

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XIII. NO. 2.

CASS CITY, MICH., DEC. 22, 1893.

BY WICKWARE & McDOWELL.

You Watch Out!



WE HAVE THE LATEST OUT IN WATCHES.

WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING FOR?

If it's anything in the way of substantial HOLIDAY GOODS, follow the crowd to my store, and you'll be convinced that you have struck the right place.

NEW STORE. NEW STOCK. NEW PRICES.

\$\$ SAVED.

In order to reduce my exceedingly large stock as low as possible by January 1st, I will give a discount of 15 per cent. on all goods except knives, forks and spoons, on which I will give 10 per cent. discount.

Make a Note of This.

My stock consists of all the Latest Designs in

SILVERWARE, WATCHES, JEWELRY

BRONZE GOODS, FANCY BOX GOODS,

DOLLS, BRIC-BRAC VASES,

GOLD SPECTACLES,

In fact, my stock is as large and complete as can be found in the county.

IT WILL PAY SANTA CLAUS TO VISIT MY STORE

And see my thoroughly first-class stock, combining NOVELTY, QUALITY AND ELEGANCE.

JOEL F. HENDRICK

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

First door east of Sheridan House.

Soon be "swearing-off" time.

Council proceedings this week. Attorney Brooker attended to business in Caro, on Monday.

Miss Ella Wallace departs to-day for an extended visit in Canada.

H. B. Fairweather has a new advertisement which you should look up. Court Elkland, I. O. F., desires a full attendance, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 23.

John Croaker, of Wilmot, wields the hammer at Bentley's blacksmith shop. Rev. E. Rushbrook will preach at Wickware Gospel Hall on Sunday evening at 7:30.

Detroit pays out \$10,000 per week for the support of her poor, and this sum is far from being sufficient.

Stone & Jones advertise a New Year's ball and oyster supper at Saabbona on New Year's evening.

Ordinance No. 4, relative to the maintenance of sidewalks, by the council on Tuesday evening, and is published elsewhere in this issue.

The Ladies of the G. A. R. are requested to be present at the election of officers on Dec. 27, instead of the 22nd, as announced, by mistake, in our last issue.

Carpenter John Brown had the misfortune recently to have the thumb on his left hand smashed, while adjusting the elevator in 2 Macks' store. It is healing rapidly.

A young woman died at Jackson the other day, while out sleigh-riding, from the effect of tight lacing. The press has made the fact known all over the world, yet tight lacing will continue because the world is full of young women who have more vanity than common sense.

Dr. D. P. Deming was called to Elmwood yesterday to attend James Bentley, aged 62 years, who had fallen on the ice and broken his leg. Owing to his advanced age, Mr. Bentley's complete recovery from the accident is very doubtful. He has been a cripple for some years.

A gentleman from outside has been here the past few weeks selling territory for the sale of a patent washing machine. The machine is spoken of as O. K., and considerable territory has been sold. Amos Martin has purchased fourteen townships in this county. Graham & McGilvary will manufacture the machines.

Blessed are they that scorn to borrow their neighbor's paper, but come into the sanctum, and lay the price of a year's subscription on the desk, saying in cheerful tones, "Put me down on the list; I like your paper very much." Yea, verily they are happier, their family is happier, the publisher is happier. Such as they are entitled to a front seat next to the band.

The farmers of Michigan are warned to beware of strangers who go about the country peddling patent medicine signs on barns and other buildings. They ask the farmer to sign a certificate that the work has been properly done, and in a short time the certificate turns up at some bank or other as a promissory note. These sharpers have recently been "working" Wisconsin farmers.

A dealer who makes a specialty of choice dressed poultry says to the country shippers: "In the first place, poultry should be kept without food for twenty-four hours. Full crops injure the appearance, and are liable to sour, and when this does occur, correspondingly low prices must be accepted than obtainable for choice stock. Never kill poultry by wringing their necks."

Landlord, G. S. Farrar will attend, as a member, the annual meeting of the Knights of the Grip, to be held at Saginaw, December 26 and 27. Splendid entertainment is being prepared by the Saginaw brethren, and it is expected that the jolly drummers and landlords will more than have a "big time." His Excellency, Grover Cleveland, and other noted statesmen are expected to be present and speak.

A newspaper has 5,000 readers for each 1,000 subscribers. A merchant who puts out 1,000 hand bills gets possibly 300 or 500 people to read them—that is, if the boy who is trusted to distribute them does not chuck them under the sidewalk. The hand bills cost as much as a half-column advertisement in the home newspaper. All the women and girls and half the men and boys read the advertisements. Result: The merchant who uses the newspaper has 3,500 more readers to each 1,000 of his paper's readers. There is no estimating the amount of business that advertising does bring to the merchant, but that each dollar invested in advertising brings to the investor from \$5 to \$20 worth of business there can be no doubt.

The ENTERPRISE wishes one and all a Merry, Merry Christmas.

P. Kopfogel is confined to the house with la grippe.

Mr. Clark, father of Mrs. A. A. McKenzie, has been very ill with grip, but is improving.

Have you paid your taxes? Dr. McLean will collect taxes at his office, Friday, Dec. 22.

Miss Wilkinson, teacher of the "Walmley school," departed Wednesday evening for a holiday visit with relatives in Canada.

E. H. Pinney has sold 320 acres of land in the township of Novesta during the past year. This is proof that Novesta soil "do move."

Swear off Jan. 1st from the "cheeky" habit of borrowing your neighbor's paper, and call and subscribe. We'll guarantee you'll take more comfort in your reading.

Miss Maggie McDougall, of Grayling, arrived in Cass City on Saturday last for a week's visit with relatives and friends. She will return via Pt. Edward, Ont., for a visit at her parental home.

N. Bigelow and family are now nicely settled in their new house, which is one of the finest residents in town. It is completed with the exception of the painting of the exterior, which will be done in the spring. Landon, Eno & Keating were the builders.

J. L. Hudson, the well known Detroit merchant, gives one hundred dollars every Monday morning towards the support of the destitute miners in the Upper Peninsula, besides contributing as largely to the support of Detroit's needy. Mr. Hudson has proven himself a whole-souled, big-hearted man on many occasions. Whatever his political views may be, he would run like a wild horse for governor.

The credit system of selling goods at retail is rapidly growing in disfavor all over the country. Merchants offer many reasons for doing away with it; namely, tardy payments, the small reliance to be placed upon promises; extra capital required, and the annoyance and injustice of the practice of those who, having been favored with credit at one store, do their cash trading elsewhere.

Northville Record: There's a lawyer up at Penton named Tinker; a judge named Wait; an undertaker named Rubottom; a doctor named Sue and an auctioneer named Stile. Quite a combination. Now if Rubottom should knock the top of the "Stile" and he in turn should undertake to "Sue" him we wonder if they would have to "Wait" long before they could "Tinker" up a law suit?

The sale of seats for the Patti entertainment in Detroit has reached the sum of \$7,000. The amount of money raised in the state for the starving miners in the Upper Peninsula, after weeks of newspaper urging, has reached the comparatively insignificant total of \$5,417. The Detroit Evening News pertinently remarks: "Seven thousand dollars for Patti! Five thousand dollars for 6,000 starving people in the upper peninsula! It looks as if Gov. Rich will be compelled to call an extra session to prevent a famine in the Lake Superior region."

It is surprising the number of boys in town, ranging in age from 14 to 18 years, who may be frequently seen puffing away on cigars like old veterans. They undoubtedly imagine that they are taking the initiatory step towards manhood. We cannot account for their foolishness in any other way; as tobacco smoke is known to be repulsive to beginners, and some of the young men we have in mind are known to have studied physiology, which illustrates fully the injurious effects of narcotics on the human system. Oh! Boys. Quit smoking! Save your health! Save your money! and spend your time more profitably.

If you have anything to buy, buy it at home. We have good stores and plenty of them, and there is little excuse for chasing to Detroit or elsewhere for goods that may be purchased just as cheap at home. In order to have good business houses they must be patronized; and the more patronage you give them, the cheaper they can sell you goods. You probably do not stop to think of the benefit these business places are to the town—supposing they were wiped out by fire, and not to be rebuilt—what do you suppose the town would amount to? If you want to see a town prosper, patronize your business men and praise its good qualities whenever you have an opportunity. If you wish to kill a town and depreciate your property, if you have any, do your trading away from home and run down your town at every opportunity.

Mrs. Wm. Smithson is suffering with la grippe.

Miss Hannah McDougall and little niece, Lucile Seed, returned from Pt. Edward Tuesday noon. Miss McDougall is at present assisting Postmaster Seed through the "holiday rush."

While Oscar Lenzner, Sr., was at the residence of Henry Stewart on Monday, boys scattered and spilled the organ tuning and cleaning paraphernalia that he had left just outside the door. The boys displayed a very contemptible spirit, and they should be taught a lesson, if such a thing is possible.

The Holly Advertiser in commenting on the result of the recent damage suit against that place, speaks thusly: "Dr. Hunter is a giant and we are little pygmies. Now when he passes we should touch our hats. The village of Holly is his, and all remains to be done is for the council to give over to him such portions of the village as he wants, and that will be a slice consisting of about \$15,000 hard cold dollars."

Justice Maul once addressed a phenomenon of innocence as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the council for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen in the exercise of such common sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of law. That sentence is, that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and, as that day was yesterday, you may now go about your business."

Some fellow who had lots of time hanging on his hands wandering down through the city of monuments and headstones and soliloquized thusly: "Take a walk through any of the cemeteries throughout the country and you will believe with us that the fools are slowly but surely passing away. You pass the last resting place of the man who blew into an empty gun. The tombstone of him who lighted the fire with kerosene. The grass-carpeted mound covers the remains of the man who took the mule by the tail. The tall monument of the man who didn't know it was loaded over-shadows the man who jumped from the cars to save a ten rod walk. Side by side lies the ethereal creature who kept her corset laced to the last hole, and the intelligent idiot who rode a bicycle nine miles in ten minutes. Here reposes a doctor who took a dose of his own medicine, and the old fool who married a young wife. Right over yonder in the north-west corner, the breezes sigh through the weeping willows that bend over the lowly bed where lies the fellow who told his mother-in-law she lied. Down there in the potter's field, with his feet sticking out to the cold blast of winter and the blistering rays of the summer sun, is stretched the earthly remains of the misguided regulator, who tried to lick the editor, while the broken bones of the man who would not pay for his paper are piled up in the corner of the fence. Over by the gate reposes the boy who went swimming on Sunday, and the old woman who kept baking powder side by side with strychnine in the cupboard. The old fool killer gathers them in one by one and by and by we'll have a pretty decent world to live in."

The hotel at Millington was burglarized last week. The haul amounted to \$4 in change and a quantity of cigars. Frank McMullen, a dissolute character, was arrested and acknowledged the crime. He is in jail awaiting sentence.

For Bee Keepers supplies go to Lanlan Eno & Keating's. 7-8

BORN.
SPENCER—In Novesta, on Monday, Dec. 18, 1893, the wife of Jas. Spencer of a daughter.

THE EXCHANGE BANK,

Cass City, Mich.

Responsibility, \$40,000.

Accounts of business houses and individuals solicited.

Interest paid on time certificates of deposit.

B. H. PINNEY, Proprietor.
H. L. PINNEY, Cashier.

CASS CITY BANK.

Established 12 years.

Responsibility, \$35,000.00.

TAXES.

To all parties that are not prepared to pay their taxes before Jan. 1, we have a proposition to make.

After that date the Township of Elkland will charge you four per cent as a penalty for your delay. I would be pleased to loan you the money until February or March for a share of this amount. This is an arrangement where we can both make some money.

Think it over and call and see me.

C. W. McPhail, Proprietor.

W. S. Richardson, Teller.

Our Proclamation.

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 bargainer.

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 \$\$\$ to \$\$\$\$\$. Our \$15 Overcoats for \$10. Children's warm, nobby and stylish Overcoats, with large capes, at \$8 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.

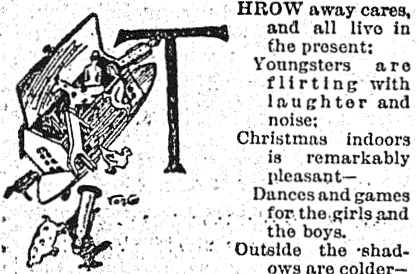
Notice to Taxpayers.
I will be at my office on Friday, December 29, from 9 to 5 o'clock to receive taxes.
J. H. McLEAN,
Township Treasurer.

School district supplies at the ENTERPRISE office.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

The truthful, startling title of a little book that tells all about No-to-bac, the wonderful, harmless guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The best is trifling and the man who wants to quit and can't run no physical or financial risk in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all druggists. Book at druggists or by mail free. Address, The Sterling Remedy Co., Indiana, Mineral Springs, Ind. 7-28-92.

CHRISTMAS AGAIN.



How away cares, and all live in the present; Youngsters are fighting with laughter and noise; Christmas indoors is remarkably pleasant—Dances and games for the girls and the boys.

Outside the shadows are colder—his snowing soft flakes whirl downward and drift on the pane.

Round the warm hearth, where the fire is glowing, Old folks draw closer at Christmas again!

The head of the house, in the glow of the embers, Stands straight as an arrow, smiling, but grand.

There is his wife, and some fifty Decembers Leave her as lightly as waves on the sand. She is to him still as fair as he thought her.

When in her teens his allegiance he swore, Many a son, now, and blossom checked daughter Gather about them for Christmas once more!

Then there are neighbors and cousins and lovers; Bertie, from college, and stroke of his crew; Sportsmen who come with an eye on the covers.

Maidens of beauty whose charms are not few, Dainty Dianas of favors quite chary; Reginald, fresh from the ranch on the plain; Learned girl graduates, Sallie and May; Meeting and greeting at Christmas again.

Still, to my fancy, the fairest of faces Yonder is shining in silvery curls, Framed in soft wrappers and delicate laces, Grandmother sits in a cluster of girls, Watching the dancers with eyes growing tender.

Clearer and dearer for long ago pain; Holding the loving hands near to defend her, Safe with her children at Christmas again.

I can remember when beaux by the dozen Toasted her beauty in wit and in wine; I, too, adored her—though I was a cousin—Many a sword tried its mettle with mine.

Ah, gallant company, vanished to heaven! Swept with the years till we only remain. She is for me still the sweetest of ladies— I, her old suitor, at Christmas again!

Madam, your hand! Though the dancers be plenty, Let us, too, stand—not in waltz or in reel. This was "the mode," eighteen hundred and twenty.

When it was voted as "mighty genteel," Ah, that was dancing. Then "steps" were "do figure!" (Not a wild scramble, absurd and insane.) You will remember that elegant figure— Let us walk through it at Christmas again!

Yes, that is well! Strike a stately measure, Flitting the snows and the honor of years. Say, does it bring to you visions of pleasure, Or has the music a tremor of tears? Here let us stay. Why this laughter, young misses? "Under the mistletoe!" Zounds! then, 'tis plain, Grandmother, blushing, must bring out those kisses. She has been keeping for Christmas again! —Launce Lee.



THE WELCOME GUEST

Caught On The Fly.

A thaw. Lookout for a freeze-up. Watch out for Santa Claus.

R. C. Beach visited Caro Tuesday.

Baby boy at Nicholas Hamilton's, in Novesta.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held this afternoon, at Mrs. D. J. Landon's.

Messrs. D. J. Landon and E. Keating made a business trip to Elkton and Grassmere, on Wednesday.

W. I. Richardson is managing C. W. McPhail's Kingston bank this week during the absence of Mr. Maynard.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Schenck took the train this morning for Alexandria, Ind., where they will visit their daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Fritz.

Banker Ale, of Elkton, was in the city on Monday.

Druggist Maynard, of Gageton, was a caller on Monday.

Miss Minnie Hern, of Toledo, is here to spend the winter with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hartsell leave this morning for a visit with relatives at Flint.

D. D. McArthur is expected home from Lansing to-morrow noon to spend the holidays at his parental home.

The Misses Spurgeon leave Saturday morning for Oxford, to spend the holidays with friends and relatives.

Mr. Coder of Detroit, is registered at the Tenant House this week. He is here in the interests of the D. M. Ferry Seed Co.

On Saturday afternoon last, Blacksmith McKim and an assistant fitted and put on 52 shoes from 1:30 p. m. to 5:30 p. m. Who can beat it? Speak right out in meetin'!

A Family Laxative.

Physicians are not inclined to recommend self-medication to the laity. Yet there is one need, says the American Analyst, which they are almost unable to supply...

The therapeutical properties of senna are so well known that comment on this seems unnecessary. It might be well to notice, however, that the senna used is a "very safe and serviceable cathartic," and that it is "highly prized as a remedy for constipation."

The simple truth of the matter is, we have altogether too few preparations which we can recommend to our families as effective laxatives.

A trade mark—The horny palm.

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption.

WAS A PHYSICAL WRECK.

Could Scarcely Ride or Walk. Suffered for 18 Years!

Cherry Valley, N. Y., Sept. 5, 1903. Gentlemen: You may use my testimony with pleasure for I would like to do what I can for suffering women.

Female Weakness in every form, and as a last resort turned to you for help. I have taken your Swamp-Root for two bottles and am now as well as ever.

Swamp-Root Cured Me. When I commenced taking your remedies I could neither ride or walk without suffering intense pain.

Delicate Women. Or Debilitated Women, should use BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL R. R. By the way of New Orleans, is the ONLY TRUE WINTER ROUTE.

TO CALIFORNIA VIA NEW ORLEANS. Are now on sale via the Central Route and in choice stop-over privileges at New Orleans and points west.

TO FLORIDA POINTS VIA NEW ORLEANS. Stop-overs are given at New Orleans and at the Mexican Gulf Coast resorts of Bay St. Louis, Pass Christian, Mississippi City, Biloxi and Ocean Springs, as well as at Mobile, Pensacola and Tallahassee.

A STORY OF BLOOD.

BY M. E. BRADDOX.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

But this did not constrain Durand to lay aside his gorges and chisels. Before his marriage he had brought home to his little workshop some five pieces of old wood, collected in various nooks and corners of Paris.

How happy to these brief glimpses of home, those brief hours with gorge and chisel, beside the hearth, while Rose stood by and watched the slow careful work—the chiselling of a feather, the rounding of a point, the minute touches that marked the scale of a fish!

Yes, even while fear and uncertainty ruled without, while earnings were nil, and the strictest economy was needed, least these days of scarcity should exhaust the little capital amassed with such intricate industry and self-denial; even now, with the enemy within sight of the walls, with the future of France wrapped in gloom, there was gladness in this humble home on the second floor in the Rue Gil de Cour, and the little dining room, where the griselette, earning her living by the labor of her hands, but as Captain O'Hara's daughter, born and bred as a lady, stooping from her high estate to become a mechanic's wife.

But at this time Paris had not yet begun to suppress its newspapers. The Red Flag was regular, and Gaston Mortemart was the most popular among its contributors. He was paid liberally for his work; for in this day of doubt and uncertainty the poorest could spare a couple of sous for a paper that told how France was being misgoverned, and called upon the supreme sovereign people—the Mirabeaus and Robespierres, and Dantons and Marats of Menilmontant, to arise in their might, and steer the tempest-driven ship to a safe harbor—the smooth roadstead of Communism, Collectivism, Red Marxism, what you will; every man his own master, no hereditary nobility, no landowners, no millionaires, a universal level of blue blouses and cheap wines.

And as weeks and months wore on, and autumn began to have a wintry aspect, and party rose against party, faction against faction, and agitation and fever were in the very air men breathed, Kathleen's breast was pierced by many fears. In Gaston's absence she was never free from nervous apprehensions, from morbid imaginings. It was only in those brief intervals when he was at home, sitting at his desk, writing passionate violent protests against this or that, prophecies of evil, wild suggestions for wilder action, bending over his paper with pale nervous face and flashing eyes, dipping his pen into the ink as if it were a stiletto stuck in the heart of the foe, writing as if Satan himself guided his pen, or snatching some hurried meal while the printer's devil ran off with the copy, to return an hour after with the proof—it was only then, when he was there, and she could stand beside him as he wrote, and twine her arms round his neck, or smooth his disordered hair, stooping now and then to kiss the troubled brow, that Kathleen felt her husband was safe. At all other times she thought of him as a mark for Prussian bullets or for private vengeance. She had visions of every kind of catastrophe that might befall him.

"Oh how I pity the poor rich wives, the great ladies of Paris!" she said to Gaston one day as she sat on his knee, after their scanty meal, brushing back the rumpled hair from his forehead with two loving hands, looking down into the dark eyes which gazed back her look of love; "how I pity them, poor things, sent away to Dieppe or to Biarritz, to Arcachon or Trouville, parted from their husbands, languishing yonder in fear and trembling! Don't you think it was cruel of the husbands to send them away?"

"No, dearest; unselfish rather than cruel. The women and children have been sent away from scarcity and danger, from trou-

blity. That bitter defeat, that day of humiliation yonder, on the Belgian frontier, seemed to him the justice of the gods, the salvation of France. The Man of December and Sedan—it was thus Blanquists and Internationalists spoke of the late Emperor—was dethroned. That Empire of *cliquant* and *flourie* had crumbled into dust. *Infame* his glorious destiny, as the liberator of the world, and to establish the millennium of Communism, the peaceful reign of blouses, blue and white, the apotheosis of Belleville and Menilmontant.

"In many a fervid speech Gaston depleted the glories of that glowing age, yonder at the club of the Folies Bergeres, at two steps from the Boulevard Montmartre, where the talk ranged ever from grave to gay, from the passionate oratory of the fanfare to the lowest deep of *binque* and buffoonery. There, and in the Salle Favre, and in many other such places, Gaston preached his gospel of free labor, every man his own master, every workman his own capitalist, no concentration of profits, no man permitted to grow rich by the sweat of another man's brow.

"The civilised world has outlived black slavery," he cried, "but so long as we still have white slavery—the slavery of the journeyman under the heel of the capitalist—there is no meaning in the word civilisation; there is no such thing on earth as justice."

"He paced the ramparts, chapeau in hand, full of such thoughts, ready to repulse the Frussians, who had not the least idea of attack, and already that heroic cry of 'Mourir avec la patrie' was ringing in his ears. He was weary, but his heart was full of a new life, a new life that he felt was his own; and he felt that he was a man, and that he was a citizen of the world.

"There are blouses and blouses, Kathleen," said Gaston at her earnestness. "You cannot expect that men and women who have toiled and groveled for two-thirds of a lifetime should suddenly become angels, and all the splendors, and pleasures, and comforts of this world pass by, afar in the distance, no more to them than pictures in a magic-lantern; you can hardly expect that kind of city to be built in a single day, on a Sunday afternoon, and to sing hymns of thanksgiving to the Creator."

"I should not have been surprised that they looked discontented," said Kathleen, "but they all looked so wicked."

"Discontented and wickedness are very near akin," answered her husband. "When there is work for all, and food for all, you will see very few of those wicked faces. I am one of the Apostles of the Religion of Collectivism, and when that is the creed of France there shall be no more starvation, no more discontent, no great masses of wealth locked up in foreign lands or distant railways; no millionaires' palaces, with a million or so sunk in pictures and *bric-à-brac*; but the money made by the laborer shall be in the pocket of the laborer, and there shall be no such thing as stagnant capital. We have seen enough of Dives, in his purple and fine linen. Kathleen; it is time that Lazarus should have his turn. Dives must be the individual; Lazarus means the nation."

"But if, when the Prussians have gone, you are going to do away with millionaires, who is to buy Philip's sideboard?" demanded Kathleen, perceiving that this paradise of Collectivism was not without its inconveniences.

"No one," answered Gaston lightly. "Philip is a fool to create such a white elephant. The age of personal luxury, pomp, and show, and wild expenditure was an outcome of the money made by the laborer, and corruption, bribery, falsehood, debauchery, an age of courtiers and coquettes, stock-jobbers and card-sharps. In the age that is coming there will be no carved-oak sideboards worth twenty thousand francs, no Gobelin tapestries, no Sevres porcelain. There will be a bit of beef in every man's *pot-au-feu*, a roof over every man's head, food and shelter, light and air, and cleanliness and comfort, and a free education for all."

"And it is towards this all your articles in the 'Drap' are?" asked Kathleen naively. "To this, and to this only."

"I am so glad," he was afraid sometimes that you were not to get it. As they acted in '93, when King and Queen, patriots and priests, and helpless innocent people weltered in their blood, yonder on the Place de la Concorde."

"No, dearest, I believe Communism, not Revolution," answered Gaston, in all good faith. "We have no prisons to slay; we have got rid of Badinguet and all that *canaille*; we have a clear stage and no favor; and it will be our own fault if France does not rise again. No Severus potentia, no her misfortune, a veritable Phoenix, from the ashes of ruined towns and villages, from the dry bones of a slaughtered army."

"And there will be nobody to buy poor Philip's sideboard?" asked Kathleen sorrowfully, full of regret for the enthusiast in the little workshop below stairs.

"It seemed to Kathleen as if a world, in which there were no rich people to buy works of art, no beautiful women clad in satin and velvet, no splendid carriages drawn by thoroughbred horses, no palace windows shining across the dusk with the yellow light of myriad wax-candles, no gardens seen by faint glimpses athwart shrubbery and iron railing, would be rather a dreary world to live in, albeit there were bread for all, and a kind of holy poverty, and some severe monastic order, reigning everywhere."

CHAPTER VI. ON THE RAMPARTS.

Paris was a camp; but so far it was but playing at soldiers, after all, for those within the walls; though there was plenty of hard fighting outside; and many a wounded Mohit was carried to the ambulance on a litter, never to leave it alive; and many a mother's heart was tortured with fear for her sons; and many a Rachel wept for those that were not. But though the roar of cannon thundered on the ground, and fully in the distance, the National Guard within the walls had, what their American friends called, a good time. The watch upon the ramparts was the most onerous duty, and it was only the night-watch—the cold shelter of a tent, where the sentries went away to Dieppe or to Biarritz, to Arcachon or Trouville, parted from their husbands, languishing yonder in fear and trembling! Don't you think it was cruel of the husbands to send them away?"

"No, dearest; unselfish rather than cruel. The women and children have been sent away from scarcity and danger, from trou-

blity. That bitter defeat, that day of humiliation yonder, on the Belgian frontier, seemed to him the justice of the gods, the salvation of France. The Man of December and Sedan—it was thus Blanquists and Internationalists spoke of the late Emperor—was dethroned. That Empire of *cliquant* and *flourie* had crumbled into dust. *Infame* his glorious destiny, as the liberator of the world, and to establish the millennium of Communism, the peaceful reign of blouses, blue and white, the apotheosis of Belleville and Menilmontant.

"In many a fervid speech Gaston depleted the glories of that glowing age, yonder at the club of the Folies Bergeres, at two steps from the Boulevard Montmartre, where the talk ranged ever from grave to gay, from the passionate oratory of the fanfare to the lowest deep of *binque* and buffoonery. There, and in the Salle Favre, and in many other such places, Gaston preached his gospel of free labor, every man his own master, every workman his own capitalist, no concentration of profits, no man permitted to grow rich by the sweat of another man's brow.

"The civilised world has outlived black slavery," he cried, "but so long as we still have white slavery—the slavery of the journeyman under the heel of the capitalist—there is no meaning in the word civilisation; there is no such thing on earth as justice."

"He paced the ramparts, chapeau in hand, full of such thoughts, ready to repulse the Frussians, who had not the least idea of attack, and already that heroic cry of 'Mourir avec la patrie' was ringing in his ears. He was weary, but his heart was full of a new life, a new life that he felt was his own; and he felt that he was a man, and that he was a citizen of the world.

"There are blouses and blouses, Kathleen," said Gaston at her earnestness. "You cannot expect that men and women who have toiled and groveled for two-thirds of a lifetime should suddenly become angels, and all the splendors, and pleasures, and comforts of this world pass by, afar in the distance, no more to them than pictures in a magic-lantern; you can hardly expect that kind of city to be built in a single day, on a Sunday afternoon, and to sing hymns of thanksgiving to the Creator."

"I should not have been surprised that they looked discontented," said Kathleen, "but they all looked so wicked."

"Discontented and wickedness are very near akin," answered her husband. "When there is work for all, and food for all, you will see very few of those wicked faces. I am one of the Apostles of the Religion of Collectivism, and when that is the creed of France there shall be no more starvation, no more discontent, no great masses of wealth locked up in foreign lands or distant railways; no millionaires' palaces, with a million or so sunk in pictures and *bric-à-brac*; but the money made by the laborer shall be in the pocket of the laborer, and there shall be no such thing as stagnant capital. We have seen enough of Dives, in his purple and fine linen. Kathleen; it is time that Lazarus should have his turn. Dives must be the individual; Lazarus means the nation."

"But if, when the Prussians have gone, you are going to do away with millionaires, who is to buy Philip's sideboard?" demanded Kathleen, perceiving that this paradise of Collectivism was not without its inconveniences.

"No one," answered Gaston lightly. "Philip is a fool to create such a white elephant. The age of personal luxury, pomp, and show, and wild expenditure was an outcome of the money made by the laborer, and corruption, bribery, falsehood, debauchery, an age of courtiers and coquettes, stock-jobbers and card-sharps. In the age that is coming there will be no carved-oak sideboards worth twenty thousand francs, no Gobelin tapestries, no Sevres porcelain. There will be a bit of beef in every man's *pot-au-feu*, a roof over every man's head, food and shelter, light and air, and cleanliness and comfort, and a free education for all."

"And it is towards this all your articles in the 'Drap' are?" asked Kathleen naively. "To this, and to this only."

"I am so glad," he was afraid sometimes that you were not to get it. As they acted in '93, when King and Queen, patriots and priests, and helpless innocent people weltered in their blood, yonder on the Place de la Concorde."

"No, dearest, I believe Communism, not Revolution," answered Gaston, in all good faith. "We have no prisons to slay; we have got rid of Badinguet and all that *canaille*; we have a clear stage and no favor; and it will be our own fault if France does not rise again. No Severus potentia, no her misfortune, a veritable Phoenix, from the ashes of ruined towns and villages, from the dry bones of a slaughtered army."

"And there will be nobody to buy poor Philip's sideboard?" asked Kathleen sorrowfully, full of regret for the enthusiast in the little workshop below stairs.

"It seemed to Kathleen as if a world, in which there were no rich people to buy works of art, no beautiful women clad in satin and velvet, no splendid carriages drawn by thoroughbred horses, no palace windows shining across the dusk with the yellow light of myriad wax-candles, no gardens seen by faint glimpses athwart shrubbery and iron railing, would be rather a dreary world to live in, albeit there were bread for all, and a kind of holy poverty, and some severe monastic order, reigning everywhere."

CHAPTER VII. BARNUM'S SPECIAL BRANCH.

Paris was a camp; but so far it was but playing at soldiers, after all, for those within the walls; though there was plenty of hard fighting outside; and many a wounded Mohit was carried to the ambulance on a litter, never to leave it alive; and many a mother's heart was tortured with fear for her sons; and many a Rachel wept for those that were not. But though the roar of cannon thundered on the ground, and fully in the distance, the National Guard within the walls had, what their American friends called, a good time. The watch upon the ramparts was the most onerous duty, and it was only the night-watch—the cold shelter of a tent, where the sentries went away to Dieppe or to Biarritz, to Arcachon or Trouville, parted from their husbands, languishing yonder in fear and trembling! Don't you think it was cruel of the husbands to send them away?"

"No, dearest; unselfish rather than cruel. The women and children have been sent away from scarcity and danger, from trou-

MAKING READY FOR SEA.

Scenes of Bustling Preparation Aboard a Warship Ordered to Sail.

There is no more trying season on board a United States man-of-war than the time of pressing preparation for some hurried mission, such as that of the Newark to Rio. It is a maxim with the subalterns in the navy that nobody knows to-day what will happen to-morrow. For days and weeks before an expectant ship puts to sea there are conflicting rumors touching the day and the hour of departure, and even after everybody has been ordered to be on board for sailing at a definite time there is a skeptical sentiment in the wardroom, says the New York Sun.

When a ship is under orders to make ready for sea as rapidly as possible and to hold herself in readiness to sail upon short notice there is a scene of haste and activity. Only the most trustworthy sailors are then allowed to go ashore, and even officers find their going and coming more closely watched than usual.

The paymaster, the clerk, the yeoman and the Jack "the Dust" are busy all day looking after stores, paying such men as are to be transferred to other ships, and caring for this or that detail essential to the proper preparation of the ship for the sea.

The mess caterer is busy getting his stores on board, and every officer is making his last purchase ashore. Meanwhile the ship is being besieged by the best of persons who have dealings with men and officers. There are tailors with garments to try on, agents for dealers in officers' uniforms and accoutrements, anxiously inquiring as to the final wants of this or that officer, bumboat men of all descriptions offering their wares, expression receiving final orders, laundresses with the very last batch of fine linen, seeming mountains of starched material that must last the wardroom perhaps for months. Finally there are the wives and mothers and sweethearts of the sailors standing about on deck or seated ashore, in deep converse with the men. There are all sorts of excuses and devices for obtaining from one to thirty-four hours' leave in those last days, and the women are especially fertile in these devices. There are telegraphic dispatches calling Jack to the bedside of a dying father or a hysterical mother, stern demands for his instant appearance in court upon important legal business, and requests for leave by guaranties from clergymen and civil officers. The knowing executive officer ignores all these things and keeps Jack steadily at work aboard ship until the time comes to weigh anchor.

When Ellis Island was still the powder depot of this naval station the agony of departure was sometimes drawn out for days. It was always difficult to reach New York from a ship lying at Ellis Island, and officers often lay for days within sight of the city, but were compelled to remain aboard ship, though there was nothing to occupy them. The order to take ammunition was heard with apprehension and followed by long rumbling.

Every naval officer who values his standing is particularly careful that nothing shall detain him ashore beyond the hour of the ship's departure. Willful delay on his part would be followed by court-martial, and even when unavoidable accident detains a man he feels that he has lost something by his failing to report on board ship at the proper time. Even officers on waiting orders take care that they shall not at any time place themselves twenty-four hours beyond the reach of telegraphic orders. The subaltern who serves under an executive officer with a large staff is especially careful to avoid any accident that may bring him aboard ship an hour beyond the expiration of his leave or necessitate his joining the vessel at some port other than the signal point of departure. Such a misfortune, however innocently incurred, may handicap the subaltern throughout a whole cruise in his efforts to keep even with an executive officer keen to catch him in fault.

Dean Swift's Unpronounceable Name. A writer in Notes and Queries, referring to the origin of "houyhunnams," says that this curious jumble of letters was devised by Swift to represent the whinnying of a horse. It is a disyllabic name, and has been variously pronounced by educated persons. The prevailing pronunciation may be phonetically rendered as follows: "Hoo-himz," "hoo-innz," "whin-imz" and "hoo-in-imz." The initial aspirate is always sounded. Pove uses it as a disyllable: Nay, would kind love my organs so dispose To hymn harmonious Hoo-himz through the nose.

Great Domes. Some of the largest domes in the world are the Pantheon at Rome, 142 feet diameter, 143 feet high; Baths of Caracalla, Rome, 112 feet diameter, 116 feet high; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 115 feet diameter, 201 feet high; St. Maria delle Fave, Florence, 139 feet diameter, 330 feet high; St. Paul's, London, 112 feet diameter, 215 feet high.

Her Leading Part. Comedian—What on earth does Miss Emeline keep that ragged-looking pup trailing around with her for? Soubrette—Oh, that's the only way she can get to play a leading part.—Detroit Tribune.

How He Bore It. "And so Jimpton bore his poem to you yesterday? How did you endure it?" "I just fixed my glass eye on him and went to sleep with the other"—Life.

Now comes the dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIN, Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

MEN AND WOMEN. A Pittsburg man was fined \$2 and costs for eating peanuts in a street car. Mrs. Samuel Bennett, of Tanager, Va., gave birth to her twenty-ninth child a few days ago. All the children are alive. The cross-bill of a resident of Spokane, Wash., to his wife's divorce complaint, alleges that she pulled his hair and whiskers out.

Lady Florence Dixie declares that she knows three women disguised as men, one of whom is a ship captain and the others are pilots. If you are troubled with malaria take Beecham's Pills. A positive specific, nothing like it. 25 cents a box. A high roller—The sun. See Colchester Spading Boots adv. in other column. Ballet figures sometimes lie. "Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Was cured of Bunion and Corns. Ask your druggist for it. Price 12 cents. A man may be in touch with a toothache without actually being in sympathy with it. Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Is sold everywhere. In each of our bottles is a full description of the disease. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.00. A noted quack—The boarding house turkey. Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. Cures Chapped Hands and Feet, Sore Throat, Chlinitis, Piles, etc. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct. Women are temperate, but they are fond of their glass. If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried Remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething. Whiskey and the police get a good many men into trouble. Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in boxes. A patch on a boy's trousers is something new under the sun. Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. You will see the excellent effect after a few days' use. Ask your friends about it. 50c and \$1.00 at all druggists. What man hath done is not always what man should have done. Have You Asthma? Dr. R. Schumann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of "Schumann's Asthma Cure" free to any sufferer. He advises by giving it away. Never give up. The worst cases and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

One Way to Cross the Country

is the subject recently given by the New York Sun to an article on "Tourist Parties" to the far west. The one way via the Great Central Route Weekly California Excursions via the Union Pacific.

While suffering from delirium tremens the other day, James Clunan, of Hancock, N. Y., cut his throat. He imagined a bon constrictor was coiled about his neck, and, in attempting to cut it away with a knife, he slashed his throat from ear to ear.

San Francisco's Midwinter Fair will be one of the attractions on the Pacific Coast during the coming winter. It will be held from Nov. 1st to June 30th, 1904, and might be aptly termed the World's Fair in miniature.

The Union Pacific is offering unusually low round trip rates to all California points. Send two cents for our California Signs and Scenes. E. L. LONAX, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Omaha, Neb.

The original Adams homestead, in Quincy, Mass., the birthplace of Washington's successor, is occupied by a lady and gentleman from Sicily, it is stated, who take boarders numerous, and have converted the garage into a chicken roost.

Ruth Cleveland Photographed. Ever since little Ruth Cleveland arrived at the age of vaccination, baptism and the leading photographers of the country have been vying to get her in their cameras. It will equal if not surpass the Great Centennial.

What the rosebud promises it does not always fulfill. Prof. Barrett, of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases says: "The only remedy for this disease is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is the only medicine that will cure it." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Don't suffer with indigestion, use Doan's Mucilage. The coal dealer is an expert in making a little go a great ways. \$100 Reward, \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh of the Bladder. Catarrh is the only positive cure now known to cure the bladder in its early stages. It is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is guaranteed to cure, or to give a refund. It is sold by all druggists.

An Oswego, N. Y., woman kills all stray cats by means of chloroform. The Humane Society of New York State decided at a recent meeting that such action should be emulated.

Do You Cough? DON'T DELAY! KEMP'S BALMSAM. Cures Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its early stages, and a sure relief in advanced cases. It is a safe and sure remedy. Kemp's Balsam is the best cough cure, which is recommended on all sides. It should be kept in the house regularly to avoid delay when needed. It is sold at all drug stores.

Playing Cards. You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending five cents in postage to F. S. ELIAS, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C. & G. R. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Patents, Trade-Marks. Examination and Advice. Patentably Invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide" or "How to Get a Patent." PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Use ST. JACOBS OIL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, AND ALL THE WORLD KNOWS THE CURE IS SURE.

Souvenir Coin for Eighty Cents NEVER OFFERED BEFORE FOR LESS THAN ONE DOLLAR.

Father or Mother; Sister or Brother; Sweetheart or Lover. Would be pleased to receive as a Christmas or New Year's Present. Something they could always keep as a reminder of the Columbus year. What more appropriate than a WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR HALF DOLLAR? Sent Post-Paid to any address for 80 cents in 1 or 2-cent stamps. Only a limited number left. Order quick from F. G. BROWN, 88-92, West Chicago Street, Chicago, Ill.

WE INVITE

ONE AND ALL

CALL AND SEE OUR

NEW Line of FURNITURE

Consisting of

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

ALSO THE...

LARGEST AND FINEST LINE OF RATTAN ROCKERS

EVER SHOWN IN CASS CITY.

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

We're Still IN IT!



That is we're still in the UNDERTAKING BUSINESS, and that to stay, not as some have reported to the contrary more times than once to our disadvantage. We still keep a full line of Caskets, Coffins of all kinds, and Undertaker's supplies of all descriptions. Am always ready to attend calls, but never go a begging for jobs. Hearse when desired.

L. A. DeWitt.

CROSBY'S

FOR

BOOTS, SHOES

AND

CLOTHING.

H. S. WICKWARE

SELLS

SLEIGHS, CUTTERS.

GOOD QUALITY -- FAIR PRICE.

H. S. WICKWARE.

Best Equipped Blacksmith Shop in the Thumb.

A MERRY XMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

We have the Largest Stock and Finest Selection of all the Delicacies, Candies and Fruits of all kinds ever shown in the city. All kinds of Nuts—new stock, grown this year.

HEADQUARTERS FOR GROCERIES.

OYSTERS IN BULK OR CANS.

Give us a call. Goods delivered free in city. Farm produce wanted.

H. B. Fairweather.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE.

An independent newspaper. Published every Friday morning at the ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE, Sugar Street, Cass City, Tuscola Co., Michigan.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One year, \$1.00; six months, 60c.; three months, 30c.; strictly in advance.

Business locals, 5c. per line first insertion, 2c. per line each insertion thereafter.

Cards of Thanks, Etc., each. Resolutions of Condolence, Etc., 25c. per line. Items announcing Entertainments, Etc., where money is to be derived, 5c. per line. When bills are ordered a notice will be given free.

Notices for Charitable Entertainments, Etc., a reasonable amount of space granted to citizens for the discussion of matters of public interest. Rates on display or standing advertisements can be obtained at the office.

The wide circulation of the ENTERPRISE in the counties of Tuscola, Huron and Sanilac, makes it a valuable advertising medium.

WICKWARE & McDOWELL, Proprietors.

OUR MOTTO: PERSEVERANCE, PROGRESS AND PATRIOTISM.

HAPS AND MISHAPS!

As Told by the Enterprise's Corps of Correspondents

All the Chit-Chat From the Country Round About Briefly Told For Busy Readers.

WEST GRANT.

Wm. Burnett is on the sick list. Jas. Maharg is drawing logs at Linkville.

Lots of ice on Mud Lake. Hurray! for fun.

A wood bee at John McVicar's last Monday.

R. C. Hallack went to Caro, Monday, on business.

Chas. I. Ricker, of Saginaw, is visiting at his parental home.

Mr. Nichols, of Gagetown, did the painting for J. D. Body last week.

Geo. Halleck had a wood bee last Monday. In the evening the young folk gathered and enjoyed themselves until a late hour.

ELMWOOD.

Mr. Miller is on the gain. N. Lacey is still quite sick but is able to sit up.

We wish all the ENTERPRISE staff a merry, merry Christmas!

Eli Baxter has been on the sick list for some time but is some better now.

Preston Stone has been confined to the house for the last week, but is improving.

B. McCree, of Sunshine, and Miss Clara Stone, of Ellington, were calling on friends in this part Sunday.

Our young people have quite a long programme for the entertainment on Christmas night and invite all to come and bring something with them to put on the tree. It is requested of those who have presents to put on that they will have them at the school house as early as possible Monday afternoon, as the exercises begin at 7 o'clock.

CASVILLE.

Our thaw has caught the la grippe. The roads are very icy and the blacksmiths very busy.

Frank Poss is quite sick with the grippe, J. K. Poss being some better.

Mrs. Moore has a gathering on her face, supposed to be one form of the grippe.

We wish the editors and brother reporters a merry Christmas and a jolly good time!

Henry Neinstedt, who cut his hand some time ago, is doing nicely, and expects to be out shortly.

Many are complaining with colds and grippe, rough weather and hard times. It's hard to please everybody.

We were glad to see the ENTERPRISE representative last week. Come again! Next time we will try and spend more time with you.

By the way Moore's pork sausage goes and the praise it gets, he must be no green hand at the business, for it keeps him busy.

RESCUE.

Xmas stockings will soon be in order now.

We have been visited with rain, snow, hail, wind and calm—in fact, every thing that goes to make weather complete in variety, during the last four days.

All the talk now is drain tax. Strange how people's land is always wet till an effort is made to drain it; then all the water runs some other way.

Services on Grant Circuit of the M. E. Church, next Sunday, as follows:—Preaching by pastor, Rev. J. T. Gurney, at Popple, 10:30 a.m.; Wakefield, 2 p.m.; Grant, 7 p.m.; subject, "The Angel's Song." Grant Epworth League, 2 p.m.

The social at Mr. Reader's last week was quite a success. It was well attended and the guests were entertained by singing, readings and recitations. Some of the recitations were of quite a high order and well rendered, particularly so in the case of Miss Wilkinson, who is almost as dramatic as a professional. Proceeds, \$12.10.

CANBORA.

Miss Hattie Scott visits in Bad Axe. Miss Ida Dulmage is home on a visit.

Miss Kate Evans is home from Ontario.

Ambrose Scott is home from across the bay.

Matt and John Maize are home from the wood.

Mat Smith's log yard is being filled with logs.

Whooping cough is reported in this vicinity.

Charley and Ed. Dulmage are home from the lumber woods.

M. Winegar has built a Snug house on lot No. —, in Oliver.

Bro. Deford, our little fellow says hold your grip on the 29th.

Fred Hintz, of Sebawaing, was among us Saturday and Sunday.

Peter Anderson has been wrestling for some time with a lame back. Better now.

Fred Taylor had the misfortune to be kicked in the face by one of his colts.

Mr. and Mrs. John Loun and Fred Hintz, dined Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Kenitz.

J. Zimmerman sets up a saw mill near the site where the little mill burned down.

The weather prophet or some one has made a mistake. Wish the editor would look it up.

Christmas tree at the church Christmas night. Every body come and bring somebody.

Had a December thaw Friday last in the shape of rain. Your quill-driver had the benefit of it for eighteen miles.

After being absent from the state of Missouri a few months over nineteen years, Mrs. John G. Evans returned there last week on a visit to her people near St. Joseph. Her grandparents on both sides moved there from Virginia and Kentucky at a very early day when St. Joe was only a trading post with the Indians, which was kept by Joe Reubidons.

KINGSTON.

Wood and hay is on the market in abundance.

A. G. Purdy is again on deck at the meat market.

B. Predmore, of Cass City, was in town on Monday.

J. K. Thomas visited Marlette on Monday, and Detroit on Tuesday.

The blacksmiths are more than busy, sharpening and re-setting horse shoes.

The hotel well is not yet completed. The breakage of some of the drilling machinery necessitated the sinking of a second hole.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lee attended the Prof. Sales services, in Caro, on Sunday. They report them very interesting and productive of much good.

On Tuesday, P. Graham and family left here for Mt. Clemens, where Mr. Graham will engage in the butchering business. During their short stay in Kingston they have made many friends who regret their departure but wish them prosperity.

A farmer, with a lengthy beard, who lives near here, in conversation, recently, said: "A neighbor of mine will be 86 years of age in a few weeks. One year ago, he pulled out one of my whiskers, and holding it with both hands, at arms' length, brought the two ends together, exactly, and held them there. He then took a fine cambric needle and threaded it with the hair, and all this without glasses." Such steady nerves and unflinching sight is indeed exceptional at such an age.

On Saturday evening, at 10 o'clock, there passed away one of the oldest residents in this section, and one who enjoyed the well-merited esteem of his neighbors and acquaintances—Adam Anderson, who resided three miles west and north of this place. Only a few days ago, Mr. Anderson was in his usual health and had been telling some of our citizens how well he had escaped disease and had enjoyed remarkably good health. He was attacked suddenly with la grippe, which took the serious form of a gathering in the throat, and resulted in death as above stated. He had nearly lived the allotted span of life—"threescore years and ten."

The bereavement is rendered more sad on account of the drowning, only a few months since, of a son of the deceased, about twenty years of age. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of the entire community. The burial took place on Tuesday afternoon, with Masonic honors, and was attended by the Marlette lodge and other brethren and friends. Deceased was a member of Myrtle Lodge, Wayne County, and the Master from that lodge officiated at the burial. Undertaker Lee had charge of the remains.

"I cannot feel that all is well when darkening clouds conceal the shining sun; But, then, I know God lives and loves; and say, since it is so, 'Thy will be done.'"

To prevent the hardening of the subcutaneous tissues of the scalp and the obliteration of the hair follicles, which cause baldness, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

School Report

Report of school taught in district No. 2, Elkland for the month beginning Nov. 6, and ending Dec. 1, 1903.

Number pupils enrolled.....117

Number days taught.....19

Total days attendance.....2217

Average daily attendance.....19

The following were present every day during month: Bennie and Mary Schwegler, Lizzie and Birdie Marshall, Christie Karr, Ora Bird, Mabel and Hattie Wilkinson, Freddie and Eddie Hefflower, and Neil Blair. Absent one-half day: Maggie Davis, Ethel Martin, Maggie McDonald and Viola Martin. Absent one day: John Jaus, Bertie Hefflower, Mary McDonald and Arthur Helwig.

JENNIE A. WATSON, Teacher.

Report of school in District Number 4, Grant township, Huron County, beginning November 20th, and ending December 15th:

Number of teaching days taught.....19

Number of pupils enrolled.....41

Total enrollment.....41

Average daily attendance.....398

The following pupils were not absent during the month: Johann Laing, Eliza Heron, Susie Vallance, Emma Laing, Eva Laing, Fred Knight, Hannah Barnes, Herman Maharg, Louis Maharg. Those absent only one-half day were Joseph Quinn and Agnes Quinn.

AUSTIN E. MODEN, Teacher.

If People Only Knew

That the Mobile & Ohio railroad runs through the best section of the South, where lands within a mile of the railroad are \$3.00 an acre on long time, and improved farms are only \$10.00 to \$15.00 an acre, and that two farm crops or three vegetable crops are grown every year, each of which will net more dollars per acre than the same crop in the north; that the weather in summer is cooler, and in winter warmer, enabling the farmer to work in the field all the year, where one has better health and gets more pleasure in living, makes a living easier and gets rich faster than he can in the north, there would be such a rush for these cheap homes as no other portion of America has ever seen. The knowledge is spreading and the boom is coming. Prices will double every year. Now is the time to buy. Half fare excursions will leave St. Louis Dec. 12th, and 19th, and January 9th, and 16th. Full information sent by E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent, Mobile & Ohio Railroad, Mobile, Ala.

It may do as much for you.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Illinois writes that he has a severe kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called kidney cures, but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to all kidney and liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our statement. Price only 50c. for large bottle. At T. H. Fritz's Drug Store.

A Quarter Century Test.

For a quarter of a century Dr. Kibler's New Discovery has been tested, and the millions who have accepted benefit from its use testify to its wonderful curative powers in all diseases of the Throat, chest and Lungs. A remedy that has stood the test so long and that has given so universal satisfaction is no experiment. Each bottle is guaranteed to give relief, or the money will be refunded. It is admitted to be the most reliable for Coughs and Colds. Trial bottles free at T. H. Fritz's Drugstore. Large size 50c and \$1.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions; and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by T. H. Fritz, Druggist.

ADDS.

We are prepared to furnish, on short notice, elegant badges, suitable for any of the different societies. When desiring anything in this line, we would be pleased to receive your orders.

ENTERPRISE STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

When you are looking for bargains, don't forget that your money's worth and more is obtained when you buy Brant's Balsam, acknowledged the best cough remedy to be had. A glance shows it is the largest bottle for the money at the market. Common sense teaches to buy the best and get all possible for the money, and the Brant Co. cater to this common sense instinct in combining quality and quantity as they do in their large 25 and 50c. bottles. They think it advertising the public will appreciate. Sold by T. H. Fritz.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 SHOE NOT RIP.

Do you wear them? When next in need try a pair. Best in the world.

\$5.00 \$3.00

\$4.00 \$2.50

\$3.50 \$2.00

\$2.50 \$1.75

\$2.25 \$1.75

\$2.00 \$1.75

FOR GENTLEMEN

FOR LADIES

FOR BOYS

FOR MISSSES

If you want a fine DRESS SHOE, made in the latest styles, don't pay \$6 to \$8, try my \$3, \$3.50, \$4.00 or \$5 Shoe. They fit equal to custom made and look and wear as well. If you wish to economize in your footwear, do so by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes. Name and price stamped on the bottom, look for it when you buy.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by A. J. Palmer, Gagetown.

Mrs. L. M. Holmes, Kingston.



Hurray

FOR

SANTA CLAUS

AT

STEVENSON'S.

For the next 20 days you will find his office in one of the Show Windows. Come and get an introduction to him, and see his 5c., 10c. and 25c. counters—the variety is simply immense—and his other presents.

GEE WHIZ! SUCH A DISPLAY!

You order see them! Such nice ones and so cheap. Santa says no other town this side of Detroit can make such a showing and he advises everybody to buy early while the stock is complete.

Yours Respectfully,

G. A. STEVENSON.

P. S.—Goods delivered in the city.

DRY GOODS,

CLOAKS,

Carpets, Hats and Caps,

BOOTS AND SHOES, RUBBER GOODS,

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS

Are All Kept at

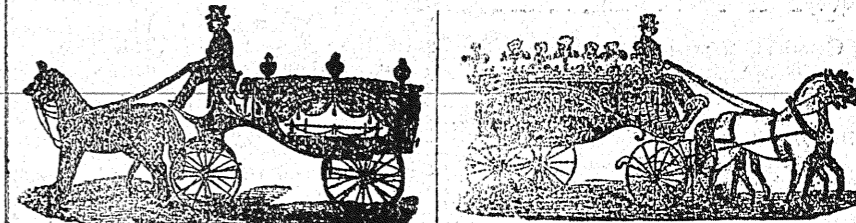
FROST & HEBBLEWHITE'S

—AT—

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Butter and Eggs Wanted.

A. A. MCKENZIE,



UNDERTAKER & FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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

COLD WEATHER IS HERE!

The undersigned are loaded for bear, with everything in the line of

COOKING - AND - HEATING - STOVES,

All Sizes, Styles and Prices.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE!

We have an Immense Stock of everything in this line and make as low prices as any of 'em.

We have a tin shop, presided over by an excellent workman, in connection.

HOWE & BIGELOW.

J. P. HOWE.

N. BIGELOW.

SUPPLEMENT.

CASS CITY ENTERPRISE--December 22, 1893.

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY.

A Week of Successive Feasts and Rollicking Festivities.

Christmas in Germany is not limited to one day, but extends over a week of successive feasts and festivities. The family gatherings are usually very large and the merriment correspondingly great. The observances are usually inaugurated on Christmas eve with a supper.

The tree, which is comparatively small, is placed in the center of the table, where it stands until after the New Year, retaining its tinsel decorations. The gifts are not suspended from the tree, but are placed in parcels about it and under the table. The presents are distributed amid great hilarity by an elder son or brother, who makes up as a jovial St. Nicholas. The children, like children everywhere, enjoy their toys, which are less expensive and more practical than ours, and their elders rejoice in additions to their personal wardrobes and household belongings.

The supper is a comparatively plain one. The table is set forth with backerei, meat or sausage, herring salad, French cake or German tart and light beer or wine. After healths have been drunk and songs and choruses sung, the final ceremony is to bid every one "Froehliche Weihnacht," and the party disperses.

The Christmas dinner is on a more elaborate scale. The piece de resistance consists of roast goose, the national dish. It is stuffed with apples or chestnuts and preceded by a soup and accompanied by kartoffel (potatoes), blumenkohl (cauliflower) or rosenkraut (Brussels sprouts) and sauerkraut, the latter cooked and seasoned, and a compote of plums or other fruit cooked with vinegar, sugar and spices. The dessert upon so important a day may consist of two dishes beside fruit, a pudding and apfel krapfen. This will perhaps be of rice stewed until tender in milk, and then blended while hot with fine chopped and sifted beef suet, raisins and eggs, whites and yolks both well beaten. This is a sort of German plum pudding, for it is boiled in a cloth or mold and served with hot and sweet wine sauce.

These feasts are renewed every day until the inception of the New Year, and then whoever you meet, wherever you are, the greeting is passed, "Prosit Neujahr" (Happy New Year), and the Christmas season comes to an end.

SUITABLE GIFTS.

Don't be too particular about giving useful Christmas presents, notwithstanding that hosts of practical individuals, especially those of a philanthropic turn of mind, are forever advising just to

the contrary. Of course where extreme poverty is in question, when the very necessities of life are lacking, a ton of coal or a basket of provisions is doubtless a more suitable gift than would be a silken table cover or an embroidered scarf; but, barring such extreme cases, the greatest degree of benefit and happiness experienced by the exchange of gifts at the season of "good will to men" does not, as a rule, result from those of a strictly useful nature. After all, men and women are only boys and girls grown tall; and, pray, what healthy boy or girl would prefer a pair of boots to a toy pistol or a pair of skates, a doll or a box of candy, as his or her annual contribution from Santa Claus?



BELIEF IN SANTA CLAUS.

"The belief in Santa Claus gave me years of unqualified satisfaction," says Mrs. Burton Harrison. "Whether it was actually swallows in the chimney top or flying squirrels gamboling upon our eaves, I believed sundry noises of the night to be the pawing of tiny chargers on the roof. When recently I asked a small person of 6 whether he still believed in Santa Claus and he answered me in withering good English, 'I never believed in Santa Claus; I always thought it was parents.' I felt quenched and dejected beyond reason."



"May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both," is a good motto for your Christmas dinner. In this connection it should be remembered that nothing so promotes digestion as a cheerful heart and a clear conscience.



ORIGIN OF CAROLS.

The singing of carols on Christmas eve and Christmas day is of mediæval origin. A carol should be simple and melodious. There are many fine specimens of them, but most of them are not fine. Here is the first verse of a favorite and ancient and famous one:

God rest you, merry gentlemen;
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born upon this day
To save us all from Satan's power,
When we had gone astray.
Oh, tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas day.

Kwite Kweer.

How are you going to spell quail without a q, or question, or quiz, or quit, or quoth, or quote, etc.?—Dayton Journal.

Kwail, kwestion, kwiz, kwit, kwothe, kwote.—Toledo Bee.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS.

Jas. Oakley's livery barn at Unionville was burned last week. Two horses were burned in the building.

Charles Utley has commenced a \$5,000 damage suit against the village of Imlay City, on account of injuries received by his recent fall on the sidewalk.

Sanilac county has thirty-four licensed places that sell intoxicating drinks. Of this number thirty-two have only the beer licenses, but sell anything you want. Marlette's two hotel men are the only ones who obey the law and have a full license.—[Free Press.

In the year '91, a young lady by the name of Miss Farrell, signed a contract to teach the district school in the township of Rubican, Huron county. She presented herself on the morning of the opening of the school, but was informed by the director that another teacher had been engaged. At the close of the term she commenced suit for breach of contract to recover, \$400 damages. The circuit court directed a verdict in her favor which the supreme court affirms. The district contended that as the contract was not signed by the director it was not binding, but the supreme court held that the action of the Board can not be defeated by the failure of the director or moderator to sign the contract, etc.

The law suit of Jenks vs Powlowski, of Sand Beach, was decided in the Supreme Court last week. The decision is of considerable importance to Sand Beach parties as well as to those of other places. Powlowski was carrying on a hotel business in Sand Beach and selling liquor. In the deed of the hotel lot there was a covenant that no liquor should be sold on the premises. The plaintiff got out an injunction from the Circuit Judge, restraining the defendant from selling liquor on the premises. The defendant appealed and the decision of the lower court was reversed which knocks out all the liquor clauses found in deeds pertaining to Sand Beach property. Prosecuting attorney John F. Murphy appeared for the defendant and the plaintiff's case was handled by E. F. Bacon, of Detroit.—[Bad Axe Democrat.

CASS CITY BAKERY.

FRESH BREAD,
BUNS, PIES,
COOKIES,
WEDDING CAKES BAKED TO ORDER

Warm or cold lunches served at all hours of the day.

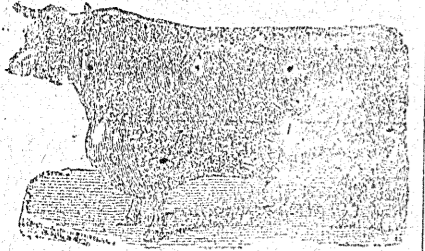
Cass City and Dairy Minnesota flours kept for sale.

I am sole agent for the Gable, Donovan & Co., East Saginaw. Bibles, albums, and subscription books; lace and needle curtains and draperies; silverware, rugs, wingers, clocks, on easy monthly payments or cheap for cash.

Joseph Reuter,
Proprietor.

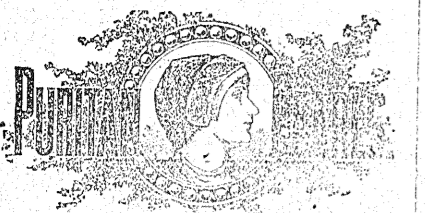
Main St. Cass City.

Fresh, Juicy Steaks,
—AT—



Central Meat Market,
J. H. WINEGAR, Prop.

Meats of all kinds nicely served.



Build up and Purify the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, induce good sleep, and relieve the various ailments arising from a disordered state of the blood or from a weak condition of the lungs or from a general debility of the system. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all these ailments, and is sold in boxes of six for \$2.00. Sent by mail, also free sample of Fruitful Pills, the best, invigorating, and safe for all.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

- P. P. P. A warm and invigorating medicine; gives an appetite; it invigorates and strengthens.
- P. P. P. Cures rheumatism and all pains in side, back and shoulders, knees, hips, wrists and joints.
- P. P. P. Cures erysipelas in all its various stages, old ulcers, sores and kidney complaints.
- P. P. P. Cures catarrh, eczema, erysipelas, all skin diseases and mercurial poisoning.
- P. P. P. Cures dyspepsia, chronic female complaints and broken down constitution and loss of manhood.
- P. P. P. The best blood purifier of the age. Has made more permanent cures than all other medicines.

PATENTS

Patents and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure them in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. P. P. P. "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries free. Address: C. A. SNOW & CO., Opp. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

TEACH TELEGRAPHY

Learn to teach telegraphy in two weeks. Our students do work and receive practical experience. Best system in America. Circulars free. Address: City Telegraph Co., Toronto, Mich.

P.P.P. CURES ALL SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

Physicians endorse P. P. P. as a special combination and remedy for all skin and blood diseases. It is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments, and is sold in boxes of six for \$2.00. Sent by mail, also free sample of Fruitful Pills, the best, invigorating, and safe for all.

P.P.P. CURES SCROFULA.

DISEASES, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Ulcers and Sores, Disordered Swellings, Rheumatism, Malarsia, and Chronic Ulcers that have yielded all treatment, Ocular.

P.P.P. CURES BLOOD POISON.

Skin Diseases, Eczema, Chronic Female Complaints, Mercurial Poison, Piles, Rheumatism, etc., etc. P. P. P. is a powerful tonic, and an excellent purifier.

P.P.P. CURES RHEUMATISM.

Latent rheumatism is often found and whose blood is in a diseased condition, due to treatment of rheumatism, etc.

P.P.P. CURES MALARIA.

Remedy for the malarial fever and its accompanying symptoms. It is the best and most reliable remedy for all these ailments, and is sold in boxes of six for \$2.00. Sent by mail, also free sample of Fruitful Pills, the best, invigorating, and safe for all.

P.P.P. CURES DYSPEPSIA.

LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga. Book on Blood Diseases mailed free.



Saved Her Life.
Mrs. C. J. Woodbridge, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.
"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it struggling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well today, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

Ladies

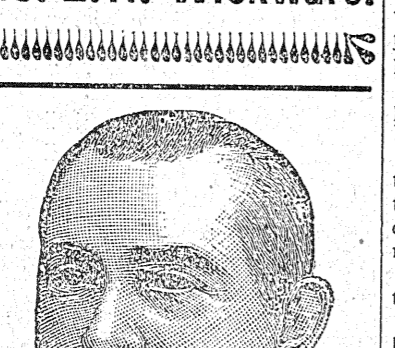


We Have Received Our.....

FALL AND WINTER STOCK OF MILLINERY!

YOUR PATRONAGE IS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

Mrs. E. K. Wickware.



JAMES R. WAITE,
Manager of Waite's Celebrated Comedy Co.,
Premier Band and Orchestra.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.
You will remember the condition I was in five years ago, when I was afflicted with a combination of diseases, and thought there was no help for me. I tried all kinds of medicines, and scores of eminent physicians. My nerves were prostrated, producing dizziness, heart trouble and all the ills that make life miserable. I commenced to take

DR. MILES' NERVINE
and in three months I was perfectly cured. In my travels each year, when I see the thousands of physical wrecks, suffering from nervous prostration, taking prescriptions from local physicians who have no knowledge of their case, and whose death is only a question of time, I feel like going to them and saying, "GET DR. MILES' NERVINE AND BE CURED." In my profession, I know of no other remedy that has cured so many men.

HAS CURED (Inserts from) overwork, mental and nervous exhaustion, brought on by the character of the business engaged in. I would recommend

DR. MILES' THOUSANDS of men who are suffering from these causes, to get a sure cure for all suffering from these causes.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.
For Sale by G. & F. Fritz

RECOMPENSE.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

It was about a week before Christmas when Colonel Smith was wandering homeward upon the main thoroughfare of the city of his adoption. The colonel was as full of the spirit of the merry season as was the very air itself. He thought of the presents he was about to make and of those which he expected to receive as he cast his eyes about him and saw the shop windows full of the latest novelties in toys.

When he was lost in such a pleasant Christmas reverie as he hadn't had since he was a small boy, he happened to pass along in front of a great marble hotel. At the time he was passing a painter was engaged in the act of retouching some of the inside blinds at an open window. It is not likely that it will ever be known just how it happened, but the painter, while probably preoccupied with dreams of the approaching holiday, toppled the pot of paint off the window sill, from which point it whirled through the chilly ashen air and deposited about three-quarters of its contents upon the colonel.

The latter was as red with rage as he was with pain when he flew into and through the main entrance of that hotel and presented himself at the office.

"Sir!" exclaimed the colonel in a towering rage. "What kind of treatment do you call this, sir?"

"Pretty rough," replied the clerk, not knowing exactly what to say, because he was ignorant of the accident that had just happened.

"I am glad," roared the colonel, with beautiful irony, "that you are at least kind enough to assume an attitude of sympathy, but I am here, sir, to demand satisfaction for damages. As I was passing, sir, one of your painters, sir, upset a pot of red paint upon me, sir!"

Here the colonel paused for breath, and the clerk, learning the cause of his trouble, became very profuse in his apologies.

"I am sorry it happened, sir, very sorry. But you should not be so unrea-



sonable as to blame the establishment for what was the fault of a painter employed by it."

"You should employ only painters who understand their business, sir!" roared the colonel in a fine frenzy, "and I will teach you that paint cannot be poured upon me with impunity, sir!"

"We are willing," said the clerk, "to do what is right in the matter. We will pay for having your clothing cleaned, or we will buy you a new suit if necessary."

"You cannot get out of it on any such basis as that, sir. I am going to make an example of you, sir, and inside of 24 hours, too, sir!" And having made this threat the colonel bustled out of the building and up the street.

Upon the following day the colonel sent his legal representative to talk the matter over and see if it could not be adjusted to his satisfaction without the worry and expense of a legal contest.

It happened that the hotel's attorney was present when the colonel's legal friend arrived, and the former said:

"We are perfectly willing to do the fair thing by Colonel Smith. We admit that the colonel's clothing was ruined through the negligence of one of our employees, and we are willing to pay for it. We will give him a sufficient sum to purchase himself a new suit of clothes. How does \$30 strike you?"

"Such a proposition would not strike the colonel at all," replied the friend of the ex-warrior. "It is not the amount of money involved in this thing that is making him miserable."

"Then what is it?" asked the hotel's attorney.

"It's his feelings," replied the other lawyer; "his feelings. You know he belongs to one of the oldest and proudest of all the old Virginia families, and he is as haughty and hypersensitive as any



other bearer of his name. His feelings have been deeply wounded, and they can never be healed by the price of a suit of clothes."

"It is pretty hard to ask us to pay for his feelings," said the hotel's attorney, with a smile, "because I do not see how we can appraise them in order to reach an intelligent idea of their monetary value."

"And then," broke in the other lawyer, "he is living with a maiden aunt who is

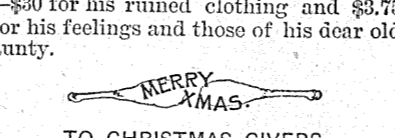
also a very dignified and proud spirited person. And when she saw the colonel enter the house bedaubed with red paint and heard that he had been glibbed at by boys as he passed along the street she was completely undone and has since been confined to her bed. Her feelings have to be paid for, too. The colonel is really more distressed over his aunt's feelings than anything else connected with this unfortunate affair, and he proposes to fight it out on the basis of their feelings and wounded pride."

"See here," said the hotel's attorney, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll settle the thing for \$33.75, and not a cent more. If this doesn't meet your views of a fair compromise, you must seek your remedy in the law, and then you will find what your client's feelings are worth."

"Is that the best you will do?"

"It is," replied the hotel's attorney.

On Christmas morning, when the bells were ringing merrily in the frosty air, Colonel Smith appeared in a new suit of clothes to celebrate the occasion, for he had accepted the hotel's terms of \$33.75 for his ruined clothing and \$3.75 for his feelings and those of his dear old aunt.



TO CHRISTMAS GIVERS.

Suggestions as to Appropriate Holiday Presents.

The gift which harmonizes with its future surroundings and just fits in a vacant spot is the one which is most valued. The same rule applies to articles of dress. To the young brunette, whose evening gowns are generally pink or crimson, the pale blue fan, although lovely in itself, would not be as serviceable as a plainer one which she could use with her existing wardrobe. Before you embroider the doilies or centerpieces for the housewife's table consider the color of her china and try to bring your work into affinity with her possessions.

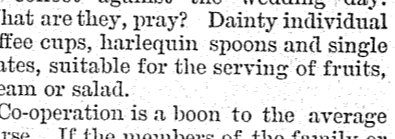
The friends in mourning and the invalid appreciate the thoughtfulness which adapts the gift to their saddened lives. The book, with its comforting message; the potted palm to brighten the darkened room; the soft knitted shawl or slippers—in fact, anything that evidences consideration for their feelings, and does not jar by incongruity, is priceless.

It is astonishing to note how much is frittered away on perishable trifles when the Christmas gift, of all others, should be something enduring. The elaborate card and beribboned booklet are practically useless, aside from the remembrance which prompts their giving. Almost every one has a collection of satin hand painted vanities, lovely to look at, but the care of which is the despair of both mistress and maid. But some say: "After things are beyond my means. I cannot afford to give substantial presents." It is a fact that the shops, especially during the hot months, are filled with at least three articles which delight the hearts of homemakers the world over, and which many young girls love to collect against the wedding day. What are they, pray? Dainty individual coffee cups, harlequin spoons and single plates, suitable for the serving of fruits, cream or salad.

Co-operation is a boon to the average purse. If the members of the family or a set of friends accustomed to exchange gifts unite their finances, they can give one handsome article in the place of several makeshifts.

Good taste discriminates between the needs of country and town and does not send an opera glass or party bag to the farmhouse. Neither does it give the boy a book which he ought to like, but tries to select one to complete his favorite series. Children's stockings are sometimes filled from the standpoint of maturity. Utility and not suitability governs the choice of their contents. There has been many a disappointed, sorrowful heart on Christmas morning, because the powers that be, forgetting their own childhood, had catered to the tastes of those of 40 instead of to those of 4.

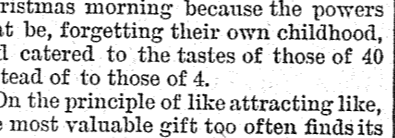
On the principle of like attracting like, the most valuable gift too often finds its way to the one who needs it least. In some cases good judgment dictates the giving of money as the kindest thing to be done. How often some poverty stricken one has sighed over the expensive gift, "If I only had the money this gift cost!" No field affords a wider opportunity for the exercise of common sense than Christmas giving. Women, by exercising judgment, not only benefit themselves, but are a positive blessing in their example to the entire sex, and a yuletide of 1893 will be a happy one indeed if common sense is more employed in Christmas gifts.—A. L. Fleming.



CHRISTMAS TOYS.

In no respect is the extravagance of modern taste and the progress of mechanical genius better exemplified than in the children's toys of the present. The skill of inventors and manufacturers has been exerted to the utmost to bring out novelties in Christmas playthings, and the result this year is more attractive than ever before. Many of these toys are of considerable practical value, and some of them sell for from \$5 to \$100. At the same time toys that far surpass the playthings of other days may be purchased for comparatively insignificant prices. The industry of toy-making began at Nuremberg in the fifteenth century. At present Paris is the headquarters for the manufacture of toys, although Germany divides the honors with the French metropolis in many respects. In this country many large factories are devoted to this industry in New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

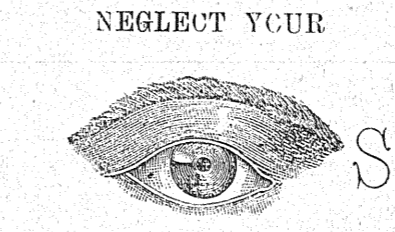
Back to mother's pumpkin pies, Apple sauce and oyster-stews, From the city come the boys And forget all French menus.



Speeches at Christmas banquets will be stuffed with chestnuts this season, as usual.

DON'T

NEGLECT YOUR



HAVE THEM PROPERLY FITTED BEFORE THEY FAIL YOU.

J. F. HENDRICK, JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

CITY MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

HARPER & FORBES
Port Huron.

Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Granite and Marble Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, Mantels, 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. 7-7-26

Job Printing.

LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, ENVELOPES, BILL HEADS, CIRCULARS, PROGRAMS, STATEMENTS, SHIPPING TAGS, CARDS, DODGERS, POSTERS, AUCTION BILLS.

Our prices are right. Work Unexcelled. Get our Estimates.

Enterprise Steam Printing House,
Cass City.

PIRO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, AND CHEAPEST.

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. P. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

MEN CURED FREE

Lost Vigor, Varicocele, Impotency, Nightly Emissions (Small or Strained Organs) Painful, and all other impediments to marriage removed by Dr. Deane's Remedies. They restore me and I will send the prescription (sealed) free to any one. Address, with name, to CHAS. DELLON, Jackson, Mich.

XMAS is Coming!

And of course you are racking your brain to know what is the best present you can buy for your friend. We think we can decide the matter for you if you will look our big display of Holiday Goods over.

FURS - FURS

You can find a big line to select from in Ladies', Misses' and Children's Muffs and Sets, Animal Cravats, Storm Collars, Capes, Etc.

HANDKERCHIEFS

We have fitted up a booth expressly to display our elegant line. Don't fail to see our Embroidery, Silk and Child's Handkerchiefs. You can't buy anything that will be appreciated more than a warm Neck Scarf.

COME AND SEE OUR LINE LADIES' CLOAKS.

We have a lot of Misses Short Jackets which we will close out cheap. Also a lot of Ladies' Cloaks, in long and 3/4 lengths, which you can buy cheap. Come and see our stock. You certainly will see what you need

J. S. McARTHUR

It's Only a Question of Time,

—When you'll find out that the—
"HAPPY HOME" CLOTHING
Is the best to buy. Many know it already. Perhaps you do. If not, why not? Try a suit this season.

YOU TAKE NO RISK
The manufacturer's guarantee secures you. Every suit is warranted all wool.

All wool at \$ 7.50 Your Size in Each Grade.
" " 10.00
" " 12.00 You'll Find Them Only
" " 13.00
" " 13.50 —AT—

P. S. MCGREGORY'S

AT 2 MACKS 2.
P. S.—Full line of Boots, Shoes, Rubbers and Furnishings at Bottom Prices.

FOR THE HOLIDAYS

We are prepared, as usual. We have just received a fine stock of the latest in Toilet Cases, Ladies' or Gents', Manicure Sets, Albums, Chinaware, Etc., Etc., Etc.

We handle only A1 goods and make our prices low. It will pay you to call on us. Complete stock of Fresh Groceries and Provisions. Produce taken in exchange for all goods.

JAMES TENNANT.

For Bargains In

Sash Doors, Blinds, Frames, Washing Machines, Moldings, Ironing Boards, Brackets and

GENERAL PLANING MILL WORK.

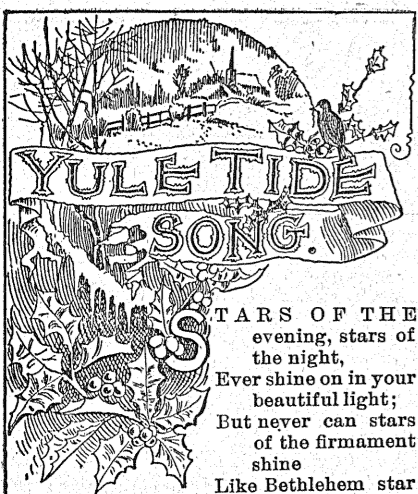
GO TO
LONDON, ENO & KEATING,
MILL NEAR THE P. O. & N. DEPOT.

THE ENTERPRISE

—IS THE—
LEADING PAPER
—OF THE THUMB—

ALL THE NEWS

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STARS OF THE evening, stars of the night,
Ever shine on your beautiful light;
But never can stars of the firmament shine
Like Bethlehem star
For the Savior divine.
Guiding the shepherds on Bethlehem's plain,
Guiding the "wise men" from eastern domain,
Telling the place where the Savior was born,
Hailing the coming of glad Christmas morn.
See how the shepherds fall down at his feet,
See the "wise men" bring their presents to greet.
See how they honor this one little child,
The Savior from heaven, so peaceful and mild.
He came to the earth to know sorrow and pain,
To lay down his life and to take it again,
To teach the poor sinner no longer to roam,
But to follow the Lord to his heavenly home.
We come here to honor the savior to-night,
To carol his praise in songs of delight.
To kneel at his feet and our hearts to unfold,
And give him a treasure more precious than gold.
The heart is a treasure he wants us to give
To him for his keeping as long as we live.
And when we pass over to be with him there,
The treasure will always be kept in his care.
We thank thee, oh, father, for all thou hast done,
To save us from sin through the gift of thy son,
To show us the way to the beautiful land,
Where angels and saints form a glorious band.
And when we have passed all the journeyings through,
And finished the work he gave us to do,
We'll rise to that glorious work of renown,
And ever be stars in the dear Savior's crown.

Mamie's Christmas Legacy.

BY MRS. ALEX. M'VEIGH MILLER.

MAMIE WAS kneeling down by a long wooden box that she had just pried open with a hatchet. Her sweet blue eyes were drowned in tears.
The open box was filled with a heterogeneous collection of Indian arrow heads, geological specimens and butterflies and beetles mounted on cardboard, while in the midst of all reposed a sturdy-looking wooden leg. Nothing there to weep over, surely, so perhaps it was the open letter in Mamie's hand.
Let us read it over her shoulder.
"DEAR SISTER," it ran, "Uncle Henry is dead at last, after being bedridden over a year with rheumatism; and a lot of trouble he was all the time.
"I may as well tell you now that he forgave you long ago, and wanted me to write you to come home; but I knew your husband was too poor to afford it, so I put him off with excuses. He died a week ago to-day, and we buried him in the old graveyard by his wife and their little girl, the only child they ever had, you know. Of course you don't expect to get anything by his will, as you married against his wishes and mine; and anyhow, he didn't have much to leave but the old place and the poor sticks of furniture, and those he gave me for taking care of him all these years. Poor pay, too, for I thought Uncle Henry had money laid by from his pension savings and his horse trades. But what he left doesn't pay me for my trouble, so you needn't begrudge it to me. But what I write for mostly is to tell you he left you his old box of curiosities and his wooden leg. He's had them packed up together six months, I reckon; and he said one day, kind of bitterly: "If Mamie's as poor as you say, Agnes, the old leg will do to make her a fire some cold mornings." And that's all it's fit for,

And again the voice across the room asked, plaintively:
"Are you regretting that you married me, my darling?"
For answer she ran to him and clasped her loving arms about his neck.
"I love you better than the whole world!" she cried.
"And yet it would have been better for you, Mamie, had you never seen me," he sighed.
"Oh, Laurie, do not talk so. You break my heart. Have I ever reproached you?"
"Never, my dearest. You have been an angel; and that is why I reproach myself. I should never have taken you from your happy country home, to starve you to death in this dreary town."
"Oh, Laurie, do not say such cruel things of yourself. I am not starving; no, no. And you will soon be well again and can go back to the office."
"Oh, Mamie, I shall never get well again, and his weak voice grew strong with anguish. He lifted a thin, transparent hand, and held it up to the light. "See how thin I am. It is four months now since I was first attacked with la grippe, and I've lain here ever since, weak and ill, while you had to struggle with poverty alone. We have sold what little of value we had—my watch, and your few jewels—and everything we could spare from this little house; and—and—it has dwindled away for food and medicine, until I fear there is nothing left."
"Oh, I had to pay the expressman three dollars for that heavy box—I wish Agnes had not sent it just yet," she groaned.
"And how much have you left, Mamie?"
"Don't ask me—it—it doesn't matter, Laurie, for—for—I'll try to get some plain sewing to do. Oh, don't you worry, dear!" but her face was ghastly.
She did not know how to earn any money, this little wife who had been simply reared in the country until she

totered weakly to the corner store. People with well-filled market baskets came out of the store, passing her as she entered, and she heard them saying that there was going to be a regular Christmas snowstorm.

The streets were full of people, and they all had baskets and bundles. All seemed gay and joyous. No one seemed to notice sad-eyed, pale-faced Mamie, except her landlord, who happened to enter the store while she was buying a half-pint of cheap wine. He sneered at her extravagance, chafing at the fact that the rent was overdue.
She flushed crimson when he looked at her, and faltered:
"The doctor orders wine for my husband."
"I am glad you can afford to buy it. I will call for my rent again the day after Christmas," he replied, brusquely.
She bowed tremblingly, and gathered her little purchases into her arm, hanging the small bucket of coals on her weak arm. Then she staggered like a drunken woman, going out again into the sloppy street. She had not had enough to eat for many days, and the wet snow slopped into the gaping holes in her thin shoes.
Poor Mamie! Poor little Mamie! Could cruel Agnes see her now, she would think herself well avenged for the loss of handsome Laurie Glenn!
The little purse was quite empty now, but Mamie did not tell her husband that. She choked back her sobs,

and her hollow blue eyes roved about the room in hopeless search.
But the room was empty of furniture, save the bed and the little willow rocking-chair.
But there—in the box—surrounded by the dried butterflies and geological specimens—lay the sturdy wooden leg—Mamie's legacy.
The words of her sister's letter rushed over her mind:
"If Mamie is as poor as you say, my old leg will make her a fire some cold morning."
"He would not care, dear Uncle Henry," she sobbed, and the little bare feet went pattering across the floor.
She caught up the hatchet and began to drag out Uncle Henry's leg from the box. It seemed heavy to her weak arms, and as she tugged at it, Laurie exclaimed in wonder.
"What are you doing?"
"Oh, Laurie, there is no kindling, and I'm going to split this up! No, I'm not crazy, and I won't stop! It's mine, and Uncle Henry wouldn't mind if he knew!"
Up went the little hatchet, and came down with a whack. The dry wood of the old leg split and flew into splinters. But what was that sound like the chink of gold pieces? what was that gleam like jewels on the bare floor?
Mamie brought the lamp and knelt down among the splinters, and found that Uncle Henry's old wooden leg had been stuffed full of gold and bank notes to the amount of \$5,000.
And a little note among them gave this little fortune to his dear niece, Mamie Glenn:
"For I know," wrote Uncle Henry, "how Agnes hates her sister, and would cheat her out of this gold if she could. So I take this means to give it to my favorite niece, with my love and my wishes for her happiness. And I have heard Agnes tell her cronies that she would sell the old place when I am dead and move to the city, where she might catch a fine rich husband. So I hope Mamie will buy the old house with some of this leg's, and make it her home and her husband's, as I forgive them both now, and would never

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Glenn, and I'm a good hater. So your path and mine lie far apart. Good-by. "Your sister, AGNES ELMER."

Mamie was weeping over the death of the old soldier, her uncle, who had reared his orphan nieces so tenderly.

In a passion of sorrow she bent and kissed the poor, senseless wooden leg. "Oh, how it brings the past back!" she sobbed. "I can see him again, with his kind, true face, stumping along on this dear old wooden leg, and how happy we were together, Uncle Henry and I. I helped him find the arrow-heads in the fresh-plowed field. I chased the butterflies for him. Oh, I can see again the fresh green fields of the country, and smell the fragrant air."

"Are you regretting that you married me, my darling?" asked a wistful voice across the room.

It was Mamie's husband, handsome Laurie Glenn, for whose sake Agnes Elmer hated her sister to-day. Both girls had loved him, and when he chose blue-eyed Mamie, the elder sister silently swore revenge on her lovely rival. She turned her uncle's heart against his pretty pet, and by persistent cunning kept them apart until the old man's death.

Mamie's home was in a southern town, 100 miles away from her old country birthplace, but she cried:

"If Agnes would but have written me he wanted me, I would have walked all the way rather than have missed seeing him before he died!"

was 17, and then made a runaway match, with a summer boarder, a clerk in a law office.

She had been married three years now, and since it had been a love match, Laurie's small salary had sufficed for simple comfort and happiness until—sickness came, and with it the grim specters—want and hunger.

She knew well that his convalescence would have been more rapid if she could have procured for him the things the doctor ordered—the wines, the nourishing foods; but how could she get them? She had sold all her clothing except the very shabbiest; she had taken in sewing, and been cheated out of her pay. Now the rent of the tiny cottage was due, the fuel was out, the larder was empty, and there was only one dollar in the little purse in her pocket. The three that had gone to the expressman had robbed them of the means of life; and to-morrow was Christmas.

Weeks and weeks ago Mamie had written to Uncle Henry and sister Agnes, telling them of her misfortunes—how her baby had been ill so long and died, how Laurie was languishing of la grippe. She had begged them both to lend her a little money till her husband recovered his health.

But no answer had come until that cold, hard letter to-day, and the box, her sole legacy from her dead uncle, cruel Agnes!—perhaps she had received the letters—perhaps she knew well

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"It breaks my heart, darling, to think that I shall have no Christmas gift for you to-morrow," Laurie sighed, as she kissed him good-night.

She soothed him tenderly, but when she nestled by his side she prayed, secretly:

"Dear God, please let us both die in our sleep before the fatal to-morrow, when we shall have no fire nor food."

But in that dark, dark hour that comes before the dawn, Laurie shook her feebly with an icy hand, moaning, in the querulous tones of the invalid:
"Mamie, the fire has gone out and I am freezing."
"Yes, dear—yes dear," and she crept shivering from under the blanket, groped for a match, and lighted the lamp. It flared up in the black darkness and showed her the fireless grate, where the coals had burned into dull red ashes. The little bucket, with a few remaining coals, stood close to the hearth. Mamie seized it eagerly.

"We will soon have a fire, dear," she said, soothingly, but she felt her limbs tremble and her head reel. She was so weak from want of food.

But she groped for the poker, and looked about her for some kindlings.

Alas! she had none, and without them the coals would not burn.
She remembered that yesterday she had used every scrap of wood, even to the top and sides of Uncle Henry's box, to coax a feeble flame under the kettle for Laurie's tea.
She crushed back a moan of despair,

have been angry but for the schemes of crafty Agnes."

Oh, what a happy Christmas dawned for Mamie and Laurie! What a new life of hope and joy!

At the farm house, where they lead so happy a life, the fragments of the



THE CHINK OF GOLD PIECES.

old wooden leg are kept in a velvet case, satin lined, and labeled in bright gold letters:
"Mamie's Christmas Legacy!"

Christmas Chimes from Many Climes.

Christmas is always a season of good wishes and loving kindness.

In America almost all little children hang up their stockings on Christmas eve to be filled by kind old Santa Claus. In Germany they make more of Christmas than we do in America. Everywhere the Christmas tree is used.

If a family is too poor to have a whole tree, a single branch only will stand in a conspicuous place, hung with the few simple gifts.

A week before Christmas St. Nicholas visits the children, to find out who have been good enough to receive the gifts the Christ-child will bring them on Christmas eve.

It is a very usual thing to see on a German Christmas tree, way up in the very topmost branch, an image or doll representing the Christ child, while below are sometimes placed other images representing angels with outspread wings.

After the tree is lighted the family gather round it, and sing a Christmas hymn.

In France may be almost universally seen representations of the manger in which Christ was born, with figures of Mary, Joseph and the child Jesus, and cattle feeding near by. Often these representations are decorated with flowers, and lighted candles burn softly before them.

In Norway the people have a delightful custom of putting on the roof of the barn, or on a pole in the yard, a large sheaf of wheat for the birds, who fully appreciate their Christmas feast.

In England almost every one who can do so has a family party on Christmas eve. Young and old join in the games, many of which belong especially to Christmas time.

From the ceiling of one of the rooms a large bunch of mistletoe is hung. If any little maid is caught standing under it the one who catches her has a right to take a kiss from her rosy lips.

In Holland the little Dutch girl puts her wooden shoe in the chimney-place ready for gifts, just as the little American girl hangs up her stocking.

And so in some way all over the Christian world on the eve of the twenty-fifth day of December the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ is celebrated. Everywhere the Christmas chimes are ringing out the message the angels brought to Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Under the Mistletoe.



Young Fresh—Ah, I tell you, old man, I'm not going to be the [blind] fool I was last Christmas. I'm going to kiss every female I catch under the mistletoe, and don't you forget it!"



Lady of Color (from New Jersey, as Young Fresh and his friend step out of doors)—Hea yo' is, mistletoe, nice and fresh!"

Breaking His Oath. Yellowby—I'm going to swear off at New Year's. Are you? Brownly—No. Y.—You are not? Why not? B.—Because it makes a fellow feel so mean to have to break his oath.

HIS ARTIFICIAL VOICE.

With Bellows and Valves a Mute Is Enabled to Speak to an Audience.

At one of the recent sessions of the French academy of medicine Dr. Perier, surgeon of the Lariboisiere hospital, presented for the examination of his colleagues a mute who expressed his ideas by speech, that is to say by modulated sounds. The history of this man is most curious and interesting from a scientific point of view.

He was habitually enjoying robust health when he was stricken with an incurable affection of the larynx, the first symptoms of which were observed in January, 1891. Tired of the treatment that he had to undergo for two years, he expressed a desire to be operated upon as radically as possible.

Fortified with such authorization Dr. Perier proceeded on the 12th of June last to operate upon him for the total extirpation of the larynx. Everyone knows that the region of the larynx contains the very organ of the voice, and that the vocal apparatus of man, if it is indisputably the most delicate, is the most perfect of that of the higher beings. Its destruction through disease or accident is consequently followed by aphony. The operation once terminated according to the rules of art, the skillful surgeon formed in the anterior wall of the neck, a small orifice which he left open. This opening, consequently communicating with both the exterior and the pharynx, was reserved for experiments upon the re-establishment of the voice by means of an artificial larynx. Convalescence proceeded quickly, and on the 28th of June the health of the patient was sufficiently re-established to permit of such experiments.

In concert with Mr. Aubry, manufacturer of surgical instruments, Dr. Perier directed these tentatives toward the adaptation of an artificial larynx, actuated by a blowing device, and not by the air issuing from the trachea. The apparatus, relatively simple, that they decided to adopt, consists of a metallic reed enclosed in a tube, and the plates of which, arranged in contrary directions, oblige a certain half of the light at each extremity.

This tube terminates above in a spherical surface, capable of being applied hermetically to the orifice in the front of the neck. Below it is connected with two elastic reservoirs, coupled and mounted upon a metallic S-shaped armature, permitting of one communicating with the other, in order to obtain a continuous current of air of mean intensity. One of the reservoirs is put in communication with a blowing device formed of a bulb similar to those that actuate vaporizers. Under the effect of the current of air, the metallic reed enters into vibration and emits a constant note of uniform tonality, which is approximately that of the ordinary diapason. The sound thus produced is led, so to speak, into the buccal cavity.

It remains, then, in order to convert it into true spoken language, only to make it undergo, through the intermedium of the tongue, lips and teeth, as in ordinary phonation, a series of modulations that produce the nuances and the difference in the pronunciation of words. These nuances, as incredible as the fact may seem at first sight, are, it appears, obtained quite easily. An education of a few days suffices.

The individual who was the object of the communication made to the Paris academy of medicine was able, amid the plaudits of the whole assemblage, after receiving his operator with emotion, to retrace the history and detailed phases of his painful disease with a voice that was distinct, although of a low and monotonous tone.

His Antagonist.

M. de Villemessant, the founder of the Paris Figaro, being insulted daily in a Belgian paper by a writer whose nom de plume was "Marco Spada," took the train to Brussels, with two friends and a pair of servants. On his arrival, he wrote to "Marco Spada" that at 2 p. m. sharp he should call on him to arrange an encounter. On the stroke of two, M. de Villemessant appeared at the editorial office, and asked for "Marco Spada." What was his amazement on seeing an old lady, all wrinkled and with curls about her ears, appear from behind a small window, and on hearing the reply: "I am 'Marco Spada,' sir, and am at your orders!"—Argonaut.

Set at Ease.

The train robber would fain have departed, but his wife clung to him desperately.

There was a wild fear in her eyes. "Good-by, darling," he murmured. "Oh, I'm so afraid!" the woman cried, piteously, "with all the wrecks they're heaving on the railroads, now!"

A shade swept over his strong, rugged features. "I know it," he replied; "and after this trip I am going to quit the business."
Reassured in a measure, she bade him farewell.—Puck.

The Tomb of Alexander the Great.

In an out of the way nook in the British museum the sightseer is confronted by a dust-covered object which at first sight would be taken for a gigantic millstone. But it is not. It is one of the most sacred Oriental relics in existence—the tomb of Alexander the Great.

Forewarned on His Suit.

Stillingfleet—How could you conscientiously tell Miss Elder that she is the only woman you ever loved? Tillingham—That is a fact. The others were all young girls.—Vogue.

