought the shop was hers."

"She is shy, perhaps," said Gaston. "I should not think she could be proud."

Suzon looked at him sharply with those flashing eyes of hers—fine eyes, full, black, luminous, but not altogether beautiful.

"What does money know of this young person that she is so ready to answer for her?" she asked, with a mocking air.

"Very little. I passed her in the street just now. I doubt if I ever saw her till that moment, though we live in the same house. Some faces can be read at a glance. In hers I saw purity, sweetness, truth, simplicity."

"My faith! You are skillful at reading faces," retorted Madame Michel; "but it is easy to see virtues of that kind in a pretty woman. Had Madame Michel been ugly, she would not have discovered half these qualities in her face."

"They might have been there, perhaps; but I own I should not have looked so keenly. She is the image of a Greuze in the Louvre. You know the picture in the Louvre?"

"Not much," said Suzon, with a careless shrug.

"Why, you go there nearly every Sunday afternoon."

"Yes; but I go to look at the people, not the pictures."

Gaston paid for his breakfast, and strolled on to his newspaper-office, thinking that Suzon grew more vulgar every day. He was vexed with himself for having allowed her to establish a kind of friendship with him. She! She! A milk shop!

"And to think that I come from one of the best families in Brittany," he said to himself. "Well, I have thrown my lot in with the people. I have made myself their advocate; I have accepted the equal rights of man. Ought I to feel offended if a milk woman treats me as her friend? A handsome woman, too; bright, agreeable, not without intelligence, and full of strong feeling. Poor little Suzon!"

But little Suzon! Gaston began to lessen his visits to the *cremerie*. He took a cup of coffee in the garret, and went straight to his day's work. He was too busy to breakfast in the old leisurely manner, he told Madame Michel, when she reproached him with this falling off from the old ways.

"Have I done anything to offend you?" she asked, looking at him with eyes which took a new beauty, softened by sadness.

"Offend me, dear Madame Michel! But assuredly not. You are all that is good. But I am working hard now. It does not do for a man to saunter through life, to be always a trifler. I have a good deal to do for the paper; and I spend an hour or two every day at the Imperial Library."

"If you are getting a learned man I shall see no more of you," sighed the widow. "You will not be able to endure my ignorant chatter."

"Gaiety of heart is delightful at all times," said Gaston.

But he thought that monsieur must be writing verses, he has grown so grave and silent," remarked Suzon.

And then they parted, with ceremonious politeness on his side, with keen scrutiny and suspicion on hers.

Monsieur was not writing verses, but he was living a poem. Madame Michel, the good-natured busy-body of the Rue Git le Cour, had planned a little tea-party—*un the*

a l'Anglaise—and had invited the two girls—*les deux demoiselles*—to her little circle as the *demoiselles* of the Rue Git le Cour, had planned a little tea-party—*un the*

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"Then it shall be my business to find her a good husband," said Philip. "With such a pretty girl there can be no difficulty." But Philip Durand was a poor hand at match-making. While Kathleen O'Hara, about the business, and wondering which of the men he rubbed shoulders with at the workmen's chamber was worthy to mate with Rose O'Hara's sister, Madame Schubert, who was an incorrigible schemer in the matrimonial line, had brought Kathleen face to face with the man whom Fate meant for her husband.

The fourth guest and only stranger at Madame Schubert's English tea was Gaston Mortemart, and that evening completed Kathleen's conquest. He was her admirer and her slave from that hour. It seemed to him as if all life took new colors after that evening. The leopard cannot change his spots all at once; but the leopard's ways and manners may be considerably influenced, and although Gaston was still Voltairian in his way of thinking, still a leveler in politics, he worked more earnestly and more honestly than he had ever done before; for he had assumed the responsibility of winning a bright future for Kathleen O'Hara.

The wooing and winning were easily done, for the girl's young heart went out to him as Gretchen's to Faust. A little walk on the bridge in the summer twilight, a flower or two—bought in the flower-market, but cherished as if it were a blossom of supernatural growth—a chance meeting in the sunny morning, when Kathleen was marketing, and these two were pledged to each other for life. But Rose was terribly wise. She seemed the very spirit of worldliness, and she refused her consent to an imprudent marriage. When Gaston had saved a little money, and could earn, say, three napoleons a week—which was less than the skilled cabinet-maker earned—Kathleen should be his wife; not sooner. Gaston was earning on an average two napoleons a week, and there was not much margin for saving out of that.

Hitherto he had found himself just able to live, clothe himself like a gentleman, and keep out of debt. And to do even this he had been thrifty and self-denying. But what will not love do? He became as sparing as *Père Grandet*; except when he wanted to offer a little pleasure, a theatre or a café chantant, to the sisters.

Such offers were but rarely accepted. Rose watched Kathleen like a lynx, and allowed few idle excursions. Kathleen, however, was glibly and simply guarded more closely from all peril of pollution. But, once in a way, this severe damsel relented so far as to allow the two lovers to organize an evening's dissipation; and it was on one of these occasions, almost immediately after Kathleen's engagement, that Rose saw Gaston and his sweetheart together for the first time.

It was a sultry August evening, the Seine shining in the golden light of the western sky, the air heavy with heat. Durand and Gaston had bought tickets for the *ambigu*, where a new play, by Dumas the younger, was being acted, to the delight of all Paris—or, at least, that inferior and second-rate Paris which had not migrated to fashionable watering-places and mountain springs. Kathleen and Gaston walked arm-in-arm along the quay, so engrossed in each other as to be quite unconscious of passers-by. Faces came and went beside them, voices sounded; but it was all dim as the sounds and faces in a dream. They lived, they saw, they heard, they breathed only for each other.

Close behind them came Rose and her faithful swain; and Rose, even in her tenderest moments, was mindful of her sister. She was fond and proud of her stalwart, good-looking workman-lover, who was so fine a specimen of his rank and race, as much a gentleman by nature as Gaston Mortemart was a gentleman by hereditary instinct; but she was not lifted off this dull earth by her love.

As they walked towards the Pont Neuf, with their faces to the west and the sun shining on them, Suzon Michel met them. She saw them ever so far off; the tall slight figure of the man, whose look and bearing she knew so well; the golden-haired girl at his side, radiant and lovely in her plain alpaca gown, and that little black lace bonnet, with clusters of violets nestling between the lace and her sunny hair—those violets which the Auburn-haired Empress loved so well.

Suzon slackened her pace as they drew near her. He would recognize her, of course—the false-hearted one; and speak her fair, albeit he had broken her heart by his coldness and ingratitude. He would stop, the audacious one, and braid on his treachery, and make light of his heartless desertion.

But Gaston walked on without seeing her. He passed her by, unconscious of her presence, his eyes bent with impassioned love upon the pure face beside him, his lips breathing softest words. Suzon drew aside, and stood upon the pavement, looking after them with diabolical hate in her face. Rose saw that look, and clutched Philip Durand's arm.

"Did you see that woman looking after my sister—the woman at the *cremerie*?" she asked.

But Philip had been too much absorbed in his betrothed to have eyes for the divers expressions of the passers-by. He was full of gladness, thankfulness for his lot. He had been wonderfully successful as a craftsman, had won a medal for a piece of fine workmanship in the Exhibition of '76; he was looked upon as a leading light in the syndicate, and the dearest woman in the world had promised to be his wife. Now that Kathleen was so ready to accept his love, he was not a moment to be lost.

The evening at the *Ambigu* was enchantment; but both girls refused the luxury of loss at Tortoni's. How were lovers to be thrifty if their betrothed were ready to accept costly attentions? Besides, as they passed the famous confectioner's, Rose caught sight of a couple of carriages setting down some ladies and their cavaliers at a side door, and those painted faces and rustling silks belonged to a world from which Rose O'Hara recoiled as from a pestilence. So they all walked home in the August moonlight, talking of the play, and were safe in the Rue Git le Cour before midnight.

Rose did not forget that look of Madame Michel's. Her intense affection for Kathleen made her suspicious of Kathleen's lover. Such a look as that in a young woman's face could but have one meaning. It meant jealousy; and there could be no jealousy without cause. The look suggested a history, and Rose set herself to find out that history. She consulted Madame Schubert, the one friend whom she could trust in so delicate a matter, and the good Schubert was not long in enlightening her. One does not live in such a place as the Rue Git le Cour for five-and-twenty years without knowing a good deal about one's neighbors.

"Yes, my dear, there is no doubt this dear Mortemart had once a tenderness for the Michel. He used to breakfast at her shop every morning—a leisurely breakfast, during which those two talked—ah, great Heaven, how they talked! one could hardly get properly served while he was there. And he dined with her in the winter at the

Butler balls, and he used to take her to the theatre. Friends of mine saw them there, as happy as turtle-doves. But what of that? A man must show his wild oats, and Gaston is not the less fond of your sister because he has played fast and loose with the Michel."

"My sister shall not marry a man who has played fast and loose with any woman," said Rose.

"That is rank nonsense," answered Madame Schubert. "Mark my words, Rose; if you try to part those two, you will break Kathleen's heart."

"Better her heart should be broken than by a bad husband," said Rose.

"He will not make a bad husband. Do you think a man is any the worse for a flirtation or two in his bachelor days? That is the way he learns the meaning of real love."

Rose was not easily appeased. She saw Gaston next day, and taxed him with his dishonorable conduct to the widow. He was indignant at the charge, and declared that there had never been anything serious between them. She had been attentive to him as a customer at her *cremerie*; he had been civil to her, that was all. The visits to the theatre meant no more than civility.

"There was something more than civility on her part, and I think you must have known it," answered Rose, intensely in earnest. "If you knew it and fooled her, you are not a good true man; and you shall not marry my sister."

Gaston protested against this absurd decree; but finally admitted that he had been to blame. Yes, perhaps he had known that Madame Michel was just a little taken with her, inclined to like his society, and to be jealous and angry when he deserted her shop. The shop was convenient; the woman was handsome and amusing. Why should not a man who was heart-whole, who had not one real woman-friend in the world, talk and laugh with a pretty shopkeeper? It could do no harm.

"It has done harm. I saw as much in Madame Michel's face the other evening." And then she told Gaston the story of that encounter on the quay.

"Mademoiselle Rose, you exaggerate the situation. The Michel has a spice of the devil in her, and can give black looks on very slight provocation. For the rest, she and I have seen the last of each other. I have never crossed the threshold since I was betrothed to Kathleen; I never shall cross it again."

"I promise me that," said Rose.

"I promise, from my heart."

"This happened in the year '79; and now it was midsummer in the fatal year '70, and France was treading daily, step by step, nearer the edge of the abyss."

CHAPTER IV.
THE SONG OF VICTORY.

It was at the beginning of August, just after the victory of Sarrebruck, and while Paris was stirred and thrilled with dreams of conquest, and all a-flutter with warlike feeling, that the two sisters were married in the cathedral of Notre Dame, on a sunny Sunday morning.

There was no finery at this wedding, no train of friends. Madame Schubert, a young journalist and playwright who wrote for *Mortemart's* paper; a middle-aged gray-bearded artist, who had painted plaques for some of Paris's cabinet-work—these were the only guests. The little procession walked across the bridge in the morning sunlight, the sisters dressed alike in gray cashmere, with white bonnets, and each wearing a cluster of white roses at her throat. Nothing could be simpler or less costly than the wedding toilet, yet both brides were charming; neatness, purity, modest contentment with humble fortunes, were all expressed in their bearing and costume.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A STORY OF BARNUM.

The Old Idea Which Was So Very Profitable to Two.

An exchange gives an illustration of Barnum's ingenious methods of attracting attention to his museum may be mentioned the incident of the "brick man."

One day a man applied for admission to Barnum, who was sitting in his side, radiant and lovely in her plain alpaca gown, and that little black lace bonnet, with clusters of violets nestling between the lace and her sunny hair—those violets which the Auburn-haired Empress loved so well.

Suzon slackened her pace as they drew near her. He would recognize her, of course—the false-hearted one; and speak her fair, albeit he had broken her heart by his coldness and ingratitude. He would stop, the audacious one, and braid on his treachery, and make light of his heartless desertion.

But Gaston walked on without seeing her. He passed her by, unconscious of her presence, his eyes bent with impassioned love upon the pure face beside him, his lips breathing softest words. Suzon drew aside, and stood upon the pavement, looking after them with diabolical hate in her face. Rose saw that look, and clutched Philip Durand's arm.

"Did you see that woman looking after my sister—the woman at the *cremerie*?" she asked.

But Philip had been too much absorbed in his betrothed to have eyes for the divers expressions of the passers-by. He was full of gladness, thankfulness for his lot. He had been wonderfully successful as a craftsman, had won a medal for a piece of fine workmanship in the Exhibition of '76; he was looked upon as a leading light in the syndicate, and the dearest woman in the world had promised to be his wife. Now that Kathleen was so ready to accept his love, he was not a moment to be lost.

The evening at the *Ambigu* was enchantment; but both girls refused the luxury of loss at Tortoni's. How were lovers to be thrifty if their betrothed were ready to accept costly attentions? Besides, as they passed the famous confectioner's, Rose caught sight of a couple of carriages setting down some ladies and their cavaliers at a side door, and those painted faces and rustling silks belonged to a world from which Rose O'Hara recoiled as from a pestilence. So they all walked home in the August moonlight, talking of the play, and were safe in the Rue Git le Cour before midnight.

Rose did not forget that look of Madame Michel's. Her intense affection for Kathleen made her suspicious of Kathleen's lover. Such a look as that in a young woman's face could but have one meaning. It meant jealousy; and there could be no jealousy without cause. The look suggested a history, and Rose set herself to find out that history. She consulted Madame Schubert, the one friend whom she could trust in so delicate a matter, and the good Schubert was not long in enlightening her. One does not live in such a place as the Rue Git le Cour for five-and-twenty years without knowing a good deal about one's neighbors.

"Yes, my dear, there is no doubt this dear Mortemart had once a tenderness for the Michel. He used to breakfast at her shop every morning—a leisurely breakfast, during which those two talked—ah, great Heaven, how they talked! one could hardly get properly served while he was there. And he dined with her in the winter at the

Butler balls, and he used to take her to the theatre. Friends of mine saw them there, as happy as turtle-doves. But what of that? A man must show his wild oats, and Gaston is not the less fond of your sister because he has played fast and loose with the Michel."

"My sister shall not marry a man who has played fast and loose with any woman," said Rose.

"That is rank nonsense," answered Madame Schubert. "Mark my words, Rose; if you try to part those two, you will break Kathleen's heart."

"Better her heart should be broken than by a bad husband," said Rose.

"He will not make a bad husband. Do you think a man is any the worse for a flirtation or two in his bachelor days? That is the way he learns the meaning of real love."

Rose was not easily appeased. She saw Gaston next day, and taxed him with his dishonorable conduct to the widow. He was indignant at the charge, and declared that there had never been anything serious between them. She had been attentive to him as a customer at her *cremerie*; he had been civil to her, that was all. The visits to the theatre meant no more than civility.

"There was something more than civility on her part, and I think you must have known it," answered Rose, intensely in earnest. "If you knew it and fooled her, you are not a good true man; and you shall not marry my sister."

Gaston protested against this absurd decree; but finally admitted that he had been to blame. Yes, perhaps he had known that Madame Michel was just a little taken with her, inclined to like his society, and to be jealous and angry when he deserted her shop. The shop was convenient; the woman was handsome and amusing. Why should not a man who was heart-whole, who had not one real woman-friend in the world, talk and laugh with a pretty shopkeeper? It could do no harm.

"It has done harm. I saw as much in Madame Michel's face the other evening." And then she told Gaston the story of that encounter on the quay.

"Mademoiselle Rose, you exaggerate the situation. The Michel has a spice of the devil in her, and can give black looks on very slight provocation. For the rest, she and I have seen the last of each other. I have never crossed the threshold since I was betrothed to Kathleen; I never shall cross it again."

"I promise me that," said Rose.

"I promise, from my heart."

"This happened in the year '79; and now it was midsummer in the fatal year '70, and France was treading daily, step by step, nearer the edge of the abyss."

CHAPTER IV.
THE SONG OF VICTORY.

WORMS OF THE EARTH.

Their Perception of Danger Is Most Acute—Life Underground.

The worms know well that rapid heaving of the soil which betokens the approach of a mole to their innocent burrows, and the moment they feel it rush wildly to the surface, prepared rather to face the worst than that lark or blackbird may bring upon them than to await the onslaught of their most ruthless and bloodthirsty enemy, says the *Cornhill Magazine*. If you dig a pointed stick into the ground and shake the earth a little by moving it from side to side you will find dozens of worms hurry up to the surface at once, under the mistaken impression that the petty earthquake is some mole's doing. For the senses of earthworms are extremely keen and their perception of danger most acute and vivid.

A person unaccustomed to the ways of worms might wonder that enough of them could be found in the comparatively small tract of land which each mole taboos or occupies as his own to satisfy the needs of so voracious a creature. But, as a matter of fact, the worm population of England is something incredibly high, to be numbered no doubt, by millions of millions. Every field on our downs is far more thickly populated under ground than London is on the surface; every meadow is as dense with teeming thousands of worms as Lancashire is with men or an anthill with emets. The soil swarms with life.

Vinegar kills worms, and where a barrel of vinegar has been accidentally spilled upon the ground the surface is sometimes positively covered before long by a thick layer of wriggling creatures which have come up to die, as is the wont of their species. The abundance and ubiquity of the game explains the numbers and frequency of the hunters. Every mole eats daily many pounds of worms, and yet every field supports a whole village of them.

It is the entire drama of nature on a small scale underground—remoteless, self-contained, unfeeling as ever. Worms exist, and exist in thousands, because there are myriads and myriads of dead leaves for them to live upon. Almost every dead leaf that falls from tree or shrub or weed or herb, except in autumn (when the supply all at once immensely outruns the demand), they carry underground and bury or devour with ceaseless industry. In doing so they create and keep up the layer of vegetable mold on the surface of the earth which alone makes plant life, and especially cultivation, possible.

Cultivated areas are, therefore, those where worms are most abundant. So far as they themselves are concerned, however, the worms eat only for their own appetite's sake, and never suspect they are the friends of lordly man, whose fields and crops they thus unconsciously fertilize.

Now and then one sees a paragraph in its rounds describing how a cat committed suicide by getting in front of a street car and letting the wheels go across its neck. A Brooklyn, N. Y., car driver does not believe in the suicide theory. He says it is stupidity and slow thinking that cost the cat her life. "Them animals," he says, "get confused. You can see that they don't want to get hurt no more nor a man would, but when they sees cars coming both ways, and horses and wagons and crowds on the sidewalks, and hears the noises, they don't know which way to go. They lose their senses most at night, because the lights seem to scare 'em. Since I've been running a trolley car I've run over half a dozen of 'em, and they all squatted down on the rails. But they didn't mean suicide."

Over Giant Powder.

Probably few men have had a more thrilling fifteen seconds or so than had the driver of a heavy load of giant powder in Oregon a few days ago. He was piloting a four-horse team drawing a wagon containing 3,000 pounds of giant powder into Tillamook. A rickety bridge spanning a narrow ravine gave way under the load, and the whole outfit was dumped down into the dry bed of the creek. There was no explosion, and the driver, horses, wagon and powder were subsequently hauled out all right. The driver has not recorded his sensations as he felt the bridge giving way and during the few seconds between then and the time the load landed safely again.

The Russian Autocrat.

The original designation of the Russian ruler was autocrat, a term borrowed from a title of the Greek emperors. The title czar was taken first by Autocrat Walimir about 1120. The Russian rulers were called czars or grand dukes until the sixteenth century, when they claimed the title of emperor.

An Antipathy for Dogs.

Caged lions and tigers, pumas and jaguars take no notice of the men and women passing in front of them, but let a dog be brought anywhere near the cage and they show their savage nature at once, and spring up, glaring out savagely.

A Bit of the Census.

The total number of white males in the United States from 5 to 20 years, inclusive, is 9,655,372; colored, 1,587,328. Total number of white females of same age, 9,595,193; colored, 1,609,499.

"Frank never speaks of them to me, but I know that he must have poor relatives." "How did you discover it?" "In his sleep he keeps muttering something about a penny anty."

IF you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit, bread and rolls, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their making.

IMPOSSIBLE TO MATCH.

The deepest coal mine is in Belgium, 3,542 feet.

The deepest artesian well is at Potsdam, 5,500 feet deep.

The highest waterfall is the Yosemite, in California, 2,550 feet.

The relation between the stomach and nerve system is so close that a supposed stomach trouble is most common symptom of Nerve Disorder. In such cases should doctor the nerves and let stomach alone. Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer gets at root of the trouble without fail. \$1 at T. H. Fritz's.

Three Cent Column.

ARMADA CARTS.—The undersigned is now handling all styles of the Armada Carts, which for material, workmanship and easy riding qualities are not surpassed by any. Don't buy till you see them. A. K. HEBBLEWHITE, Gagetown, Mich.

OST.—English setter dog, nearly all white—head and hips, orange color. Reward to finder. D. FREEMAN, Cass City.

FOR SALE.—From 75,000 to 100,000 feet of green hemlock on section 5, Elkhart. Apply to M. C. TANNER, Cass City. 27-11-1

PANNING MILLS.—Four new mills for sale on time. 11-3 DR. MCLEAN.

FOR SALE.—Two yearling draft colts for sale; also organ, nearly new. LAING & JAMES.

FOR SALE.—House and two lots, located in central part of Cass City. M. M. WICKWARE.

EXCHANGE.—Good young mare, weight about 1,400 lbs., harness and new carriage for village real estate; or will take good paper. Enquire at this office.

\$150 WILL buy a 40 acre farm 4 1/2 miles ne of Cass City; acres improved; easy terms. 9-29 E. H. PINNEY, Owner.

DO BUYS a house and one half acre of ground in Cass City, if sold this month, inquire of H. L. PINNEY.

FOR SALE.—The ne 1/4 of n w 1/4, n w 1/4 of a e 1/4, section 12, Township 36, Range 18, E. 1/2, have no use or R. having placed a furnace in the new parsonage. JOHN SCHWABER, 9-27 Cass City.

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

If you have anything to sell, if you want to buy anything, if you want help, if you want a job, whatever you want, advertise in the Three Cent Column of the ENTERPRISE.

MONEY TO LOAN on real estate. For further information address O. K. JAMES.

PURE-BRED White Plymouth Rock cockerel for sale cheap or will trade for pullets. A. A. P. MOWELL.

TOVE FOR SALE.—One Regal Penitentiary No. 14 coal stove in excellent condition. Call at ones and secure a great bargain. It must be sold as I have no use or R. having placed a furnace in the new parsonage. REV. S. M. GILCHRIST, 11-3

WANTED.—200 cards green, 18 inch beach or maple wood; will also buy green and elm. ABRAHAM BOLTON, 12-12-2 Cass City.

Pontiac, Oxford & Northern Railroad.

TIME TABLE.

Trains run on Central Standard Time.

Going North. Stations. Pass. Pass. Frt. No. 1 No. 2 No. 3 No. 4 No. 5 No. 6 No. 7 No. 8 No. 9 No. 10 No. 11 No. 12 No. 13 No. 14 No. 15 No. 16 No. 17 No. 18 No. 19 No. 20 No. 21 No. 22 No. 23 No. 24 No. 25 No. 26 No. 27 No. 28 No. 29 No. 30 No. 31 No. 32 No. 33 No. 34 No. 35 No. 36 No. 37 No. 38 No. 39 No. 40 No. 41 No. 42 No. 43 No. 44 No. 45 No. 46 No. 47 No. 48 No. 49 No. 50 No. 51 No. 52 No. 53 No. 54 No. 55 No. 56 No. 57 No. 58 No. 59 No. 60 No. 61 No. 62 No. 63 No. 64 No. 65 No. 66 No. 67 No. 68 No. 69 No. 70 No. 71 No. 72 No. 73 No. 74 No. 75 No. 76 No. 77 No. 78 No. 79 No. 80 No. 81 No. 82 No. 83 No. 84 No. 85 No. 86 No. 87 No. 88 No. 89 No. 90 No. 91 No. 92 No. 93 No. 94 No. 95 No. 96 No. 97 No. 98 No. 99 No. 100 No. 101 No. 102 No. 103 No. 104 No. 105 No. 106 No. 107 No. 108 No. 109 No. 110 No. 111 No. 112 No. 113 No. 114 No. 115 No. 116 No. 117 No. 118 No. 119 No. 120 No. 121 No. 122 No. 123 No. 124 No. 125 No. 126 No. 127 No. 128 No. 129 No. 130 No. 131 No. 132 No. 133 No. 134 No. 135 No. 136 No. 137 No. 138 No. 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No. 1235 No. 1236 No. 1237 No. 1238 No. 1239 No. 1240 No. 1241 No. 1242 No. 1243 No. 1244 No. 1245 No. 1246 No. 1247 No. 1248 No. 1249 No. 1250 No. 1251 No. 1252 No. 1253 No. 1254 No. 1255 No. 1256 No. 1257 No. 1258 No. 1259 No. 1260 No. 1261 No. 1262 No. 1263 No. 1264 No. 1265 No. 1266 No. 1267 No. 1268 No. 1269 No. 1270 No. 1271 No. 1272 No. 1273 No. 1274 No. 1275 No. 1276 No. 1277 No. 1278 No. 1279 No. 1280 No. 1281 No. 1282 No. 1283 No. 1284 No. 1285 No. 1286 No. 1287 No. 1288 No. 1289 No. 1290 No. 1291 No. 1292 No. 1293 No. 1294 No. 1295 No. 1296 No. 1297 No. 1298 No. 1299 No. 1300 No. 1301 No. 1302 No. 1303 No. 1304 No. 1305 No. 1306 No. 1307 No. 1308 No. 1309 No. 1310 No. 1311 No. 1312 No. 1313 No. 1314 No. 1315 No. 1316 No. 1317 No. 1318 No. 1319 No. 1320 No. 1321 No. 1322 No. 1323 No. 1324 No. 1325 No. 1326 No. 1327 No. 1328 No. 1329 No. 1330 No. 1331 No. 1332 No. 1333 No. 1334 No. 1335 No. 1336 No. 1337 No. 1338 No. 1339 No. 1340 No. 1341 No. 1342 No. 1343 No. 1344 No. 1345 No. 1346 No. 1347 No. 1348 No. 1349 No. 1350 No. 1351 No. 1352 No. 1353 No. 1354 No. 1355 No. 1356 No. 1357 No. 1358 No. 1359 No. 1360 No. 1361 No. 1362 No. 1363 No. 1364 No. 1365 No. 1366 No. 1367 No. 1368 No. 1369 No. 1370 No. 1371 No. 1372 No. 1373 No. 1374 No. 1375 No. 1376 No. 1377 No. 1378 No. 1379 No. 1380 No. 1381 No. 1382 No. 1383 No. 1384 No. 1385 No. 1386 No. 1387 No. 1388 No. 1389 No. 1390 No. 1391 No. 1392 No. 1393 No. 1394 No. 1395 No. 1396 No. 1397 No. 1398 No. 1399 No. 1400 No. 1401 No. 1402 No. 1403 No. 1404 No. 1405 No. 1406 No. 1407 No. 1408 No. 1409 No. 1410 No. 1411 No. 1412 No. 1413 No. 1414 No. 1415 No. 1416 No. 1417 No. 1418 No. 1419 No. 1420 No. 1421 No. 1422 No. 1423 No. 1424 No. 1425 No. 1426 No. 1427 No. 1428 No. 1429 No. 1430 No. 1431 No. 1432 No. 1433 No. 1434 No. 1435 No. 1436 No. 1437 No. 1438 No. 1439 No. 1440 No. 1441 No. 1442 No. 1443 No. 1444 No. 1445 No. 1446 No. 1447 No. 1448 No. 1449 No. 1450 No. 1451 No. 1452 No. 1453 No. 1454 No. 1455 No. 1456 No. 1457 No. 1458 No. 1459 No. 1460 No. 1461 No. 1462 No. 1463 No. 1464 No. 1465 No. 1466 No. 1467 No. 1468 No. 1469 No. 1470 No. 1471 No. 1472 No. 1473 No. 1474 No. 1475 No. 1476 No. 1477 No. 1478 No. 1479 No. 1480 No. 1481 No. 1482 No. 1483 No. 1484 No. 1485 No. 1486 No. 1487 No. 1488 No. 1489 No. 1490 No. 1491 No. 1492 No. 1493 No. 1494 No. 1495 No. 1496 No. 1497 No. 1498 No. 1499 No. 1500 No. 1501 No. 1502 No. 1503 No. 1504 No. 1505 No. 1506 No. 1507 No. 1508 No. 1509 No. 1510 No. 1511 No. 1512 No. 1513 No. 1514 No. 1515 No. 1516 No. 1517 No. 1518 No. 1519 No. 1520 No. 1521 No. 1522 No. 1523 No. 1524 No. 1525 No. 1526 No. 1527 No. 1528 No. 1529 No. 1530 No. 1531 No. 1532 No. 1533 No. 1534 No. 1535 No. 1536 No. 1537 No. 1538 No. 1539 No. 1540 No. 1541 No. 1542 No. 1543 No. 1544 No. 1545 No. 1546 No. 1547 No. 1548 No. 1549 No. 1550 No. 1551 No. 1552 No. 1553 No. 1554 No. 1555 No. 1556 No. 1557 No. 1558 No. 1559 No. 1560 No. 1561 No. 1562 No. 1563 No. 1564 No. 1565 No. 1566 No. 1567 No. 1568 No. 1569 No. 1570 No. 1571 No. 1572 No. 1573 No. 1574 No. 1575 No. 1576 No. 1577 No. 1578 No. 1579 No. 1580 No. 1581 No. 1582 No. 1583 No. 1584 No. 1585 No. 1586 No. 1587 No. 1588 No. 1589 No. 1590 No. 1591 No. 1592 No. 1593 No. 1594 No. 1595 No. 1596 No. 1597 No. 1598 No. 1599 No. 1600 No. 1601 No. 1602 No. 1603 No. 1604 No. 1605 No. 1606 No. 1607 No. 1608 No. 1609 No. 1610 No. 1611 No. 1612 No. 1613 No. 1614 No. 1615 No. 1616 No. 1617 No. 1618 No. 1619 No. 1620 No. 1621 No. 1622 No. 1623 No. 1624 No. 1625 No. 1626 No. 1627 No. 1628 No. 1629 No. 1630 No. 1631 No. 1632 No. 1633 No. 1634 No. 1635 No. 1636 No. 1637 No. 1638 No. 1639 No. 1640 No. 1641 No. 1642 No. 1643 No. 1644 No. 1645 No. 1646 No. 1647 No. 1648 No. 1649 No. 1650 No. 1651 No. 1652 No. 1653 No. 1654 No. 1655 No. 1656 No. 1657 No. 1658 No. 1659 No. 1660 No. 1661 No. 1662 No. 1663 No. 1664 No. 1665 No. 1666 No. 1667 No. 1668 No. 1669 No. 1670 No. 1671 No. 1672 No. 1673 No. 1674 No. 1675 No. 1676 No. 1677 No. 1678 No. 1679 No. 1680 No. 1681 No. 1682 No. 1683 No. 1684 No. 1685 No. 1686 No. 1687 No. 1688 No. 1689 No. 1690 No. 1691 No. 1692 No. 1693 No. 1694 No. 1695 No. 1696 No. 1697 No. 1698 No. 1699 No. 1700 No. 1701 No. 1702 No. 1703 No. 1704 No. 1705 No. 1706 No. 1707 No. 1708 No. 1709 No. 17